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VOL. V.—JANUARY, 1860.—NO. XXVII.

OUR ARTISTS IN ITALY.

HIRAM POWERS.

ANTIQUE Art, beside affording a standard by which the modern may be measured, has the remarkable property—giving it a higher value—of testing the genuineness of the Art-impulse.

Even to genius, that is, to the artist, a true Art-life is difficult of attainment. In the midst of illumination, there is the mystery: the subjective mystery, out of which issue the germs—like seeds floated from unknown shores—of his imaginings; the objective mystery, which yields to him, through obvious, yet unexplained harmonies, the means of manifestation.

Behind the consciousness is the power; behind the power, that which gives it worth and occupation.

To the artist definite foresight is denied. His life is full of surprises at new necessities. When the present demand shall have been fulfilled, what shall follow? Shall it be Madonna, or Laocöon? His errand is like that of the commander who bears sealed instructions; and he may drift for years, ere he knows wherefore. Thorwaldsen waited, wandering by the Tiber a thousand days,—then in one, uttered his immortal "Night."

Not even the severest self-examination

will enable one in whom the Art-impulse exists to understand thoroughly its aim and uses; yet to approximate a clear perception of his own nature and that of the art to which he is called is one of his first duties. What he is able to do, required to do, and permitted to do, are questions of vital importance.

Possession of himself, of himself in the highest, will alone enable the student in Art to solve the difficulties of his position. His habitual consciousness must be made up of the noblest of all that has been revealed to it; otherwise those fine intuitions, akin to the ancient inspirations, through whose aid genius is informed of its privileges, are impossible.

Therefore the foremost purpose of an artist should be to claim and take possession of self. Somewhere within is his inheritance, and he must not be hindered of it. Other men have other gifts,—gifts bestowed under different conditions, and subject in a great degree to choice. Talent is not fastidious. It is an instrumentality, and its aim is optional with him who possesses it. Genius is exquisitely fastidious, and the man whom it possesses must live its life, or no life.

In view of these considerations, the efforts of an artist to assume his true position must be regarded with earnest interest, and importance must be attached to that which aids him in attaining to his true plane.

Such aid may be, and is, derived from the influences of Italy. Of those agencies which have a direct influence upon the action of the artist, which serve to assist him in manifesting his idea and fulfilling his purpose, mention will be made in connection with the works which have been produced in Italian studios. They have less importance than that great element related to the innermost of the artist's life,—to that power of which we have spoken, making Art-action necessary.

It is not, however, exclusively antique Art which exercises this power of elevation. Ancient Art may be a better term; as all great Art bears a like relation to the student. In Florence the mediæval influences predominate. Rome exercises its power through the medium of the antique.

There is much Christian Art in Rome. Yet its effect is insignificant, compared with that of the vast collection of Greek sculptures to be found within its walls. Instinctively, as the vague yearnings and prophecies of youth lift him in whom they quicken away from youth's ordinary purposes and associations, his thought turns to that far city where are gathered the achievements of those who were indeed the gods of Hellas. To be there, and to demand from those eloquent lips the secret of the golden age, is his dream and aim, and there shall be solved the problem of his life.

But antique Art, waiting so patiently twenty centuries to afford aid to the artist, waits also to sit in judgment upon his worth and acts. Woe to him who cannot pass the ordeal of its power, and explain the enigma of its speech!

Nothing can be more pitiful and sad than the condition of one who, having been subjected to the influence of ancient Art, has not had the ability to recognize or the earnestness of purpose essential to the

apprehension of the truths which it has for his soul instead of his hands. But if, through truthfulness of aim, and a sense of the divine nature of the errand to which he seems appointed, he reach the law of Art, then henceforth its pursuit becomes the sign of life; if the impulse bear him no farther than rules, then all he produces goes forth as a proclamation of death. There is no middle path. Art is high or low: high, if it be the profoundest life of an earnest man, uttering itself in the *real*, even though it be awkwardly, and in violation of all accepted methods of expression; low, if it be not such utterance, even though consummate in obedience to the finest rules of all Art-science. There can be no other way. The life is in the man, and not in the stone; and no affectation of vitality can atone for the absence of that soul which should have been breathed into existence from his own divine life.

As was said, possession of self is the only condition under which the quantity and quality of the Art-impulse may be determined. It is only when a man stands face to face with himself, in the stillness of his own inner world, that his possibilities become apparent; and it is only when conscious of these, and inspired by a just sense of their dignity, that he can achieve that which shall be genuine success. Once he must be lifted away and isolated from worldly surroundings, relieved from all objective influences, from the pressure of all human relations; once the very memory of all these must be blotted out; once he must be alone. This is possible to a Mendelssohn in the awful solitude of Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique," to a painter in the presence of Leonardo's "Last Supper," and to a sculptor in the hushed halls of the Vatican.

But that which lifts the true artist above externals, the externals of his own individual being, crushes the false, to whom the marble and the paint are in themselves the ultimate.

This train of thought has been suggested by the fact of the dominion which classic Art has acquired over sculptors,

and by the influence of the sixteenth and seventeenth century schools upon painters. It is due, however, to our sculptors in Italy that credit should be given them for having resisted the influence of forms, of the mere letter of the classic, to a greater extent than the students of any other nation. Whether or not they have been receptive of the spirit of the antique remains to be seen.

American painters have been less fortunate. Too often the lessons of the old masters, and especially those of the earliest, the Puritan Fathers of Art, have been unheeded; or the rules and practices which served them temporarily, subject to the phase of the ideal for the time uppermost, have passed into permanent laws, to be obeyed under all conditions of Art-utterance.

The United States have had within the last twenty years as many as thirty sculptors and painters resident in Italy. At the beginning of the present year ten sculpture studios in Rome and Florence were occupied by Americans. We will speak of these artists in the order in which they entered the profession of an art which they have served to develop in this first period of its history in America. The eldest bears the honored name of **HIRAM POWERS**.

Three parties have been remarkably unjust to this man, — namely, his friends, his enemies, and himself.

Neither the artist nor his friends need feel solicitude for his fame. The exact value of his excellence shall be estimated, and the height of his genius fully recognized, when the right man comes. Other award than that from an age on a level with his own life can be of small worth to one who has attained to the true level of Art. Fame must come to him of that vision which can pierce the external of his work and penetrate to the presence of his very soul. His action must be traced to its finest ideal motive, — as chemist-philosophers pursue the steps of analysis until opaque matter is resolved to pure, ethereal elements. His fame must be from such vision, and it will approach the

universal just in proportion as his pulse beats in unison with the heart of mankind. Whatever may be an artist's plans, or those of his friends, in regard to his valuation by the world, while he is living, ultimately he himself, divested of all save his own individuality, must stand revealed.

Those who in other departments of action are necessarily governed somewhat, or it may be entirely, by rules of conduct general in nature and universal in application, may fail to receive or may escape justice. They are to a great degree involuntary agents, and subject to the laws of science, to the operations of which they are obliged to conform. The private fact of the man is hidden by the public general truth. If, however, the energies of the individual overtop the science, enabling him to assert himself above the summit of its history, then is he accessible to all generations, and can in no wise avoid or forfeit his just fame.

In Art, this intimate relation of the result of action to the actor is complete, — inasmuch as, to *be* Art, to rise above being something else, the shadow and mockery of Art, it must be of and from the man, a spontaneity, a reflection, light for light, shade for shade, color for color, of his entire being; and with this effect his will has little to do. Therefore, unless he be an impostor, he need give himself no trouble regarding his future. His works shall serve as a clue, produced century after century, along which posterity shall feel its way back to his studio and heart. No need of thought for *his* morrow.

But for his to-day he may well be solicitous. If fame be his reflection, he has also the shadow of himself, his reputation.

It is a great error to assume that these two effects are so related that the augmentation of the one must increase the other, and as great a mistake to confound the two. The truth is, that reputation and fame are rarely coincident. They are not unfrequently in direct opposition, — so much so, that some names, which the world cannot give up, have to be filtered through a thick mass of years, to purify

them of their reputations, and leave them simply famous.

No name has suffered more than that of Powers. His friends, blind to the laws which govern these matters, have wrought bravely to construct for him a reputation commensurate with his vaguely imagined worth; but upon his real worth they have evinced no desire to lay their foundation. No accurate survey has been made of his abilities, no definite plan of his artist-nature. Often a place has been demanded for his name in the history of Art, and the first place too, because of his fine frank eye, or the simplicity of his manners,—because his workmen cut the chain of the Greek slave out of one piece of stone, or the marble of the statue itself had no spot as big as a pin-head,—because he himself chooses to rasp and scrape plaster, rather than model in plastic clay,—because he tinkered up the “infernal regions” of the Cincinnati Museum years ago, or spends his time now in making perforating-machines and perforated files; in fine, for *any* reason rather than for the right legitimate one of artistic merit, they have demanded room for their favorite.

Even those who look deeper than this, appreciating Mr. Powers as a gentleman, an ingenious mechanic, and a skilful manipulator in sculpture, have been content or constrained to urge his claims to attention upon false considerations. We have heard it gravely remarked, as a matter of astonishment, that there were individuals—refined men, apparently—who looked upon the *Venus de' Medici* as a finer work than the Greek Slave. In the files of a New York paper may be found an article, written by a highly cultivated man, in which Powers's busts are asserted to be rather the effect of miracles than the results of *human* effort. The spirit which has prompted these and many kindred expressions cannot be too much deplored by those who love Art and know the artist. It has succeeded in creating for him a reputation broad and remarkable, but most unfortunate, because not his own, because not the rep-

utation which should have formed about his name here, as fame will yonder; unfortunate, because, though broad, it is the breadth of an inverted pyramid, which must naturally topple over of itself, and incumber his path with ruins.

The false position in which Mr. Powers has been placed by his friends has of course won him many enemies.

Bold, sincere, working enemies are highly useful in developing an artist's character, especially if he be a law-abiding follower of the art. But enemies must be dealers of fair blows, wagers of honorable warfare; no assassin is worthy of the name of enemy. Sometimes, however, those who are worthy of the name, and entitled to respect, may make injudicious and unfair use of censure and invective. It is unwise, when the necessity arises to set aside a worthless or an imperfect image, to turn Iconoclast and demolish those surrounding it which are worthy of a place in the temple. True criticism, for its own sake, if prompted by no higher motive, deals justly.

The friends of Mr. Powers have, in their estimate of his ability, given him credit for that which he does not possess, and claimed recognition for merit unsupported by the value of his works. His enemies have labored assiduously, not only to deprive the estimate of its unwarranted quantity, but to overthrow the whole, and leave him merely a mechanic, a dexterous mechanic, with small views, but large ambition, trying to pass himself off as an artist. His busts are asserted to be but more elaborate examples of his skill in the “perforated-file-and-patent-punch” line.

But as the struggles to elevate this artist's reputation above its proper level have proved signal failures, so the effort to depreciate it must ultimately be defeated. Only one kind of injustice ever proves irreparable wrong: that which a man exercises towards himself. Mr. Powers *had* a specialty.

So constituted that the most difficult executive operations are to him but play and pleasure, he has also, to govern and inform this rare organization, a broad,

manly, and most genial human nature. This combination decided the question of his proper mission, and in virtue of it he has been enabled to model a series of most remarkable busts, the true excellence of which must be recognized in spite of friends and foes, and the epithets "miraculous" and "mechanical."

It is possible that the highest type of portrait-sculpture is beyond the limit of this specialty; indeed, it is almost impossible that with the elements constituting it there should be associated the still rarer power to achieve the most exalted ideal Art; and such Art we believe the highest portraiture to be.

A consummate representation of a man in his divinest development, the last refined ideal of him *then*, would be indeed somewhat miraculous!

The world asks less. It claims to know of a man what the face of him became under the influences of human, temporal relations. It wants preserved of the statesman the statesman's face, of the merchant the merchant's face; and this demand, when governed by a cultivated taste, is a legitimate one,—as legitimate as is the demand for any history. The public requires the image of the man whom the public knew, and they regard as valuable that which can be received as a definite and trustworthy statement of a great man, or of one whom it esteemed great. It requires this, has a right to such information; and the generation which fails to demand of its artists a true record of its prominent men fails utterly in its duty. The bust of a man goes down to posterity, not only the history which it is in itself, but as an interpreter of the history of its age. Were it not for Art, an age would recede into the unknown, to be recorded as dark, or into the shadowy world of myth. Portraiture, more than aught else, serves to elucidate the tradition or story of a people. How impossible to explain to the twentieth century the bad mystery of our present, without the aid of Powers's head of Calhoun, the less adequate bust of Stephen A. Douglas, and the one which *should* be modelled of

Mr. Buchanan! A faithful delineation of the features of some men is needful. We should be thankful for that black frown of Nero, for the bald pate of Scipio, for those queer eyes of Marius, and for the long neck of Cicero, as seen in the newly discovered bust. These are the signs of the men, and explain them.

Mr. Powers has succeeded in reporting more accurately than any other recent artist the physical facts of the individual face. From one of his marbles we derive definite ideas of the human character of its subject, what its ambition is, and what its weakness; what have been its loves and its antipathies, its struggles and its victories, its joys and its sorrows, may be revealed to him who has learned what the human face becomes under the influence of these incessant forces. No mere *talent* can accomplish such results. Behind all that kind of strength lies the fact of peculiar sympathies, relating the artist to this phase of Art-representation; and within certain limits, which should have been undebatable, his rule was absolute.

The great mistake with Mr. Powers has been his oversight regarding these limits. There has been debate, hesitation, and a continual wandering away from the duties of his errand. Years have been devoted to those ghosts of sculpture, allegorical figures; other years wasted in the elaboration of machinery. Not that his ideal statues are worthless, or fall short of great beauty and exquisite delicacy; not that his skill as a mechanician is other than great. But the age cannot afford these things, nor can the sculptor afford them. A year is too great a sum to give for a statue of California. Better than that, the several portraits of valued men which might have been acquired,—one bust, even, like those which surprised and compelled the reverence of Thorwaldsen. Better the perfected ability which would have given his country the Webster he should and might have made than a hundred "Americas."

There are two considerations which may have misled Mr. Powers. One, a

pecuniary one, which he should have disposed of as did Agassiz, when such was advanced to induce him to give lyceum lectures:—"Sir, I cannot afford to make money!" The other may have been the weight of the prevailing error that portrait-sculpture is a less honorable branch of Art.

Less than what? The historical? What finer history than Titian's Paul III., Raphael's Leo X., Albert Dürer's head of himself? What finer than the Pericles, the Marcus Aurelius of the Capitol, the Demosthenes of the Vatican, Chantrey's Scott, Houdon's Voltaire, Powers's Jackson?—Heroic? what more heroic than the Lateran Sophocles, the Venetian Colonn, or Rauch's statue of Frederick the Great?—Poetical? What picture more sweetly poetical than Raphael's head of himself in the Uffizj, or Giotto's Dante in the Bargello? What *ideal* statue surpasses in poetical power Michel Angelo's De' Medici in the San Lorenzo Chapel? What ideal head is more beautiful than the Townley Clytie of the British Museum, or the Young Augustus of the Vatican? What grander than Da Vinci's portrait of himself?

No,—when the sculptor has wrought the adequate representation of the individual in its best estate, he may rest assured that he has achieved "high Art."

Let us not be unjust to Mr. Powers's ideal works. In the qualities of chasteness of conception, delicacy of treatment, temperate grace, and that rarer, finer quality of dignified repose, they have not been surpassed since the time of Greek Art. When the subject chosen has not been foreign to the artist's nature, as in the "Eve," nor foreign to the Art's province, as in the "California," his success has been very like a triumph.

But the success has not been that which he was entitled to grasp; the seeming triumph has precluded a real victory. We must believe that the highest les-

sons of ancient Art have, in a great measure, been unrecognized by Mr. Powers. The external has been studied. No man can talk more justly of that exquisite line of the Venus de' Medici's temple and cheek, or point out more discriminatingly the beauties of the Milo statue, or detect more quickly the truths of the antique busts. He has discovered, also, somewhat of the great secret of repose,—has perceived that it is essential, in some wise, to all greatness in Art, more particularly in his own department of sculpture. But beyond that simple recognition of the fact, what? That repose is dependent on power to act, and must be great in proportion to mightiness of power? No, he could not have seen this; else had his Webster come to us less questionable in intent, less remote in its merits from the massive self-possession of the man.

For what Mr. Powers became before he left America he cannot be praised too greatly. He carried with him to Europe just that knowledge of Nature and that executive power which prepared him to take advantage of the aid that all great Art was waiting to afford. Had he won "the large truth," he would have found the scope and purpose of his genius, as in America he had found that of his talent. He would have seen his specialty to be worthy of all reverence, for he would have attained to an appreciation of the high possibilities of portrait-Art. There would have been developed, under the influence of great principles, the power to make *statues* of great men,—colossal, instead of big,—reposeful, instead of paralyzed,—grand, instead of arrogant,—statues worthy of the hand that wrought the busts of Calhoun, Jackson, and Webster, worthy to rank with the few mighty embodiments of power, the Sophocles, the Aristides, and the Demosthenes. This he might have done; and this he may yet accomplish.

THE AMBER GODS.

STORY FIRST.

Flower o' the Peach.

WE'VE some splendid old point-lace in our family, yellow and fragrant, loosed-meshed. It isn't every one has point at all; and of those who have, it isn't every one can afford to wear it. I can. Why? Oh, because it's in character. Besides, I admire point any way,—it's so becoming; and then, you see, this amber! Now what is in finer unison, this old point-lace, all tags and tangle and fibrous and bewildering, and this amber, to which Heaven knows how many centuries, maybe, with all their changes, brought perpetual particles of increase? I like yellow things, you see.

To begin at the beginning. My name, you're aware, is Giorgione Willoughby. Queer name for a girl! Yes; but before papa sowed his wild oats, he was one afternoon in Fiesole, looking over Florence nestled below, when some whim took him to go into a church there, a quiet place, full of twilight and one great picture, nobody within but a girl and her little slave,—the one watching her mistress, the other saying dreadfully devout prayers on an amber rosary, and of course she didn't see him, or didn't appear to. After he got there, he wondered what on earth he came for, it was so dark and poky, and he began to feel uncomfortably,—when all of a sudden a great ray of sunset dashed through the window, and drowned the place in the splendor of the illumined painting. Papa adores rich colors; and he might have been satiated here, except that such things make you want more. It was a Venus;—no, though, it couldn't have been a Venus in a church, could it? Well, then, a Magdalen, I guess, or a Madonna, or something. I fancy the man painted for himself, and christened for others. So, when I was born, some years afterward, papa, gratefully remem-

bering this dazzling little vignette of his youth, was absurd enough to christen *me* Giorgione. That's how I came by my identity; but the folks all call me Yone,—a baby name.

I'm a blonde, you know,—none of your silver-washed things. I wouldn't give a *fico* for a girl with flaxen hair; she might as well be a wax doll, and have her eyes moved by a wire; besides, they've no souls. I imagine they were remnants at *our* creation, and somehow scrambled together, and managed to get up a little life among themselves; but it's good for nothing, and everybody sees through the pretence. They're glass chips, and brittle shavings, slender pinkish serids,—no name for them; but just you say blonde, soft and slow and rolling,—it brings up a brilliant, golden vitality, all manner of white and torrid magnificences, and you see me! I've watched little bugs—gold rose-chafers—lie steeping in the sun, till every atom of them must have been searched with the warm radiance, and have felt, that, when they reached that point, I was just like them, golden all through,—not dyed, but created. Sunbeams like to follow me, I think. Now, when I stand in one before this glass, infiltrated with the rich tinge, don't I look like the spirit of it just stepped out for inspection? I seem to myself like the complete incarnation of light, full, bounteous, overflowing, and I wonder at and adore anything so beautiful; and the reflection grows finer and deeper while I gaze, till I dare not do so any longer. So, without more words, I'm a golden blonde. You see me now: not too tall,—five feet four; not slight, or I couldn't have such perfect roundings, such flexible moulding. Here's nothing of the spiny Diana and Pallas, but Clytie or Isis speaks in such delicious curves. It don't look like flesh and blood, does it? Can you possibly imagine it will ever change? Oh!

Now see the face, — not small, either; lips with no particular outline, but melting, and seeming as if they would stain yours, should you touch them. No matter about the rest, except the eyes. Do you meet such eyes often? You wouldn't open yours so, if you did. Note their color now, before the ray goes. Yellow hazel? Not a bit of it! Some folks say topaz, but they're fools. Nor sherry. There's a dark sardine base, but over it real seas of light, clear light; there isn't any positive color; and once when I was angry, I caught a glimpse of them in a mirror, and they were quite white, perfectly colorless, only luminous. I looked like a fiend, and, you may be sure, recovered my temper directly, — easiest thing in the world, when you've motive enough. You see the pupil is small, and that gives more expansion and force to the irides; but sometimes in an evening, when I'm too gay, and a true damask settles in the cheek, the pupil grows larger and crowds out the light, and under these thick, brown lashes, these yellow-hazel eyes of yours, they are dusky and purple and deep with flashes, like pansies lit by fire-flies, and then common folks call them black. Be sure, I've never got such eyes for nothing, any more than this hair. That is Lucrezia Borgian, spun gold, and ought to take the world in its toils. I always wear these thick, riotous curls round my temples and face; but the great braids behind — oh, I'll uncoil them before my toilet is over.

Probably you felt all this before, but didn't know the secret of it. Now, the traits being brought out, you perceive nothing wanting; the thing is perfect, and you've a reason for it. Of course, with such an organization, I'm not nervous. Nervous! I should as soon fancy a dish of cream nervous. I am too rich for anything of the kind, permeated utterly with a rare golden calm. Girls always suggest little similitudes to me: there's that brunette beauty, — don't you taste mulled wine when you see her? and thinking of yourself, did you ever feel green tea? and find me in a crust of wild honey, the

expressed essence of woods and flowers, with its sweet satiety? — no, that's too cloying. I'm a deal more like Mendelssohn's music, — what I know of it, for I can't distinguish tunes, — you wouldn't suspect it, — but full harmonies delight me as they do a wild beast; and so I'm like a certain adagio in B flat, that papa likes.

There, now! you're perfectly shocked to hear me go on so about myself; but you oughtn't to be. It isn't lawful for any one else, because praise is intrusion; but if the rose please to open her heart to the moth, what then? You know, too, I didn't make myself; it's no virtue to be so fair. Louise couldn't speak so of herself: first place, because it wouldn't be true; next place, she couldn't, if it were; and lastly, she made her beauty by growing a soul in her eyes, I suppose, — what you call good. I'm not good, of course; I wouldn't give a fig to be good. So it's not vanity. It's on a far grander scale; a splendid selfishness, — authorized, too; and papa and mamma brought me up to worship beauty, — and there's the fifth commandment, you know.

Dear me! you think I'm never coming to the point. Well, here's this rosary; — hand me the perfume-case first, please. Don't you love heavy fragrances, faint with sweetness, ravishing juices of odor, heliotropes, violets, water-lilies, — powerful attars and extracts, that snatch your soul off your lips? Couldn't you live on rich scents, if they tried to starve you? I could, or die on them: I don't know which would be best. There! there's the amber rosary! You needn't speak; look at it!

Bah! is that all you've got to say? Why, observe the thing; turn it over; hold it up to the window; count the beads, — long, oval, like some seaweed bulbs, each an amulet. See the tint; it's very old; like clots of sunshine, — aren't they? Now bring it near; see the carving, here corrugated, there faceted, now sculptured into hideous, tiny, heathen gods. You didn't notice that before! How difficult it must have been, when amber is so friable! Here's one with a

chessboard on his back, and all his kings and queens and pawns slung round him. Here's another with a torch, a flaming torch, its fire pouring out inverted. They are grotesque enough;—but this, this is matchless: such a miniature woman, one hand grasping the round rock behind, while she looks down into some gulf, perhaps, beneath, and will let herself fall. Oh, you should see *her* with a magnifying-glass! You want to think of calm, satisfying death, a mere exhalation, a voluntary slipping into another element? There it is for you. They are all gods and goddesses. They are all here but one; I've lost one, the knot of all, the love of the thing. Well! wasn't it queer for a Catholic girl to have at prayer? Don't you wonder where she got it? Ah! but don't you wonder where I got it? I'll tell you.

Papa came in, one day, and with great mystery commenced unrolling, and unrolling, and throwing tissue papers on the floor, and scraps of colored wool; and Lu and I ran to him,—Lu stooping on her knees to look up, I bending over his hands to look down. It was so mysterious! I began to suspect it was diamonds for me, but knew I never could wear them, and was dreadfully afraid that I was going to be tempted, when slowly, bead by bead, came out this amber necklace. Lu fairly screamed; as for me, I just drew breath after breath, without a word. Of course they were for me;—I reached my hands for them.

"Oh, wait!" said papa. "Yone or Lu?"

"Now how absurd, papa!" I exclaimed. "Such things for Lu!"

"Why not?" asked Lu,—rather faintly now, for she knew I always carried my point.

"The idea of you in amber, Lu! It's too foreign; no sympathy between you!"

"Stop, stop!" said papa. "You shan't crowd little Lu out of them. What do you want them for, Lu?"

"To wear," quavered Lu,—“like the balls the Roman ladies carried for coolness.”

"Well, then, you ought to have them. What do you want them for, Yone?"

"Oh, if Lu's going to have them, I *don't* want them."

"But give a reason, child."

"Why, to wear, too,—to look at,—to have and to hold for better, for worse,—to say my prayers on," for a bright idea struck me, "to say my prayers on, like the Florence rosary." I knew that would finish the thing.

"Like the Florence rosary?" said papa, in a sleepy voice. "Why, this *is* the Florence rosary."

Of course, when we knew that, we were both more crazy to obtain it.

"Oh, Sir," just fluttered Lu, "where did you get it?"

"I got it; the question is, Who's to have it?"

"I must and will, potential and imperative," I exclaimed, quite on fire. "The nonsense of the thing! Girls with lucid eyes, like shadowy shallows in quick brooks, can wear crystallizations. As for me, I can wear only concretions and growths; emeralds and all their cousins would be shockingly inharmonious on me; but you know, Lu, how I use Indian spices, and scarlet and white berries and flowers, and little hearts and notions of beautiful copal that Rose carved for you,—and I can wear sandal-wood and ebony and pearls, and now this amber. But you, Lu, you can wear every kind of precious stone, and you may have Aunt Willoughby's rubies that she promised me; they are all in tone with you; but I must have this."

"I don't think you're right," said Louise, rather soberly. "You strip yourself of great advantages. But about the rubies, I don't want anything so flaming, so you may keep them; and I don't care at all about this. I think, Sir, on the whole, they belong to Yone for her name."

"So they do," said papa. "But not to be bought off! That's my little Lu!"

And somehow Lu, who had been holding the rosary, was sitting on papa's knee, as he half knelt on the floor, and the rosary was in my hand. And then he pro-

duced a little kid box, and there lay inside a star with a thread of gold for the forehead, circlets for wrist and throat, two drops, and a ring. Oh, such beauties! You've never seen them.

"The other one shall have these. Aren't you sorry, Yone?" he said.

"Oh, no, indeed! I'd much rather have mine, though these are splendid. What are they?"

"Aqua-marina," sighed Lu, in an agony of admiration.

"Dear, dear! how did you know?"

Lu blushed, I saw,—but I was too much absorbed with the jewels to remark it.

"Oh, they are just like that ring on your hand! You don't want two rings alike," I said. "Where did you get that ring, Lu?"

But Lu had no senses for anything beyond the casket.

If you know aqua-marina, you know something that's before every other stone in the world. Why, it is as clear as light, white, limpid, dawn light; sparkles slightly and seldom; looks like pure drops of water, sea-water, scooped up and falling down again; just a thought of its parent beryl-green hovers round the edges; and it grows more lucent and sweet to the centre, and there you lose yourself in some dream of vast seas, a glory of unimagined oceans; and you say that it was crystallized to any slow flute-like tune, each speck of it floating into file with a musical grace, and carrying its sound with it. There! it's very fanciful, but I'm always feeling the tune in aqua-marina, and trying to find it,—but I shouldn't know it was a tune, if I did, I suppose. How magnificent it would be, if every atom of creation sprang up and said its one word of *abracadabra*, the secret of its existence, and fell silent again. Oh, dear! you'd die, you know; but what a *pow-wow*! Then, too, in aqua-marina proper, the setting is kept out of sight, and you have the unalloyed stone with its sea-rims and its clearness and steady sweetness. It wasn't the stone for Louise to wear; it belongs rather to highly-nervous, excitable per-

sons; and Lu is as calm as I, only so different! There is something more pure and simple about it than about anything else; others may flash and twinkle, but this just glows with an unvarying power, is planetary and strong. It wears the moods of the sea, too: once in a while a warm amethystine mist suffuses it like a blush; sometimes a white morning fog breathes over it: you long to get into the heart of it. That's the charm of gems, after all! You feel that they are fashioned through dissimilar processes from yourself,—that there's a mystery about them, mastering which would be like mastering a new life, like having the freedom of other stars. I give them more personality than I would a great white spirit. I like amber that way, because I know how it was made, drinking the primeval weather, resinously beading each grain of its rare wood, and dripping with a plash to filter through and around the fallen cones below. In some former state I must have been a fly embalmed in amber.

"Oh, Lu!" I said, "this amber's just the thing for me, such a great noon creature! And as for you, you shall wear mamma's Mechlin and that aqua-marina; and you'll look like a mer-queen just issuing from the wine-dark deeps and glittering with shining water-spheres."

I never let Lu wear the point at all; she'd be ridiculous in it,—so flimsy and open and unreserved; that's for me;—Mechlin, with its whiter, closer, chaste web, suits her to a T.

I must tell you, first, how this rosary came about, any way. You know we've a million of ancestors, and one of them, my great-grandfather, was a sea-captain, and actually did bring home cargoes of slaves; but once he fetched to his wife a little islander, an Asian imp, six years old, and wilder than the wind. She spoke no word of English, and was full of short shouts and screeches, like a thing of the woods. My great-grandmother couldn't do a bit with her; she turned the house topsy-turvy, cut the noses out of the old portraits, and chewed the jewels out of the settings, killed the little

home animals, spoiled the dinners, pranced in the garden with Madam Willoughby's farthingale and royal stiff brocades rustling yards behind,—this atom of a shrimp,—or balanced herself with her heels in the air over the curb of the well, scraped up the dead leaves under one corner of the house and fired them,—a favorite occupation,—and if you left her stirring a mess in the kitchen, you met her, perhaps, perched in the china-closet and mumbling all manner of demoniacal prayers, twisting and writhing and screaming over a string of amber gods that she had brought with her and always wore. When winter came and the first snow, she was furious, perfectly mad. One might as well have had a ball of fire in the house, or chain-lightning; every nice old custom had been invaded, the ancient quiet broken into a Bedlam of outlandish sounds, and as Captain Willoughby was returning, his wife packed the sprite off with him,—to cut, rip, and tear in New Holland, if she liked, but not in New England,—and rejoiced herself that she would find that little brown skin cuddled up in her best down beds and among her lavendered sheets no more. She had learned but two words all that time,—Willoughby, and the name of the town.

You may conjecture what heavenly peace came in when the Asian went out, but there is no one to tell what havoc was wrought on board ship; in fact, if there could have been such a thing as a witch, I should believe that imp sunk them, for a stray Levantine brig picked her—still agile as a monkey—from a wreck off the Cape de Verdes and carried her into Leghorn, where she took—will you mind, if I say?—leg-bail, and escaped from durance. What happened on her wanderings I'm sure is of no consequence, till one night she turned up outside a Fiesolan villa, scorched with malaria fevers and shaken to pieces with tertian and quartan and all the rest of the agues. So, after having shaken almost to death, she decided upon getting well; all the effervescence was gone; she chose to remain with her beads in that family, a

mysterious tame servant, faithful, jealous, indefatigable. But she never grew; at ninety she was of the height of a yardstick,—and nothing could have been finer than to have a dwarf in those old palaces, you know.

In my great-g andmother's home, however, the tradition of the Asian sprite with her string of amber gods was handed down like a legend, and, no one knowing what had been, they framed many a wild picture of the Thing enchanting all her spirits from their beads about her, and calling and singing and whistling up the winds with them till storm rolled round the ship, and fierce fog and foam and drowning fell upon her capturers. But they all believed, that, snatched from the wreck into islands of Eastern archipelagoes, the vindictive child and her quieted gods might yet be found. Of course my father knew this, and when that night in the church he saw the girl saying such devout prayers on an amber rosary, with a demure black slave so tiny and so old behind her, it flashed back on him, and he would have spoken, if, just then, the ray had not revealed the great painting, so that he forgot all about it, and when at last he turned, they were gone. But my father had come back to America, had sat down quietly in his elder brother's house, among the hills where I am to live, and was thought to be a sedate young man and a good match, till a freak took him that he must go back and find that girl in Italy. How to do it, with no clue but an amber rosary? But do it he did,—stationing himself against a pillar in that identical church and watching the worshippers, and not having long to wait before in she came, with little Asian behind. Papa isn't in the least romantic; he is one of those great fertilizing temperaments, golden hair and beard, and *hazel* eyes, if you will. He's a splendid old fellow! It's absurd to delight in one's father,—so bread-and-butter,—but I can't help it. He's far stronger than I; none of the little weak Italian traits that streak me, like water in thick,

syrupy wine. No,—he isn't in the least romantic, but he says he was fated to this step, and could no more have resisted than his heart could have refused to beat. When he spoke to the devotee, little Asian made sundry belligerent demonstrations; but he confronted her with the two words she had learned here, *Willoughby* and the town's name. The dwarf became livid, seemed always after haunted by a dreadful fear of him, pursued him with a rancorous hate, but could not hinder his marriage. The *Willoughbys* are a cruel race. Her only revenge was to take away the amber beads, which had long before been blessed by the Pope for her young mistress, refusing herself to accompany my mother, and declaring that neither should her charms ever cross the water,—that all their blessing would be changed to banning, and that bane would burn the bearer, should the salt-sea spray again dash round them. But when, in process of Nature, the Asian died,—having become classic through her longevity, taking length of days for length of stature,—then the rosary belonged to mamma's sister, who by-and-by sent it, with a parcel of other things, to papa for me. So I should have had it at all events, you see;—papa is such a tease! The other things were mamma's wedding-veil, that point there, which once was her mother's, and some pearls.

I was born upon the sea, in a calm, far out of sight of land, under sweltering suns; so, you know, I'm a cosmopolite, and have a right to all my fantasies. Not that they are fantasies at all; on the contrary, they are parts of my nature, and I couldn't be what I am without them, or have one and not have all. Some girls go picking and scraping odds and ends of ideas together, and by the time they are thirty get quite a bundle of whims and crotchets on their backs; but they are all at sixes and sevens, uneven and knotty like fagots, and won't lie compactly, don't belong to them, and anybody might surprise them out of them. But for me, you see, mine are harmonious, in my veins; I was born with them.

Not that I was always what I am now. Oh, bless your heart! plums and nectarines, and luscious things that ripen and develop all their rare juices, were green once, and so was I. Awkward, tumble-about, near-sighted, till I was twenty, a real raw-head-and-bloody-bones to all society; then mamma, who was never well in our diving-bell atmosphere, was ordered to the West Indies, and papa said it was what I needed, and I went, too,—and oh, how sea-sick! Were you ever? You forget all about who you are, and have a vague notion of being Universal Disease. I have heard of a kind of myopy that is biliousness, and when I reached the islands my sight was as clear as my skin; all that tropical luxuriance snatched me to itself at once, recognized me for kith and kin; and mamma died, and I lived. We had accidents between wind and water, enough to have made me considerate for others, Lu said; but I don't see that I'm any less careful not to have my bones spilt in the flood than ever I was. Slang? No,—poetry. But if your nature had such a wild, free tendency as mine, and then were boxed up with proprieties and civilities from year's end to year's end, may-be you, too, would escape now and then in a bit of slang.

We always had a little boy to play with, Lu and I, or rather Lu,—because, though he never took any dislike to me, he was absurdly indifferent, while he followed Lu about with a painful devotion. I didn't care, didn't know; and as I grew up and grew awkward, I was the plague of their little lives. If Lu had been my sister instead of my orphan cousin, as mamma was perpetually holding up to me, I should have bothered them twenty times more; but when I got larger and began to be really distasteful to his fine artistic perception, mamma had the sense to keep me out of his way; and he was busy at his lessons, and didn't come so much. But Lu just fitted him then, from the time he daubed little adoring blotches of her face on every barn-door and paling, till when his scrap-book was full of her in all fancies and conceits, and he was old enough

to go away and study Art. Then he came home occasionally, and always saw us; but I generally contrived, on such occasions, to do some frightful thing that shocked every nerve he had, and he avoided me instinctively as he would an electric torpedo; but—do you believe?—I never had an idea of such a thing, till, when sailing from the South, so changed, I remembered things, and felt intuitively how it must have been. Shortly after I went away, he visited Europe. I had been at home a year, and now we heard he had returned; so for two years he hadn't seen me. He had written a great deal to Lu,—brotherly letters they were,—he is so peculiar,—determining not to give her the least intimation of what he felt, if he did feel anything, till he was able to say all. And now he had earned for himself a certain fame, a promise of greater; his works sold; and if he pleased, he could marry. I merely presume this might have been his thought; he never told me. A certain fame! But that's nothing to what he will have. How can he paint gray, faint, half-alive things now? He must abound in color,—be rich, exhaustless: wild sea-sketches,—sunrise,—sunset,—mountain mists rolling in turbid crimson masses, breaking in a milky spray of vapor round lofty peaks, and letting out lonely glimpses of a melancholy moon,—South American splendors,—pumps of fruit and blossom,—all this affluence of his future life must flash from his pencils now. Not that he will paint again directly. Do you suppose it possible that I should be given him merely for a phase of wealth and light and color, and then taken,—taken, in some dreadful way, to teach him the necessary and inevitable result of such extravagant luxuriance? It makes me shiver.

It was that very noon when papa brought in the amber, that he came for the first time since his return from Europe. He hadn't met Lu before. I ran, because I was in my morning wrapper. Don't you see it there, that cream-colored, undyed silk, with the dear palms and ferns swimming all over it? And all

my hair was just flung into a little black net that Lu had made me; we both had run down as we were when we heard papa. I scampered; but *he* saw only Lu, and grasped her hands. Then, of course, I stopped on the baluster to look. They didn't say anything, only seemed to be reading up for the two years in each other's eyes; but Lu dropped her kid box, and as he stooped to pick it up, he held it, and then took out the ring, looked at her and smiled, and put it on his own finger. The one she had always worn was no more a mystery. He has such little hands! they don't seem made for anything but slender crayons and water-colors, as if oils would weigh them down with the pigment; but there is a nervy strength about them that could almost bend an ash.

Papa's breezy voice blew through the room next minute, welcoming him; and then he told Lu to put up her jewels, and order luncheon, at which, of course, the other wanted to see the jewels nearer; and I couldn't stand that, but slipped down and walked right in, lifting my amber, and saying, "Oh, but this is what you must look at!"

He turned, somewhat slowly, with such a lovely indifference, and let his eyes idly drop on me. He didn't look at the amber at all; he didn't look at me; I seemed to fill his gaze without any action from him, for he stood quiet and passive; my voice, too, seemed to wrap him in a dream,—only an instant; though then I had reached him.

"You've not forgotten Yone," said papa, "who went persimmon and came apricot?"

"I've not forgotten Yone," answered he, as if half asleep. "But who is this?"

"Who is this?" echoed papa. "Why, this is my great West Indian magnolia, my Cleopatra in light colors, my"—

"Hush, you silly man!"

"This is she," putting his hands on my shoulders,—*"Miss Giorgione Willoughby."*

By this time he had found his manners.

"Miss Giorgione Willoughby," he said, with a cool bow, "I never knew you."

"Very well, Sir," I retorted. "Now you and my father have settled the question, know my amber!" and lifting it again, it got caught in that curl.

I have good right to love my hair. What was there to do, when it snarled in deeper every minute, but for him to help me? and then, at the friction of our hands, the beads gave out slightly their pungent smell that breathes all through the Arabian Nights, you know; and the perfumed curls were brushing softly over his fingers, and I a little vexed and flushed as the blind blew back and let in the sunshine and a roistering wind;—why, it was all a pretty scene, to be felt then and remembered afterward. Lu, I believe, saw at that instant how it would be, and moved away to do as papa had asked; but no thought of it came to me.

"Well, if you can't clear the tangle," I said, "you can see the beads."

But while with delight he examined their curious fretting, he yet saw me.

I am used to admiration now, certainly; it is my food; without it I should die of inanition; but do you suppose I care any more for those who give it to me than a Chinese idol does for whoever swings incense before it? Are you devoted to your butcher and milkman? We desire only the unpossessed or unattainable, "something afar from the sphere of our sorrow." But, though unconsciously, I may have been piqued by this manner of his. It was new; not a word, not a glance; I believed it was carelessness, and resolved—merely for the sake of conquering, I fancied, too—to change all that. By-and-by the beads dropped out of the curl, as if they had been possessed of mischief and had held there of themselves. He caught them.

"Here, Circe," he said.

That was the time I was so angry; for, at the second, he meant all it comprehended. He saw, I suppose, for he added at once,—

"Or what was the name of the Witch of Atlas,

'The magic circle of whose voice and eyes
All savage natures did imparadise?'"

I wonder what made me think him mocking me. Frequently since then he has called me by that name.

"I don't know much about geography," I said. "Besides, these didn't come from there. Little Asian—the imp of my name, you remember—owned them."

"Ah?" with the utmost apathy; and turning to my father, "I saw the painting that enslaved you, Sir," he said.

"Yes, yes," said papa, gleefully. "And then why didn't you make me a copy?"

"Why?" Here he glanced round the room, as if he weren't thinking at all of the matter in hand. "The coloring is more than one can describe, though faded. But I don't think you would like it so much now. Moreover, Sir, I cannot make copies."

I stepped towards them, quite forgetful of my pride. "Can't?" I exclaimed. "Oh, how splendid! Because then no other man comes between you and Nature; your ideal hangs before you, and special glimpses open and shut on you, glimpses which copyists never obtain."

"I don't think you are right," he said, coldly, his hands loosely crossed behind him, leaning on the corner of the mantel, and looking unconcernedly out of the window.

Wasn't it provoking? I remembered myself,—and remembered, too, that I never had made a real exertion to procure anything, and it wasn't worth while to begin then, beside not being my forte; things must come to me. Just then Lu reëntered, and one of the servants brought a tray, and we had lunch. Then our visitor rose to go.

"No, no," said papa. "Stay the day out with the girls. It's Mayday, and there are to be fireworks on the other bank to-night."

"Fireworks for Mayday?"

"Yes, to be sure. Wait and see."

"It would be so pleasant!" pleaded Lu.

"And a band, I forgot to mention. I have an engagement myself, so you'll

excuse me; but the girls will do the honors, and I shall meet you at dinner."

So it was arranged. Papa went out. I curled up on a lounge,—for Lu wouldn't have liked to be left, if I had liked to leave her,—and soon, when he sat down by her quite across the room, I half shut my eyes and pretended to sleep. He began to turn over her work-basket, taking up her thimble, snipping at the thread with her scissors: I see now he wasn't thinking about it, and was trying to recover what he considered a proper state of feeling, but I fancied he was very gentle and tender, though I couldn't hear what they said, and I never took the trouble to listen in my life. In about five minutes I was tired of this playing 'possum, and took my observations.

What is your idea of a Louise? Mine is dark eyes, dark hair, decided features, pale, brown pale, with a mole on the left cheek,—and that's Louise. Nothing striking, but pure and clear, and growing always better.

For him,—he's not one of those cliff-like men against whom you are blown as a feather. I don't fancy that kind; I can stand of myself, rule myself. He isn't small, though; no, he's tall enough, but all his frame is delicate, held to earth by nothing but the cords of a strong will,—very little body, very much soul. He, too, is pale, and has dark eyes with violet darks in them. You don't call him beautiful in the least, but you don't know him. I call him beauty itself, and I know him thoroughly. A stranger might have thought, when I spoke of those copals Rose carved, that Rose was some girl. But though he has a feminine sensibility, like Correggio or Schubert, nobody could call him womanish. "*Les races se féminisent.*" Don't you remember Matthew Roydon's Astrophill?

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face."

I always think of that flame in an alabaster vase, when I see him; "one sweet grace fed still with one sweet mind"; a

countenance of another sphere: that's Vaughan Rose. It provokes me that I can't paint him myself, without other folk's words; but you see there's no natural image of him in me, and so I can't throw it strongly on any canvas. As for his manners, you've seen them;—now tell me, was there ever anything so winning when he pleases, and always a most gracious courtesy in his air, even when saying an insufferably uncivil thing? He has an art, a science, of putting the unpleasant out of his sight, ignoring or looking over it, which sometimes gives him an absent way; and that is because he so delights in beauty; he seems to have woven a mist over his face then, and to be shut in on his own inner loveliness; and many a woman thinks he is perfectly devoted, when, very like, he is swinging over some lonely Spanish sierra beneath the stars, or buried in noonday Brazilian forests, half stifled with the fancied breath of every gorgeous blossom of the zone. Till this time, it had been the perfection of form rather than tint that had enthralled him; he had come home with severe ideas, too severe; he needed me, you see.

But while looking at him and Lu, on that day, I didn't perceive half of this, only felt annoyed at their behavior, and let them feel that I was noticing them. There's nothing worse than that; it is a very upas-breath, it puts on the brakes, and of course a chill and a restraint overcame them till Mr. Dudley was announced.

"Dear! dear!" I exclaimed, getting upon my feet. "What ever shall we do, Lu? I'm not dressed for him." And while I stood, Mr. Dudley came in.

Mr. Dudley didn't seem to mind whether I was dressed in cobweb or sheet-iron; for he directed his looks and conversation so much to Lu, that Rose came and sat on a stool before me and began to talk.

"Miss Willoughby"—

"Yone, please."

"But you are not Yone."

"Well, just as you choose. You were going to say?"

"Merely to ask how you liked the Islands."

"Oh, well enough."

"No more?" he said. "They wouldn't have broken your spell so, if that had been all. Do you know I actually believe in enchantments now?"

I was indignant, but amused in spite of myself.

"Well," he continued, "why don't you say it? How impertinent am I? You won't? Why don't you laugh, then?"

"Dear me!" I replied. "You are so much on the 'subtle-souled-psychologist' line, that there's no need of my speaking at all."

"I can carry on all the dialogue? Then let *me* say how you liked the Islands."

"I shall do no such thing. I liked the West Indies because there is life there; because the air is a firmament of balm, and you grow in it like a flower in the sun; because the fierce heat and panting winds wake and kindle all latent color, and fertilize every germ of delight that might sleep here forever. That's why I liked them; and you knew it just as well before as now."

"Yes; but I wanted to see if you knew it. So you think there is life there in that dead Atlantis."

"Life of the elements, rain, hail, fire, and snow."

"Snow thrice bolted by the northern blast, I fancy, by which time it becomes rather misty. Exaggerated snow."

"Everything there is an exaggeration. Coming here from England is like stepping out of a fog into an almost exhausted receiver; but you've no idea what light is, till you've been in those inland hills. You think a blue sky the perfection of bliss? When you see a white sky, a dome of colorless crystal, with purple swells of mountain heaving round you, and a wilderness of golden greens royally languid below, while stretches of a scarlet blaze, enough to ruin a weak constitution, flaunt from the rank vines that lace every thicket, and the whole world, and you with it, seems breaking

into blossom,—why, then you know what light is and can do. The very wind there by day is bright, now faint, now stinging, and makes a low, wiry music through the loose sprays, as if they were tense harp-strings. Nothing startles; all is like a grand composition utterly wrought out. What a blessing it is that the blacks have been imported there,—their swarthiness is in such consonance!"

"No; the native race was in better consonance. You are so enthusiastic, it is pity you ever came away."

"Not at all. I didn't know anything about it till I came back."

"But a mere animal or vegetable life is not much. What was ever done in the tropics?"

"Almost all the world's history,—wasn't it?"

"No, indeed; only the first, most trifling, and barbarian movements."

"At all events, you are full of blessedness in those climates, and that is the end and aim of all action; and if Nature will do it for you, there is no need of your interference. It is much better to be than to do;—one is strife, the other is possession."

"You mean being as the complete attainment? There is only one Being, then. All the rest of us are"——

"Oh, dear me! that sounds like metaphysics! Don't!"

"So you see, you are not full of blessedness there."

"You ought to have been born in Abelard's time,—you've such a disputatious spirit. That's I don't know how many times you have contradicted me to-day."

"Pardon."

"I wonder if you are so easy with all women."

"I don't know many."

"I shall watch to see if you contradict Lu this way."

"I don't need. How absorbed she is! Mr. Dudley is 'interesting'?"

"I don't know. No. But then, Lu is a good girl, and he's her minister,—a Delphic oracle. She thinks the sun and moon set somewhere round Mr. Dud-

ley. Oh! I mean to show him my amber."

And I tossed it into Lu's lap, saying,—

"Show it to Mr. Dudley, Lu,—and ask him if it isn't divine!"

Of course, he was shocked, and wouldn't go into ecstasies at all; tripped on the adjective.

"There are gods enough in it to be divine," said Rose, taking it from Lu's hand and bringing it back to me. "All those very Gnostic deities who assisted at Creation. You are not afraid that the imprisoned things work their spells upon you? The oracle declares it suits your cousin best," he added, in a lower tone.

"All the oaf knows!" I responded. "I wish you'd admire it, Mr. Dudley. Mr. Rose don't like amber,—handles it like nettles."

"No," said Rose, "I don't like amber."

"He prefers aqua-marina," I continued. "Lu, produce yours!" For she had not heard him.

"Yes," said Mr. Dudley, rubbing his finger over his lip while he gazed, "every one must prefer aqua-marina."

"Nonsense! It's no better than glass. I'd as soon wear a set of window-panes. There's no expression in it. It isn't alive, like real gems."

Mr. Dudley stared. Rose laughed.

"What a vindication of amber!" he said.

He was standing now, leaning against the mantel, just as he was before lunch. Lu looked at him and smiled.

"Yone is exultant, because we both wanted the beads," she said. "I like amber as much as she."

"Nothing near so much, Lu!"

"Why didn't you have them, then?" asked Rose, quickly.

"Oh, they belonged to Yone; and uncle gave me these, which I like better. Amber is warm, and smells of the earth; but this is cool and dewy, and"—

"Smells of heaven?" asked I, significantly.

Mr. Dudley began to fidget, for he saw no chance of finishing his exposition.

"As I was saying, Miss Louisa," he began, in a different key.

I took my beads and wound them round my wrist. "You haven't as much eye for color as a poppy-bee," I exclaimed, in a corresponding key, and looking up at Rose.

"Unjust. I was thinking then how entirely they suited you."

"Thank you. Vastly complimentary from one who 'don't like amber'!"

"Nevertheless, you think so."

"Yes and no. Why don't you like it?"

"You mustn't ask me for my reasons. It is not merely disagreeable, but hateful."

"And you've been beside me, like a Christian, all this time, and I had it!"

"The perfume is acrid; I associate it with the lower jaw of St. Basil the Great, styled a present of immense value, you remember,—being hard, heavy, shining like gold, the teeth yet in it, and with a smell more delightful than amber,"—making a mock shudder at the word.

"Oh, it is prejudice, then."

"Not in the least. It is antipathy. Besides, the thing is unnatural; there is no existent cause for it. A bit that turns up on certain sands,—here at home, for aught I know, as often as anywhere."

"Which means Nazareth. We must teach you, Sir, that there are some things at home as rare as those abroad."

"I am taught," he said, very low, and without looking up.

"Just tell me, what is amber?"

"Fossil gum."

"Can you say those words and not like it? Don't it bring to you a magnificent picture of the pristine world,—great seas and other skies,—a world of accentuated crises, that sloughed off age after age, and rose fresher from each plunge? Don't you see, or long to see, that mysterious magic tree out of whose pores oozed this fine solidified sunshine? What leaf did it have? what blossom? what great wind shivered its branches? Was it a giant on a lonely coast, or thick low growth blistered in ravines and dells? That's the

witchery of amber,—that it *has* no cause,—that all the world grew to produce it,—may-be died and gave no other sign,—that its tree, which must have been beautiful, dropped all its fruits; and how bursting with juice must they have been”——

“Unfortunately, coniferous.”

“Be quiet. Stripped itself of all its lush luxuriance, and left for a vestige only this little fester of its gashes.”

“No, again,” he once more interrupted. “I have seen remnants of the wood and bark in a museum.”

“Or has it hidden and compressed all its secret here?” I continued, obliviously. ‘What if in some piece of amber an accidental seed were sealed, we found, and planted, and brought back the lost æons? What a glorious world that must have been, where even the gum was so precious!’

“In a picture, yes. Necessary for this. But, my dear Miss Willoughby, you convince me that the Amber Witch founded your family,” he said, having listened with an amused face. “Loveliest amber that ever the sorrowing sea-birds have wept,” he hummed. “There! isn’t that kind of stuff enough to make a man detest it?”

“Yes.”

“And you are quite as bad in another way.”

“Oh!”

“Just because, when we hold it in our hands, we hold also that furious epoch

where rioted all monsters and poisons,—where death fecundated and life destroyed,—where superabundance demanded such existences, no souls, but fiercest animal fire;—just for that I hate it.”

“Why, then, is it fitted for me?”

He laughed again, but replied,—“The hues harmonize,—the substances; you both are accidents; it suits your beauty.”

So, then, it seemed I had beauty, after all.

“You mean that it harmonizes with me, because I am a symbol of its period. If there had been women then, they would have been like me,—a great creature without a soul, a”——

“Pray, don’t finish the sentence. I can imagine that there is something rich and voluptuous and sating about amber, its color, and its lustre, and its scent; but for others, not for me. Yes, you have beauty, after all,” turning suddenly, and withering me with his eye,—“beauty, after all, as you didn’t *say* just now.—Mr. Willoughby is in the garden. I must go before he comes in, or he’ll make me stay. There are some to whom you can’t say, No.”

He stopped a minute, and now, without looking,—indeed, he looked everywhere but at me, while we talked,—made a bow as if just seating me from a waltz, and, with his eyes and his smile on Louise all the way down the room, went out. Did you ever know such insolence?

[To be continued.]

SONG OF NATURE.

MINE are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon,
The innumerable days.

I hide in the blinding glory,
I lurk in the pealing song,
I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In death, new-born and strong.

No numbers have counted my tallies,
No tribes my house can fill,
I sit by the shining Fount of life,
And pour the deluge still.

And ever by delicate powers
Gathering along the centuries
From race on race the fairest flowers,
My wreath shall nothing miss.

And many a thousand summers
My apples ripened well,
And light from meliorating stars
With firmer glory fell.

I wrote the past in characters
Of rock and fire the scroll,
The building in the coral sea,
The planting of the coal.

And thefts from satellites and rings
And broken stars I drew,
And out of spent and aged things
I formed the world anew.

What time the gods kept carnival,
Tricked out in star and flower,
And in cramp elf and saurian forms
They swathed their too much power.

Time and Thought were my surveyors,
They laid their courses well,
They boiled the sea, and baked the layers
Of granite, marl, and shell.

But him—the man-child glorious,
Where tarries he the while?
The rainbow shines his harbinger,
The sunset gleams his smile.

My boreal lights leap upward,
Forthright my planets roll,
And still the man-child is not born,
The summit of the whole.

Must time and tide forever run ?
Will never my winds go sleep in the West ?
Will never my wheels, which whirl the sun
And satellites, have rest ?

Too much of donning and doffing,
Too slow the rainbow fades ;
I weary of my robe of snow,
My leaves, and my cascades.

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played ;
What, without him, is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade ?

I travail in pain for him,
My creatures travail and wait ;
His couriers come by squadrons,
He comes not to the gate.

Twice I have moulded an image,
And thrice outstretched my hand,
Made one of day, and one of night,
And one of the salt-sea-sand.

I moulded kings and saviours,
And bards o'er kings to rule ;
But fell the starry influence short,
The cup was never full.

Yet whirl the glowing wheels once more,
And mix the bowl again,
Seethe, Fate ! the ancient elements,
Heat, cold, dry, wet, and peace and pain.

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race, —
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

No ray is dimmed, no atom worn,
My oldest force is good as new,
And the fresh rose on yonder thorn
Gives back the bending heavens in dew.

NEMOPHILY.

AN earnest plea was once entered in Maga's pages for the bodies of saints. Yet it is to be hoped that others not included in that respectable class may have physical needs also, and it is to be feared that they may not be above the necessity of a little of the same invigorating tonic. For there are not a few on this continent of ours, whom the *Avvocato del Diavolo* would certainly expect to enter a *nolo contendere*, who stand in much need of a healthy animalism. That these sinners would be benefited by what Mr. Kingsley's critics call "muscular Christianity" cannot be denied. For they are not sinners beyond all hope of amendment, by any means; and their offences being rather against the laws and light of Nature than against any of the commands of the Decalogue, it is earnestly desired that they be brought within the pale of promise, even if they never reach the sacred fane of canonization.

Indeed, at the outset, let there be a protest entered on behalf of the sinner against this unnecessary pity of the saint. It is a part of that false halo with which enthusiastic admiration (reckless of gilding and ruinously prodigal of ochre) delights to endue the favored heads of the *beati*. The saint himself countenances the folly, and meekly inclines his head (sideways) to the rays. It is a part of the capital of the calling to look interesting. The revered and reverend Charles Honeyman, in the hands of that acute manager, Mr. Sherrick, was bidden to sit in his pew at evening service and *cough*. A qualified consumption and a moderate bronchitis are no bad substitutes for eloquence, learning, and that indiscreet piety which is so careless of feminine favor as to bring into the pulpit a robust person and to the dinner-table a healthy appetite.

But the saint, if he have a reasonable sense of his pastoral duty, gets, *malgré lui*, a very fair share of that open-air medicine

which is supposed to be the great lack of his profession. For if he be a clergyman in a rural parish of tolerable extent and with no great superfluity of wealth, he will not want for either air or exercise. The George Herbert so situated finds by no means his whole round of duty in the study. Old Mrs. Smith, sick and bedridden, lives a couple of miles from the parsonage; but the thoughtless creature actually expects a weekly visit and half-hour's reading of certain old familiar English literature, and will remind her pastor of it, if the expected day pass without his coming. Jones and his wife, who live in just the other direction, are wantonly apt, upon the insufficient plea of a long walk, to be missed from their wonted pew on a stormy Sunday, and must be looked up. Little Mary Gray has not been to Sunday-school. Cause suspected, — insufficient shoes. Bessy Bell, up the cross-road, quite over beyond Beman's Farms, is likewise delinquent, from the opposite want of a bonnet. Wilson, the cross-grained vestryman, has an idea, which never fails by Saturday night to break out into a positive rush of conviction, that the minister is neglecting his studies and "going to Rome," if he doesn't in the course of the week go to Wilson and carry him the Church papers and take a look at the Wilson prize-pigs. So good Mr. Herbert never fails, in due attestation of his "abhorrence of the Bishop of Rome and his detestable enormities," to foot it over the rocky hill and down across the rickety little bridge and past the poor-house farm, (where he stops on a little private business of his own, that perhaps makes a few old hearts and certainly one old coat-pocket the lighter,) and so on, a good piece, through the woods, to where Vestryman Wilson is bending over the hoe or swinging the axe, and thinking the while what an easy life the parson has of it.

Then Mr. Herbert gets the occasional tonic of a brisk walk over the hard-beaten snow, of a moonlight winter's night. A walk—only think of it!—over the crisp, crunching snow, to the distant outlying hamlet of Paton's Corner, where a few are gathered in the little school-house to hear him preach, and to give him the happy relief of a five-mile tramp home again.

It is really doubtful if dumb-bells, a gymnasium, and a pickerel-back racing-wherry would meet precisely the case of Mr. Herbert, however desirable for city saints who have plenty of spare sixpences for the omnibuses.

But the miserable sinner,—“where,” as the shepherd exclaimed, to Mr. Weller's indignation, “is the miserable sinner?” Keeping school, keeping books, making books, standing behind counters when busy and on street-corners when disengaged, doing anything or everything but taking care of his precious body, and thereby giving his precious soul the chance of being in very bad company, and following the fate of poor Tray, and of the well-meaning stork in Dr. Æsop's fable. What shall he, or rather, what can he, do with his leisure? For leisure more or less almost every young man has,—and it is of young men, and especially of the *very* young men, that we are benevolently writing. If he dwell in an inland town, the boat-club is hopeless,—and boat-clubs, though capital things for the young gentlemen of Harvard and Yale and Trinity, have also their drawbacks. One cannot always be ready to move in complete unison with a dozen fellow-mortals. Pendennis is never ready when the club are desirous to row; Newcome is perpetually anxious to tempt the wave when the wave tempts nobody else. The gymnasium gets to be a wearisome round of very mill-horse-like work, after the varieties of possible dislocation of all one's bones have been exhausted. Climbing ropes and poles with nothing but cobwebs at the top, and leaping horses with only tan at the bottom, grow monotonous after six months' steady dissipation there-

at. Base-ball clubs do not always find desirable commons, and the municipal fathers of the towns have a prejudice against them in the streets. What shall youth, conscious of muscle and eager for fresh air, do? Even the gloves are not fancy-free, but are very apt to bring with them the slang of the ring and the beastly associations of professional pugilism. Youth looks up to its teachers; but if its teachers in the manly art be the Game-Chicken, the Pet, the Slasher, youth, in learning to respect the brute strength of such men, will hardly learn to respect itself.

But—and here lies the purport of this article—there is hardly a town or village of New England which has not within a quarter of a mile of its suburbs a patch of woodland or a strip of sandy beach. What is to hinder the sinner, if he repent him of the foul air and cramped posture of which he has been the victim, from a little pedestrianism? Do American men and boys ever walk? Drive, it is known they do; they can always get time for that. But to walk, certainly to scramble and to climb, must be added by Mr. Phillips, in the new editions of his exquisite and inexhaustible *Lecture*, to the catalogue of the “Lost Arts.”

Yet Nature never grows outworn,—is unwearied in the bounty which she bestows on the seeker. I said a strip of sandy beach, just now. For that I beg leave to refer the reader to Mr. Kingsley's fascinating “*Glaucus*,” and to the delightful papers which appeared in “*Blackwood*” a year or two ago. My business is with the woods and fields. Certainly some who read my pages will have leisure to climb a stone wall now and then, and for them the following sketches of New England wood-walks may serve to show how much enjoyment may be got with but little outlay of appliances. Of course the most tempting thing to seek is sport. But the gun and the fishing-rod are useless in many towns, from the disappearance of all worthy objects for their exercise. The birds are wild and shy; the trout have been cocu-

lus-indicised out of the mountain-brooks to supply metropolitan hotel-tables and Delmonican larders. Let us go after more attainable things. And first, being a true nemophilist, I protest against botany. A flower worth a five-mile walk and a wet foot is worthy of something better than dissection with the Linnæan classification, afterward adding insult to injury. The botanist is not a discoverer; he is only a pedant. He finds out nothing about the plant; he serves it as we might fancy a monster doing, who should take this number of the "Atlantic" and sit down, not to read it, not to inhale the delicate fragrance of its thought, but to count its articles, examine their titles, and, having compared them with the newspaper advertisement, sweep the whole contentedly into the dust-heap. To study the plant, to see how it gets its living, why it will grow on one side of a brook in profusion, and yet refuse to seek the other bank, is not his care. It is simply to see whether he can abuse its honest English or New-English simplicity by calling it by one set or another of barbarous Latin and Greek titles. Pray, my good Sir, does a man go to see the elephant only to call him a pachydermatous quadruped?

But we are wasting time and shall never get into the woods. In the winter wild you will hardly get far into them, except at the Christmas season for greenery. Gathering this by deputy is poor business. It is all very well, if you can do no better, to engage Mr. Brown to engage some one else to bring in the needed spruce, fir, and hemlock with which to obscure the fresco deformities of St. Boniface's; but it is far better to hunt for them yourself. There is something intensely delightful in the changes of the search; for it begins dull enough. You start in the drear December weather, with a gray sky and leaden clouds softly shaded in regular billows, like an India-ink ocean, overhead, and a somewhat muddy lane before you. Then to pick one's way across the plashy meadows, and, after a ticklish pass of jumping from one reedy tussock

to another, to get once more upon the firm soil, while the grass, dry and crisp under your feet, gives a pleasant *whish, whish*, as it does the duty of street-door-mat to your mud-beclogged sandals. Now for the stone wall. On the other side are thick set the thorny stalks of last summer's "high-bush" blackberries. A plunge and a scramble take you through in comparative safety; and stopping only to disengage your skirts from a too-fond bramble, you are in the woodland. Thick-strewn the dead leaves lie under foot. What music there is in the rustling murmur with which they greet your invading step! On, deeper and deeper into the wood,—now dodging under the green and snaky cat-briers, with their retractile thorns and vicious clinging grasp,—now dashing along the woodman's paths,—now struggling among the opposing underwood. At last a little sprig of feathery green catches the eye. It is a tuft of moss. No,—it is the running ground-pine; and clearing away, with both eager hands, leaves, sticks, moss, and all the fallen *exuvie* of the summertime, you tear up long wreaths of that most graceful of evergreens. Then, in another quarter of the woodland, where the underbrush has been killed by the denser shade, there rise the exquisite fan-shaped plumes of the feather-pine, of deepest green, or brown-golden with the pencil of the frost;—for cross or star or thick festoon, there is nothing so beautiful. And again you are attracted into the thickets of laurel, and wage fierce war upon the sturdy and tenacious, yet brittle branches, till you are transformed into a walking jack-o'-the-green. The holly of the English Christmas, all-besprent with crimson drops, is hard to be found in New England, and you will have to thread the courses of the brooks to seek the swamp-loving black alder, which will furnish as brilliant a berry, but without the beautiful thorny leaf. Only in one patch of woodland do I know of the holly. In the southeastern corner of Massachusetts,—if you will take the trouble to follow up a railroad-

track for a couple of miles and then plunge into the pine woods, you will come upon a few lonely, stunted scraps of it. The warmer air which the Gulf Stream sends upon that coast have, it is said, something to do therewith. Of course, if I am wrong, the botanists will take vengeance upon me; but I can only say what has been said to me. We nemophilists are apt to be careless of solemn science and go upon all sorts of uncertain tradition.

But "Christmas comes but once a year." After chancel and nave have been duly adorned, and again disrobed against the coming sobrieties of Lent, there are other temptations to the woods. Before the snow has wholly vanished from the shelter of the wood-lots, the warm, hazy, wooing days of April come upon us. On such a day,—how well in this snow-season I remember it!—I have been lured out by the hope of the Mayflower, the delicate *epigæa repens*, miscalled the trailing arbutus. Up the rocky hill-side, from whose top you catch glimpses of the far-off sparkling sea, with a blue haze of island ranges belting it,—up among the rocks, into warm, sheltered, sunny nooks, you go upon your quest. For the Mayflower, though found in almost every township in New England, has secret and unaccountable whims of its own,—will persist in blooming in just one spot, where you ought not to expect it, and in avoiding all likely places. Yet when you come to its traditionary habitat, it is not there. Round and round we pace, hoping and despairing, till a faint, most delicate odor, indescribably suggestive of woodland freshness, catches the roused sense; or else one silvery star peeps out from under an upturned birch-leaf. Then down on hands and knees; tear up brush to right and left, the brown skeletons of the withered foliage. The ground is white with stars. Some are touched with delicate pink, some creamy white,—but all breathing out the evanescent secret of the early spring. Such the children of Plymouth used to hang in garlands about the Pilgrim stone, in

honor of the never-to-be-forgotten name of the New England Argo.

Later in the year come the beautiful blue violets, which are, I am sorry to say, scentless. Yet their little white cousin, which delights in all swampy places, is sometimes, in the first days of its appearing, more regardful of the prime duty of all flowers. I have gathered tufts of them which (botanists to the contrary notwithstanding) were wellnigh as odorous as if reared in the sunniest Warwickshire lane; but, as with a perfect specimen of the cast skin of a snake, such a boon is to be hoped for only once in a lifetime. With the violets, the beautiful blush-bells of the anemone come garlanded with their graceful leaves, plentifully enough. But did the Rambler ever find the sensitive fern, which resented the intrusive hand with all Mimosa's coyness? I never did but once. I have wooed many a delicate frond of all varieties of fern since, but never one so conscious. Now, too, ere the trees come into leaf, is the time to seek the boxwood, called, I hope improperly, by the ominous name of the Southern dogwood. It is worth an afternoon's ramble to come upon one of those trees, standing in an open glade of the forest, a pyramid of white or cream-colored blossoms. Before a leaf is on the tree, it clothes itself in this lovely livery, and at a little distance seems like a snowy cloud rather than a shrub.

But with June comes the most exquisite of our New England wild-flowers, the arethusa, or swamp-pink, as it is often styled, to the great confusion of its delicate, high-born nature with the great, vulgar, flaunting azalea. When June comes,—when the clethra is heaped with its bee-beloved blossoms, and the grass is green and bright as never again in the year, then the arethusa is to be sought. A most unaccountable flower, of all shades, from pale pink to a deep purple, with a lovely shape that I can liken to nothing so nearly as the *fleur-de-lis* on French escutcheons, it has a delicate, yet powerful, aromatic scent, as if it were an estray from the tropics. One specimen, snowy white, I

have seen, and can tell you where to find another. You are to go out along the President's highway, due northward from a certain seaport of Massachusetts. Take the eastward turn at the little village which lies at the head of its harbor, and so north again by the old Friends' meeting-house, which looks in brown placidity away toward the distant shipping and the wicked steeple-houses, into the which so many of its lost lambs have been inveigled. Then be not tempted to strike off down yonder lane, to see the curious old farm-house, relic of Colony times, with its odd stone chimney, its projecting upper story and carved wooden pendants, and its shingles all pierced into decorative hearts and rounds. Its likeness is not in Barber's book,—no, nor its visible form, I believe, (it is many a year since I went that way,) on earth. It became a constellation long ago,—being translated to the stars. Keep on with good heart along the highway ridge, whence you can look down on the solemn, close-set, pine forest, which hides from you the windings of the river, and the beautiful lakelet, where the water-lilies float in the summer. Go on down the valley, past the old tavern,—relic of stage-coaching days, the square, three-story, deserted-looking tavern,—up again a couple of miles or so, till the river has dwindled to a brook and then to a marsh. Here is the place of our seeking. For under the shade of one of those huge granite rocks over which the thin soil of — County is sprinkled, and which here and there have shaken off the superincumbent dust in indignation at the presumption of man in attempting to farm them,—under that rock—of course I shall not tell you which—you will find the White Arethusa, if you are born under a lucky star.

A little later, the crimson lady-slipper loves to spring up in pine clearings, around the base of the wood-piles which the cutters have stacked in the winter to season. To one born by the salt water there is an especial forest delight in the pine woods. For that best-loved sound

of the ceaseless fall of plunging seas upon the beach comes to him there. Many a time I have walked from Harvard's leafy shades and cheerful halls out to the quiet of the Botanic Garden for the sake of hearing the wind in the pine tree-tops. Shut your eyes, and the inward vision sees once more the long line of sandy and shingly beaches, the green curving-up of the surges tipped with dazzling foam,—sees the motionless and blackened timbers of the wreck on the shore, the white wings dipping and turning along the combing tops of the waves racing in upon the sands,—sees the dry tufted beach-grass, and the wet, shining, compact slope down which slides swiftly the under-tow. And what a healthful exhilaration it is to breathe the balm-laden breath of the pine forest, and to tread the elastic slipper-soft carpet of the fallen spiny leaves! Here is the haunt of the lady-slipper, (*cypripedium*), a shy, rare flower, like a little sack delicately veined, with a faint musky scent, and large-flapped leaves shading its flower.

In the hot July and August, the scarlet lobelia, the cardinal-flower, is to be found. Never was cardinal so robed. If Herbert's rose, in poetic hyperbole, with its "hue angry and brave, bids the rash gazer wipe his eye," certainly such a bed of lobelia as I once saw on the road to "Rollo's Camp" was anything but what the Scotch would call "a sight for sair een." For the space of a dozen or twenty yards grew a patch of absolutely nothing but lobelia. At a little distance it was like a scarlet carpet flung out by the roadside. If you desire to twine the threefold chord of color, as Mr. Ruskin calls it, I know of no lovelier foil for the lobelia than the white orchis, which haunts the same marshy spots. Those long spikes of feathery and balanced blossoms are the most absolute white of anything in Nature. They positively insist upon the very refinement of purity, as you look at them.

Did you ever see a pond-lily?—not the miserable dragged green-and-mud-colored buds which enterprising boys bring

into the cars for sale; but the white water-lily, floating on the silent brooks, or far out in the safe depths of the mill-ponds. The "Autocrat" knows what pond-lilies are, having visited Prospero's Isle and seen the pink-tinged sisterhood of a certain mere that lies embosomed in its hills. But to know them, you must hunt for them,—tramp off to the distant stream, and then, not stand on the bank and wish and sigh, but off hose and shoon, and, careless of water-snake and snapping-turtle, wade in up to their virgin bower, and bear off the dripping, fragrant prize. None but the brave deserve—lady or lily.

But if the stream be too deep and wide, and the lilies are anchored far out among their broad pads,—a floral Venice, with the blue spikes and arrowy leaves of the pickerel-weed for campaniles and towers,—there are yet "lilies of the field" over which you may profitably meditate, remembering that Solomon Ben-David was not so arrayed. Two kinds there are,—one like the tiger-lily of the gardens, the petals curled back and showing the whole leopard-spotted corolla,—the other bell-shaped, rarer, and growing one only on a stalk. Both are to be found in open spaces, bush-grown fields, and airy, sunny spots. It is worth a hot and dusty June walk to get into one of those nooks. You can spend days and not exhaust the study which one little triangular bit of overgrown pasture affords,—spend them, not as a naturalist in close, patient study, because to such a one a square yard of moss is as exhaustless as the forests of Guiana to a Waterton, but as a nemophilist, taking simple delight in mere observation and individual discovery.

"Many haps fall in the field
Seldom seen by watchful eyes."

And so all sorts of curious ways are discoverable by the mere wood-lounger. At one time your way is barred by the great portcullis of the strong threaded web of the field spider, who sits like a porter in king's livery of black and gold at his gate. Then you have a peep into the

winding maelström-funnel of another of the spider family. Poe must have suffered metempsychosis into the body of a blue-bottle, when he wrote his "Descent into the Maelström"; for such an insect, hanging midway down that treacherous, sticky descent, and seeing Death creeping up from the bottom to grasp him, might have a clear idea of what was undergone by the fisherman of Lofoden.

Or, if one tire of the open meadows, and the sun be too hot, think of the laurel groves,—not now, as in the Christmas-time, white with snow, but white again with thousands on thousands of argent cups, loaded with blossoms, meeting over your head in arches of flowery tracery, and one solitary tree standing deep in the woods, like a frigate packed with her silver canvas lying out to windward of the fleet of merchantmen she is convoying. The cool laurel groves! Often as one sees that sight, it is always with a fresh shock of pleasure to the frame.

Then, when autumn comes and the leaves change, there is still endless variety for the little basket or botanical-case which swings lightly on your arm or hangs across your shoulder. Owen Jones never devised any ornaments for wall or niche one half so brilliant as the color of those leaves which a dexterous hand will readily group upon a sheet of white paper, where your eye may catch it, as, after achieving a successful sentence, you look up from your study-table. Speaking of leaves, who knows how large an oak-leaf will grow in this New England? I have just sat down after measuring one gathered in a bit of copse hard by the town of M——, a bit of copse which skirts a beautiful wild ravine, with a superb hemlock and pine grove creeping down its steep bank. I have just honestly measured my leaf, and it shows *fourteen* inches in length by a trifle of *nine and a half* in breadth.

In the same ravine I found—and in any patch of woodland you may do the like—a perfect treasury of mosses. A shallow tin box or a wooden bowl filled

with these and duly watered will give 'a winter-garden to the smallest lodging. Sun and light are, as Mr. Toots says, of "no consequence" to the moss family. But if one be above such trifles as mosses, and with Young American loftiness aspire to full-grown trees, there is still plenty to do in the most ordinary woodlands. After a chapter of Mr. Ruskin upon Claude and Poussin and Turner, there is nothing like going to the original documents. In default of the National Gallery from London and the Pitti Palace from the other side of Arno, which cannot be summoned into court at a moment's notice, we can solve at least half the problem. Mr. Ruskin may or may not be right about the Claudes; but it is very easy to see if he be right as to the trees. And if we prove him right with his theory of branches and bark, we have a fair presumption that he has eyes to see the alleged falsehoods in him of Lorraine. Now here is a chance to do a little bit of Art-criticism quite unexpensively. Discontented young gentlemen murmur about the education of this people being too practical, unæsthetic, and all that, and sigh for the culture which a foreign land only can give. But a man who has no eye for Nature will hardly learn to love her at second-hand through the mediation of canvas and colors. I should like very much to be able to walk into a Turner Gallery once a week; but, for all that, I would not give up a Connecticut Valley sunset, such as last summer could be had for the looking at. Not Turner, even, could paint those level shadows, all interfused with trembling light, that filled the hollows of the hills across the river, and brought out their wavy contour, and showed the depth and distance of the valley opening miles away. Could he throw athwart the dark mirror of the sleeping water in the gorge, which led the imprisoned river stealthily to the sea, the gliding snows of the sails rosy-white that stole swan-like from behind the bluffs? Could he bring down the rainbow till its hither abutment rested on the centre of the stream in a transparent

mist of driving rain, while its keystone was lost in the stooping cloud above? Art is good, as well as long; but time is also fleeting, and, not being millionnaires, with the luxury of a run across the Atlantic at command, let us make what we can out of what we have. It is very probable that architecture, too, is a sore subject to aspiring Young America, who turns discontentedly from the stucco and pine-plank tracery of the new cathedral of St. Aërian. But let Young America go out to the meadows, and discover for himself a group of young elms. There is one I know of, not unattainable by very moderate pedestrianism from the same seaport before alluded to, where a most exquisite arrangement of arches and tracery can be seen. Six or eight elms, their long bending boughs clothed with thick, clinging leafage, mingle their tops, forming a sort of vaulted roof, such as at the intersection of nave and transepts occurs in every Gothic church which has no central tower. More exquisite curves, better studies for a healthy-minded and original architect, could hardly be found. The interlacing branches are suggestive of tracery-patterns, not to be outdone even in the flamboyant windows of York and Rouen. There is no excuse for the squat, ugly, and stupid arches one sees in almost every attempt at pointed architecture, when the elm-tree springs by every riverside in the land.

But it is time to conclude our desultory rambles. It would be pleasant to me to recall many another of my old haunts, spots which, perhaps, were never called beautiful before now, and may not be again for many a day. For they all lie in a very tame and prosaic country, nearly level, the utmost elevation getting hardly a couple of hundred feet above tide-water mark; a country with less natural beauty than belongs to most New England towns,—bare, bleak, rocky, with stunted vegetation and ungenial soil. Yet within its limits there are brooks and marshes and copses and woodlands,—rocks over which the wild columbine hangs its fuchsia-like pendants, and dells

where nestle the earliest and sweetest of the wood-flowerets.

And now to come back to the miserable sinner. As schoolboy, as bank-clerk, as teacher, as worker in many ways, he has unemployed leisure in the hours of daylight,—not so many as he should have, perhaps, but still many hours in the course of the month. Shall he go to the livery-stable, the bowling-alley, or the billiard-saloon? Not being a saint, of course he can plead no high-toned sense of need of physical culture, to warrant these indulgences. He goes because he likes it, gets enjoyment, exercise, rest for a mind tasked to the full with the day's work. This he ought to have; and if butting little ivory balls about or propelling big wooden ones will give it him, let him have it, if so be that it cannot be got otherwise. There is no contamination in the cue or the ten-pin; but there is in the habits and associations of the places where they are found. Let us not be maw-wormish about it, but tell the truth as it is. The quasi-gambling principle upon which all such places are conducted stimulates the love of hazard and makes way for the betting propensity to become full-blown. Of course, one can bet, if one have money; two lumps of sugar and a few flies will enable a man to lose the fortune of the Rothschilds, if he will. That is not the question. The billiard-saloons do educate men for the gambling-house, simply because they cannot go to them without either losing their money or winning their games. Beside that, the gaseous, dusty, confined, and tobacco-scented air of those places is not to be compared with our free, open, out-doors hills and meadows, for any hygienic purposes.

But, argument apart, there is a sad New England story, so often repeated as to be almost wearisome, were it not so sad. It is of the fresh, frank, honest-hearted boy, who may be seen behind many a bank-counter. At first, so active, trustworthy, and trusted,—yet with the constant temptation of unemployed time and energies demanding supply of action. Little by little these are supplied,—sup-

plied by the billiard-table and its concomitants. It is the same story,—first, rumors, then equivocation, then exposure. Perhaps a petty sum is all; but, to the austere justice of banking, this is as bad, nay, worse than millions. And then a brief paragraph in the newspaper, and one more ruined young man, sulking beside the family-hearthstone, his father's shame, his mother's unextinguishable sorrow,—a candidate for crime, if he have power of mind and spirit to feel, or an imbecile dependant, if he have not.

Now preaching, whether lay or clerical, will not do much to prevent this, especially if it be pitched (as it commonly is) upon too high a key. *Preventing* means, or used to mean, when words had a meaning, *getting beforehand with anything*. And if young Homespun have from the outset something he likes better, he will not take to the ivory balls in pleasant weather, and in rainy weather will be apt to prefer even quite a stupid book to the board of green cloth. Therefore, boys, go,—and girls, too, for that matter,—on flower and moss hunts!—and ye, dear middle-aged people, send them, and go also upon the same! Find something that will tempt you into the woods,—something neither berries nor sassafras, —something which cannot be eaten or sold, but which will simply give you a sense and a love of beauty. These pages have been written to show that it lies at your very doors,—that nothing but stout boots, an old coat or jacket, and an observant eye, is needed. When you come to be saints, or even to be men, there will be plenty of active work to do, if so be that you will only do it. Then, in careful regard to your bodies, you may have hard-trotting (not fast-trotting) horses, pickerel-backed boats, and a billiard-room over the stable,—if your canonization seem to require it. But the saint, if he be true saint, needs no such care. He will get work enough, hard, physical work, if only in trotting up and down the steep stairs of tenant-houses, to keep his digestion in tolerable order. It

is only your pseudo-saint, who cuddles himself for the pulpit and the platform, and keeps the safety-valve down with midnight sittings while "rosining up" the furnaces with strong coffee, that will come to grief by collapse of flues. If a man, whether sinner or saint, will run races for the honor of being the fastest boat in the river of popular favor, he must take the consequences.

But for the poor, benighted, heathen sinner, desiring enjoyment that shall be honest, cheap, satisfying, and attainable, I say, in the full faith of the creed of

Nemophily,—Get into the woods! No matter what you expect to find there,—go and see what you can find. Don't walk for "constitutionals," without an object at the end or on the way. Keep your feet well shod and your eyes open. Bring home all the flowers and pretty wood-growths you can, and you may find that you have been entertaining angels unawares. Find out about them all you can yourself, and then (in spite of a previous tirade against botany, be it said) go to BIGELOW'S "PLANTS OF BOSTON" and learn more.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

A FATIGUING journey up six long, winding flights of smoothly-waxed stairs carried me to the door of the room I occupied in the Place — But no matter for the name of the Place; no one, I am confident, will visit Paris for the express purpose of satisfying himself that I am to be depended upon, and that there is a house of so many stories in the Place Maubert. Here I lived, *au premier au dessous du soleil*, in the enjoyment of no end of fresh air, especially in winter, and a brilliant prospect up and down the street and over the roofs of the houses across the way, which reached from the Pantheon on the one side, to the peaked roofs and factory-like chimneys of the Tuileries on the other, the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides occupying the centre of the picture. I was studying painting at that time,—learning to paint the much-admired landscapes and figure-pieces which I produce with so much ease now and dispose of with so little,—and, as a general thing, was busy, (though I had my fits of abstraction, like other men of genius, during which I did nothing but lie on my bed and smoke pipes over French novels, or join parties of pleasure into the country or within the

barriers,) through the day, and often till late in the evening, in the atelier of one or another of the most renowned artists of the city.

At the head of the last flight of stairs in this house was a narrow passage-way in which I was always obliged to stop and recover my breath, after finishing the one hundred and thirty-nine steps that led to my paradise, before I could get my key into its lock; and into this passage-way opened two doors, one of which, of course, belonged to my room, and the other to some one's else. But who this some one else was I was unable to find out. Was it—and how convenient a word is *ça* in such a case!—male or female? I was persuaded it must be a woman, and as a woman I always used to think of her and speak of her, to myself,—and I thought and spoke of her often enough. Of course, I could have settled the question at once by knocking at her door and asking for a match, but I scorned resorting to such weak subterfuges. But how quiet she was! Occasionally, when, contrary to my usual custom, I took another nap after waking in the morning, instead of going out for exercise and a glimpse of early Paris street-life,—occasionally I used

to hear her moving about on the other side of the thin partition which separated our rooms, as stealthily as though she feared she might disturb me. She would light her charcoal-stove, and perhaps glide softly by my door and down stairs, to return soon with the paper of coffee, the bit of bread, and the egg or two which were to serve her for breakfast, and now and then she would sing to herself, but so gently that I never could hear the words of her song, nor scarcely the air. An evil spirit put gimlets into my head, but I shook them out like so much powder, and resolved to be honorable, if I was an artist. I found, however, that my curiosity was an abominable nuisance, that my morning walks were almost entirely neglected, and that I could not bear to leave my room until I had heard her go out and lock her door behind her. Every day, after her departure, I resolved that she should not go out again without being seen by me, and every time I attempted to follow her in such a way as to escape detection I lost sight of her. I nearly fell into the street as I attempted to reach far enough out of my window to see her as she came out at the street-door.

At last, one morning, when it happened, that, just as I had finished dressing myself and was ready to go out, she opened her door and ran down stairs without closing it behind her, carried away by my curiosity, I stepped out into the narrow passage-way and looked into her sanctuary. The room was a smaller one than mine,—but how much neater! The muslin curtains in her window were as white as snow; her wardrobe, which hung against the wall, was protected from the dust by a linen cloth; the floor shone like a mirror. Her canary hung in the window, and greeted me with a perfect whirlwind of *roulades* as I stepped into the room. Her fire was burning briskly under a pot of water, which was just coming to the boiling-point, and singing as gayly and almost as loudly as her bird. Over the back of a chair was thrown the work she had been busied with; and on the bed, almost hid by the curtains, was a pair of

the prettiest little blue garters I ever saw, even in Paris,—span-new they were, and had evidently been bought no longer ago than the evening before,—and some other articles of feminine apparel, which I will not attempt to describe. I looked into her glass, I really believe, with the hope of finding there a faint reflection of her face and figure. She must have looked into it but a minute before going out. A book, like a Testament, lay on the table. I knew I should find her name on the fly-leaf, and was just on the point of satisfying myself with regard to that particular when I heard her feet upon the stairs; and, with a start which nearly carried away the curtains of her bed, I rushed from her room into my own.

How my heart beat, after I had gently closed my door and was sitting on the side of my bed, listening to the movements in the next room! It didn't seem to me as though I had been guilty of a high misdemeanor, and yet, though I had been prepared for her return, I was as much discomposed as though I had been caught peeping.

So far from being satisfied with this resolution of my doubts with regard to the sex of my neighbor, I now found myself more uneasy and curious than before. Was she young and pretty and good? and what did she do? and what was her name? My thoughts were perpetually running up those six flights and stopping baffled at her close-shut door. I drew ideal portraits of her, and introduced them into all my pictures as pertinaciously as Rubens did his wives, and would often finish out an accidental face in a study of rocks, much to my instructor's surprise and my fellow-students' amusement. It was very remarkable, however, that all these fancy sketches bore a striking resemblance to another acquaintance of mine, who will shortly be introduced, and in whom, until I moved into my new room, I had been exclusively interested,—so much so, in fact, that — But I will not anticipate.

Most of my days were spent on the opposite side of the Seine; and, as I

crossed that river, by the Pont Royal, at about five o'clock, every evening, on my way to the Laiterie, at which I usually took what I called my dinner, I always stopped to buy a bunch of flowers, of violets in their season, of a charming little flower-girl, who had her stand on the Quai Voltaire, and who, by the time my turn to be served came, had usually disposed of nearly her whole stock. Every one who looked at her bought of her. She possessed something that was more attractive even than her beauty; though I question, if, without her glossy brown hair, her soft, dark eyes, her glorious complexion, her round, dimpled cheek and chin, her gentle winning smile, and her exquisite taste in dress,—I question, if, without all these, her quiet, modest demeanor and unaffected simplicity and propriety would have attracted quite as much attention as they always did.

I had not bought many bouquets of Thérèse before she began to recognize me as I came up, and to greet me with a smile and a "*Bon jour, Monsieur,*" sweeter in tone and accent than any I had ever heard before. What a voice hers was! Its tones were like those of a silver bell; and I found that she always had my bunch of violets or heliotrope ready for me by the time I reached her.

My frugal meal over, I was in the habit of visiting a neighboring *café*, where I read the papers, drank my evening cup of coffee, and, as I smoked my cigar or pipe and twirled my posies in my fingers or held them to my nose, would wonder who she was who sold them to me, if she ever thought of those who bought them of her, and if she distinguished me above her other customers. It seemed to me, that, if she had the same angelic smile and happy greeting for them as she always bestowed upon me, they must one and all be her slaves; and yet I couldn't decide whether I really loved her or was only touched by a passing fancy for her.

I looked forward, however, through the day, to my interview with her with a great deal of impatience, and found myself making short cuts in the long walk which

led me to her. I used to arrange, on my way, well-turned sentences with which to please her, and by which I expected to startle her into some intimation of her feelings toward me. I was angry that she was obliged to stand in so public a place, exposed to the gaze and remarks of all who chose to stop and buy of her. In fine, I was jealous, or rather was piqued, that she should receive all others exactly as she received me, and almost flattered myself that necessity forced her to meet them with the same sweet smile inclination led her to bestow on me.

This was the state of affairs at the time I moved into my new lodgings, before referred to, in the Place Maubert, and I was suffering these mental torments for Thérèse's sake, when the appearance, or rather the non-appearance, of my mysterious neighbor aggravated and complicated the symptoms and converted my slow fever into an intermittent. I had called my fair unknown Hermine; — the pronoun *she*, as it applied equally to every individual of the female sex, and in the French language to many things besides, soon became insufficient, and I took the liberty of calling her Hermine. I was so ashamed of my foolish passion, that I could not make up my mind even to question the porter at the door with regard to her, nor to consult any of my better initiated acquaintances as to the proper course to be pursued, but lived out a wretched succession of days and nights of feverish anxiety and expectation, — of what I knew not.

I was on my way over the Pont Royal, one evening, at my usual hour, and was just coming in sight of my bewitching flower-merchant, when a sudden, and, as I believed, a happy thought occurred to me, and I resolved to put it into instant execution. I am sure I blushed and stammered wofully as I asked for *two* bunches of flowers instead of my usual one, and I was confident, that, as she handed them to me without a word, but with such a look, Thérèse's brow was shaded by something more than the dark bands of her brown hair or the edge of her becoming

cap, and that her lip quivered rather with a suppressed sigh than with her usual happy smile. I didn't stop to speak with her that night, but hurried away towards my room, conscious—for I did not dare to look behind me, or I am sure I should have relinquished my design—that her large, sorrowful eyes were full of the tears she had kept back while I had stood before her.

I reached my room as soon as possible, and, after assuring myself that my neighbor was still absent, carefully inserted my second nosegay into her keyhole, and rushed from the house as though I had committed burglary.

I was very young then, very romantic, and wholly wanting in assurance. I must have been, or I should never have regarded it as a crime, not against myself, but others, that I was making my days miserable and my nights sleepless on account of two young girls, one of whom I had never seen, and the other of whom was merely a flower-merchant.

When I clambered up to my room late that night, the flowers were no longer where I had put them. I had been torturing myself all the evening with the thought that Hermine might have felt offended, and that I should find them torn in pieces and thrown down at my door, or that she would be waiting for me with a severe reprimand for my boldness and impertinence. But I could find no trace of them, and went to sleep, soothed by the conviction that they had been carefully put by in a glass of water, or were occupying a place on her pillow by the side of her dainty cheek. I feared to meet Thérèse's sorrowful face again the next night, and was troubled so much by the thought of it through the day, that I fairly deserted her that evening and bought my two bouquets elsewhere. With one of these, which I had taken care should be of a finer quality than before, I repeated my experiment of the preceding night and with the same gratifying result. But the day after, forgetting, until it was too late, that I had given Thérèse fair cause to be seriously angry with me,

habit carried me to my old resort again, though I had fully determined to reach home by another way, and to patronize, for the future, my new *bouquetière*, who was not only old and ugly, but of the masculine gender. Habit—and perhaps wish had something to do with it—was too strong, however, and I found myself turning down the Quai Voltaire at the customary hour the next evening.

Much to my surprise, and somewhat to my mortification, Thérèse greeted me with her old sunny smile. Her "*Bon jour, Monsieur*," was as cordial as ever; and it even seemed to me—and that didn't in the least tend to compose me—that her eyes sparkled with an archness which I had never seen in them before, and that her voice had in it a tinge of malice, as she held out to me two of her finest bunches, saying,—

"*Est-ce que, Monsieur, en désire deux encore ce soir ?*"

I was very angry with her for being in such good-humor, and believe I was anything but *aimable* or polite with her. Why did she not look hurt or offended, and reproach me for my desertion, instead of almost disarming my senseless anger by her gentleness?

"It seems that Monsieur forgets his old friends, sometimes," she continued, as I took the flowers she had been holding towards me, and was fumbling in my pocket for the change.

"Forget!" I stammered; for the temper I found her in had so completely ruffled mine, that I was hardly sufficiently master of myself to be able to answer her at all,—"*what makes you think I forget? Am I not here this evening, as usual?*"

"This evening, yes,—but last night you did not come; or were you here too late to find me? I"—she paused, and, with her color a little heightened, as though she had narrowly escaped making a disclosure, looked another way,—"*Monsieur must have bought his flowers elsewhere, yesterday. Were they as fresh and sweet as mine?*"

"But how do you know, Mademoi-

selle,"—I answered, after I had given her a long opportunity to add what I had hoped would follow that long-drawn-out "I"; (she was going to say, I was sure, that she had waited for me to come as long as was possible;)—"How do you know that I bought my flowers elsewhere, or that I bought any? And where can I find finer ones than you give me?"

"Monsieur is kind enough to say so," she returned. "Can you excuse my indiscretion? I only thought, that, as you never miss carrying a bunch of flowers home with you, and sometimes two," she added, with a wicked twinkle in the corner of her mouth, "you must have found some better than mine, last night. But Monsieur will, of course, act his own pleasure."

Thérèse had never appeared to me more charming than at that moment. I wondered afterwards how I had been able to tear myself away from her, and was almost angry that I had not thrown down my second bunch, had not vowed to her that I would never desert her again, and had not confessed that the pain I had suffered from my folly had more than equalled hers, since I was never so happy as when I could be near and see her and hear the music of her voice.

And this was my life, and these the pains I used to suffer. Two tender passions held alternate possession of my fickle heart, and a constant struggle was always waging between them for the mastery; and the impossibility of deciding in favor of either of them, which to accept and which deny, prevented my yielding to either. Thérèse, however, whose real presence I could enjoy, upon whose delicious beauty I could feast my eyes whenever the fancy seized me, and whose voice I could hear, even when separated from her, possessed a fearful advantage over her invisible rival, who maintained her position in my interest only by preserving her incognito and maintaining my curiosity strained to the highest pitch. My acquaintance with Thérèse became daily more intimate, and was soon upon such a footing as seemed to authorize my

asking her to accompany me on a Sunday jaunt to one of the thousand resorts of Parisian pleasure-seekers just beyond the barriers of the city.

She accepted,—of course she did,—and the matter was finally arranged one Saturday evening for the next day. I was to find her at the house of her aunt, who lived in my neighborhood, and who, to my surprise, turned out to be the proprietress of the Laiterie I frequented. Here we were to breakfast, and afterwards take the proper conveyance to our destination, which I think was Belleville.

Sunday came, and with it came such weather as the gods seldom vouchsafe to mortals who contemplate visiting the country. It was one of those cloudless days in early June when all Nature, and yourself more than anything else in Nature, seems as though it had been taking Champagne,—not too warm, but sufficiently so to make out-of-door life a luxury, and an excursion like ours into the country almost a necessity.

Thérèse, like everything else in Nature on that summer's day, was more gloriously beautiful, in my eyes, than ever before. Hermine's ideal beauty, and with it her chance of success, faded out from my memory like an unfixed photograph, before this charming reality, and Thérèse ruled supreme. She had dressed herself with a taste which surprised even me, who had so long regarded her as irreproachable, as she was unapproachable, in that particular; and the joy she felt at the thought of a whole day's ramble in the country showed itself in every feature of her countenance, in every movement, and in every tone of her voice. There didn't live a prouder or a happier man than I was, as we made our way arm in arm towards the Place Dauphine, where we were to take the omnibus for Belleville.

We ran wild in the woods and fields all that day, we fed the fishes in the ponds, we made ourselves dizzy on the seesaws and merry-go-rounds, and at last, fairly tired out, and feeling desperately and most unromantically hungry, turned into the neatest and least frequented restaur-

rant we could find and ordered our dinner.

Thérèse was no *gourmande*, luckily. Her tastes were simple and harmonized admirably with my slender means. We dined, however, like princes, and drank a bottle of *Château Margeaux*, instead of the *vin ordinaire*, which was my ordinary wine. Thérèse's gayety had fairly inoculated me, and, forgetting my usual reserve, we laughed and chatted as noisily as a couple of children.

"Upon my word," cried I, as I caught sight of a bouquet of flowers in the room we occupied, "what a couple of ninnies we have been! We have forgotten to get any flowers to carry home with us. But I suppose you see too many of them through the week to care for them to-day."

"Oh, no!" replied Thérèse. "I could never see too much of flowers; and besides, you must have a bunch to carry home to Mademoiselle this evening. She will never forgive you, if you neglect her to-day. And what would she think or say, if she knew where you are now and whom you are with? She is very fond of flowers,—when they come from you, I mean."

"Well," I stammered, and my face burned like fire. "What Mademoiselle? And what makes you think that I make presents of the flowers I get of you? I only get them for myself, and as an excuse for seeing you."

"*Ah! menteur!*" cried Thérèse, shaking her finger at me with mock solemnity. "*Fi donc! c'est vilain.* Do you think I have no eyes, or that you have none that speak as plainly as your mouth, and more truly? You try to deceive me, Monsieur!" and the little hypocrite assumed so injured and heart-broken an expression and tone, that I was almost wild with remorse, and cursed the wretch who had placed the flowers in the room, and myself for having noticed them. I should have been hurried into I don't know what expressions of attachment to her and of indifference towards every other individual of her sex, if she had not pre-

vented me by the following startling remark.

"I know to whom you give the flowers you value so much as coming from me. It is to your next-door neighbor, who pleases you more than I do, and whom you have known, perhaps, longer than you have me. Why didn't you invite her, and not me, to come with you to-day? It would have been better."

"Ah!" cried I, "do you know her? She told you about it? Why doesn't she let me see her? Is her name Hermine?"

And almost before I knew it, I had told her the whole story of my passion for my invisible neighbor.

Thérèse pouted, and turned her back. She put her handkerchief to her face, and called me all sorts of hard names for having brought her there to listen to the confession of my love for another; and turned a deaf ear, or I thought she did, to my expostulations and my protestations that I didn't really care for Hermine,—that it was only a passing fancy, more curiosity than anything else,—and that I really loved no one but her.

She began to relent at last, though I was half inclined to be sorry, for her resentment became her even better than her good-humor.

"Well," she said, finally, "it is too tiresome to quarrel, and I will forgive; for, although you say you have never seen Hermine,—(that is a prettier name than Thérèse, isn't it?)—she has, perhaps, seen you, and may really love you"——

"But I don't love her," I cried. "I don't want to love her. I don't want to see her. Her name isn't Hermine, I know. I will never think of her again, nor make a fool of myself by putting nose-gays into her keyhole, if you will only not look so sober any more."

"She will be very sorry for that, I am sure," returned Thérèse, with a smile I could not translate; "and she will miss them very much. I judge her by myself. I always find a bunch at my door when I go home at night"——

"You! You find flowers at your door?"

And who puts them there?" And I took my turn at being provoked. "You haven't used me fairly, Thérèse, to make me understand all this time that you cared for no one but me. There is some one, then, whom you love and who loves you?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered, her whole face beaming with a pleasure which made me feel like committing a murder or a suicide; "oh, yes! I believe he does; he has almost told me so. And—and I know that I do. But he is so droll! He is my next-door neighbor, and has never seen me yet, and has never tried to, I believe; but he leaves a bunch of flowers at my door every evening, and calls me—Hermine."

"Hermine! You Hermine? Hurrah!"

And before she could prevent me, I held her in my arms, and, in spite of her struggles, had kissed her forehead, eyes, hair, nose, and lips before she could extricate herself, and then went round the room in a wild dance of perfect joy and relief.

"I knew I could love no one else, Thérèse-Hermine, or Hermine-Thérèse! I knew there must be some good and sufficient reason for the unaccountable attraction my neighbor was exercising over me. Why didn't you tell me sooner, *méchante*? I suppose you never would have done so at all, if we had not come out here to-day. Suppose I had not asked you to come with me?"

"Wouldn't you have asked me?" she answered, with so much winning grace and in such a pleading tone that I found myself obliged to repeat the operation of a few lines above. "Wouldn't you have asked me? I don't know what I should have done," she continued, sadly and thoughtfully. "Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, jumping up and clapping her hands, while her whole face was radiant with triumph. "Oh, yes! then I should have been Hermine, and you would have asked her."

Two happier young people than Thérèse and myself never, I am confident, returned by rail from a day's excursion in the country. Our happy faces, our rapid talking, and our devotion to each other, which we took no pains to conceal, attracted the attention of all about us,—and I heard one father of a family, who was returning to Paris with a half score of cross, tired, and crying children, whisper to his wife, as he pointed towards us,—
"That is a couple in their honey-moon, or else lovers; how happy they are!"

And that is the way in which I stumbled into wedlock. How many others, in their pursuit of what has seemed to them the substance, have failed to discover, perhaps too late, that they were following a flitting shadow,—while I, favored mortal, in my chase of a dream, stumbled upon the greatest real good of my whole life!

THROUGH THE FIELDS TO SAINT PETER'S.

THERE'S a by-road to Saint Peter's. First you swing across the Tiber in a ferry-boat that floats you in a minute from the crowd; Then through high-hedged lanes you saunter; then by fields and sunny pastures; And beyond, the wondrous dome uprises like a golden cloud.

And this morning,—Easter morning,—while the streets were thronged with people, And all Rome moved toward the Apostle's temple by the usual way, I strolled by the fields and hedges,—stopping now to view the landscape, Now to sketch the lazy cattle in the April grass that lay.

Galaxies of buttercups and daisies ran along the meadows,—
Rosy flushes of red clover,—blossoming shrubs and sprouting vines ;
Overhead the larks were singing, heeding not the bells a-ringing,—
Little knew they of the Pasqua, or the proud Saint Peter's shrines.

Contadini, men and women, in their very best apparel,
Trooping one behind another, chatted all along the roads ;
Boys were pitching quoits and coppers ; old men in the sun were basking :
In the festive smile of Heaven all laid aside their weary loads.

Underneath an ancient portal, soon I passed into the city ;
Entered San Pietro's Square, now thronged with upward crowding forms ;
Past the Cardinals' gilded coaches, and the gorgeous scarlet lackeys,
And the flashing files of soldiers, and black priests in gloomy swarms.

All were moving to the temple. Push aside the ponderous curtain !
Lo ! the glorious heights of marble, melting in the golden dome,
Where the grand mosaic pictures, veiled in warm and misty softness,
Swim in faith's religious trances,—high above all heights of Rome.

Grand as Pergolesi chantings, lovely as a dream of Titian,
Tones and tints and chastened splendors wreathed and grouped in sweet accord ;
While through nave and transept pealing, soar and sink the choral voices,
Telling of the death and glorious resurrection of the Lord.

But, ah, fatal degradation for this temple of the nations !
For the soul is never lifted by the accord of sights and sound ;
But yon priest in gold and satin, murmuring with his ghostly Latin,
Drags it from its natural flights, and trails its plumage on the ground.

And to-day the Pope is heading his whole army of gay puppets,
And the great machinery round us moving with an extra show :
Genuflexions, censers, mitres, mystic motions, candle-lighters,
And the juggling show of relics to the crowd that gapes below.

Till at last they show the Pontiff, a lay figure stuffed and tinselled ;
Under canopy and fan-plumes he is borne in splendor proud
To a show-box of the temple overlooking the Piazza ;
There he gives his benediction to the long-expectant crowd.

Benediction ! while the people, blighted, cursed by superstition,
Steeped in ignorance and darkness, taxed and starved, looks up and begs
For a little light and freedom, for a little law and justice,—
That at least the cup so bitter it may drain not to the dregs !

Benediction ! while old error keeps alive a nameless terror !
Benediction ! while the poison at each pore is entering deep,
And the sap is slowly withered, and the wormy fruit is gathered,
And a vampire sucks the life out while the soul is fanned asleep !

Oh, the splendor gluts the senses, while the spirit pines and dwindles !
Mother Church is but a dry-nurse, singing while her infant moans ;

While anon a cake or rattle gives a little half-oblivion,
And the sweetness and the glitter mingle with her drowsy tones.

But the infant moans and tosses with a nameless want and anguish,
While, with coarse, unmeaning hushings, louder sings the hireling nurse,—
Knows no better, in her dull and superannuated blindness,—
Tries no potion,—seeks no nurture,— but consents to worse and worse.

If such be thy ultimatum, Church of infinite pretension,—
Such within thy chosen garden be the flowers and fruits you bear,—
Oh, give me the book of Nature, open wide to every creature,
And the unconsecrated thoughts that spring like daisies everywhere!

Send me to the woods and waters,— to the studio,— to the market!
Give me simple conversation, books, arts, sports, and friends sincere!
Let no priest be e'er my tutor! on my brow no label written!
Coin or passport to salvation, rather none, than beg it here!

Give me air, and not a prison,— love for Heart, and light for Reason!
Let me walk no slave or bigot,— God's untrammelled, fearless child!
Yield me rights each soul is born to,— rights not given and not taken,—
Free to Cardinals and Princes and Campagna shepherds wild.

Like these Roman fountains gushing clear and sweet in open spaces,
Where the poorest beggar stoops to drink, and none can say him nay,—
Let the Law, the Truth, be common, free to man and child and woman,
Living waters for the souls that now in sickness waste away!

Therefore are these fields far sweeter than yon temple of Saint Peter;
Through this grander dome of azure God looks down and blesses all;
In these fields the birds sing clearer, to the Eternal Heart are nearer,
Than the sad monastic chants that yonder on my ears did fall.

Never smiled Christ's holy Vicar on the heretic and sinner
As this sun—true type of Godhead—smiles o'er all the peopled land!
Sweeter smells this blowing clover than the perfume of the censor,
And the touch of Spring is kinder than the Pontiff's jewelled hand!

THE EXPERIENCE OF SAMUEL ABSALOM, FILIBUSTER.

[Concluded.]

SOME time after the departure of the riflemen, a detail of eight or nine men from our company was ordered off towards the lake shore, and soon afterward another smaller one to Potosí, a little village four or five miles to the northward of Rivas, bearing orders to Captain Finney's rangers, who had gone to scout in that direction. The rest of us ate supper, and then lay listening for the boom of the little field-piece, which should tell us that the rifles had met the enemy. But the extraordinary toils and watchings of the last fortnight were too overpowering, and we were all soon buried in dreamless sleep.

In an hour or two I was awakened by horses' feet clattering over the stony pavement of the *portería*, or gateway to the square courtyard, in one of whose surrounding corridors we usually slept, — on blankets, cow-hides, or hard tiles, according as each man was able to furnish himself. It was the party returning from their scout on the lake. They unsaddled and fed their animals in the yard, and afterward set about frying plantains and fresh stolen pork for supper. As they talked over their provant in the room behind me, I caught most of their adventure, without the discomfort of rising or asking questions. Near the lake they had chased and captured some natives, whose behavior was suspicious and showed no good-will toward the Americans. The officer of the party, thinking them spies, had carried them part of the way to Rivas to be examined; but, fortunately, perhaps, for the captives, he afterwards relented and set them at liberty. They also talked of a small boy who had peeped out of the bushes as they rode by, and shouted to them, "*Quieren for Walker?*" (Are you for Walker?) and then adding energetically, "*Yo no quiero filibustero god-damn!*" darted

away out of sight, before any one, who was so minded, could have shot the little rebel.

"Be sure," said one of the men at supper, — a noted croaker and tried coward, against whom I bear a private grudge, — "the boys have learned this from the *old* greasers; and we are going to have all the people of Nicaragua to fight."

Later in the night, the other party, which had been sent to Potosí, came in with panting mules, excited countenances, and one of their number stained with blood from a wound on his thigh. They told us, that, failing to find Captain Finney at Potosí, they had stretched their orders, and gone forward to Obraja, unaware that it was occupied by the enemy. At the entrance of the village, whilst riding on in complete darkness, they were challenged suddenly in Spanish. Taken by surprise, they replied in English, and, before they could turn their animals, were stunned with the glare and crash of a musket-volley, a few feet ahead of them. They recoiled, and fled with such precipitation that one of the riders was tossed over his horse's head; — however, scrambling to his feet, he found sense and good-luck to remount; and the whole party made good their flight to Rivas, with no further damage than two slight flesh-wounds, — one on the trooper, and one on his mule.

The excitement upon this arrival soon subsided, and I had again fallen into unconsciousness, when a rough shake of the shoulder aroused me, and the voice of the old sergeant dinned in my ear, — "Come here! saddle up! saddle up! You are detailed for Obraja." In a few moments I was mounted, and, with two others of the company, rode out of the gateway into the street. There we found awaiting us a fourth horseman, charged with orders for the riflemen at Obraja, and whom it was our duty to accompany as guard.

After clearing Rivas, we clattered over the road at a fast pace, rousing all the dogs at the *haciendas* as we passed, and leaving them baying behind us, until we came to where the Potosí road forked off to the right; thenceforward, fearing an ambush, we rode slowly and with great caution, stopping often to dismount and reconnoitre moon-lit fields beyond the roadside hedges. At length, after passing a picket of our riflemen, we came to a large *adobe* house directly on the roadside, where we found the main body of the detachment encamped and sleeping. The house stood something under half a mile from Obraja, and was the residence of that friendly *alcalde* who on the approach of the enemy had removed with his family to Rivas, and placed General Walker on his guard. As we rode into the yard, we had some ado to keep our horses from treading on the sleeping soldiers, who lay scattered all round the building, and also in its open corridor fronting toward Obraja. Dismounting here, our courier went into the house to communicate with Colonel O'Neal, the commander of the detachment,—leaving it to us either to tie up, and lie where we were until morning, or pass farther up the road, where Captain Finney's rangers were stationed. I chose to go forward and hear the rangers' story, who, we were told, had had a slight brush with the enemy in the beginning of the night.

After riding near quarter of a mile, I came to another *adobe* building on the roadside, occupied by a small party, and forming Colonel O'Neal's advanced post, at the distance of four hundred yards or more from Obraja. Here they told me that Captain Finney's company, whilst riding into Obraja early in the night, had been hotly fired upon, and Captain Finney himself was brought off struck in the breast, wounded mortally. The riflemen had as yet made no attack, but awaited daylight. The number of the enemy was not known; though rumor placed it between one thousand and fifteen hundred. Whatever it was, they were apprehen-

sive; for throughout the night we heard them barricading the town with great hurry and clatter; and it gave us sad discomfort to think that in the morning there would be these walls to climb before our men could get at them. It was the occasion of much bitter cursing that there should be delay until this was accomplished, and of one man's protesting seriously that it was, and had been, General Walker's endeavor, not to whip the greasers, but to get as many Americans killed in Nicaragua as possible,—he nourishing secret and implacable hatred against them for some cause. However, I think this judgment weak and improbable, though plausible enough from some points of view.

During the night there was some firing between our party and the enemy from under cover in front, with some few wounds, and one man on our side shot through the hat,—who thereupon, pulling off the injured head-piece, and looking at it gravely, declared he would always thenceforward wear his hat with a high crown; for, said he, had this one been half an inch lower, the bullet must have struck the head:—which drollery, in consideration of the circumstances, was allowed to pass for an exceeding good stroke.

We passed a disturbed and rather uneasy night, fearful all the time of being cut off or overwhelmed. But morning breaking at length, a party of riflemen came up from Colonel O'Neal's camp below, and affairs were immediately changed for the offensive. The riflemen moved forward against the town, whilst the rangers were posted at several points along the road to guard against surprise from the bushes. Among these latter I took my stand. The squad which went forward could not have numbered above sixty men, and was armed with Mississippi rifles only,—without wheel-piece of any kind, or even bayonets. I took them for a party of skirmishers, sent ahead to clear the way; yet they were not followed or supported by any additional force that I saw then or afterwards.

As they passed up the road, I observed

that the most listless and dead amongst them were at length stirred up and thoroughly awake,—though not with enthusiasm or martial impatience. Some seemed uneasy and careworn, and glanced about nervously; had their countenances not been unalterably yellow, they would certainly have been white. One fellow near the rear was trembling sadly, and carried his rifle in an unreasonable manner,—promising aimless discharges, and, perhaps, dodgings into the bushes. But this one was excusable, and I may have slandered him; for ague had shaken the life almost out of him so often that shaking was become natural, and little else could be expected of him; and, furthermore, a pale face or unsteady joints are not always weathercock to a fainting spirit. In some constitutions these may come from other emotions than fear; and it often happens that your most lamentable shaker will stand you longer at the breach than the man of iron nerve, with a white liver. I have seen such. However, the majority of these were resolute and dangerous-looking men, and, though without any marks of inordinate zeal, seemed willing enough to fight whatever appeared. They held their rifles in the hand cocked, and, as they advanced, threw their eyes sharply into the bushes on either side the road,—having received orders to shoot the first greaser that showed himself, without awaiting the word.

In a few moments after, the party having disappeared behind a turn of the road, we suddenly heard the cracking of their rifles, mingled with the deeper crash of more numerous musketry; and it was a vivid sensation, new to me, that some of those bullets were surely finding billets in the bodies of men. This seemed an encounter with a force of the enemy outside of the town; and directly we thought, from the movement of the noise, that our riflemen were driving them in. Then there was a louder and more rapid volleying of musketry, which completely drowned the rifles, and seemed to tell us that our men were come in sight of the barricades. This lasted but a moment, when

it was succeeded by a scattered fire of fewer guns, and finally by irregular volleys. We knew that our men had fallen back; and we had not once thought it would be otherwise. Indeed, it had been a rarely preposterous enemy who should allow himself to be driven from behind a rampart by that handful of dispirited men.

Whilst things were on this foot, the courier of last night came up with his guard, having been sent by Colonel O'Neal, who had remained at the *alcalde's* house below, to get news of the attacking party. As I was still under his orders, I joined him, and rode forward towards the combatants,—not without sundry misgivings, known to most men who are about to enter a fray for the first time,—or the twentieth time, perhaps, if the truth were confessed. We found the riflemen drawn up in the road, protected by the raised side-bank and cactus-hedge from an enemy concealed amongst some trees and bushes, a little distance to the right of the road in front. Above the trees, within pistol-shot, was visible the red roof of a church which stood on the *plaza* of *Obraja*, where were barricaded, as they said, over a thousand greaser soldiers. All other sign of the town than this one roof was shut in from view by the abundant foliage which embowered it. As we approached the riflemen, we dismounted and led our horses, fearing to attract a shower from the enemy, who lay in the bushes firing irregularly. The officer of the party told us to report to Colonel O'Neal that he had advanced within sight of the *plaza*, and, finding it strongly barricaded, and “swarming with greasers,” he held it folly to assail it with fifty men, and so had retreated. He mentioned some loss,—very small for the noise that had been made,—of which I remember the name of one Lieutenant Webster, shot through the head. He charged us to ask Colonel O'Neal's permission to fall back on the *adobe* where we had passed the night, as the enemy appeared to be moving around his right, and he was fearful of being surrounded in the open road. But, directly

after, seeing the enemy were in earnest to cut him off, he concluded to fall back on the house upon his own responsibility, and did so, and with the *adobe* walls around him probably felt secure enough against such an enemy.

We returned to the lower camp, and delivered our report to a boyish-looking person, in unepauletted red flannel shirt, but who was no other than Colonel O'Neal, the officer in command. He was popular amongst his men, and reputed a brave and energetic officer. He probably mistrusted from the first that his force was too small; and hence the delay in the attack, and the dispatch of the little party of riflemen merely to satisfy General Walker. Be that as it may, upon hearing our report, he recalled the advanced party, and immediately sent off to Rivas to say he could do nothing against the town without a reinforcement.

In the mean time those of the men who were off guard lay about under the trees and ate oranges, with which the *alcalde's* yard was stocked plentifully, whilst such wounded as had been brought in were laid on the floor of the house, and their wounds probed by the surgeon; whereupon, being but young soldiers mostly, there arose loud outcries and dismal howlings. For my own part, I set about comforting my mule, who had been under saddle since leaving Rivas. I unsaddled him, brought him an armful of *tortilla* corn from the *alcalde's* kitchen-loft, some water from the well, and left him making merry as if he had nothing worse ahead of him.

Some time after mid-day the rest of our company came out from Rivas, and we immediately had orders to ride up the road and fire upon the enemy's outpost, — which, as the riflemen had been withdrawn and our advanced picket was now nearly half a mile from the town, promised to be a service of some danger. Therefore one of our commissioned officers, afterwards dismissed the service for cowardice, was here seized suddenly with the colic, — so badly, that he was unable to ride with us at his post. Other sick

men being left in quarters at Rivas, we counted now but little over twenty men, — armed with Mississippi or Sharpe's rifles, and some of us with the revolvers we had brought from California. After passing the *adobe* building, garrisoned last night, but now empty, we advanced with great care, our leader taking often the precaution to dismount and peer with bared head over the cactus-hedge which crowned the right-hand bank of the road and shut us in on that side completely. At every turn of the road he repeated his reconnoissance, so that our advance was very slow, giving a watchful enemy almost time to place an ambush, if they had none ready prepared. It was as sweet a place for a trap as greaser's heart could wish. On our right was the impenetrable cactus-hedge, with an open space beyond, terminated at the distance of a few yards by a wood or plantain-patch. On the left was another wood, matted with tangled underbrush and vines which no horseman could penetrate. On either side half a dozen men might couch in ambush and shoot us down in perfect security.

We passed on, however, without disturbance, or sight of an enemy, until we came nearly to the edge of the town and saw the glistening roof of the church appear above the foliage, — where sat sundry carriage-loving buzzards, elbowing each other, shuffling to and fro with outspread wings, and chuckling, doubtless, over the promise of glorious times. As we go on, suddenly heads appear over the bushes less than a hundred yards in front, and we hear the vindictive whistle of Minié-balls above us. Our leader, calling upon us to fire, began himself to blaze away rapidly with his Colt's revolver. We huddled forward, with little care for order, and delivered some dozen Mississippi and Sharpe's rifles. There were nervous men in the crowd; for, after the discharge, dust was flying from the road within thirty feet of us. However, some aimed higher; and when we looked again, the heads had disappeared. One bold greaser stepped out into the road and sent his Minié-ball singing several yards

above us, then darted back quickly, before any of us could have him. We waited a moment to see others, but they seemed to be satisfied;—and we were satisfied, — with prospect of a swarm bursting out on us from the town; so, sinking spurs into our weary animals, we made good pace back to the camp,—not without an alarm that a troop of well-mounted lancers was behind us.

In the course of the afternoon, General Henningsen arrived, bringing a fine brass howitzer, and a small reinforcement of infantry—as those armed with rifled muskets and bayonets were called—and artillerymen; and, after some hours' rest, he ordered a fresh attempt with the howitzer, supported by somewhere near two hundred men. This party was received with so fierce a fire at the barricade that they shrank back, leaving the howitzer behind in the road,—so that the enemy were on the point of capturing it, when a brave artilleryman touched off the piece, loaded with grape-shot, almost in their faces, and, strewing the earth with dead, sent the others flying back to the barricade. This artilleryman told me that an old officer amongst the enemy stood his ground alone after the discharge, and swore manfully at the fugitives, but they were panic-struck and took no heed; and it was his assertion, that, had a small part of the riflemen rallied and charged at this time, they might have gone over the barricade without difficulty or hindrance. As it was, the howitzer was scarcely brought off, and the attack failed ingloriously. Whether this story of the artilleryman were true or false, we heard in other ways, by general report, that the riflemen had behaved badly, and quailed as the filibusters had scarcely done before; though, after all, it will seem unreasonable to blame these two hundred or less, disease-worn and spiritless men, for not whipping ten hundred out of a barricaded town. It may be worth saying here, that, seeing things in Nicaragua from a common soldier's befogged view-point, and having only general rumor, or the tales of privates like myself, for parts of an engage-

ment where I was not present, I may easily make mistakes in the numbers, and otherwise do Walker and his officers, or the enemy, injustice. Yet I may be excused, since I am not attempting a history of the war, but merely some account of my own experience, passive and active.

Late in the evening our company assisted to carry some wounded to Rivas. Amongst them was Captain Finney, mentioned before as the first man struck by the enemy. He seemed to be a brave and uncommonly considerate officer, and whilst being carried in on a chair, suffering with his death-wound, he showed concern for his supporters, and insisted on having them relieved upon the smallest sign of fatigue. He was taken to the quarters of a friend, where he died a few days afterward. The other wounded were carried to the hospital, and, finding no one there to take charge of them, we left them to themselves, lying or sitting upon the floor, dismal and uncared-for enough.

After dark we were again in the saddle and riding out to Obraja, in charge of a commissary's party, with provisions for the detachment of foot. But after getting a little way from the town, we were overtaken by an order from General Walker, stopping the provisions, and directing us to ride on and recall the detachment to Rivas; he having changed his mind about dislodging the enemy at this tardy hour. We reached the camp some hours into the night, and, after a little delay, calling in the pickets, and securing some native women who lived in the vicinity, to prevent their carrying word of our movement to the enemy, the detachment commenced its retrograde march,—leaving the enemy victorious, and free to go where they wished.

I remember, several times on this march, when the detachment had made some temporary halt, seeing a grim-faced dog, of the terrier species, trot along the line to the front of the column, where we rangers stood, and then, satisfied seemingly that all was well ordered, turn himself round and trot back to the rear again.

He did this with such a look and air, that it struck me he felt himself in some way responsible for our party. He was, indeed, if the tales current about him were true, the most remarkable character in all that very variegated conglomerate of characters which made up the filibuster army. He had appeared in the camp long before, coming, some said, from the Costa Ricans, with whom he became disgusted on account of their bad behavior in battle on several occasions when he was there to see. After this desertion, if it were thus, he followed the Americans faithfully, through good and bad fortune, retreat or victory; always going into battle with them,—where he actually seemed to enjoy himself,—trotting about amidst the whewing of bullets, the uptossing of turf, and the outcries of wounded men, with calm heart, and tail erect,—envied by the bravest even. On an occasion when General Walker was attacking the Costa-Ricans in Rivas, the dog entered the *plaza* ahead of the rest, and, finding there one of his own species, he forthwith seized him, and shook him, and put him to flight howling,—giving an omen so favorable, that the greasers were driven out of the town with ease by the others. Even his every-day life was sublime, and elevated above the habit of vulgar dogs. He allowed no man to think himself his master, or attach him individually by liberal feeding or kind treatment, but quartered indiscriminately amongst the foot, sometimes with one company, sometimes with another,—taking food from whoever gave it, but showing little gratitude, and despising caresses or attempts at familiarity. He seemed, indeed, to consider himself one amongst the rest,—one and somewhat, as they say; and his sole apparent tie with his human friends seemed to be the delight which he took in seeing them kill or killed. With this *penchant*, it was said, he never missed a battle, and went out with every detachment that left the camp to see that none should escape him unaware.—But enough of him,—strange dog, or devil.

The withdrawal from Obraja was op-

posed, so rumor said, by Henningsen and other officers; and it certainly had a most depressing effect upon the men, whilst it elated the enemy correspondingly, giving them a degree of confidence which they had never attained to before. It was agreed on all hands, by all critics whom I heard, that, having once begun this attempt, General Walker should have carried it through successfully, even if it required his whole force. However, as only part of the enemy's force was on land, the other part being supposed to be still aboard the steamers or on the island, General Walker possibly feared an attack on Rivas, should he send out a very large detachment,—remembering, too vividly, a former blunder, when he left Granada with all his army to attack the enemy at Masaya, and the enemy, making a *détour*, came upon his camp in Granada, and destroyed baggage, ammunition, and all it contained.

The next day the foot lay quiet in Rivas, and had rest. The rangers, however, were in the saddle almost continuously, and, what with foraging, broken sleep, and expeditions by day and night, those of us who had garrisoned Virgin Bay were become worried nearly past grumbling. On this day our own company rode out to Obraja, to visit the enemy's picket again, and afterwards to San Jorge on the lake, to guard the transportation of a row-boat thence to Rivas. The boat was one of those borrowed from the vessels in San Juan harbor for the purpose of retaking the steamers, and had been rowed up to San Jorge, and was now removed to Rivas, to prevent its seizure by the enemy,—the garrison at Virgin Bay having burnt the brig, and marched to Rivas, when the enemy first appeared on land at Obraja. So that the whole American force (except the crew of the little schooner in which General Walker and his fifty original followers first came to Nicaragua, and which was lying at this time in San Juan harbor) was now concentrated at Rivas; the enemy being eight or nine miles behind them at Obraja, or on the lake with the two steamers. As we

rode through the town of San Jorge, the place seemed almost deserted, and I remember lingering with others to haversack some bunches of yellow plantains which hung in an empty house on the *plaza*. The delay may have come near being fatal to us, for we heard afterwards that we had been gone but a little while, when a troop of the enemy's horse rode into the place, reconnoitred, and returned in the direction in which they came. Their reconnoissance in San Jorge was explained soon afterwards.

Some time in the last half of the night following, I was detailed, along with a considerable detachment from two mounted companies, to ride on a scout toward Obraja. On the outward ride I was but half-awake, and my recollection of our course is confused: however, I think it was somewhere between Potosí and Obraja that we came to a halt, and I was aroused by some excitement in the party. Pickets were hastily posted in several directions, whilst the officers gathered about some natives awakened from a neighboring hut, and seemed to question them earnestly. We soon heard that the enemy were on the road moving from Obraja, and that a large force had a little while before passed this place going eastward. The natives, prone to exaggeration, declared that this force had been an hour in passing, — with baggage, eight pieces of cannon mounted on ox-carts, several hundred pressed native Nicaraguans, tied and guarded to prevent their running away, and a long train of women to nurse the wounded. The Chamorristas, it seemed, had been around pressing all the native men they could find into service against the Americans; and whilst we were here, two, who had been hiding all day in the bushes to avoid the conscription, came out and asked us to take them with us to Rivas, — they preferring, if forced to take sides, to join *el valiente* Walker.

This is the stripe of most Central American soldiers. The lower classes are lazy and cowardly, little concerned about politics, and must generally be impressed, let

the cause of war be what it may. And I am persuaded, that, since General Walker never harnessed them into his service, as their own chiefs were doing perpetually, but let them swing in their hammocks and eat their plantains, (provided they lived beyond his forage-ground,) uncalled-for, they were so far well satisfied with his government. However, their sympathy, supposing he had it, were worth little to him; since it takes a stronger impulsion than this to put them in motion to do anything, — a strong pulling by the nose, indeed, — such as their native rulers know how to apply. — But this is speculative, and neither here nor there.

After getting all the information concerning the enemy that was to be had from these people, the detachment returned to Rivas at a fast trot, with the two friendly natives mounted behind, on such stronger animals as were able to carry double burden. We all supposed, that, now the enemy were again out of cover and on the open road, or, leastwise, in the confusion of a new camp, there would be an immediate attack on them. But General Walker followed his own head; and, after making our report, we saw no stir, and heard nothing until morning, — when it was known that the enemy were all moved into San Jorge, with only some two miles' space between us. This place, being on the lake, was more convenient for provisions, which were easily brought by the steamers from the island of Ometepe and the towns and *haciendas* along the shore, — and the enemy had gained boldness to go there by our repulse at Obraja; or it may be that the force at Obraja had come down from Granada by land, and so only continued their march to San Jorge, — though the rumor was, that they had landed from the lake, as I have said.

But be that as it may, time was given them to barricade at San Jorge, till near the middle of the forenoon, and then Generals Henningsen and Sanders were sent out with some four hundred riflemen and infantry to drive them into the lake, which lay some few hundred

yards behind them. During the first part of the attack, our company remained in Rivas, listening anxiously to the uproar at San Jorge,—every volley fired by the combatants being borne distinctly to us by the east wind. For some time there was a continuous rattle of musketry, with rapid detonations of deeper-mouthed cannon,—at each roar shaking our suspended hearts,—for we knew that our own men were using small arms only. After a while this abated, grew irregular, and almost ceased. An order then came for our company to mount and join the combatants. We galloped down the broad and almost level highway which passes between Rivas and San Jorge, bordered a great part of its length, on either side, by cactus-hedges, broken at various intervals by the grassy by-lanes that run out to the neighboring *haciendas* or parallel roads. At places where there is a slight elevation, the bottom of the road is worn several feet below the level by the carts which ply between Rivas and the lake. Opposite one of these, where the banks sloped at a sharp angle, we came upon General Henningsen and a detachment of musketeers resting on the right bank of the road, and halted beside them. The men were sitting under the shade of an *adobe*, refreshing themselves with oranges; and those in the nearest rank were close enough to hand us fruit and keep their seats on the grass. Five or six hundred yards up the road, the large church which stood on the *plaza* of San Jorge, with the door facing us, and a low wall of white stone running squarely from its side across to the right, ended the vista between banks of green foliage. Our view stretched across the *plaza*, which seemed to be empty and unbaricaded; and I remember the painted door of the church beyond, the red-tiled roof, the low, flanking wall of white stone, all dazily trembling in the unsteady atmosphere radiating from the heated road,—whilst a cloud of white smoke was sailing slowly away to the west. It was a hot and tranquil scene. But I always think

of it with the same secret disgust with which the shipwrecked traveller looks upon the placid ocean the day after the angry storm has passed over it; for it was here I first saw the cruelty of a round shot.

When we came to a halt, there seemed to be a lull in the struggle, and no enemy was anywhere visible, nor was firing heard from any direction. The infantry, though within range of small arms from the town, were concealed by the bushes, and the enemy were scarcely aware of their presence. But when our company came galloping up the road, in full view, their attention was aroused, and we had scarcely checked our animals and exchanged a few words with the foot-soldiers, when a column of smoke shot up from the wall in front.—“Now look out!” exclaimed some one. I looked, but saw nothing to follow, and had turned my attention elsewhere, when I heard a hissing noise, as of something rushing swiftly past, and at the same time turf is thrown into the air, the horses start aside in affright, and outcries of pain and terror assail the ear. After a confused moment, I saw that the shot had struck in the line of infantry a few feet on our right. One man, the drummer of the party, was running about in the fluttered crowd with his hand hanging by a shred, crying, “Cut it off! cut it off! D— your souls, why don’t some of you cut it off?” Another lay struggling on the ground, with the fleshy part of his thighs torn abruptly off, calling upon some one for God’s sake to take him away from there. But the dismallest sight was a bloody shape, with face to the ground, fingers clutching the grass with aimless eagerness, and shivering silently with an invisible wound. Twisting convulsively, it rolled down into the road under our horses’ feet,—and there this human form, which some call god-like, writhed and floundered like a severed worm, and disguised itself in blood and dust.

But it is dangerous to look long upon the wounded; an old soldier never rests his eye there; it is the greatest mistake

of the raw one; and it was well enough for some of us that our attention was timely drawn away by alarm of another shot from the town. We spurred our horses up the bank on the left; the foot-soldiers rushed behind the *adobe*; and this time the shot passed harmlessly down the road. Before another, General Henningsen had ordered us all to move forward and get to cover. The foot stopped in the right branch of a by-lane which crossed the road a little way ahead. The rangers moved into the same lane, —but on the left, and divided by the highway from the foot. Here we were entirely hidden from the town by a belt of small trees and bushes. Nevertheless, the enemy's round shot, tearing through the trees, still pursued, and the Minié-balls, though thrown from smooth-bored guns, sang above and far beyond us. At this place, as near as I recollect, above a dozen men were killed and wounded, —most of them by that first round shot.

Our company shortly after was separated, and placed, for the most part, as videttes, at various points near the town. Some hours after our arrival, (which time was spent by the filibusters in drinking spirits and resting from the late unsuccessful assault, —by the enemy in barricading their position, and drinking spirits, perhaps, likewise,) General Henningsen led an attack with part of the foot, —taking several of us rangers along in the capacity of couriers, to ride off to Rivas at any important turn of the fight and report to General Walker. The enemy had taken position about the *plaza*, in the church, and behind the stone wall at its side, where they had by this time strengthened themselves with barricades. They had cannon looking towards every assailable point; and also on top of the church, in the cupola, they had mounted a small piece, from which they threw grape against our men advancing on any side. It proved a great source of annoyance throughout the day. Their number was not certainly known, at least amongst the ranks, but was rumored as high as two thousand men, —

Costa-Ricans, Guatemalans, and Chamoristas.

General Henningsen moved up by a straggling street, with an *adobe* here and there, and the intervals filled up with fruit-trees, bushes, and cactus-hedges. Grape-shot, which may be the saddest thing, touching the body, on earth, made miserable noise above us and miserable work among us; and we couriers had leave to dismount and crawl nearer the ground. General Henningsen gained respect from us by sitting his horse alone. He was a soldier, it is said, from a boy, in European wars, —where this was a feeble skirmish; yet he wore his life here, perhaps, more loosely than in many a noisier battle. However, he seemed calm and easy enough, —never moving his head, even slightly, when the shot whizzed nearest him. General Walker, though a brave man, and cool in battle, will nevertheless dodge when a shot hisses him fiercely. So would almost all his officers or soldiers, that I had an opportunity to notice. Yet, after all, it is a mere trick of the nerves, and only indicates familiarity and long service, or a deaf ear, —and not want of self-possession or strength of heart. The advance at length became so harassing that the party halted under cover on the roadside, whilst yet some distance from the *plaza*, and from this lodgment the couriers were sent off to report progress at Rivas.

My post thenceforward was, with that of others, at the head of a lane not far from the town, where we heard the voices of the combatants and the whistling of balls, but could see nothing. After some hours' comparative quiet, the drums began beating a charge again, and every gun on the ground seemed awakened and doing its best. Then there was a loud, heart-lifted shout, which rose above the din, and gave us too much joy; and, a moment after, Colonel Casey, a hard-faced, one-armed man, spurred past towards Rivas, saying, as he went, that our men were in the *plaza*, the greasers were running, and "we had 'em, sure as hell!" I recollect some one observing, that it

were of no use to believe Colonel Casey, for he was the greatest liar in the army of Nicaragua. And shortly after, the firing having ceased, another officer, Baldwin, I think it was, came past and told us, with curses of vexation, that the men had been checked, by command, in the heat of the assault, when the greasers were already wavering,—and that the latter, recovering, had rebarbicated so strongly, that we might now all go back to Rivas and whistle.

However, this failure was not the end. Towards evening, another detachment renewed the assault, and the uproar commenced again. It seems, that, during the whole day, there was no simultaneous attack by all the detachments. Now, it was the infantry who charged,—with the riflemen in reserve, probably to prevent a rout, in case the enemy pursued a repulse; then, it was the riflemen, with the infantry in reserve; and so alternating through three or four charges;—so that there never could have been more than a very contemptible force facing the enemy at one time.

As it grew late, the wagons began to jolt past, removing the wounded to Rivas. Some were drunk and merry in spite of their wounds; and their laughter and drunken sport made strange concert with the cries and curses of the others. I remember one man going by on foot, with a small cut on the brow, from which blood was flowing copiously. He said the wound was a mere scratch,—too slight to have sent him out of the fight, had not the blood run down into his eyes and blinded him, preventing his aim. Yet this small affair brought his death shortly afterwards. The surgeons at Rivas gave him no care,—not so much as to wash his wound, or have him wash it; and the climate is so malignant to strangers, that the smallest cut, with the best care, heals only after long hesitation.

At length night came on, and our men drew off,—foiled at every attempt, having sustained great loss, and, apparently, made little impression on the enemy. They lay on their arms, however, in the

outskirts, expecting to renew the attack during the night; and, to assist at this, a party of rangers had orders to leave their horses in quarters, and march on foot to join the others. Quitting our horses with regret, we walked to San Jorge, where the foot lay, awaiting the hour of attack. We found them stomach-qualmed with hunger, weary of fighting, thoroughly disheartened, and provoked against their officers. One told how an officer, whose duty it was to lead the charge, took shelter behind an orange-tree no bigger than his wrist, and shouted, "Go on, men! go on!" when he should have been saying, "Come on!" and how another, become stupid with *aguardiente*, had tried to force his men to a barricade, when their cartridge-boxes were empty, and their unbayoneted arms useless. There seemed also to have been slackness among the men; and some were lamenting, that the First Rifles were not what they used to be;—anciently they only wanted to see the greasers; to-day they were found taking to the bushes. They all agreed that no great number of the enemy had been killed,—whilst the filibusters, they doubted, must have lost nearly one-third of their men and many of their best officers;—among the number I recollect Major Dusenbury, highly praised.

There was one affair, however, over which they crowed and took fierce satisfaction. They told it thus:—A detached party, of about thirty of them, were seated on the roadside drinking *aguardiente*, preparatory to advancing. On one side was a cactus-hedge, and a grove of plantain a little in front. Whilst they sat here deeply absorbed in the *aguardiente*, a considerable party of the enemy got amongst the plantain-trees, and fired a hundred muskets into them at the distance of a few rods. Strange to say, the greasers were so nervous at finding no barricade between them, or were such contemptible marksmen, that not a shot took serious effect; only the demijohn of *aguardiente* was shattered into a thousand pieces, and the liquor ran out into the

grass. The filibusters jumped up astounded and disordered; but, seeing so much good liquor running away wastefully into the grass, they grew terrible. It was an insult and injury which both men and officers appreciated. It gave every man in the troop a personal quarrel with the enemy. "Charge 'em!" shouted the captain; "we'll pay the scoundrels for the miserable trick!" At full speed they swept through a gap in the hedge, and rushed into the plantain-grove before the enemy had time to reload. But when the greasers saw them coming on fiercely, their hearts failed them, and, turning their backs, they fled towards the town. Never were filibusters or men-of-war better pleased than now! They rattled on furiously behind the nimble greasers. They sent howling death into their midst at every step of the chase. They passed bloody forms stretched here and there upon the earth. They followed the flying foe even to the edge of the town, and saw its hostile swarm running hither and thither in alarm.—Alas! General William Walker, why were you not here at this propitious moment, with all your brave spirits, invincible with rum, behind you? Then might you have rushed with the fugitives into the town, and hurled the yellow-skinned invaders into the lake! Then might the flag of Regeneration have waved even at this day over the hills and valleys of Nicaragua,—and the unfortunate author of this history have received a reward for his services!—*Ay de mí!* Even now, reposing in the shade of the palm-tree, fanned by the orange-scented breeze that blows over the lake, I might drink the immortal juice of the sugarcane, called *aguardiente*, and dream, and gaze at the cloud-wrapped cone of Ometepe!—But I must forget this.

The dead killed in this plantain-patch were all that our men obtained sight of. How many fell behind the barricades, where all the serious fighting took place, it was impossible to tell; though there was no reason to think that the enemy, fighting under cover, had suffered at all proportionably with our men, or, indeed,

had suffered equally, losing man for man, except that ours were the better marksmen.

We passed a cold and sleepless night, awaiting the word to take up arms and advance; but in the mean time General Walker had changed his intention, and, when morning broke, the whole force quitted the outskirts and marched back into Rivas. The killed and wounded by the whole affair were reported officially at one hundred, or thereabout,—under-rated, most probably, for effect upon the men. It was enough, however, considering the filibusters had no more than four hundred engaged. Amongst them, though not reported, was that devil-hearted dog which I have mentioned heretofore. He fell, shot through the head, whilst advancing with the others toward the barricade. He was lamented by the whole army,—by many superstitiously, even,—who said he had gone through all Walker's hard stresses so far untouched, and his end was prophetic of downfall.

And it is even true, that from this battle General Walker's prospects clouded rapidly. A proclamation, issued by the Costa-Rican government, promising fugitive filibusters free passage to the United States, found its way into Rivas, and immediately worked immense mischief, and was, indeed, the instrument of his overthrow. The men had no sooner seen it than they began to leave as fast as they found opportunities to escape. Guards were placed around the town, and spies in every company; but it was of no avail; and every morning it was rumored through the camp that this or that number had got off for Costa Rica during the night. General Walker, in a speech which he made a few days after to infuse new spirit, said that these were the cowards, whose absence was beneficial, and from whom it was well that the army should be purged. However, this was exaggerated. It is true, doubtless, that there were many leaving merely from fear, who would have chosen to stay with him, rather than trust to the

promises of a people believed to be treacherous and promise-breaking, and whose hatred they had incurred,—had the battles of San Jorge and Obraja been successful. And, indeed, the filibuster ranks were not wanting in cowards. Cowards might be induced to come on a desperate enterprise like this, through misrepresentation by Walker's own agents; through mere thoughtlessness, or mistake,—not knowing what soldier's metal was in them; or, with the bayonet of Hunger against their backs at home, they might be unmindful of any other bayonet on the distant shore of Nicaragua. (It should be musket-shot, however; for the greasers never found heart to use the bayonet.) And then again, many, who, when they first reached Nicaragua, were no cowards, after a few months' stay, became changed,—by the depressing effects of fever, by loss of confidence in their drunken officers, and by the absence of all incentive to fight stoutly for a leader so unpopular as Walker. It was a common saying, that in this army an old rule was reversed,—the veterans were worse fighters than the recruits. The soldier was at his best when he first landed upon the Isthmus, raw and healthy. After that, he rapidly deteriorated, losing spirit with every battle, until he became at last a thoroughbred coward. Seven or eight greasers to one filibuster was said to be good fighting, at one time; but now three or four to one was thought to be great odds; and before the game ended, I hear, they were become equally matched, man for man, almost. But, whatever General Walker said in his speech, this class of weak ones were not always the deserters. It required some little energy or strength of legs, with which these were unfurnished, to go over to the enemy at San Jorge, or walk down to Costa Rica; and the fact was, that from the first many of the healthiest and liveliest men, whose defection could least be borne, were leaving,—not from fear, mainly, but because by this proclamation they were offered the first opportunity to escape from a disagreeable service to which they thought

themselves bound by no tie of love or honor.

It was now about time for a steamer to arrive at San Juan on the Pacific with the California passengers; and the next day, or the second day, perhaps, succeeding the battle at San Jorge, General Walker said to General Sanders, in his quiet, whining way,—“General Sanders, I am going to take two hundred and fifty riflemen and the rangers and go down to San Juan to bring up our recruits to Rivas; and if three thousand greasers are on the Transit road, I intend to go through them.” Accordingly, the riflemen, the ranger regiment, and a small party of artillerymen with one of the two brass howitzers, met in the *plaza*, and set out on this expedition at midnight, with Generals Walker and Sanders both in the party.

The route of the detachment was the one I have mentioned before as inland through the forest, and striking the Transit road some miles west of the lake and Virgin Bay. It was firmly believed that we should meet the enemy somewhere on the Transit road,—since the hills through which it passed offered many excellent barricading-points, and it would seem a matter of great importance to them to cut us off from junction with any fresh recruits the steamer might land at San Juan. So there was much preparatory drinking amongst the officers, (yet I say it not in slander, for many were brave enough for any deed, and drank before battle only because they drank always,)—and less amongst the men solely because spirits had become scarce around Rivas, and dear; and there were very few, truly, who had not ceased long since to carry coin in their pockets. The captain of our company, who was an incautious man, and was frequently drinking more than was needful, on this occasion drank more than he was fitted to bear; and whilst the detachment was stopped some time getting the wheel-piece over a hard place in the road, his strong friend Aguardiente brought him to the ground, as he sat on

his mule near the front with his company, — where he lay in eruptive state like a young toper, and so falling asleep lost his mule, which strayed into the forest to browse, causing him much embarrassment and confused search when the detachment was ready to start. Being up again, however, the sleep and stomachic alleviation proved beneficial, and we, his soldiers, followed after him in much greater comfort and confidence.

Such delays by the howitzer, and a wagon transporting spare muskets for the expected recruits, were so frequent, that we made but slow progress, and when we emerged from the woods the sun was already shining upon the broad Transit road, — I might have said like a glory on the brow of Ometepe, but my memory is bad, and I doubt whether the fact may not be that the sun rises upon this point from lower down on the lake. After entering the Transit road, the rangers were sent ahead to discover if there were an enemy in the way. Our regiment, as we called it, now together for the first time since I joined it, consisted of some seventy men, divided into three companies, all under command of Colonel Waters, — a soldierly-looking man, and, moreover, brave, and not without training in the Mexican War. Some time before the regiment had numbered one hundred, but had become thus reduced by disease and the enemy.

On this ride I remember a feeble infusion of that excellent spirit which, since the days of Sir Walter Scott, ought to belong to all horse-soldiers, moss-troopers, or mounted rangers, but which I had despaired of ever finding in General Walker's service. It is true we had no bugler, or standard-bearer, or piece of feather in the troop, or, indeed, any circumstance of war, save our revolvers and Sharpe's rifles, vermin and dirty shirts. Nevertheless the morning was splendid, with a fresh breeze behind us; the road was hard and smooth, and rang under our horses' feet; and withal I felt, that, if we should see a troop of greaser lancers ahead, in good uniform, we might run

'em down, and bullet 'em, and strip 'em, with good romantic spirit, even.

But this is a most hollow cheat which Sir Walter Scott and other book-men have played off on some weak-headed young men of our low-minded generation. There is no doubt but a man seated amongst ten thousand cavalry, who shake the earth as they charge, ought to feel himself swell, as part of an avalanche or mighty Niagara, — as part of the mightiest visible force which feeble man can enter or his spirit commingle with. This were no contemptible joy, which the thin-blooded philosopher might laugh at, — better, indeed, than most to be found here on this fog-rounded flat of ours, where some few melodies from heaven and countless blasts from hell meet, and make such strange, unequal dissonance. But, alack! alack! it is not for the feeble, or the young soldier, fresh from his plough or his yardstick, his briefs or his pestle. For how shall we who have all our lives been standing guard against the approach of death, who start horror-shaken from the dropping of a tile, whose small wounds are quickly bound up by tender mother or sister, and lamented over, — how shall we feel romantic in the midst of a shower of bullets? Enough done, if our vanity or sense of duty hold us there in any spirit, so that we do the needed trigger-work, and not turn tail and disgrace ourselves. Even the veteran's satisfaction, since the laying aside of steel armor, is not much, to be sure, or is gathered after the battle. There is some savage ecstasy, perhaps, when he sees his enemy fall, or when he sees his back; this last, indeed, a glorious sight for any soldier, — worth rushing at the cannon's mouth to look at, almost. But the man, be he veteran or other, who tells me he found pleasure on the field where the Minié-balls kill afar off, in cold blood, — I know him for one of the eccentric, stupid, or talkers for purposes of vanity. — But this will suffice.

There were three places on the road, amongst the Cordillera ridges, where, in former wars, a Costa-Rican force, flying before the filibusters, had stopped to bar-

ricade, and gathered heart to withstand their pursuers awhile,—long enough to bark the surrounding trees with musket-shot,—some of them, indeed, amid their topmost branches; for it is a greaser-failing to shoot inordinately high. Each of these sites we approached with caution, expecting to see an enemy there; but there was none, and we came down safely at length to our old shed-camp. Here we halted, and made our station, as it was more convenient for pasturage, whilst the foot passed on to San Juan, two miles beyond.

The steamer not arriving, we remained at this place several days, employed as before, with the sugar-cane and the wood-ticks, miserable enough.

In the mean time, the foot at San Juan, finding unusual temptation to escape from this place, so much nearer the Costa-Rican line, were leaving in large parties; and unwilling service was made of the rangers to intercept the fugitives, by posting them below on all the paths leading through the forest to Costa Rica. General Walker esteemed these more faithful, because they had been more considerately treated, better fed, allowed greater freedom and privilege,—having no drill, loose discipline, and exemption from guard-duty when with the foot; and, above all, their part of the service being healthier, and, though more fatiguing, far preferable, on the whole, to the other. One night I was detailed, with others, on this disagreeable duty, and remember it, for other reasons, as the most wretched night of all that I passed in Nicaragua. Our station was on the bank of a little wooded stream, some miles below San Juan. After the guard had been posted, I lay down to get some hours' sleep, which I needed,—but was no sooner on the ground than a swarm of infinitesimally small creatures, of the tick genus, whose den I had invaded, came over me, and the rest was merely one sensation of becrawled misery; so that, notwithstanding great previous loss of sleep, I went again unrefreshed. I asked an old filibuster who lay near me, how he could

sleep through it. "Oh," said he, "I've got my skin dirty and callous, and this easy-walking species, that can't bite, never troubles me." On this subject I read the following in Mr. Irving's "*History of Columbus*" with some emotion:—"Nor is the least beautiful part of animated nature [in those tropical regions] the various tribes of insects that people every plant, displaying brilliant coats-of-mail, which sparkle to the eye like precious gems." It seems strange to me that any good should be recognized in these children of despair, which have caused me more unhappiness than all the world's vermin beside. I think this praise must be from Mr. Irving himself, looking up the picturesque. It is not possible that Columbus would have had the heart to flatter and polish up these mailed insects, who, in his day, ate him, turned him over and over, and harried him more than ever was Job by Satan.

Next morning, whilst we were roasting green plantains in the fire for breakfast, a man dressed in General Walker's blue-shirt-and-cotton-breeches uniform came upon us suddenly from out of the woods beyond the stream. He was evidently going south,—but seeing our party, with startled look, he turned, and went in the direction of San Juan. We knew him at once for a deserter, but had no zeal to arrest him; and he had already got past us, when some one ejaculated,—“D—— him, why don't he go right? That's not the road to Costa Rica!” Upon this unlucky speech, the officer in command of the detail, who, either through inattention or design, was suffering the man to pass unquestioned, ordered him to be followed and seized. He was a German, and either a dull, heavy fellow, or else stupefied by his terrible misfortune; and being unable to say a consistent word for himself, the officer sent him off under guard to San Juan, where it was well known what General Walker would do with him.

Some hours after this misadventure, as most of us took it, our detail was relieved and we rode back to camp. The man

who had been taken in the act of deserting was condemned to be shot at San Juan this same evening, in presence of the whole detachment. He was led down to the beach, and seated in a chair at the water's edge. He bore himself carelessly, or with an absent, almost unconscious air, like one who felt himself acting a part in a dream. A squad of drafted riflemen was brought up in front of him, and the word was given by a sergeant. They made their aim false purposely, and but one shot took effect on the doomed man. He fell back into the water, where he lay struggling, and stained the waves red with his blood. It was a wrenching sight, too brutal far, to see the sergeant place his gun against the poor wretch's head, and end his agony!

It seemed so abominable to every spectator there that General Walker should thus seek to enforce Devil's service from his men, entrapped mostly in the first place, without wages or half maintenance, and with no claim upon them whatever, but by a contract without consideration on the one part, on the other hard labor to the death,—that this exhibition, which in another army were calculated to strengthen just authority, here only aroused indignation and disgust. This very night, after witnessing the deserter's punishment, eleven men left the company to which he belonged in a body, and were seen no more in Nicaragua. And though for selfish reasons I was concerned to see the army falling to pieces, and the load of toil and danger increasing upon the rest of us, yet both I and the rest acknowledged that there was no tie of honor or honesty to keep any man with us who wished to escape; and this deed seemed to us without decent sanction.

The steamer at length made its appearance, and, after landing us about forty recruits, departed south with the States passengers for Panamá; and afterwards, the new soldiers being all furnished with muskets, the detachment started on its return to Rivas. On the way, it was rumored amongst the men, that a reinforcement to the enemy, marching from Costa Rica,

were halted at Virgin Bay, and that General Walker was going to attack them. We hurried over the Transit road as fast as the foot were able,—General Sanders, I recollect, riding far in advance, sometimes out of sight, and thus giving himself to an ambush, had the enemy placed any. By repute he was a man of extreme courage, and held his life so contemptuously that he would scarce hesitate to charge an enemy's line by himself. But I fear that this time he had other impulse than his innate valor; for there was no occasion for a solitary man, riding in these gloomy woods, to be singing and hallooing, and whirling his sword about his head, and swaying to and fro on his horse, unless he were strongly worked by *aguardiente*.

Reaching Virgin Bay some time after dark, we found the report of an enemy there untrue; but the pickets were got out in remarkable haste, and all the native population—some dozen women and children—were seized, to prevent discovery of us to the enemy, and I suppose there was some expectation of an attack. However, liquor being plenty amongst the hotel-keepers at Virgin Bay, the officers thought it a good place to get drunk in,—and many spent the night in that endeavor, and in playing poker; so that in the morning, walking down to the lake to water my mule, I met a colonel and a general staggering into quarters, rubbing their eyes sullenly, having just lifted themselves from the street, where the honest god Bacchus, as a poet calls him, had put them to bed the night before.

The steamer "San Carlos" still lay over at the island, under shadow of the volcano. The other probably lay at San Jorge, by the enemy. The old brig formerly anchored at Virgin Bay having been burned, there was now no hope of retaking these steamers, unless the party of Texans, which we had by this time heard was fighting its way up the Rio San Juan, should succeed in getting upon the lake with a boat from the river. But to-day we came near reaching the top of this hope unexpectedly. For whilst

we still delayed in Virgin Bay, smoke began to rise from the chimneys of the "San Carlos," and in proper time she turned her prow and came across the water directly toward us. It was scarcely possible that she knew anything of our presence in Virgin Bay; and it was doubted by no one but she was coming to land there for some purpose; and then her recapture, were she full of the enemy, was certain, in the spirit we then were in: for all felt, that, could we once get the steamer into our hands, and reach the four hundred fresh Texans on the river, the filibuster star would have shot up so high that it were ill-management indeed that would ever pull it down again. Accordingly all were quickly driven into the houses, and told to lie there close, and be ready to burst forth when the steamer touched her pier. But we were miserably disappointed. She came steadily up within half a mile of land, and then, catching an alarm, turned, and put swiftly back to the island. I afterward heard that two drunken officers had rushed out into the street, and so apprised her of the danger.

After this the detachment set out towards Rivas. We advanced along the lake shore some distance, fording the mouth of the little Rio Lajas, whose waters had lost much depth since I first passed over this road, crossing the stream in a bongo. In the forest we found, at one point, trees felled across the road, as if the enemy had here been minded to oppose us; but we passed by, seeing no one, and reached Rivas in good time, unmolested.

Arrived at Rivas, we found that a change was taking place in the character of the war. The town had been threatened by the enemy during our absence, and General Henningsen was busy putting it into a state better suited to repel any sudden attack. Pieces of artillery looked down all the principal approaches, from behind short walls of *adobe* blocks, raised in the middle of the street with open passage-ways on either side. Native men with *machetes*, watched by armed guards,

were clearing away the fine groves of orange, mango, and plantain, which everywhere surrounded Rivas, and were fitted to cover the approach of an enemy. Others were tearing down or burning the houses in the outskirts, to narrow the circle of defence. The tenants of these houses—when they had any—were moved up nearer the *plaza*, or, if native, sometimes into the country. The native population of Rivas, however, was scanty, consisting mostly of a few women,—of the kindest and most affable sort. In what direction the men had all, or nearly all, gone, I am unable to say. Doubtless some of them were with the Chamorristas.

So many of the houses were marked out to be pulled down, that General Walker was obliged to quarter his new recruits in the church, a large stone building, and curious from the head of Washington, easily identified, carved in relief on its *façade*. Hitherto some native women had been accustomed to assemble in this church and worship, under care of a fat, unctuous little *padre*, very obsequiously courteous toward filibusters;—and well he might be; for General Walker was suspicious of all *padres*, and kept a stern eye upon them. Once he caught one of them, who had preached treason against him within reach of his arm, and released him again only upon payment of five thousand *pesos*. Another, for a like offence, was put into the guard-house, and required to ransom himself at twenty-five hundred. What became of this one, whether he paid his ransom and got out, or whether he stayed there until he lost oil and became lean on the small ration furnished him, was not rumored. Yet, with all this in his memory, when the present *padre* came again with his flock of women and found the church occupied by soldiers, he went away scowling, and never even lifted his shovel-hat to me when I met him.

On the night succeeding our return from San Juan, General Walker determined to try a night attack on San Jorge, hoping much from the fresh spirit and

muscle of his forty Californians. To assist in this, our company had orders to be on the *plaza* at two o'clock, afoot, with clean rifles and forty rounds of ammunition. At one o'clock we arose and went down on the *plaza*, in number about twenty, the rest of the company remaining behind on account of sickness. On the way, however, the number was augmented by a second company of near twenty dismounted rangers, with Colonel Waters at their head.

Whilst we stood, in rather low spirits, waiting the hour of departure, our captain procured us a calabash of *aguardiente*, which, thinking upon the desperate work ahead of us and the infinite toil and sleeplessness of the last few weeks, we considered excellent, and not to be spared. Discomfort in battle is a positive evil, felt, perhaps, by all sons of Adam; and he who will use means to get rid of it and leave himself free to work is no more a coward, so far, than he who takes chloroform to prevent the pain of a tooth-pulling,—mere positive evil, likewise. *Aguardiente* will serve a good purpose;—provided the head be not essentially weak, or too inflammable, it ascends you into the brain, and dries you there, as one hath said, all the nervous, crudy vapors that environ it. But this captain of ours drank too injudiciously, and, indeed, so obscured himself with his drink, often, that we his men were loath to trust and follow him,—doubting that he knew where he was about to take us, or for what purpose. To-night he strapped a large canteen of *aguardiente* about his neck and wore it into battle,—and many times, as the danger staggered, we saw him draw courageous spirit through the neck of it, and go on befogged and reassured. Yet, withal, he was no greater coward than other men,—indeed, much braver than most,—had been wounded whilst leading a forlorn hope over a barricade,—and would, I doubt not, have fought well without *aguardiente*, had drinking been a mark of cowardice in the army.

At length all was ready, and, with some-

thing above three hundred riflemen and infantry, under command of Generals Walker and Sanders, we started out on the San Jorge road some hours after midnight. We kept along the highway until we began to approach the town, and then turned aside into a by-lane crossing to the left. The by-lane was interrupted at one place by a deep pool of water, through which the detachment plunging, half-leg deep, some of the weak-legged stumbled and fell, getting their cartridge-boxes under, and spoiling their ammunition.

At the end of this lane we came into another highway running toward San Jorge, along which we advanced rapidly. After a while we came to a halt, and a party was sent off; then forward again, a corner turned, and another halt,—when I heard General Walker asking some one, in composed voice, “Does he know exactly where we are?” Whilst we stood there, a sudden and hot rattle of musketry began from the front, and we again advanced swiftly, by scattered *adobes*, turning corners, and came in full view of a barricade some distance ahead spitting flashes of fire crosswise into the right-hand side of the street. We crossed over from left to right, and halted behind an *adobe*. On our right hand stood a grove of small trees, through which the assailants had probably advanced, and in which, just ahead, hot work was now going on loudly,—with Minié-balls, grape-shot, shouts, outcries, and blood enough doubtless. After some delay here, part of us rangers, led by Colonel Waters, recrossed the street, and advanced, crouching, toward the barricade spitting flames in front. We crept, double file, along a palisade of tall cactus which bordered this part of the street, against whose thorns my neighbor on the right would frequently thrust me, as the shot nipped him closely,—inconvenient, but without pain, so intense was the distraction of the moment. We had crept within a few rods of the barricade, where we had glimpse of faces through embrasures, amidst the smoke and flame, and our leader, as he afterwards said, had it on his lips to order the

forward rush,—when the party attacking on our right, behind the trees, gave back, and our own mere handful was checked, and retraced its steps running. A moment later, and we had gone upon that high barricade, some score of us, without backers in the street, to draw on us the enemy's whole fire,—and very likely—unless they had foolishly fled at our first rush—to be all killed there.

On the retreat, I with some others was ordered out of the ranks to pick up a wounded officer and carry him off the ground. We took him down the street, turned a corner, and laid him on the floor of a church some distance beyond. He had an arm broken and a bad wound in his body,—a hopeless man; but upborne and defiant through *aguardiente* and native strength. After getting him off our hands, we returned to our company, which we found sheltering behind the *adobe* where we had halted when on the advance. Here we remained some time, with instructions from General Walker (whom, at this time, we seemed to follow as personal guard) to keep ourselves out of reach of the missiles flying on either side of the house. The darkness was so thick that we could see only what was passing immediately around us, and therefore were ignorant as to the position of the foot, and what was now doing amongst them. It was said, however, afterwards, that their officers strove to rally and bring them up to another charge, but that they proved mutinous, and refused to move.

They had suffered, indeed, discouragement enough. Colonel O'Neal, who had led them, was mortally wounded; the barricade was too high and dangerous; they had tried to fire it without success. Some of the forty recruits, who were in front of the party, had climbed over it; and these afterwards affirmed, that, had the others followed then, the barricade had been gained; but the older soldiers had degenerated, possessed little of these men's zeal or spirit, hesitated, and, their colonel falling, gave back. Those who had gone over the barricade were kill-

ed there, or came back with wounds,—one with a bayonet-thrust through the arm,—a most remarkable wound, in which, perhaps, Central-Americans fleshed a bayonet for the first time.

Our company, or part of it,—for most had been placed about on pickets when the attack failed,—after a while fell farther back, turned the corner before mentioned, faced about, and came to a stand in the street, with an *adobe* house on the left. The street in which we stood ran straight forward, and crossed the one down which we had just receded at right angles, a few feet ahead of us, so that there was here a junction of four streets, or, I might better say, roads; for there were no more than four disconnected houses in the immediate vicinity,—the one on the corner beside us, one on the corner diagonally opposite, the one up the street running left, on the far side, behind which we had a little while ago taken shelter, and the square stone church, whither we had carried the wounded man, and which stood on the far side of the street some yards behind us. The rest of the space was covered with fruit-trees and a heavy growth of bushes; and concealed behind these lay the barricades and the *plaza* of San Jorge. But all this was seen later; then the whole was wrapped in thick darkness, it yet lacking some short time of daybreak.

Whilst our detached company was standing there, with the foot drawn up in the road a little way before us, a single horseman came out from the enemy and galloped past our picket, stationed up the road some distance ahead of the detachment. The picket fired upon him after he had passed; he dropped under his horse's side, and galloped back, apparently unharmed; but, from the direction of their fire, the picket was naturally mistaken for the enemy by the detachment in front, who could see only the flashes through the darkness. Some stood their ground, and returned the fire, placing the picket in great danger; but the bulk, already well scared by their repulse, broke away panic-stricken, and

came rushing down the road toward us, thinking the enemy were charging behind them. Our company was suddenly overwhelmed, or borne along by the current, ignorant of the cause of alarm. I brought myself up behind the corner house, where many of the others were taking shelter. But hearing some one cry out, "To the church! to the church! make a stand in the church!" I immediately ran across the road and entered the church by a side-door. As I crossed the entrance, with two or three others, General Walker came running up from the interior, with his sword out, crying,— "Where's that man came into the church? Show me that man!" There were cocked revolvers with some of us, and it was, perhaps, well for General Walker that the crowd now pouring in strongly at both front and side doors diverted him. Turning to these, he threw himself first on one, then on another, battered, tugged, and thrust them out at the door with such force as I hardly thought was in him. He was soon assisted by Sanders, Waters, and other officers, and, with the curses and vociferations of these men, the confused rush of the panic-stricken crowd in the dark, and the outcries of the wounded, who lay about on the floor, as the fugitives trampled over them, there was such a pressure as might unchart a young soldier, and strand him among his fears.

After seeing enough of it, I ran out again into the street, sore bestead, indeed, to know what I should do. Day was beginning to break, and in the gray dawn I saw the men ejected from the church running hither and thither, trying to rejoin their officers. And, there being neither standards nor drums to collect by, the sergeants stood at divers points shouting at the top of their voices the number and letter of their companies, and calling the fugitives to come into ranks. Minié-balls whizzed about in the air or knocked up the dust from the street, and firing was now and then heard near by in uncertain directions, where perhaps the enemy were vexing our pickets. I believe

it had been a helter-skelter day for us all, had the enemy got in then and attacked us in the midst of this confusion. They might surely have driven us into irretrievable rout, flying on the road to Rivas, by a spirited charge of fifty good men, or much less.

Whilst I stood in doubt what course to take, I saw our captain, followed by three or four of the company, looking over the ground for the missing, and I forthwith made up and joined him. Others came in, one by one; and at length, the foot being gathered together in the *adobes*, and things brought to order outside, the captain led his company into the church. General Walker was still there, talking earnestly with Sanders and Waters, having cleared the church of the fugitives. As we approached, he asked the captain, who by this time had emptied his canteen of *aguardiente*, how many of his men were killed. The captain began cursing the foot, and telling how he had been run over, having tried to stand,—and would have made a long tale, but Colonel Waters touched him on the shoulder, and said in undertone,— "Lead your company off. You are too drunk to talk now."

Our post thenceforward was at the several doors of the church, where we kept guard for the wounded, who lay about the floor in miserable plight for lack of water. Outside, drop-shooting was still kept up by the enemy in the bushes, and returned by ours from the doors.

It was an ill-looking situation for our small, panic-shaken party, resting here within pistol-shot of an overwhelming and victorious enemy. The enemy's respect for us was too great and unreasonable. It behooved them certainly, as honest soldiers, to come forth now and drive us out of their town, in which, I think, if well commenced, there had been but little difficulty. Afterwards, indeed, when I was amongst them in Costa Rica, they declared concerning this affair that they knew we were in their power then, but refrained because they were unwilling to shed more filibuster blood, prefer-

ring rather to conquer us by proclamation, and send us back to our homes unhurt,—more expensive, to be sure, but recommended by humanity. Yet I laugh at this when I remember how they crept snake-like in the bushes, and tried to pick us off at the doors, and how they strove, without much danger to themselves, to run our pickets in on us, and get to see our backs turned, whereupon, doubtless, humanity would have been little thought of, and filibuster blood cheap enough. Indeed, once that morning, with little less than four-score horse, they came charging with hope to pass a picket of ten men; but saddles being emptied, they recoiled, and their leader being slain, whilst attempting to rally them, they fled contemptibly,—seven or eight from one. However, this is only my revenge for much exasperation and deploration that they would never come away from their pestiferous walls,—where, after all, they had a right to stay, and will not be blamed by the candid and unbullet-whizzed reader that they did stay.

We kept our post at the doors, annoyed and apprehensive, until the sun was an hour or so high, when a party of rangers arrived from Rivas with led horses to transport the wounded,—which incumbrance it was, I suppose, that prevented our withdrawal earlier. The wounded were carried out and mounted, some with a soldier behind to support them. Colonel O'Neal, however, who had both legs broken, was carried on a litter, with a cocked revolver on each side of him; for, though he had lost much blood, there was yet spirit in him, and he wanted revenge for these death-wounds. The pickets were now all brought in hastily, and the detachment began its march, leaving, I remember, one stark form propped against the church wall, with staring eyeballs fixed, and soul wandered somewhither. This, from his clean looks, had been one of the fresh California recruits, who, indeed, had found miserable entertainment on their arrival in Nicaragua, land of oranges and sunshine,—being first and longest this

night at the barricade, and leaving many of their number there.

A little way from the church we crossed a road running into San Jorge, and, looking up, saw a high log-barricade, some fifty rods off, with embrasures and black-mouthed cannon frowning down on us. Why we were not fired upon I know not, unless on that same score of humanity, or because the enemy had abandoned it during last night's assault. Farther on, whilst passing through a plantain-patch, we saw the greasers some way off in our rear, watching us, running to and fro, and seemingly exercised with preparation for attacking. However, we passed out into the road, and went on undisturbed, yet still with the enemy hovering behind us.

Coming to a place where an abrupt little mound rose at a fork in the road, our company, which brought up the rear of the detachment, had orders to conceal itself behind this, and await the pursuers, and give them check. In a moment they came galloping up the slope of a hill some two or three hundred yards back, their heads only appearing at first, then the rest down to the saddle, when we arose suddenly and gave them a volley of rifle-bullets. They dropped down quickly, either to the ground or under their horses' bellies, in which manœuvre some of them rival the prairie Indians. Others coming up from behind, we gave them more, until they all disappeared finally. After this we saw no more of them, and arrived at Rivas without further alarm.

This was now the third repulse we had sustained within a few days, with an aggregate loss, perhaps, counting wounded, (who, as I have said, were more regretted than the dead,) not very far under two hundred men,—and it became apparent that the filibuster day was over, unless General Walker could find some stratagem in his head, or some better mode of fighting than this confident rushing upon an overwhelming enemy, under strong cover, and grown bold with success. The prospect, truly, began to look black

enough. The men had lost confidence in themselves and in their officers, no longer despised the enemy, and dreaded the barricades at San Jorge so deeply that they would be led against them no more. Those who intended to desert avoided every exposure to danger, and feigned sickness whenever detailed for service. One of the rifle regiments had grown mutinous, upon some quarrel with its officers, and refused to do duty of any kind, and it was absurd to attempt to compel it by aid of the others. The natives, who had charge of the beef cattle, turned them all out of the *corral*, and ran away in the night, leaving the army without meat, and the commissary force, some forty horsemen, to seek for prey wherever it was to be found. And then there were ill reports heard about the party on the Rio San Juan, and its success began to be doubted. But worse than all was the fast-spreading spirit of desertion, which all saw would prove ruinous of itself, unless shortly stopped in some way.

At this juncture it might have been worth while for General Walker to form a corps for one attack of all the men in his army who felt an earnest interest in driving the enemy out, and were willing to fight desperately for the sake of it. There were scores of stout men acting as lieutenants, captains, majors, etc., of slight performance in those capacities, but who, had they been formed into companies, and asked to fight now one night, at this desperate juncture, for the *haciendas* General Walker had promised them, would have done willing, perhaps, and excellent service. To these might be added all those among the ranks to whom, from any cause, desertion or expulsion from Nicaragua was disagreeable,—those who distrusted the Costa-Rican promises, or feared disgrace at home, or had sick or wounded friends at Rivas, or were desperate, broken men without other home, or with what other peculiar motives there might be. With this force gathered to themselves by call for volunteers, allowed to choose their own officers, furnished with Colt's revolvers, or bayonets, or both,

and led in advance, as a forlorn hope, with ladders to scale the barricades by,—it is likely the enemy might have been driven out, and the cause of Regeneration set up once more. So, at least, it was thought by some. And, indeed, it must have been extremely discouraging for one of better will to be fearful at every step that his comrades would dart aside into the bushes and leave him unsupported; it must have served to cripple the efforts of all the well-intentioned in the army, and should have been remedied. However, no call for volunteers was ventured by General Walker,—he, probably, thinking it too unreasonable to ask his men to do anything for him unforced.

There were some others who thought affairs might be retrieved, if General Walker were displaced, at least from his military command, and Henningsen, or some other, put in his stead. He was exceedingly unpopular, hated, indeed, by a great many, (I have known more than one who professed to nourish the intent of shooting him during his next battle, when the deed could be covered,) was respected only for his strong will and personal bravery, and had never been superseded, solely, perhaps, because the great majority of his men were either without energy, or were careless about everything but escape, and so felt no interest in dethroning him and setting up another, when thereby they were not helping their chance of getting out of the Isthmus. However, there was now a conspiracy commenced by some who were unwilling to leave Nicaragua, and who distrusted General Walker's ability to save the filibusters much longer.

But these underworkers had made us no sign up to the night attack on San Jorge, and the day succeeding that the writer lost sight of the filibuster camp, and knew what took place in it no more. I will tell how the withdrawal was brought about, and then extinguish my story. Near the middle of the day, after returning from San Jorge, the company rode out, under command of the sergeant, to gather forage for the animals. In order

to give my own mule a respite, I mounted for this occasion a bad-winded animal, long before used up, and discarded by one of the company, and left to run about the yard. As we rode out at the gateway, one of the men advised me with some pointedness to go back and get my own animal, assuring me the one I had would fail me on this expedition. Yet, knowing he was good for the distance we usually rode foraging, I paid him no heed, and thought nothing of his somewhat singular manner until afterwards. When we had gone some distance, the same man asked me if I had heard that forty deserters had left last night for Costa Rica, adding, that it was his opinion the whole army would soon be on the same road. "Well," said I, "I suppose we'll be among the last." "I don't think I will," rejoined he, "nor the rest of this company." He said no more; but it flashed upon me then that we were even now on the road for Costa Rica; and it soon became certainty, as the sergeant turned down toward the Transit road, a direction in which we had never been allowed to forage, probably because the natives on that side had more communication with San Juan and Virgin Bay, and General Walker was unwilling that the States passengers should hear too many complaints from them. I was before aware that many of the company had been for some time revolving desertion, and had myself been sounded by one a day or two previously; but could have had no suspicion that this was to be the occasion, because several of the most forward in the matter had made excuses, and remained behind in quarters.

At length we halted in a little stream, some miles from Rivas, to water our animals, and it was here openly announced that the party was on its way to Costa Rica to take the benefit of the government proclamation. I rode back toward the rear, where I saw a dispute going on between one of the company who wanted to return to Rivas and others who insisted that he must go forward. One of them met me in the path, and told me I must

go with them until they had got beyond the Transit road. They had no wish, he said, to force men to desert; but this much was needed to save themselves from danger of pursuit. I told him my mule would never carry me back from the Transit road. "We will catch you another," said he, "when we reach the *Jocote rancho*." The whole crowd, save two or three, were with him, and it was useless to persist. So I turned and rode forward with the rest.

At the *Jocote rancho* we succeeded in catching a mule, but he was given to another of the company, whose animal showed worse signs than my own, which, indeed, had borne me much better than I expected, and was not yet seriously fatigued.

We came out upon the Transit road, passed over the Cordillera ridges, and, just beyond the little river which crosses the road, two miles from San Juan, turned aside into a forest-trail leading down the coast to Costa Rica. Those of us who had been pressed thus far, after crossing the Transit road, gave over all design of returning. The bonds which drew us back were not strong, and the danger of return was considerable. We had heard that the enemy was at Virgin Bay, and that their lancers frequently passed backward and forward on the Transit road, and between San Jorge and Virgin Bay. If we returned, we should be confined to the path nearly all the way to Rivas by the impenetrable forest, and easily taken, should we meet the enemy, or liable even, one or two only, to be shot down from ambush by the hostile natives who lived on the route.

For my own part, I decided to go on with hesitation and regret, and I believe, had one been ready to return, I should have borne him willing company. I preferred even the hard service and dubious chance of General Walker to the alternative of going amongst the Costa-Ricans, where a cowardly populace would probably kick and spit upon us as dirty filibusters and deserters; and should their

government even keep its promises, I had no stomach for being set ashore in the city of New York, without money in my pocket, or home that I wished to go to. My health had been good in Nicaragua, and, I believed, would remain good. The motive which sent me there was still in force; and, withal, I wished to see the filibuster game played out,—with Henningsen, or some other man than General Walker, as military director. I believed it might even take a turn so, and a *sans-culotte* man be furnished at last with a

two-hundred-and-fifty-acre home in Nicaragua,—

“Mid sandal bowers and groves of spice,
Might be a Peri's paradise”;

and plantain food without sweat, and the elixir of joy called *aguardiente*! Nevertheless it was all left behind; and Samuel Absalom tore the large, dirty canvas letters M. R., signifying Mounted Ranger, off from his blue flannel shirt-breast; and his experience as filibuster in Nicaragua closed,—somewhat ingloriously.

ROBA DI ROMA.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER V.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

THE Christmas Holidays have come, and with them various customs and celebrations quite peculiar to Rome. They are ushered in by the festive clang of a thousand bells from all the belfries in Rome at Ave Maria of the evening before the august day. At about nine o'clock of the same evening the Pope performs High Mass in some one of the great churches, generally at Santa Maria Maggiore, when all the pillars of this fine old basilica are draped with red hangings, and scores of candles burn in the side chapels, and the great altar blazes with light. The fuguing chants of the Papal choir sound into the dome and down the aisles, while the Holy Father ministers at the altar, and a motley crowd parade and jostle and saunter through the church. Here, mingled together, may be seen soldiers of the Swiss guard, with their shining helmets, long halberds, and party-colored uniforms, designed by Michel Angelo,—chamberlains of the Pope, all in black, with their high ruffs, Spanish cloaks, silken stockings, and golden chains,—*contadini* from the mountains,

in their dully brilliant costumes and white *tovaglie*,—common laborers from the Campagna, with their black mops of tangled hair,—*forestieri* of every nation,—Englishmen, with long, light, pendant whiskers, and an eye-glass stuck in one eye,—Germans, with spectacles, frogged coats, and long, straight hair put behind their ears and cut square in the neck,—then Americans, in high-heeled patent-leather boots, a black dress-coat, and a black satin waistcoat,—and wasp-waisted French officers, with baggy trousers, a goat-beard, and a pretentious swagger. Nearer the altar are crowded together in pens a mass of women in black dresses and black veils, who are determined to see and hear all, treating the ceremony purely as a spectacle, and not as a religious rite. Meantime the music soars, the organ groans, the censer clicks, steams of incense float to and fro. The Pope and his attendants kneel and rise,—he lifts the Host, and the world prostrates itself. A great procession of dignitaries with torches bears a fragment of the original cradle of the Holy Bambino from its chapel to the high altar, through the swaying crowd that gape and gaze and stare and sneer and adore. And thus

the evening passes. When the clock strikes midnight all the bells ring merrily, Mass commences at the principal churches, and at San Luigi dei Francesi and the Gesù there is a great illumination (what the French call *un joli spectacle*) and very good music. Thus Christmas is ushered in at Rome.

The next day is a great *fiesta*. All classes are dressed in their best and go to Mass, — and when that is over, they throng the streets to chat and lounge and laugh and look at each other. The Corso is so crowded in the morning, that a carriage can scarcely pass. Everywhere one hears the pleasant greeting of "*Buona Festa*," "*Buona Pasqua*." All the *basso popolo*, too, are out, — the women wearing their best jewelry, heavy gold ear-rings, three-rowed *collane* of well-worn coral and gold, long silver and gold pins and arrows in their hair, and great worked brooches with pendants, — and the men of the Trastevere in their peaked hats, their short jackets swung over one shoulder in humble imitation of the Spanish cloak, and with rich scarfs tied round their waists. Most of the ordinary cries of the day are missed. But the constant song of "*Arancie! arancie dolci!*" is heard in the crowd; and everywhere are the *sigarari*, carrying round their wooden tray of tobacco, and shouting, "*Sigari! sigari dolci! sigari scelti!*" at the top of their lungs; the *nocellaro* also cries sadly about his dry chestnuts and pumpkin-seeds. The shops are all closed, and the shopkeepers and clerks saunter up and down the streets, dressed better than the same class anywhere else in the world, — looking spick-and-span, as if they had just come out of a band-box, and nearly all of them carrying a little cane. One cannot but be struck by the difference in this respect between the Romans on a *fiesta*-day in the Corso and the Parisians during a *fête* in the Champs Élysées, — the former are so much better dressed, and so much happier, gayer, and handsomer.

During the morning, the Pope celebrates High Mass at San Pietro, and thou-

sands of spectators are there, — some from curiosity, some from piety. Few, however, of the Roman families go there to-day; — they perform their religious services in their private chapel or in some minor church; for the crowd of *forestieri* spoils St. Peter's for prayer.* At the elevation of the Host, the guards, who line the nave, drop to their knees, their side-arms ringing on the pavement, — the vast crowd bends, — and a swell of trumpets sounds through the dome. Nothing can be more impressive than this moment in St. Peter's. Then the choir from its gilt cage resumes its chant, the high falsetti of the soprani soaring over the rest, and interrupted now and then by the clear musical voice of the Pope, — until at last he is borne aloft in his Papal chair on the shoulders of his attendants, crowned with the triple crown, between the high, white, waving fans; all the cardinals, monsignori, canonici, officials, priests, and guards going before him in splendid procession. The Pope shuts his eyes, from giddiness and from fasting, — for he has eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and the swaying motion of the chair makes him dizzy and sick. But he waves at intervals his three fingers to bless the crowd that kneel or bend before him, and then goes home to the Vatican to dine with a clean conscience and a good appetite.

It is the universal rule among priests to fast before saying Mass, and never to take the wafer or body of Christ upon a full stomach. The law is *de rigueur*, and is almost never broken. But sometimes the temptation of the appetite, it may be supposed, will overcome even a pious man; for priest though one be, one is also flesh-and-blood. An anecdote lately told me by the Conte Cignale (dei Selvaggi) may not be out of place in this connection, and I instance it as an undoubted exception

* "How," says Marforio to Pasquino, "shall I, being a true son of the Holy Church, obtain admittance to her services?" To which Pasquino returns for answer: "Declare that you are an Englishman, and swear that you are a heretic."

to the general rule. A friend of his, an English artist, enamored of Italian life, was spending the summer in one of the mountain towns. Finding little society there except the physician and the parish priest, he soon became on intimate terms with them. One morning the priest called on him before he had finished breakfast. A savory dish was smoking on the table, and the fumes of the hot coffee filled the room. "I wish you could take breakfast with me," said he; "but I know you are to say Mass, and that it would be contrary to rule for you to eat until it is performed." The priest shrugged his shoulders and looked deprecatorily at the artist and at the breakfast. "Still," continued the latter, "if your scruples would allow you, I should be delighted if you would help me with this capital dish." The temptation was great; the smell was savory. The priest made a strong internal defence, but the garrison was forced at last to capitulate. "*Eh!*" said he, as he took his seat, "*in fatto è il costume generale di non mangiare prima di dire la messa e di prendere l'ostia. Ma—in queste circostanze,*"—here he looked to see that the door was well fastened,—"*mi pare che si potrebbe far un letto per nostro Signore, Gesù Cristo.*"

It is the custom in Rome at the great *festas*, of which Christmas is one of the principal ones, for each parish to send round the sacrament to all its sick; and during these days a procession of priest and attendants may be seen, preceded by their cross and banner, bearing the holy wafer to the various houses. As they march along, they make the streets resound with the psalm they sing. Everybody lifts his hat as they pass, and many among the lower classes kneel upon the pavement. Frequently the procession is followed by a rout of men, women, and children, who join in the chanting and responses, pausing with the priest before the door of the sick person, and accompanying it as it moves from house to house.

At Christmas, all the Roman world which has a *baiocco* in its pocket eats *torone* and *pan giallo*. The shops of the

pastry-cooks and confectioners are filled with them, mountains of them incumber the counters, and for days before Christmas crowds of purchasers throng to buy them. *Torone* is a sort of hard candy, made of honey and almonds, and crusted over with crystallized sugar; or in other words, it is a *nuga* with a sweet frieze coat;—but *nuga* is a trifle to it for consistency. *Pan giallo* is perhaps so called *quasi lucus*, it being neither bread nor yellow. I know no way of giving a clearer notion of it than by saying that its father is almond-candy and its mother a plum-pudding. It partakes of the qualities of both its parents. From its mother it inherits plums and citron, while its father bestows upon it almonds and consistency. In hardness of character it is half-way between the two,—having neither the maternal tenderness on the one hand, nor the paternal stoniness on the other. One does not break one's teeth on it as over the *torone*, which is only to be cajoled into masticability by prolonged suction, and often not then; but the teeth sink into it as the wagoner's wheels into clayey mire, and every now and then receive a shock, as from sunken rocks, from the raisin-stones, indurated almonds, pistachio-nuts, and pine-seeds, which startle the ignorant and innocent eater with frightful doubts. I carried away one tooth this year over my first piece; but it was a tooth which had been considerably indebted to California, and I have forgiven the *pan giallo*. My friend the Conte Cignale, who partook at the same time of *torone*, having incautiously put a large lump into his mouth, found himself compromised thereby to such an extent as to be at once reduced to silence and retirement behind his pocket-handkerchief. An unfortunate jest, however, reduced him to extremities, and, after a vehement struggle for politeness, he was forced to open the window and give his *torone* to the pavement—and the little boys, perhaps. *Chi sa?* But, despite these dangers and difficulties, all the world at Rome eats *pan giallo* and *torone* at Christmas,—and a Christmas

without them would be an egg without salt. They are at once a penance and a pleasure. Not content with the *pan giallo*, the Romans also import the *pan forte di Siena*, which is a blood cousin of the former, and suffers almost nothing from time and age.

On Christmas and New Year's day all the servants of your friends present themselves at your door to wish you a "*buona festa*," or a "*buon capo d'anno*." This generous expression of good feeling is, however, expected to be responded to by a more substantial expression on your part, in the shape of four or five pauls, so that one peculiarly feels the value of a large visiting-list of acquaintances at this season. To such an extent is this practice carried, that in the houses of the cardinals and princes places are sought by servants merely for the vails of the *festas*, no other wages being demanded. Especially is this the case with the higher dignitaries of the Church, whose *maestro di casa*, in hiring domestics, takes pains to point out to them the advantages of their situation in this respect. Lest the servants should not be aware of all these advantages, the times when such requisitions may be gracefully made and the sums which may be levied are carefully indicated,—not by the cardinal in person, of course, but by his underlings; and many of the fellows who carry the umbrella and cling to the back of the cardinal's coach, covered with shabby gold-lace and carpet-collars, and looking like great beetles, are really paid by everybody rather than the *padrone* they serve. But this is not confined to the *Eminenze*, many of whom are, I dare say, wholly ignorant that such practices exist. The servants of the embassies and all the noble houses also make the circuit of the principal names on the visiting-list, at stated occasions, with good wishes for the family. If one rebel, little care will be taken that letters, cards, and messages arrive promptly at their destination in the palaces of their *padroni*; so it is a universal habit to thank them for their politeness, and to request them to do you the favor to accept a piece of silver

in order to purchase a bottle of wine and drink your health. I never knew one of them refuse; probably they would not consider it polite to do so. It is curious to observe the care with which at the embassies a new name is registered by the servants, who scream it from anteroom to *salon*, and how considerately a deputation waits on you at Christmas and New Year's, or, indeed, whenever you are about to leave Rome to take your *villeggiatura*, for the purpose of conveying to you the good wishes of the season or of invoking for you a "*buon viaggio*." One young Roman, a teacher of languages, told me that it cost him annually some twenty *scudi* or more, to convey to the servants of his pupils and others his deep sense of the honor they did him in inquiring for his health at stated times. But this is a rare case, and owing, probably, to his peculiar position. A physician in Rome, whom I had occasion to call in for a slight illness, took an opportunity on his first visit to put a very considerable *buona mano* into the hands of my servant, in order to secure future calls. I cannot, however, say that this is customary; on the contrary, it is the only case I know, though I have had other Roman physicians; and this man was in his habits and practice peculiarly un-Roman. I do not believe it, therefore, to be a Roman trait. On the other hand, I must say, for my servant's credit, that he told me the fact with a shrug, and added, that he could not, after all, recommend the gentleman as a *medico*, though I was *padrone*, of course, to do as I liked.

On Christmas Eve, a *Presepio* is exhibited in several of the churches. The most splendid is that of the Ara Celi, where the miraculous Bambino is kept. It lasts from Christmas to Twelfth Night, during which period crowds of people flock to see it; and it well repays a visit. The simple meaning of the term *Presepio* is a manger, but it is also used in the Church to signify a representation of the birth of Christ. In the Ara Celi the whole of one of the side-chapels is devoted to this exhibition. In the foreground

is a grotto, in which is seated the Virgin Mary, with Joseph at her side and the miraculous Bambino in her lap. Immediately behind are an ass and an ox. On one side kneel the shepherds and kings in adoration; and above, God the Father is seen surrounded by clouds of cherubs and angels playing on instruments, as in the early pictures of Raphael. In the background is a scenic representation of a pastoral landscape, on which all the skill of the scene-painter is expended. Shepherds guard their flocks far away, reposing under palm-trees or standing on green slopes which glow in the sunshine. The distances and perspective are admirable. In the middle ground is a crystal fountain of glass, near which sheep, preternaturally white, and made of real wool and cotton-wool, are feeding, tended by figures of shepherds carved in wood. Still nearer come women bearing great baskets of real oranges and other fruits on their heads. All the nearer figures are full-sized, carved in wood, painted, and dressed in appropriate robes. The miraculous Bambino is a painted doll swaddled in a white dress, which is crusted over with magnificent diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. The Virgin also wears in her ears superb diamond pendants. Joseph has none; but he is not a person peculiarly respected in the Church. As far as the Virgin and Child are concerned, they are so richly dressed that the presents of the kings and wise men seem rather supererogatory, — like carrying coals to Newcastle, — unless, indeed, Joseph come in for a share, as it is to be hoped he does. The general effect of this scenic show is admirable, and crowds flock to it and press about it all day long. Mothers and fathers are lifting their little children as high as they can, and until their arms are ready to break; little maids are pushing, whispering, and staring in great delight; *contadini* are gazing at it with a mute wonderment of admiration and devotion; and Englishmen are discussing loudly the value of the jewels, and wanting to know, by Jove, whether those in the crown can be real.

While this is taking place on one side

of the church, on the other is a very different and quite as singular an exhibition. Around one of the antique columns of this basilica — which once beheld the splendors and crimes of the Cæsars' palace — a staging is erected, from which little maidens are reciting, with every kind of pretty gesticulation, sermons, dialogues, and speechifications, in explanation of the *Presepio* opposite. Sometimes two of them are engaged in alternate question and answer about the mysteries of the Incarnation and the Redemption. Sometimes the recitation is a piteous description of the agony of the Saviour and the sufferings of the Madonna, — the greatest stress being, however, always laid upon the latter. All these little speeches have been written for them by their priest or some religious friend, been committed to memory, and practised with the appropriate gestures over and over again at home. Their little piping voices are sometimes guilty of such comic breaks and changes, that the crowd about them rustles into a murmurous laughter. Sometimes also one of the very little preachers has a *dispetto*, pouts, shakes her shoulders, and refuses to go on with her part; — another, however, always stands ready on the platform to supply the vacancy, until friends have coaxed, reasoned, or threatened the little pouter into obedience. These children are often very beautiful and graceful, and their comical little gestures and intonations, their clasping of hands and rolling up of eyes, have a very amusing and interesting effect. The last time I was there, I was sorry to see that the French costume had begun to make its appearance. Instead of the handsome Roman head, with its dark, shining, braided hair, which is so elegant when uncovered, I saw on two of the children the deforming bonnet, which could have been invented only to conceal a defect, and which is never endurable, unless it be perfectly fresh, delicate, and costly. Nothing is so vulgar as a shabby bonnet. Yet the Romans, despite their dislike of the French, are beginning to wear it. Ten years ago it did not exist here among the

common people. I know not why it is that the three ugliest pieces of costume ever invented, the dress-coat, the trousers, and the bonnet, all of which we owe to the French, have been accepted all over Europe, to the exclusion of every national costume. Certainly it is not because they are either useful, elegant, or commodious.*

If one visit the Ara Celi during the afternoon of one of these *festas*, the scene is very striking. The flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps, which once

* That cultivated gentleman, John Evelyn, two centuries ago wrote some amusing words on this subject. After quoting the witty saying of Malvezzi, — “*I vestimenti negli animali sono molto securi segni della loro natura, negli uomini del lor cervello,*” — he goes on to say, “Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our *Monsieurs* to appear like so many farces or Jack Puddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape and play the pantomimes with them. Methinks a French tailor, with an ell in his hand, looks like the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. Something I would indulge to youth; something to age and humor. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a *Monsieur's* flageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage or for the back.” — From a pamphlet entitled *Tyrannus, or the Mode*.

“*Si le costume bourgeois,*” says George Sand, in *Le Pêché de M. Antoine*, “*de notre époque est le plus triste, le plus incommode et le plus disgracieux, que la mode ait jamais inventé, c'est surtout au milieu des champs que tous ses inconvénients et toutes ses laideurs révoltent. . . . Au milieu de ce cadre austère et grandiose, qui transporte l'imagination au temps de la poésie primitive, apparaisse cette mouche parasite, le monsieur aux habits noirs, au menton rasé, aux mains gantées, aux jambes maladroites, et ce roi de la société n'est plus qu'un accident ridicule, une tâche importune dans le tableau. Votre costume gênant et disparate inspire alors la pitié plus que les haillons du pauvre, on sent que vous êtes déplacé au grand air, et que votre livrée vous écrase.*”

led to the temple of Venus and Rome, is then thronged by merchants of Madonna wares, who spread them out over the steps and hang them against the walls and balustrades. Here are to be seen all sorts of curious little colored prints of the Madonna and Child of the most ordinary quality, little bags, pewter medals, and crosses stamped with the same figures and to be worn on the neck, — all offered at once for the sum of one *baiocco*. Here also are framed pictures of the Saints, of the Nativity, and, in a word, of all sorts of religious subjects appertaining to the season. Little wax dolls, clad in cotton-wool to represent the Saviour, and sheep made of the same materials, are also sold by the basketful. Children and *contadine* are busy buying them, and there is a deafening roar all up and down the steps of “*Mezzo baiocco, bello colorito, mezzo baiocco, la Santissima Concezione Incoronata,*” — “*Diario Romano, Lunario Romano Nuovo,*” — “*Ritratto colorito, medaglia e quadruccio, un baiocco tutti, un baiocco tutti,*” — “*Bambinelli di cera, un baiocco.*” * None of the prices are higher than one *baiocco*, except to strangers, — and generally several articles are held up together, enumerated, and proffered with a loud voice for this sum. Meanwhile men, women, children, priests, beggars, soldiers, and *villani* are crowding up and down, and we crowd with them.

At last, ascending, we reach the door which faces towards the west. We lift the great leathern curtain and push into the church. A faint perfume of incense salutes the nostrils. The golden sunset bursts in as the curtain sways forward, illuminates the mosaic floor, catches on the rich golden ceiling, and flashes here and there over the crowd on some brilliant costume or shaven head. All sorts of people are thronging there, — some kneeling before the shrine of the Madon-

* “A half-*baiocco*, beautifully colored, — a half-*baiocco*, the Holy Conception Crowned.” “Roman Diary, — New Roman Almanac.” “Colored portrait, medal, and little picture, one *baiocco*, all.” “Little children in wax, one *baiocco*.”

na, which gleams with its hundreds of silver votive hearts, legs, and arms, — some listening to the preaching, — some crowding round the chapel of the *Presepio*, — old women, haggard and wrinkled, come tottering along with their *scaldini* of coals, drop down on their knees to pray, and, as you pass, interpolate in their prayers a parenthesis of begging. The church is not architecturally handsome; but it is eminently picturesque, with its relics of centuries, its mosaic pulpits and floor, its frescoes of Pinturicchio and Pesaro, its antique columns, its rich golden ceiling, its Gothic mausoleum to the Savelli, and its mediæval tombs. A dim, dingy look is over all, — but it is the dimness of faded splendor; and one cannot stand there, knowing the history of the church, its exceeding antiquity, and the changes it has undergone since it was a Roman temple, without a peculiar sense of interest and pleasure.

It was here that Romulus, in the gray dawning of Rome, built the temple of Jupiter Feretrius. Here the *spolia opima* were deposited. Here the triumphal processions of the Emperors and generals ended. Here the victors paused before making their vows, until the message came from the Mamertine Prisons below to announce that their noblest prisoner and victim, while the clang of their triumph and his defeat rose ringing in his ears as the procession ascended the steps, had expiated with death the crime of being the enemy of Rome. Over these very steps, nineteen centuries ago, the first great Cæsar climbed on his knees after his first triumph. At their base, Rienzi, “last of the Roman tribunes,” fell. And, if the tradition of the Church is to be trusted, it was on the site of the present high altar that Augustus erected the “*Ara primogenito Dei*,” to commemorate the Delphic prophecy of the coming of our Saviour. Standing on a spot so thronged with memories, the dullest imagination takes fire. The forms and scenes of the past rise from their graves and pass before us, and the actual and visionary are mingled together in strange

poetic confusion. Truly, as Walpole says, “memory sees more than our eyes in this country.”

And this is one great charm of Rome, — that it animates the dead figures of its history. On the spot where they lived and acted, the Cæsars change from the manikins of books to living men; and Virgil, Horace, and Cicero grow to be realities, as we walk down the Sacred Way and over the very pavement they may once have trod. The conversations “*De Claris Oratoribus*” and the “*Tusculan Questions*” seem like the talk of the last generation, as we wander on the heights of Tusculum, or over the grounds of that charming villa on the banks of the Liris, which the great Roman orator so graphically describes in his treatise “*De Legibus*.” The landscape of Horace has not changed. Still in the winter you may see the dazzling peak of the “*gelidus Algidus*,” and “*ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte*”; and wandering at Tivoli in the summer, his description,

“*Domus Albunæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis,*”

is as true and fresh as if his words were of yesterday. Could one better his compliment to any Roman Lalage of to-day than to call her “*dulce ridentem*”? In all its losses, Rome has not lost the sweet smile of its people. Would you like to know the modern rules for agriculture in Rome, read the “*Georgics*”; there is so little to alter, that it is not worth mentioning. So, too, at Rome, the Emperors become as familiar as the Popes. Who does not know the curly-headed Marcus Aurelius, with his lifted brow and projecting eyes, from the full, round beauty of his youth to the more haggard look of his latest years? Are there any modern portraits more familiar than the pensive, wedge-like head of Augustus, with his sharp-cut lips and nose, — or the dull phiz of Hadrian, with his hair combed down over his low forehead, — or the vain, perking face of Lucius Verus, with his thin nose, low brow, and profusion of curls, — or the brutal bull head of Cara-

calla,—or the bestial, bloated features of Vitellius?

These men, who were but lay-figures to us at school, mere pegs of names to hang historic robes upon, thus interpreted by the living history of their portraits, the incidental illustrations of the places where they lived and moved and died, and the buildings and monuments they erected, become like the men of yesterday. Art has made them our contemporaries. They are as near to us as Pius VII. and Napoleon. I never drive out of the old Nomentan Gate without remembering the ghastly flight of Nero,—his recognition there by an old centurion,—his damp, drear hiding-place underground, where, shuddering and quoting Greek, he waited for his executioners,—and his subsequent terrible and cowardly death, as narrated by Tacitus and Suetonius; and it seems nearer to me, more vivid, and more actual, than the death of Rossi in the court of the Cancelleria. I never drive by the Cæsars' palaces, without recalling the ghastly jest of Tiberius, when he sent for some fifteen of the Senators at dead of night and commanded their presence; and when they, trembling with fear, and expecting nothing less than that their heads were all to fall, had been kept waiting for an hour, the door opened, and he, nearly naked, appeared with a fiddle in his hand, and, after fiddling and dancing to his quaking audience for an hour, dismissed them to their homes uninjured. The air seems to keep a sort of spiritual scent or trail of these old deeds, and to make them more real here than elsewhere. The old horrors of the Amphitheatre can be made real to any person of imaginative mind in the Colosseum. He has but to lend himself to the contagion of the place, and he will see the circle of ten thousand eager eyes thirsting for his blood, fill up the ruined benches and arched tiers as of yore, and hear the savage murmur of human voices, worse than the dull roar of the beasts below. The past still lives in these old walls. It is in vain to say that the ghosts of history do not haunt their ancient habitations. Places, as well

as persons, have lives and influences; and the horror of murder will not away from a spot. Haunted by its crimes, oppressed and debilitated by the fierce excesses of its Empire, Rome, silent, grave, and meditative, sighs over its past, wrapped in the penitent robes of the Church.

Besides, here one feels that the modern Romans are only the children of their ancient fathers, with the same characteristics,—softened, indeed, and worn down by time, just as the sharp traits of the old marbles have worn away; but still the same people,—proud, passionate, lazy, jealous, vindictive, easy, patient, and able. The Popes are but Church pictures of the Emperors,—a different robe, but the same nature beneath;—Alexander the VI. was but a second Tiberius,—Pius the VII., a modern Augustus. When I speak of the Roman people, I do not mean the class of hangers-on upon the foreigners, but the Trasteverini and the inhabitants of the provinces and mountains. No one can go through the Trastevere when the people are roused, without feeling that they are the same as those who listened to Marcus Antonius and Brutus, when the bier of Cæsar was brought into the streets,—and as those who fought with the Colonna and stabbed Rienzi at the foot of the Capitol steps. The Ciceruacchio of '48 was but an ancient Tribune of the People, in the primitive sense of that title. I like, too, to parallel the anecdote of Caius Marius, when, after his ruin, he concealed himself in the marshes, and astonished his captors, who expected to find him weak of heart, by the magnificent self-assertion of "I am Caius Marius," with the story which is told of Stefano Colonna. After this great captain met with his sad reverses, and, deprived of all his possessions, fled from Rome, an attendant asked him,—“What fortress have you now?” He placed his hand on his heart and answered,—“*Eccola!*” The same blood evidently ran in the veins of both these men; and well might Petrarca call Colonna “a phoenix risen from the ashes of the ancient Romans.”

But, somehow or other, I have wandered strangely from my subject. *Scusi*,—but what has all this to do with the Bambino?

The Santissimo Bambino is a very round-faced and expressionless doll, carved, as the legend goes, from a tree on the Mount of Olives, by a Franciscan pilgrim, and painted by Saint Luke while the pilgrim slept. It is difficult to say which was the worse artist of the two, the sculptor or the painter. But Saint Luke's pictures generally do not give us a high idea of his skill as a painter. The legend is a charming anachronism, unless, indeed, Saint Luke was only a spiritual presence;—but, as the whole incident was miraculous, the greater the anachronism, the greater the miracle. The Bambino, however he came into existence, is invested, according to the assertions of priests and the belief of the common people, with wonderful powers in curing the sick; and his practice is as lucrative as any physician's in Rome. His aid is in constant requisition in severe cases, and certain it is that a cure not unfrequently follows upon his visit; but as the regular physicians always cease their attendance upon his entrance, and blood-letting and calomel are consequently intermitted, perhaps the cure is not so miraculous as it might at first seem. He is borne by the priests in state to his patients; and during the Triumvirate of '49, the Pope's carriage was given to him and his attendants. I was assured by the priest who exhibited him to me at the church, that, on one occasion, having been stolen by some irreverent hand from his ordinary abiding-place in one of the side-chapels, he returned alone, by himself, at night, to console his guardians and to resume his functions. Great honors are paid to him. He wears jewels which a Colonna might envy, and not a square inch of his body is without a splendid gem. On festal occasions, like Christmas, he wears a coronet as brilliant as the triple crown of the Pope, and, lying in the Madonna's arms in the representation of the Nativity, he is adored by the people until Epiphany. Then, after

the performance of Mass, a procession of priests, accompanied by a band of music, makes the tour of the church and proceeds to the chapel of the *Presepio*, where the bishop, with great solemnity, removes him from his Mother's arms. At this moment, the music bursts forth into a triumphant march, a jubilant strain over the birth of Christ, and he is borne through the doors of the church to the great steps. There the bishop elevates the Holy Bambino before the crowds who throng the steps, and they fall upon their knees. This is thrice repeated, and the wonderful image is then conveyed to its original chapel, and the ceremony is over.

The Eve of Epiphany, or Twelfth-Night, is to the children of Rome what Christmas Eve is to us. It is then that the *Bifana* comes with her presents. This personage is neither merry nor male, like Santa Claus, nor beautiful and childlike, like Christ-kindchen,—but is described as a very tall, dark woman, ugly, and rather terrible, "*d' una fisionomia piuttosto imponente*," who comes down the chimney, on the Eve of Epiphany, armed with a long *canna* and shaking a bell, to put playthings into the stockings of the good children, and bags of ashes into those of the bad. It is a night of fearful joy for all the little ones. When they hear her bell ring, they shake in their sheets; for the *Bifana* is used as a threat to the wilful, and their hope is tempered by a wholesome apprehension. It is supposed to be a distorted image of the visit of the kings and wise men with their presents at the Nativity, as Santa Claus may be of the shepherds, and the Christ-kindchen of Christ himself. However this may be, it is curious to observe the different characters this superstition assumes among different nations and under different influences.

The great festival of the *Bifana* (a corruption, undoubtedly, of *Epifania*) takes place on the Eve of Twelfth-Night, in the Piazza di San Eustachio,—and a curious spectacle it is. The Piazza itself, (which is situated in the centre of the city, just beyond the Pantheon,) and all the adjacent streets, are lined with booths

covered with every kind of plaything for children. Most of these are of Roman make, very rudely fashioned, and very cheap; but for those who have longer purses, there are not wanting heaps of German and French toys. These booths are gayly illuminated with rows of candles and the three-wicked brass *lucerne* of Rome; and, at intervals, painted posts are set into the pavement, crowned with pans of grease, with a wisp of tow for wick, which blaze and flare about. Besides these, numbers of torches carried about by hand lend a wavering and picturesque light to the scene. By eight o'clock in the evening, crowds begin to fill the Piazza and the adjacent streets. Long before one arrives, the squeak of penny-trumpets is heard at intervals; but in the Piazza itself the mirth is wild and furious, and the din that salutes one's ears on entering is almost deafening. The object of every one is to make as much noise as possible, and every kind of instrument for this purpose is sold at the booths. There are drums beating, *tamburelli* thumping and jingling, pipes squeaking, watchmen's-rattles clacking, penny-trumpets and tin horns shrilling, and the sharpest whistles shrieking everywhere. Besides this, there are the din of voices, screams of laughter, and the confused burr and buzz of a great crowd. On all sides you are saluted by the strangest noises. Instead of being spoken to, you are whistled at. Companies of people are marching together in platoons, or piercing through the crowd in long files, and dancing and blowing like mad on their instruments. It is a perfect witches' Sabbath. Here, huge dolls dressed as Polichinello or Pantaloon are borne about for sale,—or over the heads of the crowd great black-faced jumping-jacks, lifted on a stick, twitch themselves in fantastic fits,—or, what is more Roman than all, men carry about long poles strung with rings of hundreds of *giambelli*, (a light cake, called jumble in English,) which they scream for sale at a *mezzo baiocco* each. There is no alternative but to get a drum, whistle, or trumpet, and

join in the racket,—and to fill one's pockets with toys for the children and absurd presents for one's older friends. The moment you are once in for it, and making as much noise as you can, you begin to relish the jest. The toys are very odd,—particularly the Roman whistles;—some of these are made of pewter, with a little wheel that whirls as you blow; others are of terra-cotta, very rudely modelled into every shape of bird, beast, and human deformity, each with a whistle in its head, breast, or tail, which it is no joke to hear, when blown close to your ears by a stout pair of lungs. The scene is very picturesque. Above, the dark vault of night, with its far stars, the blazing and flaring of lights below, and the great, dark walls of the Sapienza and Church looking grimly down upon the mirth. Everywhere in the crowd are the glistening helmets of soldiers, who are mixing in the sport, and the *chapeaux* of white-strapped *gendarmes*, standing at intervals to keep the peace. At about half-past eleven o'clock the theatres are emptied, and the upper classes flock to the Piazza. I have never been there later than half-past twelve, but the riotous fun still continued at that hour; and, for a week afterwards, the squeak of whistles may be heard at intervals in the streets.

At the two periods of Christmas and Easter, the young Roman girls take their first communion. The former, however, is generally preferred, as it is a season of rejoicing in the Church, and the ceremonies are not so sad as at Easter. In entering upon this religious phase of their life, it is their custom to retire to a convent, and pass a week in prayer and reciting the offices of the Church. During this period, no friend, not even their parents, are allowed to visit them, and information as to their health and condition is very reluctantly and sparingly given at the door. In case of illness, the physician of the convent is called; and even then neither parent is allowed to see them, except, perhaps, in very severe cases. Of course, during their stay in the convent, every exertion is made by

the sisters to render a monastic life agreeable, and to stimulate the religious sensibilities of the young communicant. The pleasures of society and the world are decried, and the charms of peace, devotion, and spiritual exercises eulogized, until the excited imagination of the communicant leaves her no rest, before she has returned to the convent and taken the veil as a nun. The happiness of families is thus sometimes destroyed; and I knew one very united and pleasant Roman family which in this way was sadly broken up. Two of three sisters were so worked upon at their first communion, that the prayers of family and friends proved unavailing to retain them in their home. The more they were urged to remain, the more they desired to go, and the parents, brothers, and remaining sister were forced to yield a most reluctant consent. They retired into the convent and became nuns. It was almost as if they had died. From that time forward, the home was no longer a home. I saw them when they took the veil, and a sadder spectacle was not easily to be seen. The girls were happy, but the parents and family wretched, and the parting was very tearful and sad. They do not

seem since to have regretted the step they then took; but regret would be unavailing,—and even if they felt it, they could scarcely show it. The occupation of the sisters in the monastery they have joined is prayers, the offices of the Church, and, I believe, a little instruction of poor children. But gossip among themselves, of the pettiest kind, must make up for the want of wider worldly interests. In such limited relations, little jealousies engender great hypocrisies; a restricted horizon enlarges small objects. The repressed heart and introverted mind, deprived of their natural scope, consume themselves in self-consciousness, and duties easily degenerate into routine. We are not all in all to ourselves; the world has claims upon us, which it is cowardice to shrink from, and folly to deny. Self-forgetfulness is a great virtue, and selfishness a great vice. After all, the best religious service is worthy occupation. Large interests keep the heart sound; and the best of prayers is the doing of a good act with a pure purpose.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

ABDEL-HASSAN.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent after long intervals of time.
The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all fact. — EMERSON.

ABDEL-HASSAN o'er the Desert journeyed with his caravan,—
Many a richly laden camel, many a faithful serving-man.

And before the haughty master bowed alike the man and beast;
For the power of Abdel-Hassan was the wonder of the East.

It was now the twelfth day's journey, but its closing did not bring
Abdel-Hassan and his servants to the long-expected spring.

From the ancient line of travel they had wandered far away,
And at evening, faint and weary, on a waste of Desert lay.

Fainting men and famished camels stretched them round the master's tent;
For the water-skins were empty, and the dates were nearly spent.

All the night, as Abdel-Hassan on the Desert lay apart,
Nothing broke the lifeless silence but the throbbing of his heart;

All the night he heard it beating, while his sleepless, anxious eyes
Watched the shining constellations wheeling onward through the skies.

When the glowing orbs, receding, paled before the coming day,
Abdel-Hassan called his servants and devoutly knelt to pray.

Then his words were few and solemn to the leader of his train:—
“Thirty men and eighty camels, Haroun, in thy care remain.

“Keep the beasts and guard the treasure till the needed aid I bring.
God is great! His name is mighty!—I, alone, will seek the spring.”

Mounted on his strongest camel, Abdel-Hassan rode away,
While his faithful followers watched him passing, in the blaze of day,

Like a speck upon the Desert, like a moving human hand,
Where the fiery skies were sweeping down to meet the burning sand.

Passed he then their far horizon, and beyond it rode alone;—
They alone, with Arab patience, lay within its flaming zone.

Day by day the servants waited, but the master never came,—
Day by day, in feebler accents, called on Allah's holy name.

One by one they killed the camels, loathing still the proffered food,
But in weakness or in frenzy slaked their burning thirst in blood.

On unheeded heaps of treasure rested each unconscious head;
While, with pious care, the dying struggled to entomb the dead.

So they perished. Gaunt with famine, still did Haroun's trusty hand
For his latest dead companion scoop sepulture in the sand.

Then he died; and pious Nature, where he lay so gaunt and grim,
Moved by her divine compassion, did the same kind thing for him.

Earth upon her burning bosom held him in his final rest,
While the hot winds of the Desert piled the sand above his breast.—

Onward in his fiery travel Abdel-Hassan held his way,
Yielding to the camel's instinct, halting not, by night or day,

'Till the faithful beast, exhausted in her fearful journey, fell,
With her eye upon the palm-trees rising o'er the lonely well:

With a faint, convulsive struggle, and a feeble moan, she died,
While her still surviving master lay unconscious by her side.

So he lay until the evening, when a passing caravan
From the dead incumbering camel brought to life the dying man.

Slowly murmured Abdel-Hassan, as they bathed his fainting head,
"All is lost, for all have perished!—they are numbered with the dead!

"I, who had such power and treasure but a single moon ago,
Now my life and poor subsistence to a stranger's bounty owe.

"God is great! His name is mighty! He is victor in the strife!
Stripped of pride and power and substance, He hath left me faith and life."—

Sixty years had Abdel-Hassan, since the stranger's friendly hand
Saved him from the burning Desert, lived and prospered in the land;

And his life of peaceful labor, in its pure and simple ways,
For his loss fourfold returned him, and a mighty length of days.

Sixty years of faith and patience gave him wisdom's mural crown;
Sons and daughters brought him honor with his riches and renown.

Men beheld his reverend aspect, and revered his blameless name;
And in peace he dwelt with strangers, in the fulness of his fame.

But the heart of Abdel-Hassan yearned, as yearns the heart of man,
Still to die among his kindred, ending life where it began.

So he summoned all his household, and he gave the brief command,—
"Go and gather all our substance;—we depart from out the land."

Then they journeyed to the Desert with a great and numerous train,
To his old nomadic instinct trusting life and wealth again.

It was now the sixth day's journey, when they met the moving sand,
On the great wind of the Desert, driving o'er that arid land;

And the air was red and fervid with the Simoom's fiery breath;—
None could see his nearest fellow in the stifling blast of death.

Blinded men from prostrate camels piled the stores to windward round,
And within the barrier herded, on the hot, unstable ground.

Two whole days the great wind lasted, when the living of the train
From the hot drifts dug the camels and resumed their way again.

But the lines of care grew deeper on the master's swarthy cheek,
While around the weakest fainted and the strongest waxed weak;

And the water-skins were empty, and a silent murmur ran
From the faint, bewildered servants through the straggling caravan:—

"Let the land we left be blessed!—that to which we go, accurst!—
From our pleasant wells of water came we here to die of thirst?"

But the master stilled the murmur with his steadfast, quiet eye :—
“ God is great,” he said, devoutly, — “ when *He* wills it, we shall die.”

As he spake, he swept the Desert with his vision clear and calm,
And along the far horizon saw the green crest of the palm.

Man and beast, with weak steps quickened, hasted to the lonely well,
And around it, faint and panting, in a grateful tumult fell.

Many days they stayed and rested, and amidst his fervent prayer
Abdel-Hassan pondered deeply that strange bond which held him there.

Then there came an aged stranger, journeying with his caravan ;
And when each had each saluted, Abdel-Hassan thus began :—

“ Knowest thou this well of water ? lies it on the travelled ways ? ”
And he answered, — “ From the highway thou art distant many days.

“ Where thou seest this well of water, where these thorns and palm-trees stand,
Once the Desert swept unbroken in a waste of burning sand ;

“ There was neither life nor herbage, not a drop of water lay,
All along the arid valley where thou seest this well to-day.

“ Sixty years have wrought their changes since a man of wealth and pride,
With his servants and his camels, here, amidst his riches, died.

“ As we journeyed o’er the Desert, dead beneath the blazing sky,
Here I saw them, beasts and masters, in a common burial lie ;

“ Thirty men and eighty camels did the shrouding sand infold ;
And we gathered up their treasure, spices, precious stones, and gold ;

“ Then we heaped the sand above them, and, beneath the burning sun,
With a friendly care we finished what the winds had well begun.

“ Still I hold that master’s treasure, and his record, and his name ;
Long I waited for his kindred, but no kindred ever came.

“ Time, who beareth all things onward, hither bore our steps again,
When around this spot were scattered whitened bones of beasts and men ;

“ And from out the heaving hillocks of the mingled sand and mould
Lo ! the little palms were springing, which to-day are great and old.

“ From the shrubs we held the camels ; for I felt that life of man,
Breaking to new forms of being, through that tender herbage ran.

“ In the graves of men and camels long the dates unheeded lay,
Till their germs of life commanded larger life from that decay ;

“ And the falling dews, arrested, nourished every tender shoot,
While beneath, the hidden moisture gathered to each wandering root.

"So they grew; and I have watched them, as we journeyed, year by year;
And we digged this well beneath them, where thou seest it, fresh and clear.

"Thus from waste and loss and sorrow still are joy and beauty born,
Like the fruitage of these palm-trees and the blossom of the thorn;

"Life from death, and good from evil! — from that buried caravan
Springs the life to save the living, many a weak, despairing man."

As he ended, Abdel-Hassan, quivering through his aged frame,
Asked, in accents slow and broken, "Knowest thou that master's name?"

"He was known as Abdel-Hassan, famed for wealth and power and pride;
But the proud have often fallen, and, as he, the great have died!"

Then, upon the ground before them, prostrate Abdel-Hassan fell,
With his aged hands extended, trembling, to the lonely well,—

And the sacred soil beneath him cast upon his hoary head,—
Named the servants and the camels,—summoned Haroun from the dead,—

Clutched the unconscious palms around him, as if they were living men,—
And before him, in their order, rose his buried train again.

Moved by pity, spake the stranger, bending o'er him in his grief:—
"What affects the man of sorrow? Speak,—for speaking is relief."

Then he answered, rising slowly to that aged stranger's knee,—
"Thou beholdest Abdel-Hassan! They were mine, and I am he!"

Wondering, stood they all around him, and a reverent silence kept,
While, amidst them, Abdel-Hassan lifted up his voice and wept.

Joy and grief, and faith and triumph, mingled in his flowing tears;
Refluent on his patient spirit rolled the tide of sixty years.

As the past and present blended, lo! his larger vision saw,
In his own life's compensation, Nature's universal law.

"God is good, O reverend stranger! He hath taught me of His ways,
By this great and crowning lesson, in the evening of my days.

"Keep the treasure,—I have plenty,—and am richer that I see
Life ascend, through change and evil, to that perfect life to be,—

"In each woe a blessing folded, from all loss a greater gain,
Joy and hope from fear and sorrow, rest and peace from toil and pain.

"God is great! His name is mighty! He is victor in the strife!
For He bringeth Good from Evil, and from Death commandeth Life!"

ABOUT SPIRES.

WHEN the children of Shem said one to another at Babel,—“Go to, let us build us a city and a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven,” they typified a remarkable trait of the human mind,—a desire for a tangible and material exponent of itself in its most heroic moods. In the earlier ages of the world, when humanity, as it were, was becoming conscious of itself and its godlike energies, it seems as if this desire could find no nobler expression than in towers. The same spirit of enterprise which in our own day stretches forth inquiring hands into unexplored realms of physical and intellectual being, and acknowledges in the spoils of such search its noblest and proudest attainments, in more primeval times appears to have been content with the actual and visible invasion of high building into that sky which to them was the great type of the unknown and mysterious.

The birth of these structures was not of the practical necessities of life, but of that fond desire of the soul which has ever haunted mankind with intimations of immortality. Towers thus became the boldest imaginable symbols of energy and power. And when, in the course of time, they became exigencies of society, and familiarized by the idea of usefulness, even then they could not but be recognized as expressions of the more heroic elements of human nature.

Founded in superabundant massiveness, and built in prodigality of strength, the tower seems to defy the elements and to outlive tradition. Old age restores it to more than its primeval significance; and when humbler erections have passed away and crumbled in ruins, it appears once more to rise above the customary uses of men, and to become a companion for tempests and clouds. Dismantled, deserted, and bearing,

“Inscribed upon its visionary sides,
This history of many a winter's storm,
And obscure record of the path of fire,”

Nature lays claim to it, and with moss and ivy and eld, with weeds and flowers, she takes it to her bosom.

“Dying insensibly away
From human thoughts and purposes,”

we at length associate it with no achievements of man, and its masonry becomes vénéral to us, as shaped by mysterious beings,—Ghouls or Titans,—no fellow-workers of ours.

Let us for a while forget the tedious realisms around us, and eat of the dreamy Lotos. Let us look eastward over the wide waters, and behold, along the horizon, the “dim rich cities” printing themselves against the morning. Let us listen to their mellow chimes that come faintly to us, and bless those deep-toned utterances so full of the tenderness of ancient days and the melody of gray traditions. Let us bless them; for, like lyres of Amphion, at their sound arose the bell-bearing tower, which made cities beautiful and their people happy. O St. Chrysostom! there were other golden mouths than thine that preached by the Bosphorus, and their pulpits were the airy chambers of the first Christian towers. Where the muezzin every hour from the lofty minaret now calls the faithful Mahometan to prayer, were first heard those matinal and vesper chimes which since then throughout Catholic Europe have accompanied the rising and the setting of the sun. Thus the Christian tower immediately becomes associated with the tenderest and most poetical ideas of monastic and pastoral religion. It seemed emulous from the beginning to be the first to catch the beams of morning, and, like the statue of Memnon, to respond to the golden touch by sounds of music. Then the fervid heart of Italy took fire, and from her bosom uprose over all her cities the beau-

tiful campanile. Still and solemn it stood on the plains of Lombardy, like a sentinel on the outskirts of our faith, whispering to the vast of space that all was well. Over the lagunes of Venice the weary toil of two centuries piled up the tower of St. Mark. Ravenna, with barbaric pride, built her round-einctured towers to the glory of the Exarchate. Rome followed with her square campaniles, whose arcaded chambers looked down on a hundred cloisters. Then there were La Ghirlandina at Modena, Il Torazzo at Cremona, Torre della Mangia at Siena, the Garisenda at Bologna, the Leaning Tower at Pisa. Everywhere they sought the skies with emulous heights, and ere long they arose in such number as to give a distinctive aspect to the Christian city, and to warn the traveller from afar that he approached walls within which religion was a pride and a power. Who has not admired the Giotto Campanile, called "the Beautiful," at Florence? And who has not wondered at the splendor of her citizens, whose command was, "to construct an edifice whose magnificence should be beyond the conception even of the *cognoscenti*, and whose height and quality of workmanship should surpass all that has been built in any style, in Greece or Rome, even at the most florid period of their power!"

But the spiritualization and glory of the tower are yet wanting. There is a very human expression about it, as it stands in the midst of those glimmering lands, with its haughty summit commanding far-distant plains,—

"Far as the wild swan wings, to where the
sky
Dips down to sea and sands,"—

a very human expression of scornful pride and imperious dominion. We shall see how it outgrew its mere humanities and became an expression of immortal aspirations, a symbol of our relationship with ethereal existences.

These Italian campaniles had either flat summits, or were crowned with a low,

unimportant roof. But as they approached the North of Lombardy, and found their way into Germany, France, and Britain, these roofs, through the necessities of climate, became steeper and sharper. Many of the little gray mountain-chapels in the South of Switzerland still lift up these pointed towers amid the hamlets of the valley, having gathered in the hardy flocks at eventide for seven or eight centuries. The same early modifications may yet be seen on the banks of the Rhine, where the conical, stork-haunted caps of the round towers are so picturesquely associated with that legendary scenery. Those dear, time-worn, rugged, red-tiled roofs, with their peaks coming in just where they are needed,—what could the artist do without them? Then the same necessities made the early French and Norman builders push up into the air those gaunt, quaint old camel-backs, with spindles or pinnacles astride. You cannot but love them for their strangeness and the surprise they make against the quiet sky. In Britain, too, you might have beheld this tendency, where the lordly curfew quenched the lights in castle and cot from beneath a very extinguisher of a roof. Now, as, in the natural growth of the human mind, the heart became more and more impregnated with the beauty of holiness, and the prayers of men ascended with somewhat of purer aspiration to heaven, so did they build their tower-roofs higher and higher into the air, till at length the spire was born. In one of those quaint antique towers of Normandy, Coutances, it was first fully developed; and it is curious to see how in this instance its roof-origin was still remembered: for it has tall, gabled garret-windows rising from its base, connected by rude cross-bars to the slope of the spire; and it has a kind of scaly mail, Ruskin says, which is nothing more than the copying in stone of the common wooden shingles of the house-roof. Now the proud Italian architects, disdainful though they were of the arts of the rude Northern builders, could not but admit the expressiveness of the pointed roof;

so they placed a form of it on some of their campaniles, as on those of Venice and Cremona, in both these instances making it a third of the whole height. But the spire, though an effective, was as yet an unambitious structure,—scarcely more than an exaltation or an apotheosis of the roof. For a long time it continued to be merely a supplementary addition in wood to the solid masonry of the tower, and in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries was often added to substructures of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth.

Surely it is very dull in us, out of our present enlightenment, to continue to distinguish the mediæval times as the *Dark Ages*, as if they were glimmering and ghostly, and men groped about in them blindly, living in a sort of dusky romance of feudality. Did you ever study De la Roche's incarnation of Mediæval Art in his *Hemicycle*,—that long saintly robe with its still and serious folds, that fair dreamy face, those upturned eyes, "the homes of silent prayer," the contemplative repose? It is truly an exquisite idealization; yet there is something wanting. I believe the piety of those days was rather a passion than a sentiment. Their "beauty of holiness" was rather an active emotional impulse than a passive spiritualization, and was incomplete without a material expression, a tangible demonstration of itself. Like the fabled Narcissus, it yearned for its own image. Hence the joy and luxury of the ecclesiastical buildings of that period. They were the very blossoming of the tree of knowledge. This was, indeed, an unenlightened, perhaps a superstitious principle of worship; but it was enthusiastic, self-sacrificing, and chivalrous. It, indeed, sent the stylite to his pillar, the hermit to the wilderness, the ascetic to the scourge and hair-cloth shirt; but it also led the warrior to the Holy Land, the beggar to the castle-hearth, and the workman to the building of the House of God. It is no wonder that a religion born thus in childlike fervor, and seeking expression in outward signs, built upward. It is no wonder that out

of the prosaic elements of the roof it made the spiritual essence of the spire. If we look through the whole range of architectural forms in classic or mediæval times, we shall find no one so indicative of any human emotion as this simple outline is of the highest of all emotions,—prayer. It is a significant fact, that the sentiment of aspiration is nowhere hinted at in Classic Art, and we look in vain for it in all pagan architectures. This is not surprising. The worshippers who built in those schools demonstrated there all the noblest ideas they were capable of,—intellectual beauty, dignity, power, truth, chastity, courage, and all the other virtues cherished in their theologies; but their personal relations with any higher sphere of existence, vague and undefined as they were, called for no expression in their temples, and obtained none.

The pyramidal form has ever possessed peculiar fascinations for men, and, from its simplicity, grandeur, and power, has been used in all ages with innumerable modifications in those structures whose object was to impress and overawe,—as in the pyramids of Egypt, the temples of India and Mexico, and in all the earliest funeral monuments. It involved a rude symbolism, which recommended itself to the barbarous childhood of nations. But it was not until the pyramid was sharpened and spiritualized into the spire that it gained its completest triumph over the secret emotions of men. The Egyptians made the nearest approach to it in the obelisk. That mysterious people felt very keenly the suggestiveness of the pyramidal form, and refined the language of its sentiment into some very beautiful expressions. Yet between the mausoleums of Gizeh and the hieroglyphic shafts of Luxor and Karnac there existed a modification, the intensity of whose meaning they were not prepared to understand. Neither their civilization nor their religion required such an exponent; so they exhausted themselves with their mountainous bulks of stone and their pictured monoliths.

We know not how the first view of a

Christian spire would affect the mind of an alien; but so far as our own experiences are concerned, though perhaps familiar only with the lowliest and most unpretending of its kind, we are conscious that it deeply impressed even the "unsunned temper" of our childhood. The wisest among us may not be able to define precisely these impressions, or trace to their source the admiration and satisfaction it occasions, yet all are ready to acknowledge its beautiful fitness to adorn and glorify the Christian temple. But to the thoughtful mind how suggestive it is of pleasant imagery! It is "the silent finger" that points to heaven; it is an upward aspiration of the soul; a prayer from the depths of a troubled heart; a *suspirium de profundis*; a hymn of thanksgiving; a pure life, throwing off the worldly and approaching the ethereal; a finite mind searching, till lost in the vastness of the unknown and unapproachable; a beautiful attempt; a voice of praise sent up from the earth, till, like the soaring lark, it "becomes a sightless song." Indeed, our unbidden thoughts, that wild-ivy of the mind, are trained upward by the spire, till it is hung round with the tenderest associations and recollections of all that is sweet and softening in our natures. Thus, when the painter has represented on his canvas some wild phase of scenery, where the gadding vine, the tangled underwood, the troubled brook, the black, frowning rock, the untamed savage growth of the forest,

"Old plash of rains and refuse patched with moss,"

impress us with awe, and a sad, homeless feeling, as if we were lost children, how eloquent is that last touch of his pencil that shows us a simple spire peeping over the tree-tops! How it comforts us! How it brings us home again, and bestows an air

"Of sweet civility on rustic wilds"!

But even if we were not inclined to be sentimental on the subject, even if base utilities had crowded out from our hearts the blessed capacity of shedding rosy light

on things about us, the coldest esteem could not but ripen into affection, when we reflected that the spire never adorned the shrine of a pagan god, never glorified the mosque of a false prophet, never, in purity, arose from any unconsecrated ground; but when, at last, the Church of Christ felt the "beauty of holiness," then it developed out of that beauty and pointed the way to God. It exhaled from the growing perfection of the Church, as fragrance from an opening flower. It is, therefore, peculiarly holy. It is a monitor of especial grace. "It marshals us the way that we are going," like the visionary dagger of Macbeth; but the knell that sounds beneath it summons only to heaven.

Practically, it is utterly useless; and this is its honor and its unspeakable dignity. We cannot even climb it, as we could a tower; for it is nearly as unapproachable as the Oracle of God, save to the innocent birds, who love to flock and wheel about it in the sunshine, and build their nests in its "coigns of vantage," or, in the night-time, to the troops of stars which touch it in their journey through the skies. It is as beautifully idle as the lilies of the field; and yet its expressiveness touches us so nearly, the propriety of its sentiment is so striking, that, when the great test question of this living age is applied to it, and we are asked, What is its use? what is it good for? the heart is shocked at the impiety of the question, and the feelings revolt, as against an insult. Upon the arches of Canterbury Minster is carved,

NON · NOBIS · DOMINE · NON · NOBIS ·
SED · NOMINI · TVO · DA · GLORIAM ·

Nothing can be simpler than the composition of the pure spire. The æsthetics of its development and growth are characteristically natural and apparent. They are like the history of a flower from bud to bloom under a warm sun. Let us become botanists of Art for a while, and analyze those flowers of worship, as they opened "in that first garden of their simpleness."

Considering the growth of the spire from the tower-roof, it might naturally be supposed that the earliest forms would be square or round, in plan. But no sooner had the roof passed into this new sphere of existence, than the fine intelligence of the builders perceived that it needed refinement. They saw that in a square spire there was so coarse a distinction between the tapering mass of light and the tapering mass of shadow, that the delicacy and lightness necessary to express the sentiment they desired to convey did not exist in the new feature;—in a round spire, on the other hand, they found that this distinction of light and shade was too little marked; it was vapid and effeminate, and quite without that delicious crispiness of effect which they at once obtained by cutting off the corners of the square spire, and reducing it to an octagon. With very rare exceptions, as in the southwest spire of Chartres Cathedral, this form was always used. Now it will be seen that a difficulty arises in the beginning, how to unite the octagon of the spire with the square of the tower. There are four triangular spaces at the summit of the tower left uncovered by the superstructure; and how best to treat these, simple as the task may seem, constitutes what may be called the touchstone of architectural genius in spire-building. There are several general ways of effecting this, each of them subject to such modifications, in individual instances, as to give them an ever-varying character.

Perhaps the earliest method was simply to occupy those triangular spaces with pyramidal masses of masonry, sloping back against the adjacent faces of the tower,—an expedient which Nature herself might have suggested in the first snow-storm. Then they boldly cut the Gordian knot by shaving off the corners of the tower at the top, thus creating there an octagonal platform, to which the spire would exactly correspond. Still oftener they chamfered the spire upwards from the corners of the tower: in other words, they placed, as it were, a

square spire on their tower, occupying the whole of its summit, and then obtained the necessary octangularity by shaving off the angles of the spire from the apex to a certain point near the base, where the cutting was continued obliquely to the corners of the tower. The latest method was to build pinnacles on the triangular territory. In such cases the spire usually stood wholly within the outer boundaries, and parapets assisted to conceal the first springing of the spire.

The first of these methods is usually considered the most perfect and beautiful, on account of its simplicity and candor. This is called the broach; and it is the only form thus far spoken of wherein the tapering surfaces rise directly from the tower-cornice, without mutilating the tower or violating the pure outlines of the spire. The heavenward aspiration, as it were, ascends without effort from the solidity of the tower. It seems to typify a certain fitness and adaptability to heavenly things even in the gross and earthly nature of man. One cannot fail to admire its unaffected dignity, its harmonious balance, its graceful proportions.

It would be impossible within the limits of this article to give any idea of the wonderful diversity of treatment these simple generic forms received at the hands of the early builders. The changes of combination, proportion, and ornamentation were endless. For the mediæval spirit was eminently earnest in its labor, and would not be content with copying an old shape merely because it was a good shape. It would not be satisfied with the cold repetition of a written litany of architectural forms; but its ardent piety, its thoughtful zeal, the *life* of its love, demanded an ever-varying expression in these visible prayers. Emerson himself might find nought to censure there, in the way of undue conformities and consistencies. Its language was written with the infinite alphabet of Nature.

We are speaking now especially of England; and we, her children, may well be proud that these divine enthusiasms of antiquity, which we thought so quaint, so

rare, so far away from us, nowhere else found fairer demonstrations. The English spires bear especial witness to the zeal and aspiration of their builders. They belted them with bands of ornament, cut at first in imitation of tiles, and afterwards beautifully panelled with foliations. Moulded ribs began to run up the angles of the spires, and, when they met at the summit, would exultingly curl themselves together in the most precious cruciforms. Quaint spire-lights began to appear. Sometimes curious dormers would project from alternate sides; and the very ribs, as if, in this spring-time of Art, they felt, quickening along their lengths, the mysterious movements of a new life, sprouted out here and there with knots of leafage, timidly at first, and then with all the wealth and profusion of the harvest. The same impulse wreathed the crowning cross with a thousand midsummer fancies, till the circle of Eternity, or the triangle of Trinity, which often mingled with its arms, scarcely knew itself. The pinnacles, too, blossomed into crockets and bud-like finials, and began to gather more thickly about the roots of the spire, and from them often leaped flying-buttresses against it. During this time the spire itself was growing more and more acute, its lines becoming more and more eloquent. After the fourteenth century, the tower began to be crowned with intricate panelled tracery of parapets and battlements, from behind which the spire, an entirely separate structure, shot up into the sky. In this, the period of the perpendicular style, pinnacles, purpled to the last degree, crowded about the base of the spire, reminding one of the admiring throng gathered about the base of some old picture of the Ascension. But there is another English form which perhaps conveys this sentiment even more impressively: We refer to that whose prototype exists in the steeple of the Church of St. Nicholas at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This, however, has four turrets, one on each angle, from which, with great lightness, leap towards each other four grand flying-buttresses, which join hands over

an empty void and hold in the air a lantern and spirolet of great elegance. This is a very bold piece of construction. It has been imitated at St. Giles's, Edinburgh, at Linlithgow, in the college tower of Aberdeen, and it is especially made known to the world by Sir Christopher Wren's famous use of it in the steeple of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, London.

The most famous spires of England and Normandy are St. Peter's at Caen, a very early specimen, St. Michael's at Coventry, Louth, that of the parochial church of Boston in Lincolnshire, that of Chichester Cathedral, the three that rise from the famous Lichfield Cathedral, and finally and especially the magnificent spire over the cross of Salisbury. In the judgment of most English connoisseurs, this is the finest in the world. It was probably erected during the reign of Edward III., a very florid period for architecture. It is the highest in England, its summit rising four hundred and four feet from the pavement of the church beneath. It is one of the earliest erected in stone, and is remarkable for skilful construction, the masonry in no part being more than seven inches thick. This spire is belted with three broad bands of panelled tracery, and there are eight pinnacles at its base, two on each corner of the tower. The ribs are fretted throughout the whole height with elegant crockets, thus imparting to the sky-line an appearance similar to the gusty spray on the borders of a rain-cloud. An admirer has said of it, "It seems as though it had drawn down the very angels to work over its grand and feeling simplicity the gems and embroidery of Paradise itself!" England once boasted the loftiest spire in the world, that of old St. Paul's, London, whose summit, five hundred and twenty feet from the ground, seemed to sail among the highest clouds; but the great fire of 1666 destroyed it, and Sir Christopher's stately metropolitan dome now rises in its place.

One could believe in the "merrie" days of Old England, were her abundant spires their only evidence. The ardent

zeal that kindled so many thousand answering beacons throughout the length and breadth of the land is the best proof of that concord of souls which is true happiness. We know that the decision of the Council of Clermont about the Crusades was believed to have been instantly known through Christendom, and that the great cry, *God willeth it!* which shook the council-roof, was echoed from hill to hill, and at once struck awe and astonishment to the hearts of remotest lands. So in the birthplaces of our Pilgrim fathers, over these cherished spots,

"Where the kneeling hamlets drained
The chalice of the grapes of God,"

arose the "star y-pointing" spire, like a voice of adoration; and then another would be raised in unison in some neighboring village, where they could see and communicate with each other in their silent language; and yet another close by among the hills; and presently, in full view from its summit, twenty more, perhaps,—till the good tidings were known through the whole country, and from hamlet to hamlet, over the streams and tree-tops, was thus echoed the great *Te Deum* of the land. For it was said among the people, in that antique spirit of worship, as Milton exhorted the birds in his Hymn of Thanksgiving,—

"Join voices, all ye living souls! ye *spires*,
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His
praise!"

It is a beautiful proof of the spirit of sacrifice which actuated the Masonic builder of the Middle Ages, that his fairest and most precious works were not confined to the great metropolitan churches and cathedrals, where they could be seen of men, but were frequently found in quiet and secluded villages, nestled among pastoral solitudes, far away from the gaze and admiration of the world. Though the spire of Salisbury was, perhaps, an epic in Masonic poetry, yet in humble hamlets of England, beyond her most distant hills, and amid many an unnamed "sunny spot of greenery," were idyls sung no less exquisite than this.

Many a village-spire, of conception no less beautiful, arose above the tree-tops among the most untrodden ways. All day long its shadow lingers in the quiet churchyard, and points among the humble graves, as if, over this dial of human life, it loved to preach silent homilies on "the passing away," even to the simplest poor. It must be inexpressibly touching to meet with these beautiful forms in the lonely wilderness, where the ivy alone, as it throws its loving arms around them, appears to recognize their grace and all their tender significance. It is like the chance discovery of a good deed done in the darkness, or like a pure life spent in the sweet and serious retirement of a little hamlet, pointing the way to heaven for its scanty flock of cottagers.

It was the custom in those days, during the celebration of Mass, at the moment when the Host was raised, to ring a peculiar bell in the tower, in order that those not gathered beneath the consecrated roof might be made aware far and wide of the awful ceremony, and be reminded to offer up their devotion in unison. And we remember what Izaak Walton said of quaint George Herbert, —how "some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when his saints'-bell rung to prayer, that they might also offer their devotion to God with him, and would then return back contented to their plough." Now it seems to us that the spire is a perpetual elevation of the Host, a never-ending lifting-up of the Symbol of Redemption, a consecrating presence to field and cottage, hillside and highway, ever ready to bless the accidental glance of wayfarer or laborer, and to make in the desert of his daily life a momentary oasis of sweet and hallowed thought. Its peaceful influence extends over the whole landscape and pierces to its remotest corners.

"A gentler life spreads round the holy spires;
Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,
And æry harvests crown the fertile lea."

It may be thought that St. Peter's

cock, which so often answers the sunbeams from the spindly spire, and kindles and glitters there like a star, is rather empty of emblematic significance and soul-language. But what saith old Bishop Durandus?—"The cock at the summit of the church is a type of the preacher. For the cock, ever watchful, even in the depth of night, giveth notice how the hours pass, waketh the sleepers, predicteth the approach of day,—but first exciteth himself to crow by striking his sides with his wings. There is a mystery conveyed in each of these particulars: the night is the world; the sleepers are the children of this world, who are asleep in their sins; the cock is the preacher who preacheth boldly, and exciteth the sleepers to cast away the works of darkness, exclaiming, Woe to them that sleep! Awake, thou that sleepest! and then foretell the approach of day, when they speak of the Day of Judgment and the glory that shall be revealed, and, like prudent messengers, before they teach others, arouse themselves from the sleep of sin by mortifying their bodies; and as the weathercock faces the wind, they turn themselves boldly to meet the rebellious by threats and arguments."

But it was on the Continent, especially in France, the Low Countries, and Germany, that the Gothic flower opened in fullest perfection; and it is here that we find the loftiest and most luxurious spire-forms. They were always the last part of the church completed, the finishing-touch, the last that was needed to perfection. The progress of the building of a cathedral thus embodied a beautiful symbolism. In most cases, the choir, or east end, the holiest part of the church, was the first erected, in order to sanctify and protect the high altar; and then, as the treasures of the church flowed in, after the expiration of years or centuries, the builders, tutored by a legendary science, and harmonized by a wonderful feeling of brotherhood, in the same spirit, perfected the designs of their predecessors, by leading out westward the long naves and attendant aisles, completing north-

ward and southward the transepts, adding a chapel here and a porch there, glorifying the western front with the touches of divine genius; and when at last every niche was occupied with its statue of angel, saint, or pious benefactor, and the holy choir, with its apsis, had been readorned with the accumulated art of centuries, and glowed with the iris-light from painted windows,—when the mural monuments of bishops, warriors, and kings had thickened beneath the consecrated roof, and the whole structure had been hallowed by the prayers and chantings of generations,—then, at last, over the ancient tower arose the lofty spire; as if an angelic messenger had spread his wings at its base and mounted upward to heaven, shouting out the glad tidings of the completion of the House of God, and, as he arose, the voice grew fainter and fainter, till at length it melted into the sky!

The finest spires of Europe were erected as late as the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, upon towers prepared for their reception, usually, in much earlier times. This confidence of the old builders in the final completion of their structures is remarkable. They drew without stint on the piety of after ages,—a resource which has not unfrequently proved too feeble to realize their generous expectations. There are few cities in Europe which do not bear sad marks of this misplaced confidence. This is especially witnessed in the unfinished steeples. And, indeed, when we find that not only one, but two, three, four, or even five spires were sometimes required to flame upward from the same building, as in Caen Cathedral, we do not wonder that the kindling spark is often wanting. It would seem as if another fire must come down from heaven, as of old it did upon the first offering of Moses and Aaron, to inflame these censers, rich in frankincense and naphtha.

Now let us see what were the distinguishing attributes of the Continental spires. We know not why it was, but in the gray old towns of Belgium and the Low Countries there existed such exuber-

ance of imagination, such an unbounded luxuriousness of conception, as created more images of Gothic quaintness and intricacy than elsewhere can be seen. If any architecture ever expressed the average of human thought, that of these towns is especially eloquent in its indications that their inhabitants were very happy and contented. Look at a print of any old Belgian town or street, and you will at once see our meaning. What a joyous upspringing of pinnacles and pointed roofs and spires! of no more earthly use, indeed, than so much pleasant laughter. There is no tower without its spire, no turret or gable without its pinnacle, no oriel without its pointed roof, no dormer without some such playful leaping up into the air. Every salient point attacks the sky with its long iron spindle, wrought with strange device and bearing a hospitable cup where the bird makes his nest; and every spindle sings and shrieks with a shifting vane,—so that the wind never sweeps idly over a Belgian town. This innocent and happy people did not frown through the ages from grim battlements, and awe posterity with stern and massive walls. But they loved old childlike associations and fireside tales. They loved to build curious fountains in commemoration of pleasant legends. They loved, too, the huge, delicious-toned bells of their minster-towers, and the sweet changes of melodious, never-ceasing chimes. They carved their Lares and Penates on their house-fronts, very curiously, with sun-dials and hatchments, sacred texts and legends of hospitality. The narrow streets of Ghent, Louvain, Liege, Mechlin, Antwerp, Ypres, Bruges are thus full of household memories and saintly traditions. So it is not strange that a people whose daily hours were counted out with the music of belfries were fond of fretting their towers with workmanship so precious and delicate that it has been called “the petrification of music.”

But before we proceed to tell in how florid a manner the Low Countries interpreted the simpler forms of spires, we shall describe generically in what manner

not only they, but all the other European kingdoms, were indebted to the old Rhineland towns for some of these forms. When the bell-tower, in about the seventh or eighth century, began to be used in Germany, it at once received certain very important modifications on the earlier Italian campanile. The upper terminations of these latter were horizontal, on account of their flat roofs. Now in more northern climates, where the snow falls, these flat roofs would be unsafe and inconvenient. So we find that the first church-towers that arose in such Rhenish places as Oberwesel, Gelnhausen, Bacharach, Coblenz, Cologne, Bingen, “sweet Bingen on the Rhine,” no longer ended in these horizontal lines, but arose in pointed shapes. Indeed, the Germans, who were great rivals of the Italians in those days, not only in matters pertaining to architecture, but to literature also, in the same independent spirit which induced them alone, of all civilized peoples, to retain through all time the cramped, angular letters of monkish transcribers, in preference to the fair and square Roman forms, took particular pride in avoiding horizontal lines entirely at the tops of their towers, as they did at the tops of their letters. Wherever they so occur, they are insignificant,—rather ornamental than constructive. Not so with the English; they kept the square tops to their towers, and contented themselves with the pointed superstructure. Let us see how Teutonic stubbornness arranged the matter. Each separate face of their towers, whether these towers were square or octangular, ended above in a gable; and from these gables, in various ways, arose the octangular pointed roof or spire. This circumstance, more than any other, tended to give a peculiar character to German Gothic. The simplest type of the gabled spire was magnificently used in the spire of St. Peter's at Hamburg. This was the finest in North Germany; it was four hundred and sixteen feet high, and, if still standing, would be the third in height in the world. But it was de-

stroyed by the great fire of 1842. Many a traveller can bear witness to the sweet melody of the chimes that used to sound beneath it every half-hour.

In later times, between the Germans and the French, was invented the *lantern*,—a feature so often and so superbly used, not only on the Continent, but more lately in England, that we must needs glance at it. This consisted in a tall, perpendicular, octangular structure, placed upon the tower, quite light and open, and pierced with long windows. Here they used to swing the bells, and the place was called the lantern or *louvre*; thence the octangular spire arose easily and naturally. Now, notwithstanding this device, those troublesome triangular spaces still remained unoccupied at the top of the square tower. The manner in which this difficulty was remedied was exceedingly ingenious and beautiful. It was by building on them very delicate pinnacles or turrets, peopled, perhaps, as at Freiburg, with a silent and serene concourse of saints in rich niches, or inclosing, as at Strasburg, spiral open-work stairs. These structures accompanied the tall lantern through its whole height; thus rendering the entire group a memory, as it were, of the square tower below, while, at the same time, it beautifully foreshadowed the octangular character of the sky-seeking spire above,—a significant symbolism.

Now, when the Belgians and their neighbors received the spire thus from the fatherland, they at once began to express in it the joy of their worship by all the embroidery and tender imagery and grotesque conceits it was capable of receiving. They varied as many changes on it as they did on their bells. They concealed the first springing of their spires behind clustering pinnacles, flying-buttresses, canopied niches with gigantic statues, galleries with battlements and parapets pierced and mantled in lacework of flamboyant tracery, pointed gables alive with crockets and finials, and long, quaint dormers,—all with a bewildering intricacy of enrichment. And

they inherited from the Germans a love for the gargoyle, which haunted the springing of the spire at the corners with visions of very hideous *diablerie*. It may well be believed that these florid builders did not suffer the spire to arise serious and serene from the midst of this delicious tangle of architecture. They tricked it out with all the frostwork of Gothic genius. Not only did they use in its decoration spire-lights, crockets, ribs and cinctures, bands of gablets, and masses of reticulated relief, but, with wonderful skill, they pierced each face from base to apex in foliated patterns of great richness, so that the whole spire became a web of delicate open-work, through which the light was sprinkled in beautiful shapes, varying with every movement of the beholder. Their plainer spires of wood they were fond of covering with glazed tiles of various tints arranged in quaint taste. And they would vary the outline by making it curve inward, giving a fine sweep thus from the base to an apex of great slenderness. Sometimes they would give it, with exaggerated refinement, the *entasis* of the Greek column. There are instances of this last treatment both in France and England.

But it was not only in exuberance of enrichment and quaintness of form that these enthusiastic workmen uttered their inspirations. They built their spires to a most amazing height. Indeed, the loftiest steeples in the world arose in level tracts of country, where they could be seen at immense distances, as not only in Belgium and thereabout, but on the flat margins of the upper and lower Rhine, as at Strasburg and Cologne. In these countries, and about the North of France, there was a generous rivalry as to which city should lift up highest the cross of God. But as soon as the sacred passion for spire-building was corrupted by this new element of human emulation, some strange things happened. The people of Beauvais, for instance, desiring to beat the people of Amiens, set to work, we are told, to build a tower on their cathedral as high as they possibly could. The same

thing had been done once before on the plains of Shinar. One foresees the result, of course; "it fell, for it was founded upon the sand, and great was the fall thereof." And so with the good people of Louvain. They built three spires to their cathedral, of which the central one reached the unparalleled height of five hundred and thirty-three feet, according to Hope, and the side-towers four hundred and thirty feet. This tremendous group, however, fell, or, threatening destruction, was taken down, in 1604. We remember what the Wanderer said so finely in the "Excursion":—

"We must needs confess
That 'tis a thing impossible to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desire;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

But we find that ecclesiastical edifices were not the only ones which were adorned with this high building; for town-halls were not infrequently distinguished by immensely lofty spires, as at Brussels. It is curious to see, however, how easily the less exalted impulses which erected them may be discovered. They do not *soar*, they *climb* up panting into the sky, like the famous passage up through Chaos, in Milton, "with difficulty and labor hard." They have not the light, airy gliding upward of the religious spire, whose feeling George Herbert had in his mind, when he sang of prayer:—

"Of what an easy, quick accesse,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine care invade!"

Not so; but it is all human rivalry, a succession of diminishing towers, steps piled one above another, where the mind every now and then may stop to breathe, and then fight its way onward again;—not an Ascension, like that from Bethany; rather the toil of a very human, though very laudable ambition.

Unfinished spires were in Europe very common legacies from generation to generation. Descendants were called upon to embody the great conceptions of their forefathers. But the ancestral spirit too

often failed in the land, the wing of aspiration was broken, the crane rotted in its place, the great conceptions were forgotten, or lived only as vague and dreamy inheritances; and the half-completed spires stood like Sphinxes, and none knew their riddles! They are very melancholy memorials. Like the broken columns over the graves of the departed, fallen short of their natural uses, they seem only the funeral monuments of a race that is dead. The empty air is stilled over them in expectation, and the imagination makes vain pictures, and fills out their crescent of splendid purposes. They have been called "broken promises to God." Too often, perhaps, they were rather monuments of the feebleness of those who would scale heaven with anything but adoration upon their lips. There were Ulm, indeed, and Cologne, and Mechlin, as artistic intentions, eminently grand and beautiful; and in the early part of the sixteenth century Belgium was famous for designs of open-work spires, which, if erected, would have surpassed in height and richness all hitherto existing. But it is worthy of note that at this period the purity of the Church had become so sullied with priestcraft and the plenitude of Papal power, that it no longer possessed within its violated bosom those sacred impulses of piety which whilom sent up the simple spire, like a pure messenger, to whisper the aspirations of men to the stars. "Gay religions, full of pomp and gold," could neither feel nor utter the grave tenderness of the early inspirations. And so, when the German monk affixed his ninety-five theses to the door of Wittenberg Church, the spire had ceased to be an utterance of prayerful aspiration. It had lost its peculiar significance as an involuntary expression of worship, and had become liable to all the accidents and contingencies that attend the efforts of a merely human ambition. The whole story is an architectural version of the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican who went down to the temple to pray.

Of the finished spires, the loftiest in the

world are, first, that of Strasburg Minster, 474 feet; second, that of St. Stephens at Vienna, 469 feet; third, that of Notre Dame at Antwerp, 466 feet; then that of Salisbury, 404 feet; Freiburg in the Breisgau, 380½ feet; and then follow the distinguished heights of Landshut, Utrecht, Rouen, Chartres, Brussels, Soissons, and others. The highest spire in our own country is that of Trinity Church, New York, 284 feet. We do not "sweep the cobwebs from the sky" so effectually as when men built according to the scale of spiritual exaltation rather than that of practical feet and inches,—after the stature of the soul, rather than that of the man.

The architects of the revival of classic architecture, with the learned language of the five orders, with pediments and attics, consoles and urns, labored to express the childlike sentiment of the spire. But even the great Sir Christopher Wren, with his sixty steeple-towers, and all his followers to this day, have not succeeded in a translation so unnatural. Spirituality and the artless grace of inspiration are wanting to the spires of the Renaissance, and so they struggle up painfully into the sky. And it is very rare to find those who have gone back even to Gothic models building a spire which touches our affections, or claims affinity with any of our nobler emotions; so sensitive is this unique structure to the approach of any element foreign to the early conditions of its existence.

As for the great Strasburg example, that *Jungfrau* of all spires, German traditions have very properly babbled many strange stories about the erection of it. These constitute an episode so characteristic in the history of spire-building, that this essay would be incomplete, were they not briefly told here.

In the legendary days of yore, nothing was more common than to meet that personage known as the Devil walking up and down the earth, in innocent guise, but ripe for all sorts of mischief, especially where the people were building up mighty monuments to the glory of the

good God. Very naturally, the sacred spire was a special object of his aversion; and, for some reason or other, that of Strasburg was honored with peculiar marks of his hatred. Two ancient churches, which stood on the site of the present minster, had been successively destroyed by fire; and although, in the one case, this had been kindled by the torch of an invading army, and in the other by a thunderbolt, yet the infernal agency, in both cases, nobody ever thought of doubting. So it was the effort of Bishop Werner to combat these evil influences; and he accordingly inflamed the pride and indignation of the people to such a degree, that throughout the land all concerted to defeat the wicked designs of the Adversary. In two centuries and a half the whole cathedral was completed, save the tower, the corner-stone of which was forthwith laid with great pomp by Bishop Conrad of Lichtenberg, on the 25th of May, 1277. Doubtless the Arch-Fiend laid many cunning schemes to entrap the illustrious architect, Erwin of Steinbach; but, unlike his brother in the craft at Cologne, he came out unscathed; so we must believe that throughout the whole work he was actuated by the most unselfish spirit of devotion, infernal machinations to the contrary notwithstanding. Now it must be confessed that the Enemy had a hard time of it, since we read that the good Bishop Conrad fought against him with all the powers of the Church, and granted absolution for all sins, past, present, and future, for forty thousand years, to whatever person should contribute to the building of the spire by money, material, or labor. Owing to the scarcity of parchment, these grants of absolution were made out on asses' skins; and it will be seen, that, in the great struggle, these instruments retained in a very eminent degree that quality of stubborn resistance which had cost them in their original state many a beating from the driver's staff. The greatest enthusiasm was kindled among rich and poor; year after year, thousands of pilgrims flocked hither from all Germany to offer their

aid, without reward or recompense, to the building of the tower; and out of the farthest boundaries, even from Austria, came wagons loaded with building-materials, the gratuitous offerings of the pious. Rich legacies were left to the work, and many a cloister devoted a fourth part of its yearly revenues to the same object. So much for asses' skins!

Meanwhile the Devil was not idle. In the night-winds he and his legions would shriek and yell and rattle among the scaffolding and cranes in vain. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, he shook the structure with a frightful earthquake, which terrified all Alsatia, and, although whole streets were thrown down in Strasburg, yet the foundations of the *Wunderbau*, as the Germans love to call it, were not loosened, and no stone was moved from its place. A few years afterward, in 1289, he once more made use of his favorite element, and laid in ashes the market-place of Strasburg all around the minster. More fortunate than its great compeers, St. Paul's of London, and St. Peter's of Hamburg, it miraculously experienced but trifling damage.

Well, the great Erwin died at last, when he had built the tower as high as the roof-ridge of the nave. His son succeeded him, finished the tower to the platform, when he, too, was gathered to his fathers in 1339. John Hültz followed as master; and finally his nephew, Hültz II., in 1439, finished the grand pyramid, fixed the colossal cross in its place, and crowned the whole with a gigantic statue of the Virgin. Thus, from the laying of the foundation-stone till all was completed, were one hundred and sixty years; yet throughout this time the work was never discontinued, and five successive generations labored upon its walls.

But the wrath of the Arch-Enemy, as may well be believed, waxed greater as this prodigious structure gradually developed itself in all its lordliness and strength, and was not at all appeased at its triumphant completion. Ever since then he has visited its stately height with especial marks of his malice. The most

furious tempests have raged about it, and more than sixty times has it been struck by lightning, and five times have earthquakes shaken its foundations. But in vain. "The Golden Legend" tells us how Lucifer and the Powers of the Air stormed about the spire, and how he cried,—

"Hasten! hasten!

O ye spirits!

From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!"

and how the voices replied,—

"Oh, we cannot!

For around it

All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!"

At one point, however, the evil spirits were successful; the colossal statue of the Virgin, which crowned the dizzy summit, and was familiar with the secrets of the upper air, and which, like its dread Enemy,

"above the rest,

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower,"—

after having for fifty years borne the insults of these airy powers, till it had lost all its original brightness, and its face

"Deep scars of thunder had intrenched,"—

was taken down, and the present cross put in its place. And there it stands to this day, high up in the silence of mid-air, where the voices of the city below are rendered small and thin by the distance,—four hundred and seventy-four feet above the heads of the populace, who, in their littleness, crawl about and traffic at its base. This amazing summit, "moulded in colossal calm," in its unapproachable grandeur, seems to forget the city from which it rises, and to hold communion only with that vast circle of "crowded farms and lessening towers" which it surveys. It is a worthy companionship; on the one hand, the great Vosgian chain, the closed gates of France, —on the other, afar off, the hills of the

Black Forest, and, more near, Father Rhine, winding his silver thread among the villages and vineyards of Germany.

There is (or was) an enormous key suspended just beneath the cross of Strasbourg Cathedral, its use, and why it was placed there, having passed away from the memory of man. If it were not to

open the gates of heaven for those who built this ladder of light and those who worship in its shadow, it remains a riddle and a blank. Let us accept the interpretation, and, made mild-eyed by the lens of tender memories, we shall behold in every spire a means of grace and a hope of glory.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

PRELIMINARY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PUBLISHERS TO THE AUTHOR.

Queerangle Building, Nov. '59.

DE SR,—

WILL you contract to do us a tale or a novel, at the rate of say 10 pp. per month, with some popular subject, such as philanthropy, or the Broad Church movement, or fashionable weddings, or the John Brown invasion, brought in so as to make a taking thing of it? When finished, to come to a 12mo of 350 pp. more or less. A good article of novel is always salable about Christmas time, and we can do it up by Dec. 1, 1860. Our Mr. Goadar has been round among the hands that do the light jobbing,—finds several ready to undertake the contract, at say 75c. @ 3.00 per page;—but want the job done in first-rate style, and think you could furnish us a good article. Our firm has great facilities for working a novel, tale, or any kind of fancy stuff. What wd be yr terms in cash payment, 1st of every month?

P. S. Would any additional compensation induce you to allow each number to be illustrated by a colored engraving?

Yr obt serv^{ts}.

THE AUTHOR TO THE PUBLISHERS.

GENTLEMEN,—

In reply to your polite request, I have to say, that under no circumstances can I entertain your proposition to write a *fic-*

titious narrative. I could, however, relate some very interesting events which have come to my knowledge, and which, if told in a connected form, might undoubtedly be taken by the public for a work of fiction. I think my narrative, with some collateral matter I should introduce, would take up a reasonable space in about a dozen numbers of the *Oceanic Miscellany*. I cannot listen to your proposal about the engraving. If you accept my offer to write out, in the form of a story, the incidents of real life to which I have referred, we will arrange the terms at a private interview. I consider the first day of a month as unobjectionable as any other in the same month, as a time for receiving payment of any sum that may be due me under the proposed contract.

Yours truly.

CONFIDENTIAL EDITOR OF THE OCEANIC MISCELLANY TO THE AUTHOR.

MY DEAR PROF.,—

We have had lots of bob-tail stories,—docked short in from one to three months. Can't you give us a switch-tail one, that will hang on so as to touch next December? Something imaginary, based on your recollections,—the incidents of the War of 1812, for instance;—but, at any rate, a regular “to be continued” “*pièce de résistance*.”

Yours ever.

THE AUTHOR TO THE CONFIDENTIAL
EDITOR.

MY DEAR ED.,—

I really wouldn't undertake to tell an "imaginary" story, or to write a romance, or anything of the kind. I might be willing to relate some curious matters that have come to my knowledge, arranging them in a collective form, so that they would probably pass with most readers for fictitious, and perhaps excite very much the same kind of interest they would if genuine fictions. I don't remember much about the "last war"; but I suppose both of us may recollect the illumination when peace was declared in 1815.

Ever yours.

THE PUBLISHERS TO THE AUTHOR.

(Inclosing a check, in advance, for the first number.)

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

Finding myself in possession of certain facts which possess interest sufficient to warrant their publication, I am led to ask myself whether I shall put them in the form of a narrative. There are, evidently, two sides to this question. In the first place, I have a number of friends who write me letters, and tell me openly to my face, that they want me to go on writing. It doesn't make much difference to them, they say, what I write about,—only they want me to keep going. They have got used to seeing me, in one shape or another,—and I am a kind of habit with them, like a nap after dinner. They tell me not to be frightened about it,—to begin as dull as I like, and that I shall warm up, by-and-by, as old *Dutchman* used to, who could hardly put one leg before the other when he started, but, after a while, got so limbered and straightened out by his work, that he dropped down into the forties, and, I think they say, into the thirties. *L'appétit vient en mangeant*, one of them said who talks French,—which, you know, means, that eating makes one hungry. I remember, when I sat down to that last book of mine, which you may perhaps have read, al-

though I had the facts of the story, of course, all in my head, it seemed to me that I should never have the patience to tell them all; and yet, before I was through, I got so full of the scenes and characters I was talking about, that I had to bolt my door and lay in an extra bandanna, before I could trust myself to put my recollections and thoughts on paper. You don't expect a locomotive is going to start off with a train of thirty or forty thousand passengers, without straining a little,—do you? That isn't the way; but this is. *Puff!* The wheels begin to turn, but very slowly. Papas hold up their little Johnnys to the car-windows to be kissed. *Puff* — *Puff!* People shake hands from the platform to the cars, walking along by their side. *Puff* — *puff* — *puff!* Now, then, Ma'am! pass out that tumbler pretty spry, out of which you have been swallowing that eternal "drink o' wotter," to which the human female of a certain social grade is so odiously addicted. *Puff, puff, puff, puff!* Too late, old gentleman! unless you can do a mile in a good deal less than three minutes, carrying weight, in the shape of a valise in one hand and a carpet-bag in the other. That's the way with anything that's got any freight to carry. It's slow when it sets out;—but steam is steam,—and what's bred in the boiler will show in the driving-wheel, sooner or later.

If I had to *make up* a story, now, it would be a very different matter. I could never conceive how some of those romancers go to work, in cold blood, to draw, out of what they call their *imagination*, a parcel of impossible events and absurd characters. That is not my trouble; for I have come into relation with a series of persons and events which will save me the pains of drawing on my invention, in case I shall see fit to follow the counsel of my too partial friends. I am only afraid I should not disguise the circumstances enough, if I were to arrange these facts in the narrative form. Some of them are of such a nature, that they cannot be supposed to have happened more than once in the experience of

a generation; and I feel that the greatest caution and delicacy are necessary in the manner of their presentation, not to offend the living or wrong the memory of the dead.

It is very easy for you, the Reader, to sit down and run over the pages of a monthly narrative as a boy "skips" a stone,—and the flatter and thinner your capacity, the more skips, perhaps, you will make. But I tell you, for a man who has live people to deal with, and hearts that are beating even while he handles them,—a man who can go into families and pull up by the roots all the mysteries of their dead generations and their living sons' and daughters' secret history,—*responsible* for what he says, here and elsewhere,—open to a libel suit, if he isn't pretty careful in his personalities, or to a visit from a brother or other relative, wishing to know, Sir, and so forth,—or to a paragraph in the leading journal of that whispering-gallery of a nation's gossip, Little Millionville, to the effect that—We understand the personages alluded to in the tale now publishing in the *Oceanic Miscellany* are the Reverend Dr. S——h and his accomplished lady, the distinguished financier, Mr. B——n, —and so through the whole list of characters;—I say, for a man who *writes* the pages you skim over, it is a mighty different piece of business. Why, if I *do* tell all I know about some things that have come to my cognizance, I shall make you open your eyes and spread your pupils, as if you had been to the Eye Infirmary, and the doctors there had anointed your lids with the extract of belladonna. Mark what I tell you! I have happened to become intimately acquainted with circumstances of a very extraordinary nature,—not, perhaps, without precedent, but such as very few have been called upon to witness. Suppose that I should see fit to tell these in connection with the story of which they form a part? I may render myself obnoxious to persons whom it is not safe to offend,—persons that won't come out in the public prints, perhaps, but will poke incendiary letters under

your doors,—that won't step up to you in broad daylight, and lug a Colt out of their pocket, or draw a bowie-knife from their back, where they had carried it under their coat, but who will dog you about to do you a mischief unseen,—who will carry air-guns in the shape of canes, and hang round the place where you get your provisions, and practise with long-range rifles out in the lonely fields,—rifles that crack no louder than a parlor-pistol, but spit a bit of lead out of their mouths half a mile and more, so that you wait as you do for the sound of the man's axe who is chopping on the other side of the river, to see the fellow you have "saved" clap his hand to his breast and stagger over. It makes me nervous to think of such things. I don't want to be suspicious of every queer taste in my coffee, and to shiver if I see a little powdered white sugar on the upper crust of my pastry. I don't want, every time I hear a door bang, to think it is a ragged slug from an unseen gun-barrel.

If Dick V * * * * * was *not* killed on the Pampas, as they have always said he was, I should never sleep easy after telling my story. For such a fellow as he was would certainly see through all the disguises I could cover up a real-life story with, and then ———. He has learned the use of the lasso too well for me to want to trust my neck anywhere within a rod of him, if there were light enough for him to see, and nothing between us, and nobody near.

And besides, there were a good many opinions handled by some of these people I should have to talk about. Now, of course, a magazine like the *Oceanic* is no place for opinions. Look out for your Mormon subscribers, if you question the propriety of Solomon's domestic arrangements! And if you say one word that touches the Sandemianians, be sure their whole press will be down on you; for, as Sandemanianism is the undoubted and absolutely true religion, it follows, of course, that it is as sore as a scalded finger, and must be handled like a broken bone.

Add to this that I have always had the greatest objection to writing anything which those who were not acquainted with the facts might call a *romance* or a *tale*. We think very ill of a man who offers us as a truth some single statement which we find he knew to be false. Now what can we think of a man who tells three volumes, or even one, full of just such lies? Of course, the *primâ-facie* aspect of the case is, that he is guilty of the most monstrous impertinence; and, in point of fact, I confess the greatest disgust towards any person of whom I hear the assertion that he has *written a story*, unless I hear something more than that. He is bound to show extenuating or justifying circumstances, as much as the man who writes what he calls "poems." For, as the world is full of real histories, and every day in every great city begins and ends a score or half a dozen score of tragic dramas, it is a huge piece of assumption to undertake to make one out of one's own head. A man takes refuge under your porch in a rain-storm, and you offer him the use of your shower-bath!

Also, I cannot help remembering, that, on the whole, I have been more intensely bored with works of fiction,—beginning with "Gil Blas," and ending with ——— on the whole, I won't mention it,—than I ever was by the Latin Grammar or Rollin's History. Naturally, therefore, I should not wish to threaten my friends with the punishment I have endured from others. But then, as I said before, if I write down the circumstances that have come to my knowledge, with some account of persons, opinions, and conversations, no one can accuse me of writing a *novel*,—a thing which I never meant to do, under any circumstances.

—After having carefully weighed my friends' arguments and my own objections, I have come to the conclusion to do pretty much as I like about it. Now the truth is, I have grown to be rather fonder of you, the Reader, than I have ever been willing to confess. You are such a good, kind creature,—it takes so

little to please you,—you laugh and cry so very obligingly at just the right time,—you send me such charming notes, such dear little copies of verses,—nay, (shall I venture to say it?) such prodigal tokens of kindness, some of you, that I ——— in short, I love you very much, and cannot make up my mind to part with you. Rather than do this, as I could not and would not write a romance, I have made up my mind to tell you something of some persons and events of which I have known enough,—of some of them, I might say, too much. Of course, you must trust wholly to my discretion and sense of propriety, in dealing with living personages, recent events, and subjects still in dispute. Trusting that none of my friends will pay any attention to any idle rumors tending to fix the personages or localities of which I shall speak, and reminding my readers that the narrative will constitute only a part of what I have to say, inasmuch as there will be no small amount of reflections introduced, and perhaps of conversations reported, I begin this connected statement of facts with an essay on a social phenomenon not hitherto distinctly recognized.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRAHMIN CASTE OF NEW ENGLAND.

THERE is nothing in New England corresponding at all to the feudal aristocracies of the Old World. Whether it be owing to the stock from which we were derived, or to the practical working of our institutions, or to the abrogation of the technical "law of honor," which draws a sharp line between the personally responsible class of "gentlemen" and the unnamed multitude of those who are not expected to risk their lives for an abstraction,—whatever be the cause, we have no such aristocracy here as that which grew up out of the military systems of the Middle Ages.

What our people mean by "aristocracy" is merely the richer part of the com-

munity, that live in the tallest houses, drive real carriages, (not "kerridges,") kid-glove their hands, and French-bonnet their ladies' heads, give parties where the persons who call them by the above title are not invited, and have a provokingly easy way of dressing, walking, talking, and nodding to people, as if they felt entirely at home, and would not be embarrassed in the least, if they met the Governor, or even the President of the United States, face to face. Some of these great folks are really well-bred, some of them are only purse-proud and assuming,—but they form a class, and are named as above in the common speech.

It is in the nature of large fortunes to diminish rapidly, when subdivided and distributed. A million is the unit of wealth, now and here in America. It splits into four handsome properties; each of these into four good inheritances; these, again, into scanty competences for four ancient maidens,—with whom it is best the family should die out, unless it can begin again as its grandfather did. Now a million is a kind of golden cheese, which represents in a compendious form the summer's growth of a fat meadow of craft or commerce; and as this kind of meadow rarely bears more than one crop, it is pretty certain that sons and grandsons will not get another golden cheese out of it, whether they milk the same cows or turn in new ones. In other words, the millionocracy, considered in a large way, is not at all an affair of persons and families, but a perpetual fact of money with a variable human element, which a philosopher might leave out of consideration without falling into serious error. Of course, this trivial and fugitive fact of personal wealth does not create a permanent class, unless some special means are taken to arrest the process of disintegration in the third generation. This is so rarely done, at least successfully, that one need not live a very long life to see most of the rich families he knew in childhood more or less reduced, and the millions shifted into the hands of the country-boys who were sweeping stores and carrying

parcels when the now decayed gentry were driving their chariots, eating their venison over silver chafing-dishes, drinking Madeira chilled in embossed coolers, wearing their hair in powder, and easing their legs in white-topped boots with silken tassels.

There is, however, in New England, an aristocracy, if you choose to call it so, which has a far greater character of permanence. It has grown to be a *caste*,—not in any odious sense,—but, by the repetition of the same influences, generation after generation, it has acquired a distinct organization and physiognomy, which not to recognize is mere stupidity, and not to be willing to describe would show a distrust of the good-nature and intelligence of our readers, who like to have us see all we can and tell all we see.

If you will look carefully at any class of students in one of our colleges, you will have no difficulty in selecting specimens of two different aspects of youthful manhood. Of course I shall choose extreme cases to illustrate the contrast between them. In the first, the figure is perhaps robust, but often otherwise,—inelegant, partly from careless attitudes, partly from ill-dressing,—the face is uncouth in feature, or at least common,—the mouth coarse and unformed,—the eye unsympathetic, even if bright,—the movements of the face clumsy, like those of the limbs,—the voice unmusical,—and the enunciation as if the words were coarse castings, instead of fine carvings. The youth of the other aspect is commonly slender,—his face is smooth, and apt to be pallid,—his features are regular and of a certain delicacy,—his eye is bright and quick,—his lips play over the thought he utters as a pianist's fingers dance over their music,—and his whole air, though it may be timid, and even awkward, has nothing clownish. If you are a teacher, you know what to expect from each of these young men. With equal willingness, the first will be slow at learning; the second will take to his books as a pointer or a setter to his field-work.

The first youth is the common country-

boy, whose race has been bred to bodily labor. Nature has adapted the family organization to the kind of life it has lived. The hands and feet by constant use have got more than their share of development,—the organs of thought and expression less than their share. The finer instincts are latent and must be developed. A youth of this kind is raw material in its first stage of elaboration. You must not expect too much of any such. Many of them have force of will and character, and become distinguished in practical life; but very few of them ever become great scholars. A scholar is almost always the son of scholars or scholarly persons.

That is exactly what the other young man is. He comes of the *Brahmin caste of New England*. This is the harmless, inoffensive, untitled aristocracy to which I have referred, and which I am sure you will at once acknowledge. There are races of scholars among us, in which aptitude for learning, and all these marks of it I have spoken of, are congenital and hereditary. Their names are always on some college catalogue or other. They break out every generation or two in some learned labor which calls them up after they seem to have died out. At last some newer name takes their place, it may be,—but you inquire a little and you find it is the blood of the Edwardses or the Chauncys or the Ellerys or some of the old historic scholars, disguised under the altered name of a female descendant.

I suppose there is not an experienced instructor anywhere in our Northern States who will not recognize at once the truth of this general distinction. But the reader who has never been a teacher will very probably object, that some of our most illustrious public men have come direct from the homespun-clad class of the people,—and he may, perhaps, even find a noted scholar or two whose parents were masters of the English alphabet, but of no other.

It is not fair to pit a few chosen families against the great multitude of those

who are continually working their way up into the intellectual classes. The results which are habitually reached by hereditary training are occasionally brought about without it. There are natural filters as well as artificial ones; and though the great rivers are commonly more or less turbid, if you will look long enough, you may find a spring that sparkles as no water does which drips through your apparatus of sands and sponges. So there are families which refine themselves into intellectual aptitude without having had much opportunity for intellectual acquirements. A series of felicitous crosses develops an improved strain of blood, and reaches its maximum perfection at last in the large uncombed youth who goes to college and startles the hereditary class-leaders by striding past them all. That is Nature's republicanism; thank God for it, but do not let it make you illogical. The race of the hereditary scholar has exchanged a certain portion of its animal vigor for its new instincts, and it is hard to lead men without a good deal of animal vigor. The scholar who comes by Nature's special grace from an unworn stock of broad-chested sires and deep-bosomed mothers must always overmatch an equal intelligence with a compromised and lowered vitality. A man's breathing and digestive apparatus (one is tempted to add *muscular*) are just as important to him on the floor of the Senate as his thinking organs. You broke down in your great speech, did you? Yes, your grandfather had an attack of dyspepsia in '82, after working too hard on his famous Election Sermon. All this does not touch the main fact: our scholars come chiefly from a privileged order, just as our best fruits come from well-known grafts,—though now and then a seedling apple, like the Northern Spy, or a seedling pear, like the Seckel, springs from a nameless ancestry and grows to be the pride of all the gardens in the land.

Let me introduce you to a young man who belongs to the Brahmin caste of New England.

CHAPTER II.

THE STUDENT AND HIS CERTIFICATE.

BERNARD C. LANGDON, a young man attending Medical Lectures at the school connected with one of our principal colleges, remained after the Lecture one day and wished to speak with the Professor. He was a student of mark,—first favorite of his year, as they say of the Derby colts. There are in every class half a dozen bright faces to which the teacher naturally directs his discourse, and by the intermediation of whose attention he seems to hold that of the mass of listeners. Among these some one is pretty sure to take the lead, by virtue of a personal magnetism, or some peculiarity of expression, which places the face in quick sympathetic relations with the lecturer. This was a young man with such a face; and I found,—for you have guessed that I was the “Professor” above-mentioned,—that, when there was anything difficult to be explained, or when I was bringing out some favorite illustration of a nice point, (as, for instance, when I compared the cell-growth, by which Nature builds up a plant or an animal, to the glass-blower’s similar mode of beginning,—always with a hollow sphere, or vesicle, whatever he is going to make,) I naturally looked in his face and gauged my success by its expression.

It was a handsome face,—a little too pale, perhaps, and would have borne something more of fulness without becoming heavy. I put the organization to which it belongs in Section C of Class 1 of my *Anglo-American Anthropology* (unpublished). The jaw in this class is but *slightly* narrowed,—just enough to make the width of the forehead tell more decidedly. The moustache often grows vigorously, but the whiskers are thin. The skin is like that of Jacob, rather than like Esau’s. One string of the animal nature has been taken away, but this gives only a greater predominance to the intellectual chords. To see just how the vital energy has been toned down, you must contrast one of this section with a

specimen of Section A of the same class,—say, for instance, one of the old-fashioned, full-whiskered, red-faced, roaring-big Commodores of the last generation, whom you remember, at least by their portraits, in ruffled shirts, looking as hearty as butchers and as plucky as bull-terriers, with their hair combed straight up from their foreheads, which were not commonly very high or broad. The special form of physical life I have been describing gives you a right to expect more delicate perceptions and a more reflective nature than you commonly find in shaggy-throated men, clad in heavy suits of muscles.

The student lingered in the lecture-room, looking all the time as if he wanted to say something in private, and waiting for two or three others, who were still hanging about, to be gone.

Something is wrong!—I said to myself, when I noticed his expression.—Well, Mr. Langdon,—I said to him, when we were alone,—can I do anything for you to-day?

You can, Sir,—he said.—I am going to leave the class, for the present, and keep school.

Why, that’s a pity, and you so near graduating! You’d better stay and finish this course, and take your degree in the spring, rather than break up your whole plan of study.

I can’t help myself, Sir,—the young man answered.—There’s trouble at home, and they cannot keep me here as they have done. So I must look out for myself for a while. It’s what I’ve done before, and am ready to do again. I came to ask you for a certificate of my fitness to teach a common school, or a high school, if you think I am up to that. Are you willing to give it to me?

Willing? Yes, to be sure,—but I don’t want you to go. Stay; we’ll make it easy for you. There’s a fund will do something for you, perhaps. Then you can take both the annual prizes, if you like,—and claim them in money, if you want that more than medals.

I have thought it all over,—he answered.

ed,—and have pretty much made up my mind to go.

A perfectly gentlemanly young man, of courteous address and mild utterance, but means at least as much as he says. There are some people whose rhetoric consists of a slight habitual understatement. I often tell Mrs. Professor that one of her "I think it's so" is worth the Bible-oath of all the rest of the household that they "know it's so." When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognize a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

This was a proud fellow, self-trusting, sensitive, with family-recollections that made him unwilling to accept the kind of aid which many students would have thankfully welcomed. I knew him too well to urge him, after the few words which implied that he was determined to go. Besides, I have great confidence in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it come off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers. I have seen young men more than once, who came to a great city without a single friend, support themselves and pay for their education, lay up money in a few years, grow rich enough to travel, and establish themselves in life, without ever asking a dollar of any person which they had not earned. But these are exceptional cases. There are horse-tamers, born so, as we all know; there are woman-tamers who bewitch the sex as the piper bedeviled the children of Hamelin; and there are world-tamers, who can make any community, even a Yankee one, get down and let them jump on its back as easily as Mr. Rarey saddled Cruiser.

Whether Langdon was of this sort or

not I could not say positively; but he had spirit, and, as I have said, a family-pride which would not let him be dependent. The New England Brahmin caste often gets blended with connections of political influence or commercial distinction. It is a charming thing for the scholar, when his fortune carries him in this way into some of the "old families" who have fine old houses, and city-lots that have risen in the market, and names written in all the stock-books of all the dividend-paying companies. His narrow study expands into a stately library, his books are counted by thousands instead of hundreds, and his favorites are dined in gilded calf in place of plebeian sheepskin or its pauper substitutes of cloth and paper.

The Reverend Jedediah Langdon, grandfather of our young gentleman, had made an advantageous alliance of this kind. Miss Dorothea Wentworth had read one of his sermons which had been printed "by request," and became deeply interested in the young author, whom she had never seen. Out of this circumstance grew a correspondence, an interview, a declaration, a matrimonial alliance, and a family of half a dozen children. Wentworth Langdon, Esquire, was the oldest of these, and lived in the old family-mansion. Unfortunately, that principle of the diminution of estates by division, to which I have referred, rendered it somewhat difficult to maintain the establishment upon the fractional income which the proprietor received from his share of the property. Wentworth Langdon, Esq., represented a certain intermediate condition of life not at all infrequent in our old families. He was the connecting link between the generation which lived in ease, and even a kind of state, upon its own resources, and the new brood, which must live mainly by its wits or industry, and make itself rich, or shabbily subside into that lower stratum known to social geologists by a deposit of Kidderminster carpets and the peculiar aspect of the fossils constituting the family furniture and wardrobe. This *slack-water*

period of a race, which comes before the rapid ebb of its prosperity, is familiar to all who live in cities. There are no more quiet, inoffensive people than these children of rich families, just above the necessity of active employment, yet not in a condition to place their own children advantageously, if they happen to have families. Many of them are content to live unmarried. Some mend their broken fortunes by prudent alliances, and some leave a numerous progeny to pass into the obscurity from which their ancestors emerged; so that you may see on hand-carts and cobblers' stalls names which, a few generations back, were upon parchments with broad seals, and tombstones with armorial bearings.

In a large city, this class of citizens are familiar to us in the streets. They are very courteous in their salutations; they have time enough to bow and take their hats off,—which, of course, no business-man can afford to do. Their beavers are smoothly brushed, and their boots well polished; all their appointments are tidy; they look the respectable walking gentleman to perfection. They are prone to habits,—to frequent reading-rooms, insurance-offices,—to walk the same streets at the same hours,—so that one becomes familiar with their faces and persons, as a part of the street-furniture.

There is one curious circumstance, that all city-people must have noticed, which is often illustrated in our experience of the slack-water gentry. We shall know a certain person by his looks, familiarly, for years, but never have learned his name. About this person we shall have accumulated no little circumstantial knowledge;—thus, his face, figure, gait, his mode of dressing, of saluting, perhaps even of speaking, may be familiar to us; yet who he is we know not. In another department of our consciousness, there is a very familiar *name*, which we have never found the person to match. We have heard it so often, that it has idealized itself, and become one of that multitude of permanent shapes which walk the chambers of the brain in velvet slip-

pers in the company of Falstaff and Hamlet and General Washington and Mr. Pickwick. Sometimes the person dies, but the name lives on indefinitely. But now and then it happens, perhaps after years of this independent existence of the name and its shadowy image in the brain, on the one part, and the person and all its real attributes, as we see them daily, on the other, that some accident reveals their relation, and we find the name we have carried so long in our memory belongs to the person we have known so long as a fellow-citizen. Now the slack-water gentry are among the persons most likely to be the subjects of this curious divorce of title and reality,—for the reason, that, playing no important part in the community, there is nothing to tie the floating name to the actual individual, as is the case with the men who belong in any way to the public, while yet their names have a certain historical currency, and we cannot help meeting them, either in their haunts, or going to and from them.

To this class belonged Wentworth Langdon, Esq. He had been “dead-headed” into the world some fifty years ago, and had sat with his hands in his pockets staring at the show ever since. I shall not tell you, for reasons before hinted, the whole name of the place in which he lived. I will only point you in the right direction, by saying that there are three towns lying in a line with each other, as you go “down East,” each of them with a *Port* in its name, and each of them having a peculiar interest which gives it individuality, in addition to the Oriental character they have in common. I need not tell you that these towns are Newburyport, Portsmouth, and Portland. The Oriental character they have in common consists in their large, square, palatial mansions, with sunny gardens round them. The two first have seen better days. They are in perfect harmony with the condition of weakened, but not impoverished, gentility. Each of them is a “paradise of demi-fortunes.” Each of them is of that intermediate size between a village and a

city which any place has outgrown when the presence of a well-dressed stranger walking up and down the main street ceases to be a matter of public curiosity and private speculation, as frequently happens, during the busier months of the year, in considerable commercial centres like Salem. They both have grand old recollections to fall back upon,—times when they looked forward to commercial greatness, and when the portly gentlemen in cocked hats, who built their decaying wharves and sent out their ships all over the world, dreamed that their fast-growing port was to be the Tyre or the Carthage of the rich British Colony. Great houses, like Lord Timothy Dexter's, in Newburyport, remain as evidence of the fortunes amassed in these places of old. Other mansions—like the Rockingham House in Portsmouth (look at the white horse's tail before you mount the broad staircase) show that there was not only wealth, but style and state, in these quiet old towns during the last century. It is not with any thought of pity or depreciation that we speak of them as in a certain sense decayed towns; they did not fulfil their early promise of expansion, but they remain incomparably the most interesting places of their size in any of the three northernmost New England States. They have even now prosperity enough to keep them in good condition, and offer the most attractive residences for quiet families, which, if they had been English, would have lived in a *palazzo* at Genoa or Pisa, or some other Continental Newburyport or Portsmouth.

As for the last of the three Ports, or Portland, it is getting too prosperous to be as attractive as its less northerly neighbors. Meant for a fine old town, to ripen like a Cheshire cheese within its walls of ancient rind, burrowed by crooked alleys and mottled with venerable mould, it seems likely to sacrifice its mellow future to a vulgar material prosperity. Still it remains invested with many of its old charms, as yet, and will forfeit its place among this admirable trio only when it

gets a hotel with unequivocal marks of having been built and organized in the present century.

—It was one of the old square palaces of the North, in which Bernard Langdon, the son of Wentworth, was born. If he had had the luck to be an only child, he might have lived as his father had done, letting his meagre competence smoulder on almost without consuming, like the fuel in an air-tight stove. But after Master Bernard came Miss Dorothea Wentworth Langdon, and then Master William Pepperell Langdon, and others, equally well named,—a string of them, looking, when they stood in a row in prayer-time, as if they would fit a set of Pandean pipes, of from three feet upward in dimensions. The door of the air-tight stove has to be opened, under such circumstances, you may well suppose! So it happened that our young man had been obliged, from an early period, to do something to support himself, and found himself stopped short in his studies by the inability of the good people at home to furnish him the present means of support as a student.

You will understand now why the young man wanted me to give him a certificate of his fitness to teach, and why I did not choose to urge him to accept the aid which a meek country-boy from a family without ante-Revolutionary recollections would have thankfully received. Go he must,—that was plain enough. He would not be content otherwise. He was not, however, to give up his studies; and as it is customary to allow *half-time* to students engaged in school-keeping,—that is, to count a year, so employed, if the student also keep on with his professional studies, as equal to six months of the three years he is expected to be under an instructor before applying for his degree,—he would not necessarily lose more than a few months of time. He had a small library of professional books, which he could take with him.

So he left my teaching and that of my estimable colleagues, carrying with him my certificate, that Mr. Bernard C. Lang-

don was a young gentleman of excellent moral character, of high intelligence and good education, and that his services would be of great value in any school, academy, or other institution, where young persons of either sex were to be instructed.

I confess, that expression, "either sex," ran a little thick, as I may say, from my pen. For, although the young man bore a very fair character, and there was no special cause for doubting his discretion, I considered him altogether too good-looking, in the first place, to be let loose in a room-full of young girls. I didn't want him to fall in love just then, — and if half a dozen girls fell in love with him, as they most assuredly would, if brought into too near relations with him, why, there was no telling what gratitude and natural sensibility might bring about.

Certificates are, for the most part, like ostrich-eggs; the giver never knows what is hatched out of them. But once in a thousand times they act as curses are said to, — come home to roost. Give them often enough, until it gets to be a mechanical business, and, some day or other, you will get caught warranting somebody's ice not to melt in any climate, or somebody's razors to be safe in the hands of the youngest children.

I had an uneasy feeling, after giving this certificate. It might be all right enough; but if it happened to end badly, I should always reproach myself. There was a chance, certainly, that it would lead him or others into danger or wretchedness. Any one who looked at this young man could not fail to see that he was capable of fascinating and being fascinated. Those large, dark eyes of his would sink into the white soul of a young girl as the black cloth sunk into the snow in Franklin's famous experiment. Or, on the other hand, if the rays of a passionate nature should ever be concentrated on them, they would be absorbed into the very depths of his nature, and then his blood would turn to flame and burn his life out of him, until his cheeks grew as white as the ashes that cover a burning coal.

I wish I had not said *either sex* in my certificate. An academy for young gentlemen, now; that sounds cool and unimaginative. A boys' school; that would be a very good place for him; — some of them are pretty rough, but there is nerve enough in that old Wentworth blood; he can give any country fellow, of the common stock, twenty pounds, and hit him out of time in ten minutes. But to send such a young fellow as that out a girl's-nesting! to give this falcon a free pass into all the dove-cotes! I was a fool, — that's all.

I brooded over the mischief which might come out of these two words until it seemed to me that they were charged with destiny. I could hardly sleep for thinking what a train I might have been laying, which might take a spark any day, and blow up nobody knows whose peace or prospects. What I dreaded most was one of those miserable matrimonial misalliances where a young fellow who does not know himself as yet flings his magnificent future into the checked apron-lap of some fresh-faced, half-bred country-girl, no more fit to be mated with him than her father's horse to go in double harness with Flora Temple. To think of the eagle's wings being clipped so that he shall not ever lift himself over the farm-yard fence! Such things happen, and always must, — because, as one of us said awhile ago, a man always loves a woman, and a woman a man, unless some good reason exists to the contrary. You think yourself a very fastidious young man, my friend; but there are probably at least five thousand young women in these United States, any one of whom you would certainly marry, if you were thrown much into her company, and nobody more attractive were near, and she had no objection. And you, my dear young lady, justly pride yourself on your discerning delicacy; but if I should say that there are twenty thousand young men, any one of whom, if he offered his hand and heart under favorable circumstances, you would

"First endure, then pity, then embrace,"

I should be much more imprudent than I mean to be, and you would, no doubt, throw down a story in which I hope to interest you.

I had settled it in my mind that this young fellow had a career marked out for him. He should begin in the natural way, by taking care of poor patients in one of the public charities, and work his way up to a better kind of practice,—better, that is, in the vulgar, worldly sense. The great and good Boerhaave used to say, as I remember very well, that the poor were his best patients; for God was their paymaster. But everybody is not as patient as Boerhaave, nor as deserving; so that the rich, though not, perhaps, the best patients, are good enough for common practitioners. I suppose Boerhaave put up with them when he could not get poor ones, as he left his daughter two millions of florins when he died.

Now if this young man once got into the *wide streets*, he would sweep them clear of his rivals of the same standing; and as I was getting indifferent to business, and old Dr. Kilham was growing careless, and had once or twice prescribed morphine when he meant quinine, there would soon be an opening into the Doctors' Paradise,—the *streets with only one side to them*. Then I would have him strike a bold stroke,—set up a nice little coach, and be driven round like a London first-class doctor, instead of coasting about in a shabby one-horse concern and casting anchor opposite his patients' doors like a Cape-Ann fishing-smack. By the time he was thirty, he would have knocked the social pawns out of his way, and be ready to challenge a wife from the row of great pieces in the background. I would not have a man marry above his level, so as to become the appendage of a powerful family-connection; but I would not have him marry until he knew his level,—that is, again, looking at the matter in a purely worldly point of view, and not taking the sentiments at all into consideration. But

remember, that a young man, using large endowments wisely and fortunately, may put himself on a level with the highest in the land in ten brilliant years of spirited, unflagging labor. And even to stand at the very top of your calling in a great city is something,—that is, if you like money and influence, and a seat on the platform at public lectures, and gratuitous tickets to all sorts of places where you don't want to go, and, what is a good deal better than any of these things, a sense of power, limited, it may be, but absolute in its range, so that all the Cæsars and Napoleons would have to stand aside, if they came between you and the exercise of your special vocation.

That is what I thought this young fellow might have come to; and now I have let him go off into the country with my certificate, that he is fit to teach in a school for either sex! Ten to one he will run like a moth into a candle, right into one of those girls'-nests, and get tangled up in some sentimental folly or other, and there will be the end of him. Oh, yes! country doctor,—half a dollar a visit,—ride, ride, ride all day,—get up at night and harness your own horse,—ride again ten miles in a snow-storm,—shake powders out of two phials, (*pulv. glycyrrhiz., pulv. gum. acac. aa: partes equales*,)—ride back again, if you don't happen to get stuck in a drift,—no home, no peace, no continuous meals, no unbroken sleep, no Sunday, no holiday, no social intercourse, but one eternal jog, jog, jog, in a sulky, until you feel like the mummy of an Indian who had been buried in the sitting posture, and was dug up a hundred years afterwards! Why didn't I warn him about love and all that nonsense? Why didn't I tell him he had nothing to do with it, yet awhile? Why didn't I hold up to him those awful examples I could have cited, where poor young fellows that could just keep themselves afloat have hung a matrimonial millstone round their necks, taking it for a life-preserver?

All this of two words in a certificate!

ANDENKEN.

I.

THROUGH the silent streets of the city,
In the night's unbusy noon,
Up and down in the pallor
Of the languid summer moon,

I wander and think of the village,
And the house in the maple-gloom,
And the porch with the honeysuckles
And the sweet-brier all abloom.

My soul is sick with the fragrance
Of the dewy sweet-brier's breath:
Oh, darling! the house is empty,
And lonesomer than death!

If I call, no one will answer;
If I knock, no one will come; —
The feet are at rest forever,
And the lips are cold and dumb.

The summer moon is shining
So wan and large and still,
And the weary dead are sleeping
In the graveyard under the hill.

II.

We looked at the wide, white circle
Around the autumn moon,
And talked of the change of weather, —
It would rain, to-morrow, or soon.

And the rain came on the morrow,
And beat the dying leaves
From the shuddering boughs of the maples
Into the flooded eaves.

The clouds wept out their sorrow;
But in my heart the tears
Are bitter for want of weeping,
In all these autumn years.

III.

It is sweet to lie awake musing
On all she has said and done,
To dwell on the words she uttered,
To feast on the smiles I won,

To think with what passion at parting
She gave me my kisses again,—
Dear adieux, and tears and caresses,—
Oh, love! was it joy or pain?

To brood, with a foolish rapture,
On the thought that it must be
My darling this moment is waking
With tenderest thoughts of me!

O sleep! are thy dreams any sweeter?
I linger before thy gate:
We must enter at it together,
And my love is loath and late.

IV.

The bobolink sings in the meadow,
The wren in the cherry-tree:
Come hither, thou little maiden,
And sit upon my knee;

And I will tell thee a story
I read in a book of rhyme;—
I will but feign that it happened
To me, one summer-time,

When we walked through the meadow,
And she and I were young;—
The story is old and weary
With being said and sung.

The story is old and weary;—
Ah, child! is it known to thee?
Who was it that last night kissed thee
Under the cherry-tree?

V.

Like a bird of evil presage,
To the lonely house on the shore
Came the wind with a tale of shipwreck,
And shrieked at the bolted door,

And flapped its wings in the gables,
And shouted the well-known names,
And buffeted the windows
Afeared in their shuddering frames.

It was night, and it is daytime,—
The morning sun is bland,
The white-cap waves come rocking, rocking,
In to the smiling land.

The white-cap waves come rocking, rocking,
In the sun so soft and bright,
And toss and play with the dead man
Drowned in the storm last night.

VI.

I remember the burning brushwood,
Glimmering all day long
Yellow and weak in the sunlight,
Now leaped up red and strong,

And fired the old dead chestnut,
That all our years had stood,
Gaunt and gray and ghostly,
Apart from the sombre wood;

And, flushed with sudden summer,
The leafless boughs on high
Blossomed in dreadful beauty
Against the darkened sky.

We children sat telling stories,
And boasting what we should be,
When we were men like our fathers,
And watched the blazing tree,

That showered its fiery blossoms,
Like a rain of stars, we said,
Of crimson and azure and purple.
That night, when I lay in bed,

I could not sleep for seeing,
Whenever I closed my eyes,
The tree in its dazzling splendor
Against the darkened skies.

I cannot sleep for seeing,
With closed eyes to-night,
The tree in its dazzling splendor
Dropping its blossoms bright;

And old, old dreams of childhood
Come thronging my weary brain,
Dear foolish beliefs and longings;—
I doubt, are they real again?

It is nothing, and nothing, and nothing,
That I either think or see;—
The phantoms of dead illusions
To-night are haunting me.

CENTRAL BRITISH AMERICA.

EVEN before the announcement of the discovery of gold upon the Frazer River and its tributaries, the people of Canada West had induced the Parliament of England to institute the inquiry, whether the region of British America, extending from Lakes Superior and Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, is not adapted by fertility of soil, a favorable climate, and natural advantages of internal communication, for the support of a prosperous colony of England.

The Parliamentary investigation had a wider scope. The select committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to consider the state of those British possessions in North America which are under the administration of the Hudson Bay Company, or over which they possess a license to trade"; and therefore witnesses were called to the organization and management of the Company itself, as well as the natural features of the country under its administration.

On the 31st of July, 1857, the committee reported a large body of testimony, but without any decisive recommendations. They "apprehend that the districts on the Red River and the Saskatchewan are among those most likely to be desired for early occupation," and "trust that there will be no difficulty in effecting arrangements between her Majesty's government and the Hudson Bay Company, by which those districts may be ceded to Canada on equitable principles, and within the districts thus annexed to her the authority of the Hudson Bay Company would of course entirely cease." They deemed it "proper to terminate the connection of the Hudson Bay Company with Vancouver Island as soon as it could conveniently be done, as the best means of favoring the development of the great natural advantages of that important colony; and that means should also be provided for the ultimate extension of the colony over any portion of

the adjacent continent, to the west of the Rocky Mountains, on which permanent settlement may be found practicable."

These suggestions indicate a conviction that the zone of the North American continent between latitudes 49° and 55°, embracing the Red River and the Saskatchewan districts, east of the Rocky Mountains, and the area on their western slope, since organized as British Columbia, was, in the judgment of the committee, suitable for permanent settlement. As to the territory north of the parallel of 55°, an opinion was intimated, that the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company was best adapted to the condition of the country and its inhabitants.

Within a year after the publication of this report, a great change passed over the North Pacific coast. The gold discovery on Frazer's River occurred; the Pacific populations flamed with excitement; British Columbia was promptly organized as a colony of England; and, amid the acclamations of Parliament and people, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton proclaimed, in the name of the government, the policy of continuous colonies from Lake Superior to the Pacific, and a highway across British America, as the most direct route from London to Peking or Jeddo.

The eastern boundary of British Columbia was fixed upon the Rocky Mountains. The question recurred, with great force, What shall be the destiny of the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan and the Red River of the North? Canada pushed forward an exploration of the route from Fort William, on Lake Superior, to Fort Garry, on the Red River, and, under the direction of S. J. Dawson, Esq., civil engineer, and Professor J. Y. Hinde, gave to the world an impartial and impressive summary of the great natural resources of the basin of Lake Winnipeg. The merchants of New York were prompt to perceive the advantages of

connecting the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes with the navigable channels of Northwest America, now become prominent and familiar designations of commercial geography. A report to the New York Chamber of Commerce very distinctly corrected the erroneous impression, that the valleys of the Mississippi and St. Lawrence rivers exhausted the northern and central areas which are available for agriculture. "There is in the heart of North America," said the report, "a distinct subdivision, of which Lake Winnipeg may be regarded as the centre. This subdivision, like the valley of the Mississippi, is distinguished for the fertility of its soil, and for the extent and gentle slope of its great plains, watered by rivers of great length, and admirably adapted for steam-navigation. It has a climate not exceeding in severity that of many portions of Canada and the Eastern States. It will, in all respects, compare favorably with some of the most densely peopled portions of the continent of Europe. In other words, it is admirably fitted to become the seat of a numerous, hardy, and prosperous community. It has an area equal to eight or ten first-class American States. Its great river, the Saskatchewan, carries a navigable water-line to the very base of the Rocky Mountains. It is not at all improbable that the valley of this river may yet offer the best route for a railroad to the Pacific. The navigable waters of this great subdivision interlock with those of the Mississippi. The Red River of the North, in connection with Lake Winnipeg, into which it falls, forms a navigable water-line, extending directly north and south nearly eight hundred miles. The Red River is one of the best adapted to the use of steam in the world, and waters one of the finest prairie regions on the continent. Between the highest point at which it is navigable, and St. Paul, on the Mississippi, a railroad is in process of construction; and when this road is completed, another grand division of the continent, comprising half a million square miles, will be open to settlement."

The sanguine temper of these remarks illustrates the rapid progress of public sentiment since the date of the Parliamentary inquiry, only eighteen months before. Of the same tenor, though fuller in details, were the publications on the subject in Canada and even in England. The year 1859 opened with greatly augmented interest in the district of Central British America. The manifestation of this interest varied with localities and circumstances.

In Canada, no opportunity was omitted, either in Parliament or by the press, to demonstrate the importance to the Atlantic and Lake Provinces of extending settlements into the prairies of Assiniboin and Saskatchewan,—thereby affording advantages to Provincial commerce and manufactures like those which the communities of the Mississippi valley have conferred upon the older American States. Nevertheless, the Canadian government declined to institute proceedings before the English Court of Chancery or Queen's Bench, to determine the validity of the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company,—assigning, as reasons for not acceding to such a suggestion by the law-officers of the crown, that the proposed litigation might be greatly protracted, while the public interests involved were urgent,—and that the duty of a prompt and definite adjustment of the condition and relations of the Red River and Saskatchewan districts was manifestly incumbent upon the Imperial authority.

This decision, added to the indisposition of Lower Canada to the policy of westward expansion, is understood to have convinced Sir E. B. Lytton that annexation of the Winnipeg basin to Canada was impracticable, and that the exclusive occupation by the Hudson's Bay Company could be removed only by the organization of a separate colony. The founder of British Columbia devoted the latter portion of his administration of the Colonial Office to measures for the satisfactory arrangement of conflicting interests in British America. In October,

1858, he proposed to the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company that they should be consenting parties to a reference of questions respecting the validity and extent of their charter, and respecting the geographical extent of their territory, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The Company "reasserted their right to the privileges granted to them by their charter of incorporation," and refused to be a consenting party to any proceeding which might call in question their chartered rights.

Under date of November 3, 1858, Lord Caernarvon, Secretary of State for the Colonies, by the direction of Sir E. B. Lytton, returned a dispatch, the tenor of which is a key not only to Sir Edward's line of policy, but, in all probability, to that of his successor, the Duke of Newcastle. Lord Caernarvon began by expressing the disappointment and regret with which Sir E. B. Lytton had received the communication, containing, if he understood its tenor correctly, a distinct refusal on the part of the Hudson's Bay Company to entertain any proposal with a view of adjusting the conflicting claims of Great Britain, of Canada, and of the Company, or to join with her Majesty's government in affording reasonable facilities for the settlement of the questions in which Imperial no less than Colonial interests were involved. It had been his anxious desire to come to some equitable and conciliatory agreement, by which all legitimate claims of the Company should be fairly considered with reference to the territories or the privileges they might be required to surrender. He suggested that such a procedure, while advantageous to the interests of all parties, might prove particularly for the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company. "It would afford a tribunal pre-eminently fitted for the dispassionate consideration of the questions at issue; it would secure a decision which would probably be rather of the nature of an arbitration than of a judgment; and it would furnish a basis of negotiation on which reciprocal concession and the

claims for compensation could be most successfully discussed."

With such persuasive reiteration, Lord Caernarvon, in the name and at the instance of Sir E. B. Lytton, insisted that the wisest and most dignified course would be found in an appeal to and a decision by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, with the concurrence alike of Canada and the Hudson's Bay Company. In conclusion, the Company were once more assured, that, if they would meet Sir E. B. Lytton in finding the solution of a recognized difficulty, and would undertake to give all reasonable facilities for trying the validity of their disputed charter, they might be assured that they would meet with fair and liberal treatment, so far as her Majesty's government was concerned; but if, on the other hand, the Company persisted in declining these terms, and could suggest no other practicable mode of agreement, Sir E. B. Lytton held himself acquitted of further responsibility to the interests of the Company, and proposed to take the necessary steps for closing a controversy too long open, and for securing a definitive decision, due alike to the material development of British North America and to the requirements of an advancing civilization.

The communication of Lord Caernarvon stated in addition, that, in the case last supposed, the renewal of the exclusive license to trade in any part of the Indian territory—a renewal which could be justified to Parliament only as part of a general agreement adjusted on the principles of mutual concession—would become impossible.

These representations failed to influence the Company. The Deputy-Governor, Mr. H. H. Barends, responded, that, as, in 1850, the Company had assented to an inquiry before the Privy Council into the legality of certain powers claimed and exercised by them under their charter, but not questioning the validity of the charter itself, so, at this time, if the reference to the Privy Council were restricted to the question of the geographical ex-

tent of the territory claimed by the Company, in accordance with a proposition made in July, 1857, by Mr. Labouchere, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, the directors would recommend to their shareholders to concur in the course suggested; but must decline to do so, if the inquiry involved not merely the question of the geographical boundary of the territories claimed by them, but a challenge of the validity of the charter itself, and, as a consequence, of the rights and privileges which it professed to grant, and which the Company had exercised for a period of nearly two hundred years. Mr. Barends professed that the Company had at all times been willing to entertain any proposal that might be made to them for the surrender of any of their rights or of any portion of their territory; but he regarded it as one thing to consent for a consideration to be agreed upon to the surrender of admitted rights, and quite another to volunteer a consent to an inquiry which should call those rights in question.

A result of this correspondence has been the definite refusal of the Crown to renew the exclusive license to trade in Indian territory. The license had been twice granted to the Company, under an act of Parliament authorizing it, for periods of twenty-one years,—once in 1821, and again in 1838. It expired on the 30th of May, 1859. In consequence of this refusal, the Company must depend exclusively upon the terms of their charter for their special privileges in British America. The charter dates from 1670,—a grant by Charles II. to Prince Rupert and his associates, “adventurers of England, trading into Hudson’s Bay,”—and is claimed to give the right of exclusive trade and of territorial dominion to Hudson’s Bay and tributary rivers. By the expiration of the exclusive license of Indian trade, and the termination in 1859 of the lease of Vancouver’s Island from the British government, the sway and influence of the Company are greatly restricted, and the feasibility of some permanent adjustment is proportionately increased.

There is no necessity for repeating here the voluminous argument for and against the charter of the Hudson’s Bay Company. The interest of British colonization in Northwest America far transcends any technical inquiry of the kind, and the Canadian statesmen are wise in declining to relieve the English cabinet from the obligation to act definitely and speedily upon the subject. The organization of the East India Company was no obstacle to a measure demanded by the honor of England and the welfare of India; and certainly the parchment of the Second Charles will not deter any deliberate expression by Parliament in regard to the colonization of Central British America. Indeed, the managers of the Hudson’s Bay Company are always careful to recognize the probability of a compromise with the government. The late letter of Mr. Barends to Lord Caernarvon expressed a willingness, at any time, to entertain proposals for the surrender of franchises or territory; and in 1848, Sir J. H. Pelly, Governor of the Company, thus expressed himself in a letter to Lord Grey:—“As far as I am concerned, (and I think the Company will concur, if any great national benefit would be expected from it,) I would be willing to relinquish the whole of the territory held under the charter on similar terms to those which it is proposed the East India Company shall receive on the expiration of their charter,—namely, securing the proprietors an interest on their capital of ten per cent.”

At the adjournment of the Canadian Parliament and the retirement of the Derby Ministry, in the early part of 1859, the position and prospects of English colonization in Northwest America were as follows:—

1. Vancouver’s Island and British Columbia had passed from the occupation of the Hudson’s Bay Company into an efficient colonial organization. The gold-fields of the interior had been ascertained to equal in productiveness, and greatly to exceed in extent, those of California. The prospect for agriculture was no less

favorable,—while the commercial importance of Vancouver and the harbors of Puget's Sound is unquestionable.

2. The eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains and the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Red River were shown by explorations, conducted under the auspices of the London Geographical Society and the Canadian authorities, to be a district of nearly four hundred thousand square miles, in which a fertile soil, favorable climate, useful and precious minerals, fur-bearing and food-yielding animals, in a word, the most lavish gifts of Nature, constituted highly satisfactory conditions for the organization and settlement of a prosperous community.

3. In regard to the Hudson's Bay Company, a disposition prevailed not to disturb its charter, on condition that its directory made no attempts to enforce an exclusive trade or to interfere with the progress of settlements. All parties anticipated Parliamentary action. Letters from London spoke with confidence of a bill, drafted and in circulation among members of Parliament, for the erection of a colony between Lakes Superior and Winnipeg and the eastern limits of British Columbia, with a northern boundary resting on the parallel of 55° ; and which, although postponed by a change of ministry, was understood to represent the views of the Duke of Newcastle, the successor of Sir E. B. Lytton.

4. In Canada West, a system of communication from Fort William to Fort Garry, and thence to the Pacific, was intrusted to a company—the “Northwest Transit”—which was by no means inactive. A mail to Red River, over the same route, was also sustained from the Canadian treasury; and Parliament, among the acts of its previous session, had conceded a charter for a line of telegraph through the valleys of the Saskatchewan, with a view to an extension to the Pacific coast, and even to Asiatic Russia.

Simultaneously with these movements in England and Canada, the citizens of the State of Minnesota, after a winter of

active discussion, announced a determination to introduce steam-navigation on the Red River of the North. Parties were induced to transport the machinery and cabins, with timber for the hull of a steamer, from the Upper Mississippi, near Crow Wing, to the mouth of the Cheyenne, on the Red River, where the boat was reconstructed. The first voyage of the steamer was from Fort Abercrombie, an American post two hundred miles northwest of Saint Paul, down north to Fort Garry, during the month of June. The reception of the stranger was attended by extraordinary demonstrations of enthusiasm at Selkirk. The bells of Saint Boniface rang greeting, and Fort Garry blasted powder, as if the Governor of the Company were approaching its portal. This unique, but interesting community, fully appreciated the fact that steam had brought their interests within the circle of the world's activities.

This incident was the legitimate sequel to events in Minnesota which had transpired during a period of ten years. Organized as a Territory in 1849, a single decade had brought the population, the resources, and the public recognition of an American State. A railroad system, connecting the lines of the Lake States and Provinces at La Crosse with the international frontier on the Red River at Pembina, was not only projected, but had secured in aid of its construction a grant by the Congress of the United States of three thousand eight hundred and forty acres a mile, and a loan of State credit to the amount of twenty thousand dollars a mile, not exceeding an aggregate of five million dollars. Different sections of this important extension of the Canadian and American railways were under contract and in process of construction. In addition, the land-surveys of the Federal government had reached the navigable channel of the Red River; and the line of frontier settlement, attended by a weekly mail, had advanced to the same point. Thus the government of the United States, no less than the

people and authorities of Minnesota, were represented in this Northwest movement.

Still, its consummation rests with the people and Parliament of England. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was prepared with a response to his own memorable query,—"What will he do with it?"

Shall the Liberal party be less prompt and resolute in advancing the policy, announced from the throne in 1858, of an uninterrupted series of British colonies across the continent of North America? This will be determined by the Parliamentary record of 1860.

ART.

PALMER'S "WHITE CAPTIVE."

ONCE on a time a maiden dwelt with her father,—they two, and no more,—in a rude log-cabin on the skirts of a grand old Western forest,—majestic mountains behind them, and the broad, free prairie in front.

Cut off from all Christian companionship and the informing influences of civilized arts, all their news was of red men and of game, their entertainments the ever-varying moods of Nature, their labors of the rudest, their dangers familiar, their solacements simple and solitary. Alone the sturdy hunter beat the woods all day, on the track of panthers, bears, and deer; alone, all day, his pretty daughter kept the house against perils without and despondency within,—the gun and the broom alike familiar to her hand.

Commissioned to illumine the murk wilderness around her with the glow of her Christian loveliness and faith, Nature had touched her with inspirations of refinement, with a culture as unconscious as the growing of the grass, and the clear intuitions of a spiritual life full of heaven-born inclinations. Nature, too, had endowed her with fine lines of beauty, attitudes of grace, movements of dignity and love, and all the charmfulness that had learned its shapes from flowers and its arts from birds. Nature's officers, the elements, had bestowed on her each his appropriate gift,—the Air its crispness, the Earth its variety, the Sun its brightness and its ruddy glow, the very Water from the well its freshness and its fluent forms; the stars repeated their friendliness in her

eyes, the grass dimpled her pliant feet, the breeze tossed her brown hair in triumphs of the unstudied becoming, and from the wildness all about her she had her wit and her delightful ways; Morning lent her her cheerfulness, Evening her pensiveness, and Night her soul.

But Night, that had given her the Christian soul, true and wise, self-reliant and aspiring, brought also the surprise and the peril that should put it to the proof; for once, when the hunter was belated on his path, and sudden midnight had caught him beyond the mountain, far from the rest of his hearth and the song of his darling, came the red Pawnees, a treacherous crew,—doubly godless because ungrateful, who had broken the hunter's bread and slept on the hunter's blanket,—and laid waste his hearth, and stole away his very heart. For they dragged her many a fearful mile of darkness and distraction, through the black woods, and over the foreboding river, and into the grim recesses of the rocks; and there they stripped her naked, and bound her to a stake, as the day was breaking. But the Christian heart was within her, and the Christian soul upheld her, and the Christian's God was by her side; and so she stood, and waited, and was brave.

And here still she stands, as the sculptor's soul sat down before her, in a vision of faith and tenderness, to receive her image,—stands and waits for the pity and the help of you and me, her brothers and her lovers. We long to rescue her and take her to our hearts; we are touched by her predicament, as Michelet tells us the heart of the beholder is moved by the

bound Andromeda of Puget,—that great artist in whom dwelt the suffering soul of a depraved age, and who all his life long sculptured forlorn captives,—“Ah, would I had been there to rescue the darling!”

But we are told of the Andromeda, that, unconscious and almost dead, she knows not where she is, nor who has come to set her free; for, paralyzed by the chafing of her chains, and even more by fear, she cannot stand, and seems utterly exhausted.

Not so with our Andromeda. Horror possesses her, but indignation also; she is terrified, but brave; she shrinks, but she repels; and while all her beautiful body trembles and retreats, her countenance confronts her captors, and her steady gaze forbids them. “Touch me not!” she says, with every shuddering limb and every tensely-braced muscle, with lineaments all eloquent with imperious disgust,—“Touch me not!”

Her lips quiver, and tears are in her eyes, (we do not forget that it is of marble we are speaking,—there *are* tears in her eyes,) but they only linger there; she is not weeping now; her chin trembles, and one of her hands is convulsively clenched,—but it is with the anguish of her sore besetting, not the spasm of mortal fear. Though Heaven and Earth, indeed, might join to help her, we yet know that the soul of the maiden will help itself,—that her hope clings fast, and her courage is undaunted, and her faith complete.

Among her thronged emotions we look in vain for shame. Her nakedness is a coarse chance of her overwhelming situation, for which she is no more concerned than for her galled wrists or her dishevelled hair. What is it to such a queen as she, that the eyes of grinning brutes are blessed by her perfect beauties?

The qualities which constitute true greatness in a statue such as this are, if we apprehend them aright,—first, that sublime simplicity of Idea which omnipotently sways the beholder, and alike inspires his coarseness or his culture; next, that personality, that moving *humanness* of feeling, which holds him by his very heart-strings, and makes him forget its marble, to accept its flesh and blood; and, finally, that wondrous skill of nice manipulation, which, neglecting nothing in the myriad

of anatomical and physiological details,—not even the faintest sigh or the dimmest tremor,—tells, fibre by fibre, a tale that all may read, and comes to us with a story “to hold children from play and old men from the chimney-corner.”

Tried by this definition, we believe the “White Captive” proves its claim to genuine greatness, and that it will presently take its place, with the world’s consent, in the front rank of modern statues,—good among the best, in the flesh-and-bloodness and the soul of it. It is original, it is faithful, it is American; our women may look upon it, and say, “She is one of us,” with more satisfaction than the Greek women could have derived from the Venus de’ Medici, with its insignificant head and its impossible spine.

Especially true to the American type, as compared in statues with the familiar Greek, the head of the “White Captive” is large; but that it is too large, or in excess of the least of a thousand female heads that have been gathered around it since it was first exposed to the public scrutiny, we have failed to discover in repeated and careful examinations; and we are constrained to commend such as may be exercised on that point to the critical flippancies of the jaunty gentlemen who find the hips at once too broad and too narrow, the bosom too full and too young, the arms too meagre and too stout.

FOREST PHOTOGRAPHS.

We call the attention of our readers to a series of twelve photographic views of forest and lake scenery published by Mr. J. W. Black, Boston, from negatives taken by Mr. Stillman in the Adirondack country. The points of view are chosen with the fine feeling of an artist, and the tangled profusion and grace of the forest, with the moment’s whim of sunfleck and shadow, are given with exquisite delicacy. Whatever the all-beholding sun could see in those woodland depths we have here,—sketches of the shaggy Pan snatched at unawares in sleep. One may study these pictures till he becomes as familiar as a squirrel with fern and tree-bark and moose-wood and lichen, till he knows every trunk and twig and leaf as intimately as a sunbeam.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Plutarch's Lives. The Translation called Dryden's. Corrected from the Greek, and Revised, by A. H. CLOUGH, sometime Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford, and late Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, London. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. 1859. Five vols. 8vo.

IN these five handsome volumes, we have, at length, a really good edition in English of Plutarch's *Lives*. One of the most delightful books in the world, one of the few universal classics, appears for the first time in our language in a translation worthy of its merits.

Mr. Clough, whose name is well known, not only by scholars, but also by the lovers of poetry, has performed the work of editor with admirable diligence, fidelity, and taste. The labor of revision has been neither slight nor easy. It has, indeed, amounted to not much less than would have been required for the making of a new translation. The versions in the translation that bears Dryden's name, made, as they were, by various hands, and apparently not submitted to the revision of any competent scholar, were unequal in execution, and were disfigured by many mistakes, as well as by much that was slovenly in style. At the time they were made, scholarship in England was not at a high point. Bentley had not yet lifted it out of mediocrity, and the translators were not stimulated by the fear either of severe criticism or of comparison of their labors with any superior work. The numerous defects of this translation are spoken of by the Langhorns, in the Preface to their own, with a somewhat jealous severity, which gives unusual vigor to their sentences. "The diversities of style," say they, "were not the greatest fault of this strange translation. It was full of the grossest errors. Ignorance on the one hand, and hastiness or negligence on the other, had filled it with absurdities in every *Life*, and inaccuracies on almost every page." This is a hard, perhaps an extreme judgment; but it serves to show

the difficulties that would attend a revision of such a work. These difficulties Mr. Clough has fairly met and overcome. We do not mean to say that he has reduced the whole book to a perfect uniformity, or even to entire elegance and exactness of style; but he has corrected inaccuracies, he has removed the chief marks of negligence or haste; and, after a careful comparison of a considerable portion of the work as it now appears with the Greek text, we have no hesitation in saying that this translation answers not merely to the demands of modern scholarship, but forms a book at once essentially accurate and delightful for common reading.* We think, moreover, that Mr. Clough was right in choosing the so-called Dryden's translation as the basis of his work. Its style is not old enough to have become antiquated, while yet it possesses much of the savor and raciness of age. The book is interesting from Dryden's connection with it, but still more so—considering how slight that connection was, his only contribution to it being the *Life* of Plutarch—from the fact, that the translations of some of the *Lives* were made by famous men, as that of Alcibiades by Lord Chancellor Somers, and that of Alexander by the excellent John Evelyn; while others were made by men who, if not famous, are at least well remembered by the lovers of the literature of the time,—as that of Numa by Sir Paul Rycaut, the Turkey merchant, and the continuer of Dr. Johnson's favorite history of the Turks,—that of Otho by Pope's

* For the sake of illustration of the care and labor given by Mr. Clough to the revision, we open at random on the *Life* of Dion, Vol. V., p. 291, and, comparing it with the original *Dryden*, we find, that in ten pages, to the end of the *Life*, there are but three, and they short sentences, in which changes of more or less consequence have not been made. These changes amount sometimes to entire new translation, sometimes consist merely in the correction of a few words. Throughout, the hand of the thorough scholar is apparent. The earlier volumes of the series would, probably, rarely exhibit such considerable alterations.

friend, the medical poet, Dr. Garth, — that of Solon by Creech, the translator of Lucretius, — that of Lysander by the Honorable Charles Boyle, whose name is preserved in the alcohol of Bentley's classical satire, — and that of Themistocles by Edward, the son of Sir Thomas Browne.

But Mr. Clough's labors have not been merely those of reviser and corrector. He has added greatly to the value of the work by occasional concise foot-notes, as well as by notes contained in an appendix to each volume. So excellent, indeed, are these notes, so full of learning and information, conveyed in an agreeable way, that we cannot but feel a regret (not often excited by commentators) that their number is not greater. In addition to these, the fifth volume contains a very carefully prepared and full Index of Proper Names, which is followed by a list for reference as to their pronunciation.

When this version, to which Dryden gave his name, was made, there was no other in English but that of Sir Thomas North, which had been made, not from the Greek, but from the French of Amyot, and was first published in 1579. It was a good work for its time, and worthy of being dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, although, as the knight declares, "she could better understand it in Greek than any man can make it English." Its style is rather robust than elegant, partaking of the manly vigor of the language of its time, and now and then exhibiting something of that charm of quaint simplicity which belongs to its original, Montaigne's favorite Amyot. "Of all our French writers," says the incomparable essayist, "I give, with justice, I think, the palm to Jacques Amyot";* and thereupon he goes on to praise the purity of his style, as well as the depth of his learning and judgment. But, although Amyot had "a true imagination" of his author, he was not always exact in giving his meaning. The learned Dr. Guy Patin says: "On dit que M. de Meziriac avoit corrigé dans son Amyot huit mille fautes, et qu'Amyot n'avoit pas de bons exemplaires, ou qu'il n'avoit pas bien entendu le Grec de Plutarque."†

Amyot's eight thousand errors were not diminished in passing into Sir Thomas North's English; but their number mat-

tered little to the readers of those days, who found in the thick folio enough of interest to spare them from making inquiry as to the exactness of its rendering of the meaning of Plutarch. From the time of its first publication, for more than a hundred years, it was one of the most popular books of the period, as was proved by the appearance of six successive editions in folio.* Some of these clumsy volumes may, no doubt, have been put to uses as ignoble as that which Chrysale, in "Les Femmes Savantes," suggests for his sister's similar copy of Amyot: —

"Vos livres éternels ne me contentent pas;

Et, hors un gros Plutarque à mettre mes rabats,

Vous devriez bruler tout ce meuble inutile"; —

but duller books of the same size, of which there were many in those days of patient readers, would have had an equal value for such economical purposes as this, and "The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans by that Grave Learned Philosopher & Historiographer Plutarch" were too entertaining to young and old to be left for any length of time quietly upon the shelf. They were the familiar reading of boys who were to become the actors in the great drama of the Rebellion and the Commonwealth, or who a little later were to frequent the dissolute court of Charles, presenting in their own lives, whether in camp or court, as patriots or as traitors, parallels to those which they had read in the weighty pages of the old biographer.

Nor in more recent times has North's version failed of admirers. Godwin declared, that, till this book fell into his hands, he had no genuine feeling of Plutarch's merits, or knowledge of what sort of a writer he was. But the chief interest of this translation at the present day, except what it possesses as a storehouse of good mother-English, comes from the fact that it was one of the books of Shakespeare's moderate library, and one which he had thoroughly read, as is manifest from the

* In 1579, 1595, 1602, 1631, 1657, 1676. Mr. Hooper, in his Introduction to Chapman's Homer, London, 1857, says, that "the edition of 1657 was published under the superintendence of the illustrious Selden." We do not know his authority for this statement. The fact, if it be one, is very remarkable, as Selden's death took place in 1654.

* *Essays*, Book II. 4.

† *Patiniana*.

use that he made of it in his own works, especially in "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra." It was from the worthy knight's folio that he got much of his little Latin and less Greek. He helped himself freely to what was to his purpose; and a comparison of the passages which he borrowed from with the scenes founded upon them is interesting, as showing his use of the very words of the author before him, and as exhibiting the new appearances which those words take on under his plastic hand. We have no space for long extracts; but a short illustration will serve to show that Shakespeare is the best translator of Plutarch into English that we have had. Compare these two passages:—

"Therefore, when she [Cleopatra] was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise, but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the musick of flutes, howboys, citherns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavillion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the Myrmaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in. So that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat to give audience."—NORTH'S *Plutarch, Life of Antonius*, p. 763. Ed. of 1676.

Enobarbus. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart upon the river of Cydnus.

Agrippa. There she appeared, indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were lovesick; with them the oars
were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own
person,

It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork Nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,

With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem

To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,

And what they undid, did.

Agri. Oh, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthron'd i' th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Antony and Cleopatra. Act II. Sc. 2.

The operations of Shakespeare's creative imagination are rarely to be observed more distinctly than in such instances as this, where we see the precise source from which he drew, in all its original limitations and native character. Books were to him like ingots of gold, which, passing through the mint of his brain, came out thence stamped coin, current for all time. Viewing some of his plays, it may be said, with no real, though with apparent contradiction, that no man ever borrowed more from books, and yet none ever owed less to them. For the Roman times Plutarch served him, as Holinshed and Hall supplied him for his English histories. Under Plutarch's guidance he walked through the streets of ancient Rome, and became familiar with the conduct of her men. He is more Roman than Plutarch himself, and by divine right of imagination he makes himself a citizen of the Eternal City. While Shakespeare

was using Plutarch to such advantage, on the other hand, Ben Jonson seems to have borrowed little or nothing from him in his Roman plays. He got what he wanted out of the Latin authors, and he succeeded in Latinizing his plays,—in giving to his characters the dress, but not the spirit of Rome.

It was toward the end of the seventeenth century that Dryden's translation appeared, and for about fifty years it held much the same place with the reading public that North's had filled for previous generations. It was, no doubt, in this version that Mrs. Fitzpatrick amused herself during her seclusion in Ireland, as she tells Sophia Western, with reading "a great deal in Plutarch's Lives." But this was at length superseded by the translation of the brothers Langhorne, which, spite of its want of vivacity, its labored periods, and formal narrative, has retained its place as the popular version of Plutarch up to the present day. One can hardly help wishing—so little of Plutarch's spirit survives in their dull pages—that a similar fate had overtaken these excellent men to that which carried off the gentle Abbé Ricard with the *grippe*, when he had published but half of his translation of the Philosopher of Cheronæa.

It is a proof of the intrinsic charm of Plutarch's Lives, that thus, notwithstanding the imperfect manner in which they have been, up to this time, presented to English readers, they should have been so constantly and so generally read.* They have given equal delight to all ages and to all classes. The heavy folio has been taken from its place on the lower shelves in the quiet libraries of English country-houses, and been read by old men at their firesides, by girls in trim gardens, by boys who cared for no other classic. The cheap double-column octavo has travelled in ped-

* We have not spoken of Mr. Long's translations of Select Lives from Plutarch, which were published in the series of Knight's Weekly Volumes, under the title of *The Civil Wars of Rome*, because, although executed in a manner deserving the highest praise, they presented to English readers but a limited number of Plutarch's biographies. Mr. Clough says, justly, in his Preface, that his own work would not have been needed, had not Mr. Long confined his translations within so narrow a compass.

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dlers' carts to all the villages of New England, to the backwoodsman's cabin in the West. It has taken its place on the clock-shelf, with only the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the Almanac for its companions. No other classic author, with, perhaps, the single exception of *Æsop*, has been so widely read in modern times; and the popular knowledge of the men of Greece and Rome is derived more from Plutarch than from all other ancient authors put together. The often-repeated saying of Theodore Gaza, who, being once asked, if learning should suffer a general shipwreck, and he had the choice of saving one author, which he would select, is said to have replied, "Plutarch,"—"and probably might give this reason," says Dryden, "that in saving him he should secure the best collection of them all,"—this saying is but a sort of prophecy of the decision of the common world, who have chosen Plutarch from all the rest, and find, as Amyot says, "no one else so profitable and so pleasant to read as he."*

Nor is it merely the common mass of readers who have chosen Plutarch as their favorite ancient. The list of great and famous men who have made him their companion is a long one. Men of action and men of thought have taken equal satisfaction in his pages. Petrarch, the first scholar of the Revival, held him in high esteem, and drew from him much of his uncommon learning. Erasmus, the first scholar of the Reformation, made his writings a special study, and translated from the Greek a large portion of his *Moral Works*. Montaigne has taken pains to tell us of his affection for him, and his *Essays* are full of the proofs of it. "I never seriously settled myself," he says, "to the reading of any book of solid learning but Plutarch and Seneca."† And in another essay he adds,—"The familiarity I have had with these two authors, and the assistance they have lent to my age, and to my book wholly built up of what I have taken from them,

* "De tous les auteurs," says the Baron de Grimm, "qui nous restent de l'antiquité, Plutarque est, sans contredit, celui qui a recueilli le plus de vérités de fait et de spéculation. Ses œuvres sont une mine inépuisable de lumières et de connaissance; c'est vraiment l'encyclopédie des anciens." *Mémoires Historiques*, etc., I., 312.

† *Essays*. Book I., Chapter 25.

oblige me to stand up for their honor."* And again he declares, — "The books I chiefly use to form my opinions are Plutarch, since he became French, and Seneca."† The genial humanity and liberal wisdom of Plutarch claimed the sympathy of Montaigne, while his discursive style and love of story-telling suited no less the taste of his disciple. Montaigne, as it were, makes Plutarch a modern, and uses his books to illustrate the passing times. He introduces him to new characters, and reads his judgment upon them. He finds in him a hundred things that others had not seen. It is a wide step from Montaigne to Rousseau, and yet, spite of the naturalness of the one and the artificiality of the other, there were some points of resemblance between them, and they harmonize in their love for a common master. Rousseau has written of Plutarch as Montaigne felt, — "Dans le petit nombre de livres que je lis quelquefois encore, Plutarque est celui qui m'attache et me profite le plus. Ce fut la première lecture de mon enfance, et sera la dernière de ma vieillesse ; c'est presque le seul auteur que je n'ai jamais lu sans en tirer quelque fruit."‡ Plutarch's *Lives* was one of the few books recommended to Catharine II. of Russia, as she herself tells us, wherewith to solace and instruct herself during the first wretched years of her miserable married life. It is, perhaps, not impossible to trace in some passages of her later life the results of what she then read.

And thus we might go on accumulating the names of men and women whom all the world knows, who have confessed their obligations to the old biographer, — philosophers like Bacon, warriors like Bussy d'Amboise, poets like Wordsworth ; while many a one has owed much to him who has made no open acknowledgment of his debt. Montaigne somewhere complains of the unlicensed stealings from his author ; and Udall, in his Preface to the *Apophthegms* of Erasmus, declares, — "It is a thing scarcely believable, how much, and how boldly as well, the common writers that from time to time have copied out his [Plutarch's] works, as also certain that have thought themselves liable to control

and amend all men's doings, have taken upon them in this author, who ought with all reverence to be handled of them, and with all fear to have been preserved from altering, depraving, or corrupting."*

The question naturally arises, What are the qualities in Plutarch which have made him so universal a favorite, which have attracted towards him men of such opposite tempers and different lives ? It is not enough to say that all real biography is of interest, — that every man has curiosity about the life of every other man, and finds in it illustrations of his own. Other writers of lives have not had the same fortune with Plutarch. For one reader of Suetonius or of Diogenes Laërtius, there are a thousand of Plutarch. Nor is it that the subjects of his biographies are greater or more famous than all other men. Some of the noblest and best known men of Greece and Rome are omitted from Plutarch's list.† The true grounds of the general popularity of Plutarch's *Lives* are not to be found in their subjects so much as in his manner of treating them, and in the qualities of his own nature, as exhibited in his book. At the tomb of Achilles, Alexander declared that he esteemed him happy in having had so famous a poet to proclaim his actions ; and scarcely less fortunate were they who had such a biographer as Plutarch to record their lives. He himself has given us his conception of the true office of a biographer, and in this has

* The following passage presents a view of some of the uses to which Plutarch's narratives were turned during the Middle Ages. "Or personne n'ignore que les chroniqueurs du moyen âge compilaient les faits les plus remarquables de l'Écriture Sainte ou des histoires profanes pour les mêler à leurs récits. C'est ainsi que ceux qui ont écrit la vie de Du Guesclin ont mis sur le compte de ce héros ce que Plutarque rapporte de plus mémorable des grands hommes de l'antiquité." — *Souvestre. Les Derniers Bretons. I. 147.*

† In Rogers's *Recollections*, Grattan is reported as saying, — "Of all men, if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not do so much. Themistocles was a rogue." It is curious that Themistocles is the only one of these men of whom we have a biography by Plutarch. His *Lives* of Scipio and Epaminondas are lost. Hannibal did not come within the scope of his design.

* *Essays*, II. 23.

† *Ibid.* II. 10.

‡ *Les Réveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire. Quatrième Promenade.*

explained in great part the secret of his excellence. "It must be borne in mind," he says, "that my design is not to write histories, but lives. And the most glorious exploits do not always furnish us with the clearest discoveries of virtue or vice in men; sometimes a matter of less moment, an expression or a jest, informs us better of their characters and inclinations than the most famous sieges, the greatest armaments, or the bloodiest battles whatsoever. Therefore, as portrait-painters are more exact in the lines and features of the face, in which the character is seen, than in the other parts of the body, so I must be allowed to give my more particular attention to the marks and indications of the souls of men; and, while I endeavor by these to portray their lives, may be free to leave more weighty matters and great battles to be treated of by others.*

It is his fidelity to this principle, his dealing with events and circumstances chiefly as they illustrate character, his delineation of the features of the souls of men, that constitutes Plutarch's highest merit as a biographer. He is no historian; he often neglects chronology, and disregards the sequence of events; he omits many incidents, and he avoids the details of national and political affairs. The progress of the advance or decline of states is not to be learned from his pages. But if his *Lives* be read in chronological order, much may be inferred from them of the moral condition and changes of the communities in which the men flourished whose characters and actions he describes. Biography is thus made to cast an incidental light upon history. The successes of Alexander give evidence of the lowering of the Greek spirit, and illustrate the immemorial weakness of Oriental tyrannies. The victories and the defeats of Pyrrhus alike display the vigor of Republican Rome. The character and the fate of Mark Antony show that vigor at its ebb, and foretell the near fall of the Roman liberties. Thus in his long series of lives of noble Grecians and Romans, the motives and principles which lay at the foundation of the characters of the men who moulded the fate of Greece and Rome, the reciprocal influences of their times upon these men and of these men upon their

times, may all be traced with more or less distinctness and certainty. It was not Plutarch's object to exhibit them in sequent evolution, but, in attaining the object which he had in view, he could not fail to make them manifest to the thoughtful reader. His book, though not a history, is invaluable to historians.

But the character of Plutarch himself, not less than his method of writing biography, explains his universal popularity, and gives its special charm and value to his book. He was a man of large and generous nature, of strong feeling, of refined tastes, of quick perceptions. His mind had been cultivated in the acquisition of the best learning of his times, and was disciplined by the study of books as well as of men. He deserves the title of philosopher; but his philosophy was of a practical rather than a speculative character,—though he was versed in the wisest doctrines of the great masters of ancient thought, and in some of his moral works shows himself their not unworthy follower. Above all, he was a man of cheerful, genial, and receptive temper. A lover of justice and of liberty, his sympathies are always on the side of what is right, noble, and honorable. He believed in a divine ordering of the world, and saw obscurely through the mists and shadows of heathenism the indications of the wisdom and rectitude of an overruling Providence. To him man did not appear as the sole arbiter of his own destiny, but rather as an unconscious agent in working out the designs of a Higher Power; and yet, as these designs were only dimly and imperfectly to be recognized, the noblest man was he who was truest to the eternal principles of right, who was most independent of the chances and shiftings of fortune, who, "fortressed on conscience and impregnable will," strove to live in the manliest and most self-supported relations with the world, neither fearing nor hoping much in regard to the uncertainties of the future, and who

"metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus."

In his whole character, Plutarch shows himself one of the best examples of the intelligent heathen of the later classic period. His writings contain the practical essence of the results of Greek and Ro-

* *Life of Alexander*, at the beginning.

man life and thought. His intellect, equally removed from superstition and from skepticism, was open with a large receptiveness, which sometimes approaches to credulity, to the traditions of early wonders, to the reports of recent miracles, and to the stories of the deeds and sayings of men.* The evidence upon which he reports is often insufficient to establish the statements that he makes; but his readiness to tell the current stories gives to his biographies a peculiar interest, adding to their entertainment, and at the same time to their value as representations of common beliefs and popular fancies. He is one of the best story-tellers of antiquity, and from his works a series of "Percy Anecdotes" of ancient men might easily be compiled. "Such anecdotes will not," says he, in his *Life of Timoleon*, "be thought, I conceive, either foreign to my purpose of writing lives, or unprofitable in themselves, by such readers as are not in too much haste, or busied and taken up with other concerns." It is this fulness of anecdote, which, perhaps, more than any other quality of his writings, makes him the favorite of boys as well as of men. He treasures up pithy sayings, and his own reflections are often epigrammatic in expression, and always full of good sense.

In his *Life of Demosthenes*, in a passage which is pleasant on account of its personal reference, Plutarch speaks of the advantage that it would be for a writer like himself to reside in some city addicted to liberal arts, and populous, where he might have access to many books, and to many persons from whom he might gather up such facts as books do not contain. "But as for me," he says, "I live in a little town, where I am willing to continue, lest it should grow less." And he goes on to excuse himself for his imperfect knowledge of the Roman tongue, which unfits him to draw a comparison between the

orations of Demosthenes and of Cicero. But, although his acquaintance with the structure and powers of the language may have been insufficient to enable him to venture on literary criticism, his acquaintance with the books of the Romans was considerable, and he had thoroughly studied the Greek authors who had written on Roman affairs. His own library, or the libraries to which he had access at Chæroneæ, must have been well furnished with the books most important for his studies. He is said to quote two hundred and fifty authors, some eighty of whom are among those whose works have been wholly or partly lost. He made careful use of his materials, which were, of course, more abundant for his Greek than for his Roman narratives. "If we would put the *Lives of Plutarch* to a severe test," says Mr. Long, than whom no one is better qualified to speak with authority upon the subject, "we must carefully examine his *Roman Lives*. He says that he knew Latin imperfectly, and he lived under the Empire, when many of the educated Romans had but a superficial acquaintance with the earlier history of their state. We must therefore expect to find him imperfectly informed on Roman institutions; and we can detect him in some errors. Yet, on the whole, his *Roman Lives* do not often convey erroneous notions; if the detail is incorrect, the general impression is true. They may be read with profit by those who seek to know something of Roman affairs, and have not knowledge enough to detect an error. They probably contain as few mistakes as most biographies which have been written by a man who is not the countryman of those whose lives he writes."

Yet, spite of his general accuracy and his impartial temper, the representations which Plutarch makes of the characters which he describes are not always to be accepted as fair delineations. Unconscious prejudice, or misconception of circumstances and relations, sometimes leads him into apparent injustice. Thus, for example, while he bears hardly upon Demosthenes, and sets out many of his actions in too unfavorable lights, he, on the other hand, interprets the conduct and character of Phocion with manifest indulgence, and presents a flattered portrait of a man whose death turned popular reproaches into pity,

* There are two remarkable passages in the *Life of Coriolanus* which illustrate Plutarch's opinions upon these points. The first (ii. 91) treats of the divine influence on the human will and action; the second (ii. 97-98) relates to the mode of regarding events seemingly incredible. This latter is peculiarly distinguished by its good sense and clear statement. It closes with the memorable saying, "Knowledge of divine things for the most part, as Heraclitus says, is lost to us by incredulity."

but was insufficient to redeem the faults of his life.

Mr. Grote, in his *History*, passes a very different judgment upon these two men from that to which one would be led by the perusal of Plutarch's narratives merely. And it is an illustration, at once, of the honesty of the ancient biographer, and of the ability of the modern historian, that Mr. Grote should not infrequently derive from Plutarch's own account the means for correcting his false estimate of the motives and the actions of those whom he misjudged.

In an excellent passage in his *Preface*, Mr. Clough remarks that

"Much has been said of Plutarch's inaccuracy; and it cannot be denied that he is careless about numbers, and occasionally contradicts his own statements. A greater fault, perhaps, is his passion for anecdote; he cannot forbear from repeating stories the improbability of which he is the first to recognize, which, nevertheless, by mere repetition, leave unjust impressions. He is unfair in this way to Demosthenes and Pericles, — against the latter of whom, however, he doubtless inherited the prejudices which Plato handed down to the philosophers.

"It is true, also, that his unhistorical treatment of the subjects of his biography makes him often unsatisfactory and imperfect in the portraits he draws. Much, of course, in the public lives of statesmen can find its only explanation in their political position; and of this Plutarch often knows and thinks little. So far as the researches of modern historians have succeeded in really recovering a knowledge of relations of this sort, so far, undoubtedly, these biographies stand in need of their correction. Yet, in the uncertainty which must attend all modern restorations, it is agreeable, and surely also profitable, to recur to portraits drawn ere new thoughts and views had occupied the civilized world, without reference to such disputable grounds of judgment, simply upon the broad principles of the ancient moral code of right and wrong. . . . We have here the faithful record of the historical tradition of Plutarch's age. This is what, in the second century of our era, Greeks and Romans loved to believe about their warriors and statesmen of the past. As a picture, at least, of the best Greek and Roman moral views and moral judgments, as a presentation of the results of Greek and Roman moral thought, delivered, not under the pressure of calamity, but as they existed in ordinary times, and actuated plain-living peo-

ple, in country places, in their daily life, Plutarch's writings are of indisputable value."

Of all the biographies contained in his work, none might excite greater suspicion of incorrectness than that of Timoleon, on account of the extraordinary character both of the man and of the incidents of his career. His story reads like a romance of the ancient times, like a legend of some half-mythical hero, rather than like the true account of an actual man. There is, perhaps, none among his *Lives* which Plutarch has written with greater spirit, with livelier sympathies, than this. And yet, in spite of all its seeming improbability, there is little reason to question its essential truth. It corresponds, with some minor exceptions, with all that can be ascertained from other ancient authors who wrote concerning the deliverer of Sicily; and even Mitford, with all his zeal in the cause of tyrants, can find little to detract from the praise of Timoleon, or to diminish our confidence in the truth of Plutarch's account of him.

But, in addition to the interest that belongs to these biographies, from their intrinsic qualities, as affected by the character of Plutarch, — beside the interest which the common reader or the student of biography and history may find in them, they possess a still deeper interest for the student of human nature, in its various modifications, under varying influences, and in different ages, from exhibiting to him, in a long series, many of the chief characters of the heathen world in such form as fits them for comparison with the prominent men of Christian times. The question of the effect of Christianity upon the characters and lives of the leading actors in modern history is not more important than it is difficult of solution. Plutarch, better than any other ancient writer, affords the means of estimating the motives, the principles, the objects, of the men of the old time. We see in his pages what they were; we see the differences between them and the men of later days. How far are those differences exhibitions of inferiority or of superiority? How far do they result from the influence of secondary causes? how far from the change in religious belief?

No man who knows much of the course of history will venture to insist greatly on any essential change for the better having

been wrought as yet by Christianity in the manner in which the affairs of the world are carried on. Christianity has not yet been fairly tried. Nations calling themselves Christian are still governed on heathen principles. Christianity has been for the most part perverted and misunderstood. The grossest errors have been taught in its name, are still taught in its name. Falsehood has claimed the authority of truth, and its claim has been granted. The stream which flowed out pure from its source has been caught in foul cisterns, has been led into narrow channels, has been made stagnant in desolate pools and wide-spread weedy marshes. The doctrine of Christ has had thus far in the world but very few hearers who have understood it. Many a modern creed might well go back to heathenism for improvement. This perversion of Christianity is a chief element in the difficulty of tracing the real influence of true Christian teaching upon character. It is this which compels us to draw a parallel, not so much between the actual characters of ancient and modern times, if we would rightly understand the differences between them, as between what we may assume to be the ideal standards of the heathen and the Christian. But to treat this subject with the fulness and in the manner which it deserves would lead us too far from Plutarch, and we have done enough in suggesting it as matter for reflection to those who read his Lives.

One of the most marked differences in the position of the ancient and the modern man is that which has been quietly and gradually brought about by science; but its effect is little recognized by the mass of men or the most wide-spread churches. It is the difference of his recognized relations to the universe. While this earth was supposed to be the central point and main effort of creation, while the earth itself was unknown, and all the regions of space were regarded as void and untenanted, save by the inventions of fancy, man may have seemed to himself a creature of large proportions and of considerable importance. He measured himself with the gods and the half-gods, and found himself not much their inferior. In reading Plutarch, one cannot fail to be struck with the manly self-reliance of his best men of action. Their piety had no weakness of self-

abasement in it. They possessed a piety toward themselves as well as toward the gods. Timoleon, who was attended by the good-fortune that waits on noble character, erected in the house which the Syracusans bestowed upon him an altar to *Αἰροπατρία*, which, as Mr. Clough well remarks, in a note, "is almost equivalent to Spontaneousness. His successes had come, as it were, of themselves." The act was an acknowledgment of divine favor, and an assertion at the same time of his individual independence of action. This spirit of self-dependence was the grandest feature of Greek and Roman heathenism; and it is in this, if in anything, that a superiority of character is manifest in the men of ancient times. The famous passage in Seneca's tragedy, in which Medea asserts herself as sufficient to stand alone against the universe, contains its essence and is its complete expression.

Nutr. Spes nulla monstrat rebus adflictis viam.

Med. Qui nil potest sperare, desperet nihil.

Nutr. Abiere Colchi; conjugis nulla est fides;

Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi.

Med. Medea superest; hic mare et terras vides,

Ferrumque, et ignes, et deos, et fulmina.

Medea, Act ii. 162-167.

Here is self-reliance at its highest point; the strength of resolute will measuring itself singly and undauntedly against all forces, human and divine.

But, as a necessary consequent of this spirit, as its implied complement in the balance of human nature, we find, as a distinct trait in the lives of many of the manliest ancients, an occasional prevalence of a spirit of despondency, a recognition of the ultimate weakness of man when brought by himself face to face with the wall of opposing circumstance and the irresistible force of Fate. Will is strong, but the powers outside the will are stronger. Manliness may not fail, but man himself may be broken. Neither the teachings of natural religion, nor the doctrines of philosophy, nor the support of a sound heart are sufficient for man in the crisis of uttermost trial. Without something beyond these, higher than these, without a conscious dependence on Omnipotence, man must sink at last under the buffets of adverse fortune. Take the instances of these

great men in Plutarch, and look at the end of their lives. How many of them are simple confessions of defeat! Themistocles sacrifices to the gods, drinks poison, and dies. Demosthenes takes poison to save himself from falling into the hands of his enemies. Cicero proposes to slay himself in the house of Cæsar, and is murdered only through want of resolution to kill himself. Brutus says to the friend who urges him to fly,—"Yes, we must fly; yet not with our feet, but with our hands," and falls upon his sword. Cato lies down calmly at night, reads Plato on the Soul, and then kills himself; while, after his death, the people of Utica cry out with one voice that he is "the only free, the only undefeated man." It may be said that even in suicide these men displayed the manliness of their tempers. True, but it was the manliness of the deserter who runs the risk of being shot for the sake of avoiding the risks and fatigues of service in war.*

Again, we must be content rather to hint at than to develop the matter for reflection and study that Plutarch affords, and unwillingly pass by, without even a glance at them, large domains of thought that lie within his pages. We are glad to believe, that, through the excellent edition before us, his Lives will be more widely read than ever. In this country, where the tendency of things is to the limited, but equal development of each individual in social and political life, and hence to the production of a uniform mediocrity of character and of action, these biographies are of special value, as exhibiting men developed under circumstances widely contrasted with our own, and who may serve as standards by which to measure some of our own deficiencies or advantages. Here were the men who stood head and shoulders above the others of their times; we see them now, "foreshortened in the tract of time,"—not as they appeared to

* There is a striking passage in Seneca's treatise *De Consolatione*, which may, perhaps, be not unfairly regarded as the expression of a sentiment common among the better heathens in regard to death,—a sentiment of profound sadness. He says,—"Mors dolorum omnium solutio est et finis, ultra quam mala nostra non exeunt, quæ nos in illam tranquillitatem, in qua antequam nasceremur jacuimus, reponit." xix. 4.

their contemporaries, but in something like their real proportions. But the greatness of those proportions for the most part remains unchanged. How will it be with our great men two thousand years hence? Will the numerous "most distinguished men of America" appear as large then as they do now? Will the speeches of our popular orators be read then? Will the most famous of our senators be famous then? Will the ablest of our generals still be gathering laurels?

There is a story told by the learned Andrew Thevet, chief cosmographer to Henry III., King of France and Poland, to the effect that one Triumpho of Camarino did most fantastically imagine and persuade himself that really and truly one day "he was assembled in company with the Pope, the Emperor, and the several Kings and Princes of Christendom, (although all that while he was alone in his own chamber by himself,) where he entered upon, debated, and resolved all the states' affairs of Christendom; and he verily believed that he was the wisest man of them all; and so he well might be, of the company." The fantastical imagination of this Triumpho furnishes a good illustration of the reality of companionship which one who possesses Plutarch may have in his own chamber with the greatest and most interesting men of ancient times. If he be worthy, he may make the best of them his intimates. He may live with them as his counsellors and his friends. Whether he will believe that he is "the wisest man of them all" is doubtful; but, however this may be, he will find himself in their company growing wiser, stronger, tenderer, and truer.

It has been well said, that "Plutarch's Lives is the book for those who can nobly think and dare and do."

The Lost and Found; or Life among the Poor.

By SAMUEL B. HALLIDAY. New York: Blakeman & Mason. 1859.

It has been asserted—most emphatically by those who have most fairly tried it—that no house was ever built large enough for two families to live in decently and comfortably. Yet in this present year of grace, 1859, half a million of men and women—two-thirds of the population of New York—are compelled, by reason of

their own poverty and the avarice of certain capitalists, to live in what are technically known as "tenement-houses," or, more pertinently, "barracks,"—hulks of brick, put up by Shylocks anxious for twenty per cent., and lived in—God knows how—by from four to ninety-four families each. Of 115,986 families residing in the city of New York, only 15,990 are able to enjoy the luxury of an independent home; 14,362 other families live in comparative comfort, two in a house; 4,416 buildings contain three families each, and yet do not come under the head of tenements; and the 11,965 dwelling-houses which remain are the homes of 72,386 families, being an average of seven families, or thirty-five souls to each house!

But this is only an average. In the eleventh ward, 113 rear houses (houses built on the backs of deep lots, and separated only by a narrow and necessarily dark and filthy court from the front houses, which are also "barracks,") contain 1,653 families, or nearly 15 families or 70 souls each; 24 others contain 407 families, being an average of 80 souls to each; and in another ward, 72 such houses contain no less than 19 families or 95 souls each!

This seems shocking. But this is by no means the worst! There are 580 tenement-houses in New York which contain, by actual count, 10,933 families, or about 85 persons each; 193 others, which accommodate 111 persons each; 71 others, which cover 140 each; and, finally, 29—these must be the most profitable!—which have a total population of no less than 5,449 souls, or 187 to each house!

That part of Fifth Avenue which holds the chief part of the wealth and fashion of New York has an extent of about two miles, or, counting both sides of the street, four miles. These four miles of stately palaces are occupied by four hundred families; while a *single block* of tenement-houses, not two hundred yards out of Fifth Avenue, contains no less than *seven hundred families*, or 3,500 souls! Seven such blocks, Mr. Halliday pertinently remarks, would contain more people than the city of Hartford, which covers an area of several miles square.

Such astounding facts as these the industrious Buckle of the year 2000, intent upon a history of our American civilization, will quote to the croakers of that day

as samples of our nineteenth-century barbarism.

"But," some one may object, "if the houses were comfortably arranged, and land was really scarce, after all, these people were not so badly off."

The "tenement-house," which is now one of the "institutions" of New York, stands usually upon a lot 25 by 100 feet, is from four to six stories high, and is so divided internally as to contain four families on each floor,—each family eating, drinking, sleeping, cooking, washing, and fighting in a room eight feet by ten and a bed-room six feet by ten; unless, indeed,—*which very frequently happens*, says Mr. Halliday,—the family renting these two rooms *takes in another family to board, or sub-lets one room to one or even two other families!*

But the modern improvements?

One of the largest and most recently built of the New York "barracks" has apartments for 126 families. It was built especially for this use. It stands on a lot 50 by 250 feet, is entered at the sides from alleys eight feet wide, and, by reason of the vicinity of another barrack of equal height, the rooms are so darkened that on a cloudy day it is impossible to read or sew in them without artificial light. It has not one room which can in any way be thoroughly ventilated. The vaults and sewers which are to carry off the filth of the 126 families have grated openings in the alleys, and door-ways in the cellars, through which the noisome and deadly miasmata penetrate and poison the dank air of the house and the courts. The water-closets for the whole vast establishment are a range of stalls without doors, and accessible not only from the building, but even from the street. Comfort is here out of the question; common decency has been rendered impossible; and the horrible brutalities of the passenger-ship are day after day repeated,—but on a larger scale. And yet this is a fair specimen. And for such hideous and necessarily demoralizing habitations,—for two rooms, stench, indecency, and gloom, the poor family pays—and the rich builder receives—"thirty-five per cent. annually on the cost of the apartments!"

When a city has half a million of inhabitants who *must* content themselves with such quarters as these, which even

the beasts of the field would perish in, does any man wonder that 18,000 women were arrested in the last year? that in the three months ending January 31st, 1859, 13,765 arrests were made by the city police, of which over one-third were females, one in six under twenty years of age, and more than one-half under thirty? that in 1855 there was one death in every $26\frac{1}{3}$ of the population? that in 1858 the five city dispensaries were called on to treat (gratuitously) 65,442 infant patients? that, in 1855, 1,938 infants were stillborn, and 6,399, or 1 in 99 of the population, did not live the first year out? while, at the present time, 20,000 children roam the streets, and never enter a schoolroom? With such homes, is there cause for surprise that husbands murder their wives? that mothers abuse their children,—and would kill them, too, were they not profitable little slaves, as Mr. Halliday shows? that men and women live in drunken stupor upon the spoils of young children,—often not their own,—sent out to beg, to steal, or do worse yet? that even the very fag-end of humanity, the sentiment of “honor among thieves,” perishes here?

For twenty years, Mr. Halliday has labored among these poor creatures, as the “agent” or missionary of the “American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless,” an association of noble-minded and unusually practical men and women. If any of our readers fear lest the fountain of benevolence may dry up within him, we commend Mr. Halliday’s book to his perusal. He will find there some little stories which have a pathos beyond tears; some facts—happening, mayhap, within ten minutes’ walk of his own fireside—quite as strange as the strangest fiction of Mr. Cobb or Mr. Emerson Bennett. We have not space left for any account of Mr. Halliday’s labors. His Society provides not only boys and girls, but even men and women under certain circumstances, with present assistance and shelter, and afterwards a home and work in the country, at a distance from the temptations and miseries of the city. It is curious to read that Mr. Halliday receives frequent orders from various States—even the most distant West—for “a baby,” “a boy,” “a little girl.” It is good to know that in that way many bright young souls are saved from the horrors of “tenement”

life, and placed in kind hands; and it is touching to read, that, while many of these little ones are remarkable for good looks and bright spirits, all are reported as singularly quiet, sedate, and submissive. We are glad to know that the types of the paper published by the Society are set up by the women who have a refuge in its Home; and we were sorry to read of one boy, who always ran away from everybody and every place, being at last secured in the House of Refuge, where, being now nearly eleven years old, the monster! “he seems dejected, and I have never seen him smile,” says Mr. Halliday. This boy—and a good many others who like the streets and the free air better than the black-hole of a tenement—should go to sea. The sea is an honorable trade, (it *used* to be a profession,) and the merchants of New York could not do a wiser or a better thing than in providing a school-ship where such lads could be taught the rudiments of seamanship and navigation, or, in default of that, sending them as apprentices in their vessels.

We have two complaints to enter against Mr. Halliday: first, that he has given his book a title which will deter most sensible people from opening it; and, second, that in his valuable report on the tenement-houses, he does not give the names of those enterprising personages who make thirty-five per cent. at the expense, not only of their poor tenants, but of every tax-payer in New York.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VI. Cough—Education. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 772.

MORE than one-third of the task assumed by the editors of this work is now completed; and the best testimony in its favor is, that, although it has been freely criticized, sometimes with closeness and severity, and sometimes with studied harshness and evident malice, its reputation has risen among candid and competent readers with the appearance of each volume. Faults, negative and positive, may undoubtedly be discovered in it; but the same is true, in a greater or less degree, of every other production of human labor; and the eyes

neither of malice nor of hypercriticism have been able to find any sufficient reason why this Cyclopædia should not be accepted as the best popular dictionary of general knowledge in the English language. As the work advances, the comprehensiveness of its plan, the honesty of its purpose, and the truly catholic and liberal spirit which animates it, become more and more apparent; and the names of the authors of the articles (a list of which is to be published, we believe, with the last volume) sufficiently show the determination of the editors to secure the coöperation of the first talent in the country. Among the contributors to the present volume are the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Edmund Blunt, Dion Bourcicault, Professor Dana of Yale College, Edward Everett, Professor Felton of Cambridge, Parke Godwin, Richard Hildreth, George S. Hillard, William Henry Hurlbut, and Professors Lowell and Parsons of Cambridge.

Of the articles, we especially notice *Cranmer*, remarkable for the candor and the coolness of perception with which the character of its benevolent and gifted, but inconsistent and vacillating subject, is discussed:—*Cromwell*, which gives a completer, more authentic, and less prejudiced account of the eventful life of the great Puritan leader than is to be found in any other publication known to us:—*Crusades*, a complete picture in little of those great fitful blazes of religious enthusiasm by which it flickered into its final extinction; (for, afterward, only a semblance of it was made a stalking-horse by politicians;) and this article is quite a model of epitome:—*Cuneiform Inscriptions*, in which the writer has presented concisely and clearly the fruits of a careful examination of all the many theories that have been broached with regard to these important and puzzling records of the ancient world, without revealing a preference, if he have one, for any; a wise course, where, in a case of such consequence, the views of learned men are so conflicting, but one not always easily followed:—*Damascus Blades*, a very interesting, and, for general purposes, a very full description of the peculiarities of those famous, and, it appears, not too much lauded weapons:—*Deaf and Dumb*, a very copious article of eleven pages, rich in historical and biographical detail, and giving full accounts of the va-

rious methods of instruction adopted for this class of persons in all times and countries, with a large body of statistical information upon the subject; an article of great interest, but perhaps undue length:—*Death*, which conveys much information on a subject as to which the grossest and most deplorable misconceptions prevail; an article equally remarkable for its careful and minute presentation of the phenomena of death and for the placid and philosophical spirit in which it is written:—*Deluge*, in which, with the ingenuity before shown in the treatment of similar subjects, the various accounts of that event, and the facts and theories relating to it, are laid before the reader in a manner to which no one, of whatever creed, can object, and a new and very ingenious and rational mode of accounting for the phenomenon in question is proposed:—*Dog*, the fulness of which makes it acceptable to the lover of natural history, the sporting man, and the general reader:—and the last article, *Education*, one of great value, which describes the systems of instruction pursued in all ages and countries, and which, without entering upon the support of any one of them, presents to the reader such an impartial and detailed summary of the distinguishing features of them all, that he can form an intelligent opinion upon them for himself.

The volume is so meritorious, that we have not looked for faults; but, as we turned the leaves, we noticed a few such as the following:—that the river Dove, in England, should be mentioned as “noted for its picturesque scenery,” and yet its association with Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, its chief glory, be passed unnoticed; and that *Discord* should be defined as, “*in music*, a combination of sounds inharmonious and displeasing to the ear”; whereas, although, out of music, discord means a sound inharmonious and displeasing to the ear, in music discord is the golden bond of harmony, the life and soul of expression, that for which the ear yearns with a yearning that is inexpressible, and enjoys with poignancy of pleasure. We asked, too, if Thomas Dowse should be honored with a page and a half, in which his fall from a tree, his rheumatic fever, and the head winds which prevented him from visiting Europe are chronicled,—while the eminent French

painter, Couture, whose use of the pallet is marked by such striking originality, that it has produced an impression upon the works of a generation of painters, has twelve lines! And we can hardly be accused of hypercriticism, in directing the attention of the editors to a sentence like the following, in the article *Diptera*, p. 498, 2d col.:—"Though *this order* contains the bloodthirsty mosquito, the disgusting flesh-fly, and many insects depositing their eggs in the bodies of living animals, it is a most useful one, supplying food to insectivorous birds, and *themselves* [who? what?] consuming decomposing animal and vegetable substances," etc. But these are instances of oversight in not very important matters, or of inaccuracy of expression, or of difference of judgment between the editors and ourselves as to plan, which even in our judgment do not affect the value of the work in which they occur. Graver errors could be found in almost every work of great scope that ever came from the press. We indicate them that we may afford some help toward a nearer approximation to that perfection which is unattainable.

Tom Brown at Oxford: a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. By THOMAS HUGHES, etc. Part I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

MANY men write successful books; but very few have the power of making a book succeed by naturalness, simplicity, and quiet strength, as Mr. Hughes found the secret of doing in his "*School-Days at Rugby*." It is so easy to be eloquent,—scarce a modern French novelist but has the gift of it by the ream; so easy to be philosophical,—one has only to begin a few substantives with capitals; and without it is so hard to be genial and agreeable. Since Goldsmith's day, perhaps only Irving and Thackeray had achieved it, till Mr. Hughes made himself the third. It is no easy thing to write a book that shall seem so easy,—to describe your school-days with such instinctive rejection of the unessential, that whoever has been a boy feels as if he were reading the history of his own, and that your volume shall be no more exotic in America than in England. Yet this Mr. Hughes accomplished; and it

was in a great measure due to the fact, that beneath the charm of style the reader felt a real basis of manliness and sincerity.

His second book, "*The Scouring of the White Horse*," was less successful,—in part from the narrower range of its interest, and still more, perhaps, because it lacked the spontaneousness of the "*School-Days*." In his first book there was no suggestion of authorship; it seemed an inadvertence, something which came of itself;—but the second was *made*, and the kind fairy that stood godmother to its elder brother had been sent for and accordingly would not come.

In this first number of his new story Mr. Hughes seems to have found his good genius again, or his good genius to have found him. We meet our old friend TOM BROWN once more, and commit ourselves trustingly to the same easy current of narrative and incident which was so delightful in the story of his Rugby adventures. We have no doubt the book will be instructive as well as entertaining; for we believe the author has had some practical experience as teacher in "*The Working-Men's College*,"—an excellent institution, in which instruction is given to the poor after work-hours, and which, beside Mr. Hughes, has had another man of genius, Mr. Ruskin, among its unpaid professors. The work is to be published simultaneously in this country and in England.

Avolio; a Legend of the Island of Cos, with other Poems, Lyrical, Miscellaneous, and Dramatic. By PAUL H. HAYNE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859. pp. 244.

THERE is a great deal of real poetic feeling and expression in this volume, and, we think, the hope of better things to come. The author has not yet learned, and we could not expect it, that writers of verse tell us all they can think of, and writers of poetry only what they cannot help telling. The volume would have gained in quality by losing in quantity, but to give too much is the mistake of all young writers, and it is, perhaps, only by making it once for themselves that they can learn to sift. It is so hard at first, when all the sand seems golden! Of old the Muses were three, each of whom must reject something from the poem,

but when verse-writing became easier and more traditional, their number was raised to nine, that they might be the harder to please. And what a difficult jury they are! and how long they stay out over their verdict!

But, after all, it seems to us that Mr. Hayne has the root of the matter in him; and we shall look to meet him again, bringing a thinner, yet a fuller book. The present volume shows thoughtfulness, culture, sensibility to natural beauty, and great refinement of feeling. We like the first poem, which is also the longest, best of all. The subject is an imaginative one,—and the choice of a subject is one great test of genuine aptitude and ability. In this poem, and in some of the sonnets, (which are good both in matter and construction,) Mr. Hayne shows a genuine vigor of expression and maturity of purpose. There is a tone of sadness in the volume, as if the author were surrounded by an atmosphere uncongenial to letters. The reader cannot fail to be struck with this, and also with the oddity of two or three political sonnets, in which Mr. Hayne calls on his fellow-citizens to rally for the defence of slavery in the name of freedom. The book is dedicated, in a very graceful and cordial sonnet, to Mr. E. P. Whipple; and it is seldom that South Carolina sends so pleasant a message to Massachusetts. Mr. Hayne need only persevere in self-culture to be able to produce poems that shall win for him a national reputation.

Fairy Dreams; or Wanderings in Elfland.

By JANE G. AUSTIN. With Illustrations by Hammatt Billings. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1859.

THIS is a pretty book for children, written with no little feeling and fancy, and in a graceful style. The chimney-corner has been abolished by the economical furnace-register, and Santa Claus, if he come at all, must do it like an imp of the pit. The volumes for children to pore over, as they bake by the stove, or stew over the black hole in the floor, have also suffered an economic and practical change. No more fires, no more pretty fancies, seems to have been the doom. Parents who think, as we do, that children inhale practicality with our American atmos-

phere, and that a little encouragement of the imaginative side of their nature is not amiss, will be glad to drop Mrs. Austin's book into the proper stocking. The stories are well told; that, especially, of the Gray Cat is full of fanciful invention. The book is very prettily manufactured also, though we think publishers are carrying their fondness for tinted paper too far. Salmon-color is too much; the deepest tint allowable is that of cream from a cow that has grazed among buttercups.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India:

Being Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. HODSON, B. A., Trinity College, Cambridge; First Bengal European Fusileers, Commandant of Hodson's Horse. Including a Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Princes. Edited by his Brother, the Rev. GEORGE H. HODSON, M. A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. From the Third and Enlarged English Edition. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. 16mo. pp. 444.

THIS book should be widely read; or we might better say, this book *will* be widely read,—so widely, indeed, that there is no need for us to repeat its story here, or to give an abstract of its contents. Hodson was a man worth knowing, and his letters show him to us as he was. The special qualities of which Englishmen are proud, as the traits of national character, belonged in an uncommon degree to him. He was eminently truthful, staunch, and brave; he had a clear eye, a strong and ready hand, cool judgment, stern decision, and a tender heart. He might have borne the old Douglas motto on his shield.

He was trained under as good teachers as a young man ever had. At Rugby, under Dr. Arnold; then, for a year or two, living among the ennobling associations of Trinity College; then at Guernsey, as a young soldier, under Sir William Napier; then in India, with James Thomason, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Provinces, one of the best rulers that India ever knew, "*facile princeps of the whole Indian service*"; and finally passing from him to serve under Sir Henry Lawrence, the noblest soldier of India,

a man for whom common words of praise are insufficient, — Hodson had an unrivalled set of masters, and his life proves him to have been worthy of them.

The British rule in India is of such sort as to test the qualities of its officers to the last point. If they have anything good in them, it is sure to be brought into full action. Such responsibilities are thrown on them as at once to stimulate them to exertion of their best powers. Men who in the ordinary fields of work might remain all their lives mere commonplace mediocrities, under the discipline of Indian service, find out and show their real value. The Indian mutiny exhibited how common the rare qualities of foresight, energy, and enduring courage, and the still higher qualities of submission, patience, and faith, had become among those against whom the natives rose like a flood to overwhelm them in destruction. The little bands of English at Cawnpore, at Lucknow, and at many a less famous station, stood like rocks against the dashing of the storm. The qualities that enabled them to win the admiration even of their enemies, and to call forth the respect and the sorrow of the world, were the result, not of sudden stress, but of long and habitual training. The reader of Hodson's memoir will gain a knowledge of the processes by which such characters are developed.

The letters which make up the larger part of this book are written with animation and simplicity, and are full of spirited accounts of adventure, of rough and various service. The narrative which they afford of the siege of Delhi is of absorbing interest. The picture of the little army of besiegers, wasted by continual disease and exposure to the heats of an Indian summer, — worn by the constant sallies and attacks of a host of enemies trained in arms, — saddened by the receipt of evil tidings from all quarters, — feeling that upon their final success rested not only the hope of the continuance of British supremacy in India, but the very lives of those dear to them, — and, worst of all, compelled to submit to a succession of incompetent generals, whose timidity and irresolution baffled the best designs of officers and the dashing bravery of the troops; — the pictures which Hodson gives of this little army, of its unflagging spirit and resolution, and its valorous deeds, are

drawn with such truth as to bring the successive scenes vividly before the imagination. Hodson himself was one of the best and most useful of a noble corps of officers. His modesty does not hide the grounds of the enthusiasm which was felt for him by his men, — of the admiration that he excited among his fellows. The story of the capture of the King and Princes, after the fall of Delhi, is one of the most interesting stories of daring ever told. You hold your breath as you read it. It was a gallant deed, done in the most gallant way.

Altogether, the book is one of thoroughly manly tone and temper, — a book to make those who read it manlier, to put to shame the cowardice of easy life, to make men more honest, more enduring, more energetic, by the example which it sets before them. Hodson's life was short, but its result will last. There was no sham about it, no meanness, — nothing but what was large, true, and generous. As one turns the last page, it is with no regret that such a man should have died in the fight, for he was a Christian soldier. He was the *preux chevalier* of our times. The words in which Sir Ector mourns for his brother, Sir Lancelot, are fit for his epitaph. "‘Ah, Sir Lancelot,’ said hee, ‘thou were head of all christen knights! An now I dare say,’ said Sir Ector, ‘that, Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou were never matched of none earthly knight's hands; and thou were the curtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were the kindest man that ever strook with sword; and thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knights; and thou were the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortall foe that ever put speare in the rest.’”

Friends in Council. A Series of Readings and Discourse thereon. A New Series. 2 vols. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

THE best class of readers in England and America are sure to give a cordial

welcome to a new book by Mr. Helps. Nothing better need be said of this second series of "Friends in Council" than that it is a worthy sequel of the first. It is the work of a man of large experience and wide culture,—of one who is at the same time a student and a man of the world, versed in history and practically acquainted with affairs. Refined thoughtfulness and common sense combine to give value to all that Mr. Helps writes, and he is master of a style at once manly and elegant, quiet and strong. Two famous lines, which occur in a passage quoted in these volumes, serve well to characterize their merits :—

"Though deep, yet clear,—though gentle,
yet not dull,—
Strong without rage,—without o'erflowing,
full."

Such books have a special worth in these days of hasty writing. They admit one to the companionship of thoughtful, well-mannered gentlemen. One feels that he has been in good company, after reading them; and, whatever he may have gained of wisdom from the friends he has met in council, he is also improved in temper and in manners by their society.

The conversations which form the setting of the essays in these volumes enable Mr. Helps to present in an easy and effective way various sides of the important questions that he discusses. Completeness of statement is rarely to be obtained upon any of the deeper topics of life. If the golden side be displayed, the silver side is likely to be hidden. The same man holds various, though not irreconcilable opinions upon the same subject, according to the different lights in which he views it or the different phases it presents. The most honest man must sometimes appear inconsistent for the sake of truth; and the clearer a man's own convictions, the wider will be his charity for those of others. Mr. Helps exhibits admirably this natural and necessary diversity of thought, existing even where there is a coincidence of principle and of aim.

The essays upon War and Despotism are, perhaps, the ablest in these volumes, and deserve to be seriously viewed in the light of passing events. They are distinguished by freedom from exaggeration and by their moderation of statement. As in

so many of the productions of the best English writers at the present day, something of despondency in regard to the condition of the world is to be traced in them. And truly, to one who looks at the state of Europe and of our own country, there is more need for faith than ground of hope.

But at this Christmas season, this season of peace and good-will, let all our readers read the essay on Pleasantness. And if they will but take its teachings to heart, we can wish them, with the certainty of the fulfilment of our wish, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

The Marvellous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass. Newly collected, etc., by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE. With Illustrations by Crowquill. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. pp. xxxix., 255.

THIS is a very beautiful edition of a very amusing book. The preface and notes of Mr. Mackenzie will commend it to scholars, while the stories themselves will divert both young and old. A book of this kind, which can keep life in itself for more than three hundred years, must have some real humor and force at bottom. It is as good a specimen of mediæval fun as could anywhere be found. With nothing like the satiric humor of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum," it appeals to a much larger circle of readers. We are very glad to meet it again in so handsome a dress, and with such really clever illustrations. It is just the book for a Christmas gift.

Reynard the Fox, after the German Version of Goethe. By THOMAS JAMES ARNOLD, Esq. With Illustrations from the Designs of Wilhelm von Kaulbach. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 346 and 348 Broadway. 1860. pp. 226.

It is very well that Mr. Arnold should tell us on the title-page that his version is *after* that of Goethe. Nothing could be truer,—and it is a very long way after, too. By substituting the slow and verbose pentameter of what is called the classic school of English poetry for the remarkably forth-

right and simple eight-syllable measure of the original, the translator has contrived to lose almost wholly that homely flavor of the old poet, which Goethe carefully preserved. We do not mean to say that this is altogether a bad version, as such things go; on the contrary, it has a great deal of spirit, as it could hardly fail to have, unless it belied its model altogether;—but it is as far as possible from giving any notion of the characteristic qualities of “*Reinaert de Vos*.” If Mr. Arnold must change the measure, Chaucer’s “*Nonnes Preestes*

Tale” would have been a safer guide to follow.

The book, in spite of its American title-page, is wholly of English manufacture. It is a very handsome volume, and Kaulbach’s illustrations are copied with tolerable success, though with inevitable inferiority to the German originals. Kaulbach is hardly so happy an animal-painter as Grandville, but he has at least given his subjects in this case a more human expression than in his monstrous caricatures of Shakspeare.

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THE
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COUNTING AND MEASURING.

THOUGH, from the rapid action of the eye and the mind, grouping and counting by groups appear to be a single operation, yet, as things can be seen in succession only, however rapidly, the counting of things, whether ideal or real, is necessarily one by one. This is the first step of the art. The second step is grouping. The use of grouping is to economize speech in numeration, and writing in notation, by the exercise of the memory. The memorizing of groups is, therefore, a part of the primary education of every individual. Until this art is attained, to a certain extent, it is very convenient to use the fingers as representatives of the individuals of which the groups are composed. This practice led to the general adoption of a group derived from the fingers of the left hand. The adoption of this group was the first distinct step toward mental arithmetic. Previous groupings were for particular numerations; this for numeration in general; being, in fact, the first numeric base,—the quinary. As men advanced in the use of numbers, they adopted a group derived from the fingers of both hands; thus ten became the base of numeration.

Notation, like numeration, began with

ones, advanced to fives, then to tens, etc. Roman notation consisted of a series of signs signifying 1, 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, 1000, etc.,—a series evidently the result of counting by the five fingers and the two hands, the numbers signified being the products of continued multiplication by five and by two alternately. The Romans adhered to their mode, nor is it entirely out of use at the present day, being revered for its antiquity, admired for its beauty, and practised for its convenience.

The ancient Greek series corresponded to that of the Romans, though primarily the signs for 50, 500 and 5000 had no place. Ultimately, however, those places were supplied by means of compound signs.

The Greeks abandoned their ancient mode in favor of the alphabetic, which, as it signified by a single letter each number of the arithmetical series from one to nine separately, and also in union by multiplication with the successive powers of the base of numeration, was a decided improvement; yet, as it consisted of signs which by their number were difficult to remember, and by their resemblance easy to mistake, it was far from being perfect.

Doubtless, strenuous efforts were made to remedy these defects, and, apparently as the result of those efforts, the Arabic or Indian mode appeared; which, signifying the powers of the base by position, reduced the number of signs to that of the arithmetical series, beginning with nought and ending with a number of the value of the base less one.

The peculiarity of the Arabic mode, therefore, in comparison with the Greek, the Roman, or the alphabetic, is place value; the value of a combination by either of these being simply equal to the sum of its elements. By that, the value of the successive places, counting from right to left, being equal to the successive powers of the base, beginning with the nought power, each figure in the combination is multiplied in value by the power of the base proper to its place, and the value of the whole is equal to the sum of those products.

The Arabic mode is justly esteemed one of the happiest results of human intelligence; and though the most complex ever practised, its efficiency, as an arithmetical means, has obtained for it the reputation of great simplicity,—a reputation that extends even to the present base, which, from its intimate and habitual association with the mode, is taken to be a part of the mode itself.

With regard to this impression it may be remarked, that the qualities proper to a mode bear no resemblance to those proper to a base. The qualities of the present mode are well known and well accepted. Those of the present base are accepted with the mode, but those proper to a base remain to be determined. In attempting to ascertain these, it will be necessary to consider the uses of numeration and of notation.

These may be arranged in three divisions,—scientific, mechanical, and commercial. The first is limited, being confined to a few; the second is general, being common to many; the third is universal, being necessary to all. Commercial use, therefore, will govern the present inquiry.

Commerce, being the exchange of property, requires real quantity to be determined, and this in such proportions as are most readily obtained and most frequently required. This can be done only by the adoption of a unit of quantity that is both real and constant, and such multiples and divisions of it as are consistent with the nature of things and the requirements of use: real, because property, being real, can be measured by real measures only; constant, because the determination of quantity requires a standard of comparison that is invariable; conveniently proportioned, because both time and labor are precious. These rules being acted on, the result will be a system of real, constant, and convenient weights, measures, and coins. Consequently, the numeration and notation best suited to commerce will be those which agree best with such a system.

From the earliest periods, special attention has been paid to units of quantity, and, in the ignorance of more constant quantities, the governors of men have offered their own persons as measures; hence the fathom, yard, pace, cubit, foot, span, hand, digit, pound, and pint. It is quite probable that the Egyptians first gave to such measures the permanent form of government standards, and that copies of them were carried by commerce, and otherwise, to surrounding nations. In time, these became vitiated, and should have been verified by their originals; but for distant nations this was not convenient; moreover, the governors of those nations had a variety of reasons for preferring to verify them by their own persons. Thus they became doubly vitiated; yet, as they were not duly enforced, the people pleased themselves, so that almost every market-town and fair had its own weights and measures; and as, in the regulation of coins, governments, like the people, pleased themselves, so that almost every nation had a peculiar currency, the general result was, that with the laws and the practices of the governors and the governed, neither of whom pursued a legitimate course,

confusion reigned supreme. Indeed, a system of weights, measures, and coins, with a constant and real standard, and corresponding multiples and divisions, though indulged in as a day-dream by a few, has never yet been presented to the world in a definite form; and as, in the absence of such a system, a corresponding system of numeration and notation can be of no real use, the probability is, that neither the one nor the other has ever been fully idealized. On the contrary, the present base is taken to be a fixed fact, of the order of the laws of the Medes and Persians; so much so, that, when the great question is asked, one of the leading questions of the age,—How is this mass of confusion to be brought into harmony?—the reply is,—It is only necessary to adopt one constant and real standard, with decimal multiples and divisions, and a corresponding nomenclature, and the work is done: a reply that is still persisted in, though the proposition has been fairly tried, and clearly proved to be impracticable.

Ever since commerce began, merchants, and governments for them, have, from time to time, established multiples and divisions of given standards; yet, for some reason, they have seldom chosen the number ten as a base. From the long-continued and intimate connection of decimal numeration and notation with the quantities commerce requires, may not the fact, that it has not been so used more frequently, be considered as sufficient evidence that this use is not proper to it? That it is not may be shown thus:—A thing may be divided directly into equal parts only by first dividing it into two, then dividing each of the parts into two, etc., producing 2, 4, 8, 16, etc., equal parts, but ten never. This results from the fact, that doubling or folding is the only direct mode of dividing real quantities into equal parts, and that balancing is the nearest indirect mode,—two facts that go far to prove binary division to be proper to weights, measures, and coins. Moreover, use evidently requires things to be divided by two more frequently

than by any other number,—a fact apparently due to a natural agreement between men and things. Thus it appears the binary division of things is not only most readily obtained, but also most frequently required. Indeed, it is to some extent necessary; and though it may be set aside in part, with proportionate inconvenience, it can never be set aside entirely, as has been proved by experience. That men have set it aside in part, to their own loss, is sufficiently evidenced. Witness the heterogeneous mass of irregularities already pointed out. Of these our own coins present a familiar example. For the reasons above stated, coins, to be practical, should represent the powers of two; yet, on examination, it will be found, that, of our twelve grades of coins, only one-half are obtained by binary division, and these not in a regular series. Do not these six grades, irregular as they are, give to our coins their principal convenience? Then why do we claim that our coins are decimal? Are not their gradations produced by the following multiplications: $1 \times 5 \times 2 \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times 2 \times 2 \times 2\frac{1}{2} \times 2 \times 2 \times 2$, and $1 \times 3 \times 100$? Are any of these decimal? We might have decimal coins by dropping all but cents, dimes, dollars, and eagles; but the question is not, What we might have, but, What have we? Certainly we have not decimal coins. A purely decimal system of coins would be an intolerable nuisance, because it would require a greatly increased number of small coins. This may be illustrated by means of the ancient Greek notation, using the simple signs only, with the exception of the second sign, to make it purely decimal. To express \$9.99 by such a notation, only three signs can be used; consequently nine repetitions of each are required, making a total of twenty-seven signs. To pay it in decimal coins, the same number of pieces are required. Including the second Greek sign, twenty-three signs are required; including the compound signs also, only fifteen. By Roman notation, without subtraction, fifteen; with subtraction, nine. By alpha-

betic notation, three signs without repetition. By the Arabic, one sign thrice repeated. By Federal coins, nine pieces, one of them being a repetition. By dual coins, six pieces without a repetition, a fraction remaining.

In the gradation of real weights, measures, and coins, it is important to adopt those grades which are most convenient, which require the least expense of capital, time, and labor, and which are least likely to be mistaken for each other. What, then, is the most convenient gradation? The base two gives a series of seven weights that may be used: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64 lbs. By these any weight from one to one hundred and twenty-seven pounds may be weighed. This is, perhaps, the smallest number of weights or of coins with which those several quantities of pounds or of dollars may be weighed or paid. With the same number of weights, representing the arithmetical series from one to seven, only from one to twenty-eight pounds may be weighed; and though a more extended series may be used, this will only add to their inconvenience; moreover, from similarity of size, such weights will be readily mistaken. The base ten gives only two weights that may be used. The base three gives a series of weights, 1, 3, 9, 27, etc., which has a great promise of convenience; but as only four may be used, the fifth being too heavy to handle, and as their use requires subtraction as well as addition, they have neither the convenience nor the capability of binary weights; moreover, the necessity for subtraction renders this series peculiarly unfit for coins.

The legitimate inference from the foregoing seems to be, that a perfectly practical system of weights, measures, and coins, one not practical only, but also agreeable and convenient, because requiring the smallest possible number of pieces, and these not readily mistaken for each other, and because agreeing with the natural division of things, and therefore commercially proper, and avoiding much fractional calculation, is that, and

that only, the successive grades of which represent the successive powers of two.

That much fractional calculation may thus be avoided is evident from the fact that the system will be homogeneous. Thus, as binary gradation supplies one coin for every binary division of the dollar, down to the sixty-fourth part, and farther, if necessary, any of those divisions may be paid without a remainder. On the contrary, Federal gradation, though in part binary, gives one coin for each of the first two divisions only. Of the remaining four divisions, one requires two coins, and another three, and not one of them can be paid in full. Thus it appears there are four divisions of the dollar that cannot be paid in Federal coins, divisions that are constantly in use, and unavoidable, because resulting from the natural division of things, and from the popular division of the pound, gallon, yard, inch, etc., that has grown out of it. Those fractions that cannot be paid, the proper result of a heterogeneous system, are a constant source of jealousy, and often produce disputes, and sometimes bitter wrangling, between buyer and seller. The injury to public morals arising from this cause, like the destructive effect of the constant dropping of water, though too slow in its progress to be distinctly traced, is not the less certain. The economic value of binary gradation is, in the aggregate, immense; yet its moral value is not to be overlooked, when a full estimate of its worth is required.

Admitting binary gradation to be proper to weights, measures, and coins, it follows that a corresponding base of numeration and notation must be provided, as that best suited to commerce. For this purpose, the number two immediately presents itself; but binary numeration and notation being too prolix for arithmetical practice, it becomes necessary to select for a base a power of two that will afford a more comprehensive notation: a power of two, because no other number will agree with binary gradation. It is scarcely proper to say the third power has been selected, for there was no alterna-

tive,—the second power being too small, and the fourth too large. Happily, the third is admirably suited to the purpose, combining, as it does, the comprehensiveness of eight with the simplicity of two.

It may be asked, how a number, hitherto almost entirely overlooked as a base of numeration, is suddenly found to be so well suited to the purpose. The fact is, the present base being accepted as proper for numeration, however erroneously, it is assumed to be proper for gradation also; and a very flattering assumption it is, promising a perfectly homogeneous system of weights, measures, coins, and numbers, than which nothing can be more desirable; but, siren-like, it draws the mind away from a proper investigation of the subject, and the basic qualities of numbers, being unquestioned, remain unknown. When the natural order is adopted, and the base of gradation is ascertained by its adaptation to things, and the base of numeration by its agreement with that of gradation, then, the basic qualities of numbers being questioned, two is found to be proper to the first use, and eight to the second.

The idea of changing the base of numeration will appear to most persons as absurd, and its realization as impossible; yet the probability is, it will be done. The question is one of time rather than of fact, and there is plenty of time. The diffusion of education will ultimately cause it to be demanded. A change of notation is not an impossible thing. The Greeks changed theirs, first for the alphabetic, and afterwards, with the rest of the civilized world, for the Arabic,—both greater changes than that now proposed. A change of numeration is truly a more serious matter, yet the difficulty may not be as great as our apprehensions paint it. Its inauguration must not be compared with that of French gradation, which, though theoretically perfect, is practically absurd.

Decimal numeration grew out of the fact that each person has ten fingers and thumbs, without reference to science, art, or commerce. Ultimately scientific

men discovered that it was not the best for certain purposes, consequently that a change might be desirable; but as they were not disposed to accommodate themselves to popular practices, which they erroneously viewed, not as necessary consequences, but simply as bad habits, they suggested a base with reference not so much to commerce as to science. The suggestion was never acted on, however; indeed, it would have been in vain, as Delambre remarks, for the French commission to have made the attempt, not only for the reason he presents, but also because it does not agree with natural division, and is therefore not suited to commerce; neither is it suited to the average capacity of mankind for numbers; for, though some may be able to use duodecimal numeration and notation with ease, the great majority find themselves equal to decimal only, and some come short even of that, except in its simplest use. Theoretically, twelve should be preferred to ten, because it agrees with circle measure at least, and ten agrees with nothing; besides, it affords a more comprehensive notation, and is divisible by 6, 4, 3, and 2 without a fraction, qualities that are theoretically valuable.

At first sight, the universal use of decimal numeration seems to be an argument in its favor. It appears as though Nature had pointed directly to it, on account of some peculiar fitness. It is assumed, indeed, that this is the case, and habit confirms the assumption; yet, when reflection has overcome habit, it will be seen that its adoption was due to accident alone,—that it took place before any attention was paid to a general system, in short, without reflection,—and that its supposed perfection is a mere delusion; for, as a member of such a system, it presents disagreements on every hand; as has been said, it has no agreement with anything, unless it be allowable to say that it agrees with the Arabic mode of notation. This kind of agreement it has, in common with every other base. It is this that gives it character. On this account alone it is believed by many

to be the perfection of harmony. They get the base of numeration and the mode of notation so mingled together, that they cannot separate them sufficiently to obtain a distinct idea of either; and some are not conscious that they are distinct, but see in the Arabic mode nothing save decimal notation, and attribute to it all those high qualities that belong to the mode only. The Arabic mode is an invention of the highest merit, not surpassed by any other; but the admiration that belongs to it is thus bestowed upon a quite commonplace idea, a misapplication, which, in this as in many other cases, arises from the fact, that it is much easier to admire than to investigate. This result of carelessness, if isolated, might be excused; but all errors are productive, and it should be remembered that this one has produced that extraordinary perversion of truth to be found in the reply to the question, *How is all this confusion to be brought into harmony?* It has produced it not only in words, but in deed. Was it not this reply that led the French commission to extend the use of the present base from numeration to gradation also, under the delusive hope of producing a perfectly homogeneous system, that would be practical also? Was it not under its influence, that, adhering to the base to which the world had been so long accustomed, instead of attempting to regulate ideal division by real, which might have led to the adoption of the true base and a practical system, they committed the one great error of endeavoring to reverse true order, by forcing real division into conformity with a preconceived ideal? This attempt was made at a time supposed by many to be peculiarly suited to the purpose, a time of changes. It was a time of changes, truly; but these were the result of high excitement, not of quiet thought, such as the subject requires,—a time for rushing forward, not for retracing misguided steps. Accordingly, a system was produced which from its magnitude and importance was truly imposing, and which, to the present day, is

highly applauded by all those who, under the influence of the error alluded to, conceive decimal numeration to be a sacred truth: applauded, not because of its adaptation to commerce, but simply because of its beautiful proportions, its elegant symmetry, to say nothing of the array of learning and power engaged in its production and inauguration: imposing, truly, and alike on its authors and admirers; for the qualities they so much admire are not peculiar to the decimal base, but to the use of one and the same base for numeration, notation, and gradation. But if the base ten agrees with nothing, over, on, or under the earth, can it be the best for scientific use? can it be at all suited to commercial purposes? If true order is the object to be attained, and that for the sake of its utility, then agreement between real and ideal division is the one thing needful, the one essential change without which all other changes are vain, the only change that will yield the greatest good to the greatest number,—a change, which, as volition is with the ideal, and inertia with the real, can be attained only by adaptation of the ideal to the real.

A full investigation of the existing heterogeneous or fragmentary system will lead to the discovery that it contains two elements which are at variance with natural division and with each other, and that the unsuccessful issue of every attempt at regulation hitherto made has been the proper result of the mistake of supposing agreement between those elements to be a possible thing.

The first element of discord to be considered is the division of things by personal proportion, as by fathom, yard, cubit, foot, etc. It is obvious at a glance, that these do not agree with binary division, nor with decimal, nor yet with each other. It is this element that has suggested the duodecimal base, to which some adhere so tenaciously, apparently because they have not ascertained the essential quality of a base.

The second is the numeration of things by personal parts, as fingers, hands, etc.,

—suggesting a base of numeration that has no agreement with the binary, nor with personal proportion, neither can it have with any proper general system. Are there any things in Nature that exist by tens, that associate by tens, that separate into tenths? Are there any things that are sold by tens, or by tenths? Even the fingers number eight, and, had there been any reflection used in the adoption of a base of numeration, the thumbs would not have been included. The ease with which the simplest arithmetical series may be continued led our fathers quietly to the adoption, first, of the quinary, and second, of the decimal group; and we have continued its use so quietly, that its propriety has rarely been questioned; indeed, most persons are both surprised and offended, when they hear it declared to be a purely artificial base, proper only to abstract numbers.

The binary base, on the contrary, is natural, real, simple, and accords with the tendency of the mind to simplify, to individualize. In business, who ever thinks of a half as two-fourths, or three-sixths, much less as two-and-a-half-fifths, or three-and-a-half-sevenths? For division by two produces a half at one operation; but with any other divisor, the reduction is too great, and must be followed by multiplication. Think of calling a half five-tenths, a quarter twenty-five-hundredths, an eighth one-hundred-

and-twenty-five-thousandths! Arithmetic is seldom used as a plaything. It generally comes into use when the mind is too much occupied for sporting. Consequently, the smallest divisor that will serve the purpose is always preferred. A calculation is an appendage to a mercantile transaction, not a part of the transaction itself; it is, indeed, a hindrance, and in large business is performed by a distinct person. But even with him, simplicity, because necessary to speed, is second in merit only to correctness.

The binary base is not only simple, it is real. Accordingly, it has large agreement with the popular divisions of weights, etc. Grocers' weights, up to the four-pound piece, and all their measures, are binary; so are the divisions of the yard, the inch, etc.

It is not only simple and real, it is natural. On every hand, things may be found that are duplex in form, that associate in pairs, that separate into halves, that may be divided into two equal parts. Things are continually sold in pairs, in halves, and in quantities produced by halving.

The binary base, therefore, is here proposed, as the only proper base for gradation; and the octonal, as the true commercial base, for numeration and notation: two bases which in combination form a binoctonal system that is at once simple, comprehensive, and efficient.

MY LAST LOVE.

I HAD counted many more in my girlhood, in the first flush of blossoming,—and a few, good men and true, whom I never meet even now without an added color; for, at one time or another, I thought I loved each of them.

“Why didn't I marry them, then?”

For the same reason that many another woman does not. We are afraid to trust

our own likings. Too many of them are but sunrise vapors, very rosy to begin with, but by mid-day as dingy as any old dead cloud with the rain all shed out of it. I never see any of those old swains of mine, without feeling profoundly thankful that I don't belong to him. I shouldn't want to look over my husband's head in any sense. So they all got wives

and children, and I lived an old maid,—although I was scarcely conscious of the state; for, if my own eyes or other people's testimony were to be trusted, I didn't look old, and I'm quite sure I didn't feel so. But I came to myself on my thirty-second birthday, an old maid most truly, without benefit of clergy. And thereby hangs this tale; for on that birthday I first made acquaintance with my last love.

Something like a month before, there had come to Huntsville two gentlemen in search of game and quiet quarters for the summer. They soon found that a hotel in a country village affords little seclusion; but the woods were full of game, the mountain-brooks swarmed with trout too fine to be given up, and they decided to take a house of their own. After some search, they fixed on an old house, (I've forgotten whose "folly" it was called,) full a mile and a half from town, standing upon a mossy hill that bounded my fields, square and stiff and weather-beaten, and without any protection except a ragged pine-tree that thrust its huge limbs beneath the empty windows, as though it were running away with a stolen house under its arm. The place was musty, rat-eaten, and tenanted by a couple of ghosts, who thought a fever, once quite fatal within the walls, no suitable discharge from the property, and made themselves perfectly free of the quarters in properly weird seasons. But money and labor cleared out all the cobwebs, (for ghosts are but spiritual cobwebs, you know,) and the old house soon wore a charming air of rustic comfort.

I used to look over sometimes, for it was full in view from my chamber-windows, and see the sportsmen going off by sunrise with their guns or fishing-rods, or lying, after their late dinner, stretched upon the grass in front of the house, smoking and reading. Sometimes a fragment of a song would be dropped down from the lazy wings of the south wind, sometimes a long laugh filled all the summer air and frightened the pine-wood into echoes, and, altogether, the

new neighbors seemed to live an enviable life. They were very civil people, too; for, though their nearest path out lay across my fields, and close by the doorway, and they often stopped to buy fruit or cream or butter, we were never annoyed by an impertinent question or look. Once only I overheard a remark not altogether civil, and that was on the evening before my birthday. One of them, the elder, said, as he went away from my house with a basket of cherries, that he should like to get speech with that polyglot old maid, who read, and wrote, and made her own butter-pats. The other answered, that the butter was excellent at any rate, and perhaps she had a classical cow; and they went down the lane laughingly disputing about the matter, not knowing that I was behind the currant-bushes.

"Polyglot old maid!" I thought, very indignantly, as I went into the house. "I've a mind not to sell them another cake of my butter. But I wonder if people call me an old maid. I wonder if I am one."

I thought of it all the evening, and dreamt of it all night, waking the next morning with a new realization of the subject. That first sense of a lost youth! How sharp and strong it comes! That suddenly opened north door of middle life, through which the winter winds rush in, sweeping out of the southern windows all the splendors of the earlier time; it is like a sea-turn in late summer. It has seemed to be June all along, and we thought it was June, until the wind went round to the east, and the first red leaf admonished us. By-and-by we close, as well as we may, that open door, and look out again from the windows upon blooms, beautiful in their way, to which some birds yet sing; but, alas! the wind is still from the east, and blows as though, far away, it had lain among icebergs.

So I mused all the morning, watering the sentiment with a bit of a shower out of my cloud; and when the shadows turned themselves, I went out to see how old age would look to me in the fields and

woods. It was a delicious afternoon, more like a warm dream of hay-making, odorous, misty, sleepily musical, than a waking reality, on which the sun shone. Tremulous blue clouds lay down all around upon the mountains, and lazy white ones lost themselves in the waters; and through the dozing air, the faint chirp of robin or cricket, and ding of bells in the woods, and mellow cut of scythe, melted into one song, as though the heart-beat of the luscious midsummer-time had set itself to tune.

I walked on to loiter through the woods. No dust-brush for brain or heart like the boughs of trees! There dwells a truth, and pure, strong health within them, an ever-returning youth, promising us a glorious leafage in some strange spring-time, and a symmetry and sweetness that possess us until our thoughts grow skyward like them, and wave and sing in some sunnier strata of soul-air. In the woods I was a girl again, and forgot the flow of the hours in their pleasant companionship. I must have grown tired and sat down by a thicket of pines to rest, though I have forgotten, and perhaps I had fallen asleep; for suddenly I became conscious of a sharp report, and a sharper pain in my shoulder, and, tearing off my cape, I found the blood was flowing from a wound just below the joint. I remember little more, for a sudden faintness came over me; but I have an indistinct remembrance of people coming up, of voices, of being carried home, and of the consternation there, and long delay in obtaining the surgeon. The pain of an operation brought me fully to my senses; and when that was over, I was left alone to sleep, or to think over my situation at leisure. I'm afraid I had but little of a Christian spirit then. All my plans of labor and pleasure spoiled by this one piece of carelessness! to call it by the mildest term. All those nice-little fancies that should have grown into real flesh-and-blood articles for my publisher, hung up to dry and shrivel without shape or comeliness! The garden, the dairy, the new bit of carriage-

way through the beeches,—my pet scheme,—the new music, the sewing, all laid upon the shelf for an indefinite time, and I with no better employment than to watch the wall-paper, and to wonder if it wasn't almost dinner- or supper-time, or nearly daylight! To be sure, I knew, and thought of all the improving reflections of a sick-room; but it was much like a mild-spoken person making peace among twenty quarrelsome ones. You can see him making mouths, but you don't hear a word he says.

A sick mind breeds fever fast in a sick body, and by night I was in a high fever, and for a day or two knew but little of what went on about me. One of the first things I heard, when I grew easier, was, that my neighbor, the sportsman, was waiting below to hear how I was. It was the younger one whose gun had wounded me; and he had shown great solicitude, they said, coming several times each day to inquire for me. He brought some birds to be cooked for me, too,—and came again to bring some lilies he had gone a mile to fetch, he told the girl. Every day he came to inquire, or to bring some delicacy, or a few flowers, or a new magazine for me, until the report of his visit came to be an expected excitement, and varied the dull days wonderfully. Sickness and seclusion are a new birth to our senses, oftentimes. Not only do we get a real glimpse of ourselves, undecked and unclothed, but the commonest habits of life, and the things that have helped to shape them day by day, put on a sort of strangeness, and come to shake hands with us again, and make us wonder that they should be just exactly what they are. We get at the primitive meaning of them, as if we rubbed off the nap of life, and looked to see how the threads were woven; and they come and go before us with a sort of old newness that affects us much as if we should meet our own ghost some time, and wonder if we are really our own or some other person's housekeeper.

I went through all this, and came out with a stock of small facts beside,—as,

that the paper-hanger had patched the hangings in my chamber very badly in certain dark spots, (I had got several headaches, making it out,)—that the chimney was a little too much on one side,—that certain boards in the entry-floor creaked of their own accord in the night,—that Neighbor Brown had tucked a few new shingles into the roof of his barn, so that it seemed to have broken out with them,—and any number of other things equally important. At length I got down-stairs, and was allowed to see a few friends. Of course there was an inundation of them; and each one expected to hear my story, and to tell a companion one, something like mine, only a little more so. It was astonishing, the immense number of people that had been hurt with guns. No wonder I was sick for a day or two afterward. I was more prudent next time, however, and, as the gossips had got all they wanted, I saw only my particular friends. Among these my neighbor, the sportsman, insisted on being reckoned, and after a little hesitation we were obliged to admit him. I say we,—for, on hearing of my injury, my good cousin, Mary Mead, had come to nurse and amuse me. She was one of those safe, serviceable, amiable people, made of just the stuff for a satellite, and she proved invaluable to me. She was immensely taken with Mr. Ames, too, (I speak of the younger, for, after the first call of condolence, the elder sportsman never came,) and to her I left the task of entertaining him, or rather of doing the honors of the house,—for the gentleman contrived to entertain himself and us.

Now don't imagine the man a hero, for he was no such thing. He was very good-looking,—some might say handsome,—well-bred, well educated, with plenty of common information picked up in a promiscuous intercourse with town and country people, rather fine tastes, and a great, strong, magnanimous, physical nature, modest, but perfectly self-conscious. That was his only charm for me. I despise a mere animal; but, other things being equal, I admire a man who is big and

strong, and aware of his advantages; and I think most women, and very refined ones, too, love physical beauty and strength much more than they are willing to acknowledge. So I had the same admiration for Mr. Ames that I should have had for any other finely proportioned thing, and enjoyed him very much, sitting quietly in my corner while he chatted with Mary, or told me stories of travel or hunting, or read aloud, which he soon fell into the way of doing.

We did try, as much as hospitality permitted, to confine his visits to a few ceremonious calls; but he persisted in coming almost every day, and walked in past the girl with that quiet sort of authority which it is so difficult to resist. In the same way he took possession of Mary and me. He was sure it must be very dull for both of us; therefore he was going, if we would pardon the liberty, to offer his services as reader, while my nurse went out for a ride or a walk. Couldn't I sit out under the shadow of the beech-trees, as well as in that hot room? He could lift the chair and me perfectly well, and arrange all so that I should be comfortable. He would like to superintend the cooking of some birds he brought one day. He noticed that the girl didn't do them quite as nicely as he had learned to do them in the woods. And so in a thousand things he quietly made us do as he chose, without seeming to outrage any rule of propriety. When I was able to sit in a carriage, he persuaded me to drive with him; and I had to lean on his arm, when I first went round the place to see how matters went on.

Once I protested against his making himself so necessary to us, and told him that I didn't care to furnish the gossips so much food as we were doing.

When I turned him out of doors, he would certainly stay away, he said; but he thought, that, as long as I was an invalid, I needed some one to think and act for me and save me the trouble, and, as no one else seemed disposed to take the office, he thought it was rather his duty

and privilege,—especially, he added, with a slight smile, as he was quite sure that it was not very disagreeable to us. As for the gossips, he didn't think they would make much out of it, with such an excellent duenna as Cousin Mary,—and, indeed, he heard the other day that he was paying attention to her.

I thought it all over by myself, when he had gone, and came to the conclusion that it was not necessary for me to resign so great a pleasure as his society had become, merely for the fear of what a few curious people might say. Even Mary, cautious as she was, protested against banishing him for such a reason; and, after a little talking over of the matter among ourselves, we decided to let Mr. Ames come as often as he chose, for the remaining month of his stay.

That month went rapidly enough, for I was well enough to ride and walk out, and half the time had Mr. Ames to accompany me. I got to value him very much, as I knew him better, and as he grew acquainted with my peculiarities; and we were the best friends in the world, without a thought of being more. No one would have laughed at that more than we, there was such an evident unsuitableness in the idea. At length the time came for him to leave Huntsville; his house was closed, except one room where he still preferred to remain, and his friend was already gone. He came to take tea with us for the last time, and made himself as agreeable as ever, although it evidently required some effort to do so. Soft-hearted Cousin Mary broke down and went off crying when he bade her good-bye, after tea; but I was not of such stuff, and laughingly rallied him on the impression he had made.

"Get your bonnet, and walk over to the stile with me, Miss Rachel," he said. "It isn't sunset quite yet, and the afternoon is warm. Come! it's the last walk we shall take together."

I followed him out, and we went almost silently across the fields to the hill that overlooked the strip of meadow between our houses. There was the stile

over which I had looked to see him spring, many a time.

"Sit down a moment, until the sun is quite down," he said, making room for me beside him on the topmost step. "See how splendid that sky is! a pavilion for the gods!"

"I should think they were airing all their finery," I answered. "It looks more like a counter spread with bright goods than anything else I can think of."

"That's a decidedly vulgar comparison, and you're not in a spiritual mood at all," he said. "You've snubbed me two or three times to-night, when I've tried to be sentimental. What's amiss with you?" and he bent his eyes, full of a saucy sort of triumph, upon mine.

"I don't like parting with friends; it sets me all awry," I said, giving back his own self-assured look. I was sorry to have him go; but if he thought I was going to cry or blush, he was mistaken.

"You'll write to me, Miss Rachel?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Ames,—not at all," I said.

"Not write? Why not?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Because I don't believe in galvanizing dead friendships," I answered.

"Dead friendships, Miss Rachel? I hope ours has much life in it yet," he said.

"It's in the last agony, Sir. It will be comfortably dead and buried before long, with a neat little epitaph over it,—which is much the best way to dispose of them finally, I think."

"You're harder than I thought you were," he said. "Is that the way you feel towards all your friends?"

"I love my friends as well as any one," I answered. "But I never hold them when they wish to be gone. My life-yarn spins against some other yarn, catches the fibres, and twists into the very heart" —

"So far?" he asked, turning his eyes down to mine.

"Yes," I said, coolly,—“for the time being. You don't play at your friendships, do you? If so, I pity you. As I

was saying, they're like one thread. By-and-by one spindle is moved, the strands spin away from each other, and become strange yarn. What's the use of sending little locks of wool across to keep them acquainted? They're two yarns from henceforth. Reach out for some other thread,—there's plenty near,—and spin into that. We're made all up of little locks from other people, Mr. Ames. Won't it be strange, in that great Hereafter, to hunt up our own fibres, and return other people's? It would take about forty-five degrees of an eternity to do that."

"I shall never return mine," he said. "I couldn't take myself to pieces in such a style. But won't you write at all?"

"To what purpose? You'll be glad of one letter,—possibly of two. Then it will be, 'Confound it! here's a missive from that old maid! What a bore! Now I suppose I must air my wits in her behalf; but, if you ever catch me again,'—*Exit.*"

"And you?" he asked, laughing.

"I shall be as weary as you, and find it as difficult to keep warmth in the poor dying body. No, Mr. Ames. Let the poor thing die a natural death, and we'll wear a bit of crape a little while, and get a new friend for the old."

"So you mean to forget me altogether?"

"No, indeed! I shall recollect you as a very pleasant tale that is told,—not a friend to hanker after. Isn't that good common sense?"

"It's all head-work,—mere cold calculation," he said; "while I"—He stopped and colored.

"Your gods, there, are downright turn-coats," I said, coming down from the stile. "Their red mantles are nothing but pearl-colored now, and presently they'll be russet-gray. That whippoorwill always brings the dew with him, too; so I must go home. Good-night, and good-bye, Mr. Ames."

"I scarcely know how to part with you," he said, taking my hand. "It's not so easy a thing to do."

"People say, 'Good-bye,' or 'God bless you,' or some such civil phrase, usually," I said, with just the least curl of my lip,—for I knew I had got the better of him.

He colored again, and then smiled a little sadly.

"Ah! I'm afraid I leave a bigger lock than I take," he exclaimed. "Well, then, good friend! good-bye, and God bless you, too! Don't be quite so hard as you promise to be."

I missed him very much, indeed; but if any think I cried after him, or wrote verses, or soliloquized for his sake, they are much mistaken. I had lost friends before, and made it a point to think just as little of them as possible, until the sore spot grew strong enough to handle without wincing. Besides, my cousin stayed with me, and all my good friends in the village had to come out for a call or a visit to see how the land lay; so I had occupation enough. Once in a while I used to look over to the old house, and wish for one good breezy conversation with its master; and when the snow came and lay in one mass upon the old roof, clear down to the eaves, like a night-cap pulled down to the eyes of a low-browed old woman, I moved my bed against the window that looked that way. These forsaken nests are gloomy things enough!

I had no thought of hearing again of him or from him, and was surprised, when, in a month, a review came, and before long another, and afterwards a box, by express, with a finely kept bouquet, and, in mid-winter, a little oil-painting,—a delicious bit of landscape for my *sanctum*, as he said in the note that accompanied it. I heard from him in this way all winter, although I never sent word or message back again, and tried to think I was sorry that he did not forget me, as I had supposed he would. Of course I never thought of acknowledging to myself that it was possible for me to love him. I was too good a sophist for that; and, indeed, I think that between a perfect friendship and a perfect

love a fainter distinction exists than many people imagine. I have known likings to be colored as rosiely as love, and seen what called itself love as cold as the chilliest liking.

One day, after spring had been some time come, I was returning from a walk and saw that Mr. Ames's house was open. I could not see any person there; but the door and windows were opened, and a faint smoke crept out of the chimney and up among the new spring foliage after the squirrels. I had walked some distance, and was tired, and the weather was not perfect; but I thought I would go round that way and see what was going on. It was one of those charming child-days in early May, laughing and crying all in one, the fine mist-drops shining down in the sun's rays, like star-dust from some new world in process of rasping up for use. I liked such days. The showers were as good for me as for the trees. I grew and budded under them, and they filled my soul's soil full of singing brooks.

When I reached the lawn before the door, Mr. Ames came out to see me,—so glad to meet that he held my hand and drew me in, asking two or three times how I was and if I were glad to see him. He had called at the house and seen Cousin Mary, on his way over, he said,—for he was hungering for a sight of us. He was not looking as well as when he left in the autumn,—thinner, paler, and with a more anxious expression when he was not speaking; but when I began to talk with him, he brightened up, and seemed like his old self. He had two or three workmen already tearing down portions of the finishing, and after a few moments asked me to go round and see what improvements he was to make. We stopped at last at his chamber, a room that looked through the foliage towards my house.

"This is my lounging-place," he said, pointing to the sofa beneath the window. "I shall sit here with my cigar and watch you this summer; so be circumspect! But are you sure that you are glad to see me?"

"To be sure. Do you take me for a heathen?" I said. "But what are you making such a change for? Couldn't the old house content you?"

"It satisfies me well enough; but I expect visitors this summer who are quite fastidious, and this old worm-eaten wood-work wouldn't do for them. What makes you look so dark? Don't you like the notion of my lady-visitors?"

"I didn't know that they were to be ladies until you told me," I said; "and it's none of my business whom you entertain, Mr. Ames."

"There wasn't much of a welcome for them in your face, at any rate," he answered. "And to tell the truth, I am not much pleased with the arrangement myself. But they took a sudden fancy for coming, and no amount of persuasion could induce them to change their minds. It's hardly a suitable place for ladies; but if they will come, they must make the best of it."

"How came you ever to take a fancy to this place? and what makes you spend so much money on it?" I asked.

"You don't like to see the money thrown away," he said, laughing. "The truth is, that I've got a skeleton, like many another man, and I've been trying these two years to get away from it. The first time I stopped to rest under this tree, I felt light-hearted. I don't know why, except it was some mysterious influence; but I loved the place, and I love it no less now, although my skeleton has found a lodging-place here too."

"Of course," I said, "and very appropriately. The house was haunted before you came."

"It was haunted for me afterward," he said softly, more to himself than to me; "sweet, shadowy visions I should be glad to call up now." And he turned away and swallowed a sigh.

I pitied him all the way home, and sat up to pity him, looking through the soft May starlight to see the lamp burning steadily at his window until after midnight. From that time I seemed to have a trouble,—though I could scarcely have

named or owned it, it was so indefinite.

He came to see me a few days afterward, and sat quite dull and abstracted until I warmed him up with a little lively opposition. I vexed him first, and then, when I saw he was interested enough to talk, I let him have a chance; and I had never seen him so interesting. He showed me a new phase of his character, and I listened, and answered him in as few words as possible, that I might lose nothing of the revelation. When he got up to go away, I asked him where he had been to learn and think so much since the last autumn. He began to be, I thought and hoped, what a sterner teaching might have made him before.

He seemed a little embarrassed; said no one else had discovered any change in him, and he thought it must be only a reflected light. He had observed that I had "a remarkable faculty for drawing people out. What was my witchcraft?"

I disclaimed all witchcraft, and told him it was only because I quarrelled with people. A little wholesome opposition had warmed him into quite a flight of fancy.

"If I could only," — he began, hurriedly; but took out his watch, said it was time for him to go, and went off quite hastily. It was very weak in me, but I wished very much to know what he would have said.

The next time, he called a few moments to tell me that his lady-visitors, with a friend of theirs, had come, and had expressed a wish to make my acquaintance. He promised them that he would call and let me know, — though he hoped I would not come, unless I felt inclined. He was very absent-minded, and went off the moment I asked him where he had left his good spirits. This made me a little cold to him when I called on the ladies, for I found them all sitting after tea out at the door. It was a miserably constrained affair, though we all tried to be civil, — for I could see that both ladies were taking, or trying to take, my measure, and it did not set me

at ease in the least. But in the mean time I had measured them; and as experience has confirmed that first impression, I may as well sketch them here. I protest, in the first place, against any imputation of prejudice or jealousy. I thought much more charitably of them than others did.

Mrs. Winslow was one of those pleasant, well-bred ladies, who can look at you until you are obliged to look away, contradict you flatly, and say the most grossly impertinent things in the mildest voice and choicest words. A woman of the world, without nobility enough to appreciate a magnanimous thought or action, and with very narrow, shallow views of everything about her, she had still some agreeable traits of character, — much shrewd knowledge of the world, as she saw it, some taste for Art, and an excellent judgment in relation to all things appertaining to polite society. I had really some pleasant intercourse with her, although I think she was one of the most insulting persons I ever met. I made a point of never letting her get any advantage of me, and so we got along very well. Whenever she had a chance, she was sure to say something that would mortify or hurt me; and I never failed to repay both principal and interest with a voice and face as smooth as hers. And here let me say that there is no other way of dealing with such people. Self-denial, modesty, magnanimity, they do not and cannot understand. Never turn them the other cheek, but give a smart slap back again. It will do them good.

The daughter was a very pretty, artificial, silly girl, who might have been very amiable in a different position, and was not ill-natured as it was. I might have liked her very well, if she had not conceived such a wonderful liking for me, and hugged and kissed me as much as she did. She cooed, too, and I dislike to hear a woman coo; it is a sure mark of inferiority.

We were quite intimate soon, and Miss Lucy fell into the habit of coming early in the morning to ride with me, and after

dinner to sit and sew, and after tea for a walk. She showed me all her heart, apparently, though there was not much of it, and vowed that she scarcely knew how she should exist without me. I let her play at liking me, just as I should have indulged a playful kitten, and tried to say and do something that might improve her for Mr. Ames's sake. I saw now what his skeleton was. He was to marry the poor child, and shrunk from it as I should have shrunk from a shallow husband.

He used to come with her sometimes, and I must confess that he behaved admirably. I never saw him in the least rude, or ill-natured, or contemptuous towards her, even when she was silliest and tried his patience most severely; and I felt my respect for him increasing every day. As for Mrs. Winslow, she came sometimes to see me, and was very particular to invite me there; but I saw that she watched both me and Mr. Ames, and suspected that she had come to Huntsville for that purpose. She sought every opportunity, too, of making me seem awkward or ignorant before him; and he perceived it, I know, and was mortified and annoyed by it, though he left the chastisement entirely to me. Once in a while Cousin Mary and I had a real old-fashioned visit from him all alone, either when it was very stormy, or when the ladies were visiting elsewhere. He always came serious and abstracted, and went away in good spirits, and he said that those few hours were the pleasantest he passed. Mrs. Winslow looked on them with an evil eye, I knew, and suspected a great deal of which we were all innocent; for one day, when she had been dining at my house with her daughter, and we were all out in the garden together, I overheard her saying,—

"She is just the person to captivate him, and you mustn't bring yourself into competition with her, Lucy. She can outshine you in conversation, and I know that she is playing a deep game."

"La, ma!" the girl exclaimed. "An old maid, without the least style! and she

makes butter too, and actually climbs up in a chair to scrub down her closets,—for Edward and I caught her at it one day."

"And did she seem confused?" asked Mrs. Winslow.

"No, indeed! Now I should have died, if he had caught me in such a plight; but she shook down her dress as though it were a matter of course, and they were soon talking about some German stuff,—I don't know what it was,—while I had to amuse myself with the drawings."

"That's the way!" retorted the mother. "You play dummy for them. I wish you had a little more spirit, Lucy. You wouldn't play into the hands of this designing!"—

"Nonsense, mamma! She's a real clever, good-natured old thing, and I like her," exclaimed the daughter. "You're so suspicious!"

"You're so foolishly secure!" answered mamma. "A man is never certain until after the ceremony; and you don't know Edward Ames, Lucy."

"I know he's got plenty of money, mother, and I know he's real nice and handsome," was the reply; and they walked out of hearing.

I wouldn't have listened even to so much as that, if I could have avoided it; and as soon as I could, I went into the parlor, and sat down to some work, trying to keep down that old trouble, which somehow gathered size like a rolling snowball. I might have known what it was, if I had not closed my eyes resolutely, and said to myself, "The summer will soon be gone, and there will be an end of it all then"; and I winced, as I said it, like one who sees a blow coming.

The summer went by imperceptibly; it was autumn, and still all things remained outwardly as they had been. We went back and forth continually, rode and walked out, sang and read together, and Lucy grew fonder and fonder of me. She could scarcely live out of my presence, and confided to me all her plans when she and Edward should be married,—how much she thought of him, and he of her, all about their court-

ship, how he declared himself and how she accepted him one soft moonlight night in far Italy, how agitated and distressed he had been when she had a fever, and a thousand other details which swelled that great stone in my heart more and more. But I shut my eyes, until one day when I saw them together. He was listening, intent, and very pale, to something she told him, and, to my surprise, she was pale too, and weeping. Before she could finish, she broke into a passionate rush of tears, and would have thrown herself at his feet; but he caught her, and she sunk down upon his shoulder, and he stooped towards her as he might if he had loved her. Then I knew how I loved him.

I had to bear up a little while, for they were in my house, and I must bid them good-night, and talk idly, so that they should not suspect the wound I had. But I must do something, or go mad; and so I went out to the garden-wall, and struck my hand upon it until the blood ran. The pain of that balanced the terrible pain within for a few moments, and I went in to them calm and smiling. They were sitting on the sofa, he with a perplexed, pale face, and she blushing and radiant. They started up when they saw my hand bandaged, and she was full of sympathy for my hurt. He said but little, though he looked fixedly at my face. I know I must have looked strangely. When they were gone, I went into my chamber and shut the door, with some such feeling as I should have closed the entrance of a tomb behind me forever. I fought myself all that night. My heart was hungry and cried out for food, and I would promise it none at all. Is there any one who thinks that youth has monopolized all the passion of life, all the rapture, all the wild despair? Let them breast the deep, strong current of middle life.

I never could quite recollect how that last month went away. I know that I kept myself incessantly occupied, and that I saw them almost daily, without departing from the tone of familiar friendship I had worn throughout, although my

heart was full of jealousy and a fast-growing hatred that would not be quelled. Not for a thousand happy loves would I have let them see my humiliation. I was even afraid that already he might suspect it, for his manner was changed. Sometimes he was distant, sometimes sad, and sometimes almost tenderer than a friend.

It got to be October, and I felt that I could not bear such a state of things any longer, and questioned within myself whether I had better not leave home for a while. If I had been alone, it would have been easy; but my cousin Mary was still with me, and I could give no good reason for such a step. Before I had settled upon anything, Lucy came to me in great distress, with a confession that Mr. Ames was somehow turned against her, and that she was almost heart-broken about it. If she lost him, she must die; for she had so long looked upon him as her husband, and loved him so well, that life would be nothing without him. What should she do? Would I advise her?

I didn't know, until long afterward, that it was a consummate piece of acting, dictated by the mother, and that she was as heartless as it was possible for a young girl to be; and while she lay weeping at my feet, I pitied her, and wondered if, perhaps, there might not be some spring of generous feeling in her heart, that a happy love would unlock. The next morning I went out alone, for a ride, in a direction where I thought I could not be disturbed. Up hill and down, over roads, pastures, and streams, I tore until the fever within was allayed, and then I stopped to rest, and look upon the beauties of the bright October day. All overhead and around, the sky and patches of water were of that far-looking blue which seems all ready to open upon new and wonderful worlds. Big, bright drops of a night-shower lay asleep in the curled-up leaves, as though the trees had stretched out a million hands to catch them. And such hands! What comparison could match them? Clouds of butterflies, such as sleep among the flowers of Paradise,—forgotten dreams of

children, who sleep and smile,—fancies of fairy laureates, strung shining together for some high festival,—anything most rich or unreal, might furnish a type for the foliage that was painted upon the golden blue of that October day. I could almost have forgotten my trouble in the charmed gaze.

"You turn up in strange places, Rachel!" said a voice behind me.

This was what I had dreaded; but I swallowed love and fear in one great gulp, and shut my teeth with a resolution of iron. I would not be guilty of the meanness of standing in that child's way, if she were but a fool; so I answered him gayly.

"The same to yourself," as Neighbor Dawkins would say. Why didn't you all go to the lake, as you planned last night?"

"For some good reasons. Were you bewitched, that you stood here so still?" He looked brightly into my face, as he came up.

"No,—but the trees are. Shouldn't you think that Oberon had held high court here over-night?"

"And that they had left their wedding-dresses upon the boughs? Yes, they are gay enough! But where have you been these four weeks, that I haven't got speech with you?"

"A pretty question, when you've been at my house almost every day! Where are your senses, man?"

"I know too well where they are," he said. "But I've wanted a good talk with you, face to face,—not with a veil of commonplace people between. You're not yourself among them. I like you best when your spirits are a little ruffled, and your eye kindles, and your lip curls, as it does now,—not when you say, 'No, Sir,' or 'Yes, Ma'am,' and smile as though it were only skin-deep."

I started my horse.

"Let's be going, Jessie," I said. "It's our duty to feel insulted. He accuses your mistress of being deceitful among her friends, and says he likes her when she's cross."

He laughed lightly, and walked along by my side.

"How are your ladies? and when will Miss Lucy come to ride out with me?" I asked, fearing a look into his eyes.

This brought him down. I knew it would.

He answered that she was well, and walked along with his head down, quite like another man. At length he looked up, very pale, and put his hand on my bridle.

"I want to put a case to you," he said. "Suppose a man to have made some engagement before his mind was mature, and under a strong outside pressure of which he was not aware. When he grows to a better knowledge of the world and himself, and finds that he has been half cheated, and that to keep his word will entail lasting misery and ruin on himself, without really benefiting any one else, is he bound to keep it?"

I stopped an instant to press my heart back, and then I answered him.

"A promise is a promise, Mr. Ames. I have thought that a man of honor valued his word more than happiness or life."

He flushed a moment, and then looked down again; and we walked on slowly, without a word, over the stubby ground, and through brooklets and groves and thickets, towards home. If I could only reach there before he spoke again! How could I hold out to do my duty, if I were tempted any farther? At last he checked the horse, and, putting his hand heavily on mine, looked me full in the face, while his was pale and agitated.

"Rachel," he said, huskily, "if a man came to you and said, 'I am bound to another; but my heart, my soul, my life are at your feet,' would you turn him away?"

I gasped one long breath of fresh air.

"Do I look like a woman who would take a man's love at second hand?" I said, haughtily. "Women like me *must* respect the man they marry, Sir."

He dropped his hand, and turned away his head, with a deep-drawn breath. I

saw him stoop and lift himself again, as though some weight were laid upon his shoulders. I saw the muscles round and ridgy upon his clenched hand. "All this for a silly, shallow thing, who knows nothing of the heart she loses!" some tempter whispered, and passionate words of love rushed up and beat hard against my shut teeth. "Get thee behind me!" I muttered, and resolutely started my horse forward. "Not for her,—but for myself,—for self-respect! The best love in the world shall not buy that!"

He came along beside me, silent, and stepping heavily, and thus we went to the leafy lane that came out near my house. There I stopped; for I felt that this must end now.

"Mr. Ames, you must leave this place, directly," I said, with as much sternness as I could assume. "If you please, I will bid you good-bye, now."

"Not see you again, Rachel?" he exclaimed, sharply. "No! not that! Forgive me, if I have said too much; but don't send me away!"

He took my hand in both his, and gazed as one might for a sentence of life or death.

"Will you let a woman's strength shame you?" I cried, desperately. "I thought you were a man of honor, Mr. Ames. I trusted you entirely, but I will never trust any one again."

He dropped my hand, and drew himself up.

"You are right, Rachel! you are right," he said, after a moment's thought. "No one must trust me, and be disappointed. I have never forgotten that before; please God, I never will again. But must I say farewell here?"

"It is better," I said.

"Good-bye, then, dear friend!—dear friend!" he whispered. "If you ever love any better than yourself, you will know how to forgive me."

I felt his kiss on my hand, and felt, rather than saw, his last look, for I dared not raise my eyes to his; and I knew that he had turned back, and that I had seen the last of him. For one instant I

thought I would follow and tell him that he did not suffer alone; but before my horse was half turned, I was myself again.

"Fool!" I said. "If you let the dam down, can you push the waters back again? Would that man let anything upon earth stand between him and a woman that loved him? Let him go so. He'll forget you in six months."

I had to endure a farewell call from Lucy and her mother. Mr. Ames had received a sudden summons home, and they were to accompany him a part of the way. The elder scrutinized me very closely, but I think she got nothing to satisfy her; the younger kissed and shed tears enough for the parting of twin sisters. How I hated her! In a couple of days they were gone, Mr. Ames calling to see me when he knew me to be out, and leaving a civil message only. The house was closed, the faded leaves fell all about the doorway, and the grass withered upon the little lawn.

"That play is over, and the curtain dropped," I said to myself, as I took one long look towards the old house, and closed the shutters that opened that way.

You who have suffered some great loss, and stagger for want of strength to walk alone, thank God for work. Nothing like that for bracing up a feeble heart! I worked restlessly from morning till night, and often encroached on what should have been sleep. Hard work, real sinewy labor, was all that would content me; and I found enough of it. To have been a proper heroine, I suppose I should have devoted myself to works of charity, read sentimental poetry, and folded my hands very meekly and prettily; but I did no such thing. I ripped up carpets, and scoured paint, and swept down cobwebs, I made sweetmeats and winter clothing, I dug up and set out trees, and smoothed the turf in my garden, and tramped round my fields with the man behind me, to see if the fences needed mending, or if the marshes were properly drained, or the fallow land wanted ploughing. It made me better. All the sickliness of my grief passed away,

and only the deep-lying regret was left like a weight to which my heart soon became accustomed. We can manage trouble much better than we often do, if we only choose to try resolutely.

I had but one relapse. It was when I got news of their marriage. I remember the day with a peculiar distinctness; for it was the first snow-storm of the season, and I had been out walking all the afternoon. It was one of those soft, leaden-colored, expectant days, of late autumn or early winter, when one is sure of snow; and I went out on purpose to see it fall among the woods; for it was just upon Christmas, and I longed to see the black ground covered. By-and-by a few flakes sauntered down, coquetting as to where they would alight; then a few more followed, thickening and thickening until the whole upper air was alive with them, and the frozen ridges whitened along their backs, and every little stiff blade of grass or rush or dead bush held all it could carry. It was pleasant to see the quiet wonder go on, until the landscape was completely changed,—to walk home *scuffing* the snow from the frozen road on which my feet had ground as I came that way, and see the fences full, and the hollows heaped up level, and the birches bent down with their hair hidden, and the broad arms of the fir-trees loaded, like sombre cotton-pickers going home heavily laden. Then to see the brassy streak widen in the west, and the cold moon hang astonished upon the dead tops of some distant pine-trees, was to enjoy a most beautiful picture, with only the cost of a little fatigue.

When I got home, I found among my letters one from Mr. Ames. He could not leave the country without pleading once more for my esteem, he wrote. He had not intended to marry until he could think more calmly of the past; but Lucy's mother had married again very suddenly into a family where her daughter found it not pleasant to follow her. She was poor, without very near relatives now, and friends, on both sides, had urged the marriage. He had told her the state of

his feelings, and offered, if she could overlook the want of love, to be everything else to her. She should never repent the step, and he prayed me, when I thought of him, to think as leniently as possible. Alas! now I must not think at all.

How I fought that thought,—how I worked by day, and studied deep into the night, filling every hour full to the brim with activity, seems now a feverish dream to me. Such dead thoughts will not be buried out of sight, but lie cold and stiff, until the falling foliage of seasons of labor and experience eddies round them, and moss and herbs venture to grow over their decay, and birds come slowly and curiously to sing a little there. In time, the mound is beautiful with the richness of the growth, but the lord of the manor shudders as he walks that way. For him, it is always haunted.

Thus with me. I knew that the sorrow was doing me good, that it had been needed long, and I tried to profit by it, as the time came when I could think calmly of it all. I thought I had ceased to love him; but the news of her death (for she died in two years) taught me better. I heard of him from others,—that he had been most tender and indulgent to a selfish, heartless woman, who trifled with his best feelings, and almost broke his heart before she went. I heard that he had one child, a poor little blind baby, for whom the mother had neither love nor care, and that he still continued abroad. But from himself I never heard a word. No doubt he had forgotten me, as I had always thought he would.

More than two years passed, and spring-time was upon us, when I heard that he had returned to the country, and was to be married shortly to a wealthy, beautiful widow he had found abroad. At first we heard that he was married, and then that he was making great preparations, but would not marry until autumn. Even the bride's dress was described, and the furniture of the house of which she was to be mistress. I had expected some such thing, but it added one more drop of bitterness to the yearning I had for him. It

was so hard to think him like any other man!

However, now, as before, I covered up the wound with a smiling face, and went about my business. I had been making extensive improvements on my farm, and kept out all day often, overseeing the laborers. One night, a soft, starlight evening in late May, I came home very tired, and, being quite alone, sat down on the portico to watch the stars and think. I had not been long there, when a man's step came up the avenue, and some person, I could not tell who in the darkness, opened the gate, and came slowly up towards me. I rose, and bade him good-evening.

"Is it you, Rachel?" he said, quite faintly. It was his voice. Thank Heaven for the darkness! The hand I gave him might tremble, but my face should betray nothing. I invited him into the parlor, and rang for lights.

"He's come to see about selling the old house," I thought; there was a report that he would sell it by auction. When the lights came, he looked eagerly at me.

"Am I much changed?" I said, with a half-bitter smile.

"Not so much as I," he answered, sighing and looking down;—he seemed to be in deep thought for a moment.

He was much changed. His hair was turning gray; his face was thin, with a subdued expression I had never expected to see him wear. He must have suffered greatly; and, as I looked, my heart began to melt. That would not do; and besides, what was the need of pity, when he had consoled himself? I asked some ordinary question about his journey, and led him into a conversation on foreign travel.

The evening passed away as it might with two strangers, and he rose to go, with a grave face and manner as cold as mine,—for I had been very cold. I followed him to the door, and asked how long he stayed at Huntsville.

Only a part of the next day, he said; his child could not be left any longer; but he wished very much to see me, and so had contrived to get a few days.

"Indeed!" I said. "You honor me. Your Huntsville friends scarcely expected to be remembered so long."

"They have not done me justice, then," he said, quietly. "I seem to have the warmest recollection of any. Good-night, Miss Mead. I shall not be likely to see you again."

He gave me his hand, but it was very cold, and I let it slip as coldly from mine. He went down the gravel-walk slowly and heavily, and he certainly sighed as he closed the gate. Could I give him up thus? "Down pride! You have held sway long enough! I must part more kindly, or die!" I ran down the gravel-walk and overtook him in the avenue. He stopped as I came up, and turned to meet me.

"Forgive me," I said, breathlessly. "I could not part with old friends so, after wishing so much for them."

He took both my hands in his. "Have you wished for me, Rachel?" he said, tenderly. "I thought you would scarcely have treated a stranger with so little kindness."

"I was afraid to be warmer," I said.

"Afraid of what?" he asked.

My mouth was unsealed. "Are you to be married?" I asked.

"I have no such expectation," he answered.

"And are not engaged to any one?"

"To nothing but an old love, dear! Was that why you were afraid to show yourself to me?"

"Yes!" I answered, making no resistance to the arm that was put gently round me. He was mine now, I knew, as I felt the strong heart beating fast against my own.

"Rachel," he whispered, "the only woman I ever did or ever can love, will you send me away again?"

A SHETLAND SHAWL.

It was made of the purest and finest wool,
As fine as silk, and as soft and cool;
It was pearly white, of that cloud-like hue
Which has a shadowy tinge of blue;
And brought by the good ship, miles and miles,
From the distant shores of the Shetland Isles.

And in it were woven, here and there,
The golden threads of a maiden's hair,
As the wanton wind with tosses and twirls
Blew in and out of her floating curls,
While her busy fingers swiftly drew
The ivory needle through and through.

The warm sun flashed on the brilliant dyes
Of the purple and golden butterflies,
And the drowsy bees, with a changeless tune,
Hummed in the perfumed air of June,
As the gossamer fabric, fair to view,
Under the maiden's fingers grew.

The shadows of tender thought arise
In the tranquil depths of her dreamy eyes,
And her blushing cheek bears the first impress
Of the spirit's awakening consciousness,
Like the rose, when it bursts, in a single hour,
From the folded bud to the perfect flower.

Many a tremulous hope and care,
Many a loving wish and prayer,
With the blissful dreams of one who stood
At the golden gate of womanhood,
The little maiden's tireless hands
Wove in and out of the shining strands.

The buds that burst in an April sun
Had seen the wonderful shawl begun;
It was finished, and folded up with pride,
When the vintage purpled the mountain-side;
And smiles made light in the violet eyes,
At the thought of a lover's pleased surprise.

The spider hung from the budding thorn
His baseless web, when the shawl was worn;
And the cobwebs, silvered by the dew,
With the morning sunshine breaking through,
The maiden's toil might well recall,
In the vanished year, on the Shetland Shawl.

For the rose had died in the autumn showers,
 That bloomed in the summer's golden hours;
 And the shining tissue of hopes and dreams,
 With misty glories and rainbow gleams
 Woven within and out, was one
 Like the slender thread by the spider spun.

As fresh and as pure as the sad young face,
 The snowy shawl with its clinging grace
 Seems a fitting veil for a form so fair:
 But who would think what a tale of care,
 Of love and grief and faith, might all
 Be folded up in a Shetland Shawl?

ROBA DI ROMA.

[Continued.]

CHAPTER VI.

GAMES IN ROME.

WALKING, during pleasant weather, almost anywhere in Rome, but especially in passing through the enormous arches of the Temple of Peace, or along by the Colosseum, or some wayside *osteria* outside the city-walls, the ear of the traveler is often saluted by the loud, explosive tones of two voices going off together, at little intervals, like a brace of pistol-shots; and turning round to seek the cause of these strange sounds, he will see two men, in a very excited state, shouting, as they fling out their hands at each other with violent gesticulation. Ten to one he will say to himself, if he be a stranger in Rome, "How quarrelsome and passionate these Italians are!" If he be an Englishman or an American, he will be sure to congratulate himself on the superiority of his own countrymen, and wonder why these fellows stand there shaking their fists at each other, and screaming, instead of fighting it out like men,—and muttering, "A cowardly pack,* too!" will pass on, perfectly satisfied with his facts and his philosophy.

But what he has seen was really not a quarrel. It is simply the game of *Morra*, as old as the Pyramids, and formerly played among the host of Pharaoh and the armies of Cæsar as now by the subjects of Pius IX. It is thus played.

Two persons place themselves opposite each other, holding their right hands closed before them. They then simultaneously and with a sudden gesture throw out their hands, some of the fingers being extended, and others shut up on the palm,—each calling out in a loud voice, at the same moment, the number he guesses the fingers extended by himself and his adversary to make. If neither cry out aright, or if both cry out aright, nothing is gained or lost; but if only one guess the true number, he wins a point. Thus, if one throw out four fingers and the other two, he who cries out six makes a point, unless the other cry out the same number. The points are generally five, though sometimes they are doubled, and as they are made, they are marked by the left hand, which, during the whole game, is held stiffly in the air at about the shoulders' height, one finger being extended for

every point. When the *partito* is won, the winner cries out, "*Fatto!*" or "*Guadagnato!*" or "*Vinto!*" or else strikes his hands across each other in sign of triumph. This last sign is also used when Double *Mora* is played, to indicate that five points are made.

So universal is this game in Rome, that the very beggars play away their earnings at it. It was only yesterday, as I came out of the gallery of the Capitol, that I saw two who had stopped screaming for "*baiocchi per amor di Dio,*" to play pauls against each other at *Mora*. One, a cripple, supported himself against a column, and the other, with his ragged cloak slung on his shoulder, stood opposite him. They staked a paul each time with the utmost *nonchalance*, and played with an earnestness and rapidity which showed that they were old hands at it, while the coachmen from their boxes cracked their whips, and jeered and joked them, and the shabby circle around them cheered them on. I stopped to see the result, and found that the cripple won two successive games. But his cloaked antagonist bore his losses like a hero, and when all was over, he did his best with the strangers issuing from the Capitol to line his pockets for a new chance.

Nothing is more simple and apparently easy than *Mora*, yet to play it well requires quickness of perception and readiness in the calculation of chances. As each player, of course, knows how many fingers he himself throws out, the main point is to guess the number of fingers thrown by his opponent, and to add the two instantaneously together. A player of skill will soon detect the favorite numbers of his antagonist, and it is curious to see how remarkably clever some of them are in divining, from the movement of the hand, the number to be thrown. The game is always played with great vivacity, the hands being flung out with vehemence, and the numbers shouted at the full pitch of the voice, so as to be heard at a considerable distance. It is from the sudden open-

ing of the fingers, while the hands are in the air, that the old Roman phrase, *micare digitis*, "to flash with the fingers," is derived.

A bottle of wine is generally the stake; and round the *osterias*, of a *fiesta*-day, when the game is played after the blood has been heated and the nerves strained by previous potations, the regular volleyed explosions of "*Tre! Cinque! Otto! Tutti!*" are often interrupted by hot discussions. But these are generally settled peacefully by the bystanders, who act as umpires, — and the excitement goes off in talk. The question arises almost invariably upon the number of fingers flashed out; for an unscrupulous player has great opportunities of cheating, by holding a finger half extended, so as to be able to close or open it afterwards according to circumstances; but sometimes the losing party will dispute as to the number called out. The thumb is the father of all evil at *Mora*, it being often impossible to say whether it was intended to be closed or not, and an unskilful player is easily deceived in this matter by a clever one. When "*Tutti*" is called, all the fingers, thumb and all, must be extended, and then it is an even chance that a discussion will take place as to whether the thumb was out. Sometimes, when the blood is hot, and one of the parties has been losing, violent quarrels will arise, which the umpires cannot decide, and, in very rare cases, knives are drawn and blood is spilled. Generally these disputes end in nothing, and, often as I have seen this game, I have never been a spectator of any quarrel, though discussions numberless I have heard. But, beyond vague stories by foreigners, in which I put no confidence, the vivacity of the Italians easily leading persons unacquainted with their characters to mistake a very peaceable talk for a violent quarrel, I know of only one case that ended tragically. There a savage quarrel, begun at *Mora*, was with difficulty pacified by the bystanders, and one of the parties withdrew to an *osteria* to drink with his com-

panions. But while he was there, the rage which had been smothered, but not extinguished, in the breast of his antagonist, blazed out anew. Rushing at the other, as he sat by the table of the *osteria*, he attacked him fiercely with his knife. The friends of both parties started at once to their feet, to interpose and tear them apart; but before they could reach them, one of the combatants dropped bleeding and dying on the floor, and the other fled like a maniac from the room.

This readiness of the Italians to use the knife, for the settlement of every dispute, is generally attributed by foreigners to the passionateness of their nature; but I am inclined to believe that it also results from their entire distrust of the possibility of legal redress in the courts. Where courts are organized as they are in Naples, who but a fool would trust to them? Open tribunals, where justice should be impartially administered, would soon check private assassinations; and were there more honest and efficient police courts, there would be far fewer knives drawn. The Englishman invokes the aid of the law, knowing that he can count upon prompt justice; take that belief from him, he, too, like Harry Gow, would "fight for his own hand." In the half-organized society of the less civilized parts of the United States, the pistol and bowie-knife are as frequent arbiters of disputes as the stiletto is among the Italians. But it would be a gross error to argue from this, that the Americans are violent and passionate by nature; for, among the same people in the older States, where justice is cheaply and strictly administered, the pistol and bowie-knife are almost unknown. Despotism and slavery nurse the passions of men; and wherever law is loose, or courts are venal, public justice assumes the shape of private vengeance. The farther south one goes in Italy, the more frequent is violence and the more unrepresed are the passions. Compare Piedmont with Naples, and the difference is immense. The dregs of vice and violence settle to the south. Rome is worse than Tuscany,

and Naples worse than Rome,—not so much because of the nature of the people, as of the government and the laws.

But to return to *Mora*. As I was walking out beyond the Porta San Giovanni the other day, I heard the most ingenious and consolatory periphrasis for a defeat that it was ever my good-fortune to hear; and, as it shows the peculiar humor of the Romans, it may here have a place. Two of a party of *contadini* had been playing at *Mora*, the stakes being, as usual, a bottle of wine, and each, in turn, had lost and won. A lively and jocose discussion now arose between the friends on the one side and the players on the other,—the former claiming that each of the latter was to pay his bottle of wine for the game he lost, (to be drunk, of course, by all,) and the latter insisting, that, as one loss offset the other, nothing was to be paid by either. As I passed, one of the players was speaking. "*Il primo partito*," he said, "*ho guadagnato io; e poi, nel secondo*,"—here a pause,—"*ho perso la vittoria*": "The first game, I won; the second, I — *lost the victory*." And with this happy periphrasis, our friend admitted his defeat. I could not but think how much better it would have been for the French, if this ingenious mode of adjusting with the English the Battle of Waterloo had ever occurred to them. To admit that they were defeated was of course impossible; but to acknowledge that they "lost the victory" would by no means have been humiliating. This would have soothed their irritable national vanity, prevented many heart-burnings, saved long and idle arguments and terrible "kicking against the pricks," and rendered a friendly alliance possible.

No game has a better pedigree than *Mora*. It was played by the Egyptians more than two thousand years before the Christian era. In the paintings at Thebes and in the temples of Beni-Hassan, seated figures may be seen playing it,—some keeping their reckoning with the left hand uplifted,—some striking off the game with both hands, to show that it

was won,—and, in a word, using the same gestures as the modern Romans. From Egypt it was introduced into Greece. The Romans brought it from Greece at an early period, and it has existed among them ever since, having suffered apparently no alteration. Its ancient Roman name was *Micatio*, and to play it was called *micare digitis*,—"to flash the fingers,"—the modern name *Mora* being merely a corruption of the verb *micare*. Varro describes it precisely as it is now played; and Cicero, in the first book of his treatise "*De Divinatione*," thus alludes to it:—"Quid enim est sors? Idem propemodum quod micare, quod talos jacere, quod tesseras; quibus in rebus temeritas et casus, non ratio et consilium valent." So common was it, that it became the basis of an admirable proverb, to denote the honesty of a person:—"Dignus est quicum in tenebris mices": "So trustworthy, that one may play Mora with him in the dark." At one period they carried their love of it so far, that they used to settle by *micatio* the sales of merchandise and meat in the Forum, until Apronius, prefect of the city, prohibited the practice in the following terms, as appears by an old inscription, which is particularly interesting as containing an admirable pun: "*Sub exagio potius pecora vendere quam digitis concludentibus tradere*": "Sell your sheep by the balance, and do not bargain or deceive" (*tradere* having both these meanings) "by opening and shutting your fingers at *Mora*."

One of the various kinds of the old Roman game of *Pila* still survives under the modern name of *Pallone*. It is played between two sides, each numbering from five to eight persons. Each of the players is armed with a *bracciale*, or gantlet of wood, covering the hand and extending nearly up to the elbow, with which a heavy ball is beaten backwards and forwards, high into the air, from one side to the other. The object of the game is to keep the ball in constant flight, and whoever suffers it to fall dead within his bounds loses. It may, however, be struck in its rebound, though the best

strokes are before it touches the ground. The *bracciali* are hollow tubes of wood, thickly studded outside with pointed bosses, projecting an inch and a half, and having inside, across the end, a transverse bar, which is grasped by the hand, so as to render them manageable to the wearer. The balls, which are of the size of a large cricket-ball, are made of leather, and are so heavy, that, when well played, they are capable of breaking the arm, unless properly received on the *bracciale*. They are inflated with air, which is pumped into them with a long syringe, through a small aperture closed by a valve inside. The game is played on an oblong figure, marked out on the ground, or designated by the wall around the sunken platform on which it is played; across the centre is drawn a transverse line, dividing equally the two sides. Whenever a ball either falls outside the lateral boundary or is not struck over the central line, it counts against the party playing it. When it flies over the extreme limits, it is called a *volata*, and is reckoned the best stroke that can be made. At the end of the lists is a spring-board, on which the principal player stands. The best batter is always selected for this post; the others are distributed about. Near him stands the *pallonaio*, whose office is to keep the balls well inflated with air, and he is busy nearly all the time. Facing him, at a short distance, is the *mandarino*, who gives ball. As soon as the ball leaves the *mandarino's* hand, the chief batter runs forward to meet it, and strikes it as far and high as he can, with the *bracciale*. Four times in succession have I seen a good player strike a *volata*, with the loud applause of the spectators. When this does not occur, the two sides bat the ball backwards and forwards, from one to the other, sometimes fifteen or twenty times before the point is won; and as it falls here and there, now flying high in the air and caught at once on the *bracciale* before touching the ground, now glancing back from the wall which generally forms one side of the lists, the players rush eagerly to hit it, calling loudly

to each other, and often displaying great agility, skill, and strength. The interest now becomes very exciting; the bystanders shout when a good stroke is made, and groan and hiss at a miss, until, finally, the ball is struck over the lists, or lost within them. The points of the game are fifty,—the first two strokes counting fifteen each, and the others ten each. When one side makes the fifty before the other has made anything, it is called a *marcio*, and counts double. As each point is made, it is shouted by the caller, who stands in the middle and keeps the count, and proclaims the bets of the spectators.

This game is as national to the Italians as cricket to the English; it is not only, as it seems to me, much more interesting than the latter, but requires vastly more strength, agility, and dexterity, to play it well. The Italians give themselves to it with all the enthusiasm of their nature, and many a young fellow injures himself for life by the fierceness of his batting. After the excitement and stir of this game, which only the young and athletic can play well, cricket seems a very dull affair.

The game of *Pallone* has always been a favorite one in Rome; and near the summit of the Quattro Fontane, in the Barberini grounds, there is a circus, which used to be specially devoted to public exhibitions during the summer afternoons. At these representations, the most renowned players were engaged by an *impresario*. The audience was generally large, and the entrance-fee was one paul. Wonderful feats were sometimes performed here; and on the wall are marked the heights of some remarkable *volate*. The players were clothed in a thin, tight dress, like *saltimbanchi*. One side wore a blue, and the other a red ribbon, on the arm. The contests, generally, were fiercely disputed,—the spectators betting heavily, and shouting, as good or bad strokes were made. Sometimes a line was extended across the amphitheatre, from wall to wall, over which it was necessary to strike the ball, a point being lost in case

it passed below. But this is a variation from the game as ordinarily played, and can be ventured on only when the players are of the first force. The games here, however, are now suspended; for the French, since their occupation, have not only seized the post-office, to convert it into a club-room, and the *piano nobile* of some of the richest palaces, to serve as barracks for their soldiers, but have also driven the Romans from their amphitheatre, where *Pallone* was played, to make it into *ateliers de génie*. Still, one may see the game played by ordinary players, towards the twilight of any summer day, in the Piazza di Termini, or near the Tempio della Pace, or the Colosseo. The boys from the studios and shops also play in the streets a sort of mongrel game called *Pillotta*, beating a small ball back and forth, with a round bat, shaped like a small *tamburello* and covered with parchment. But the real game, played by skilful players, may be seen almost every summer night outside the Porta a Pinti, in Florence; and I have also seen it admirably played under the fortress-wall at Siena, the players being dressed entirely in white, with loose ruffled jackets, breeches, long stockings, and shoes of undressed leather, and the audience sitting round on the stone benches, or leaning over the lofty wall, cheering on the game, while they ate the cherries or *zucca*-seeds which were hawked about among them by itinerant peddlers. Here, towards twilight, one could lounge away an hour pleasantly under the shadow of the fortress, looking now at the game and now at the rolling country beyond, where olives and long battalions of vines marched knee-deep through the golden grain, until the purple splendors of sunset had ceased to transfigure the distant hills, and the crickets chirped louder under the deepening gray of the sky.

In the walls of the amphitheatre at Florence is a bust in colored marble of one of the most famous players of his day, whose battered face seems still to preside over the game, getting now and

then a smart blow from the *Pallone* itself, which, in its inflation, is no respecter of persons. The honorable inscription beneath the bust, celebrating the powers of this champion, who rejoiced in the surname of Earthquake, is as follows:—

“*Josephus Barnius, Petiolensis, vir in jactando repercutiendoque folle singularis, qui ob robur ingens maximamque artis peritiam, et collusores ubique devictos, Terræmotus formidabili cognomento dictus est.*”

Another favorite game of ball among the Romans is *Bocce* or *Boccette*. It is played between two sides, consisting of any number of persons, each of whom has two large wooden balls of about the size of an average American nine-pin ball. Beside these, there is a little ball called the *lecco*. This is rolled first by one of the winning party to any distance he pleases, and the object is to roll or pitch the *bocce* or large balls so as to place them beside the *lecco*. Every ball of one side nearer to the *lecco* than any ball of the other counts one point in the game,—the number of points depending on the agreement of the parties. The game is played on the ground, and not upon any smooth or prepared plane; and as the *lecco* often runs into hollows, or poises itself on some uneven declivity, it is sometimes a matter of no small difficulty to play the other balls near to it. The great skill of the game consists, however, in displacing the balls of the adverse party so as to make the balls of the playing party count, and a clever player will often change the whole aspect of affairs by one well-directed throw. The balls are thrown alternately,—first by a player on one side, and then by a player on the other. As the game advances, the interest increases, and there is a constant variety. However good a throw is made, it may be ruined by the next. Sometimes the ball is pitched with great accuracy, so as to strike a close-counting ball far into the distance, while the new ball takes its place. Sometimes the *lecco* itself is suddenly transplanted into a new position, which entirely reverses all the

previous counting. It is the last ball which decides the game, and, of course, it is eagerly watched. In the Piazza di Termini numerous parties may be seen every bright day in summer or spring playing this game under the locust-trees, surrounded by idlers, who stand by to approve or condemn, and to give their advice. The French soldiers, once free from drill or guard or from practising trumpet-calls on the old Agger of Servius Tullius near by, are sure to be rolling balls in this fascinating game. Having heated their blood sufficiently at it, they adjourn to a little *osteria* in the Piazza to refresh themselves with a glass of *asciutto* wine, after which they sit on a bench outside the door, or stretch themselves under the trees, and take a *siesta*, with their handkerchiefs over their eyes, while other parties take their turn at the *bocce*. Meanwhile, from the Agger beyond are heard the distressing trumpets struggling with false notes and wheezing and shrieking in ludicrous discord, while now and then the solemn bell of Santa Maria Maggiore tolls from the neighboring hill.

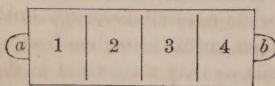
Another favorite game in Rome and Tuscany is *Ruzzola*, so called from the circular disk of wood with which it is played. Round this the player winds tightly a cord, which, by a sudden cast and backward jerk of the hand, he uncoils so as to send the disk whirling along the road. Outside the walls, and along all the principal avenues leading to the city, parties are constantly to be met playing at this game; and oftentimes before the players are visible, the disk is seen bounding round some curve, to the great danger of one's legs. He whose disk whirls the farthest wins a point. It is an excellent walking game, and it requires some knack to play the disk evenly along the road. Often the swiftest disks, when not well-directed, bound over the hedges, knock themselves down against the walls, or bury themselves in the tangled ditches; and when well played, if they chance to hit a stone in the road, they will leap like mad into the air, at the

risk of serious injury to any unfortunate passer. In the country, instead of wooden disks, the *contadini* often use *cacio di pecora*, a kind of hard goat's cheese, whose rind will resist the roughest play. What, then, must be the digestive powers of those who eat it, may be imagined. Like the peptic countryman, they probably do not know they have a stomach, not having ever felt it; and certainly they can say with Tony Lumpkin, "It never hurts me, and I sleep like a hound after it."

In common with the French, the Romans have a passion for the game of Dominos. Every *caffè* is supplied with a number of boxes, and, in the evening especially, it is played by young and old, with a seriousness which strikes us Saxons with surprise. We generally have a contempt for this game, and look upon it as childish. But I know not why. It is by no means easy to play well, and requires a careful memory and quick powers of combination and calculation. No *caffè* in Rome or Marseilles would be complete without its little black and white counters; and as it interests at once the most mercurial and fidgety of people and the laziest and languidest, it must have some hidden charm as yet unrevealed to the Anglo-Saxon.

Beside Dominos, Chess (*Scacchi*) is often played in public in the *caffès*; and there is one *caffè* named *Dei Scacchi*, because it is frequented by the best chess-players in Rome. Here matches are often made, and admirable games are played.

Among the Roman boys the game of *Campana* is also common. A parallelogram is drawn upon the ground and subdivided into four squares, which are numbered. At the top and bottom are two small semicircles, or *bells*, thus:—



Each of the players, having deposited his stake in the semicircle (b) at the farthest

end, takes his station at a short distance, and endeavors to pitch some object, either a disk or a bit of *terracotta*, or more generally a *baiocco*, into one of the compartments. If he lodge it in the nearest bell, (a,) he pays a new stake into the pool; if into the farthest bell, (b,) he takes the whole pool; if into either of the other compartments, he takes one, two, three, or four of the stakes, according to the number of the compartment. If he lodge on a line, he is *abbruciato*, as it is termed, and his play goes for nothing. Among the boys, the pool is frequently filled with buttons,—among the men, with *baiocchi*; but buttons or *baiocchi* are all the same to the players,—they are the representatives of luck or skill.

But the game of games in Rome is the Lottery. This is under the direction of the government, which, with a truly ecclesiastic regard for its subjects, has organized it into a means of raising revenue. The financial objection to this method of taxation is, that its hardest pressure is upon the poorest classes; but the moral and political objections are still stronger. The habit of gambling engendered by it ruins the temper, depraves the morals, and keeps up a constant state of excitement at variance with any settled and serious occupation. The temptations to laziness which it offers are too great for any people luxurious or idle by temperament; and the demon of Luck is set upon the altar which should be dedicated to Industry. If one happy chance can bring a fortune, who will spend laborious days to gain a competence? The common classes in Rome are those who are most corrupted by the lottery; and when they can neither earn nor borrow *baiocchi* to play, they strive to obtain them by beggary, cheating, and sometimes theft. The fallacious hope that their ticket will some day bring a prize leads them from step to step, until, having emptied their purses, they are tempted to raise the necessary funds by any unjustifiable means. When you pay them their wages or throw them a *buona-mano*, they instantly run to the lottery-office to play it.

Loss after loss does not discourage them. It is always, "The next time they are to win,—there was a slight mistake in their calculation before." Some good reason or other is always at hand. If by chance one of them do happen to win a large sum, it is ten to one that it will cost him his life,—that he will fall into a fit, or drop in an apoplexy, on hearing the news. There is a most melancholy instance of this in the very next house,—of a Jew made suddenly and unexpectedly rich, who instantly became insane in consequence, and is now the most wretched and melancholy spectacle that man can ever become,—starving in the midst of abundance, and moving like a beast about his house. But of all ill luck that can happen to the lottery-gambler, the worst is to win a small prize. It is all over with him from that time forward; into the great pit of the lottery everything that he can lay his hands on is sure to go.

There has been some difference of opinion as to whether the lottery was of later Italian invention, or dated back to the Roman Empire,—some even contending that it was in existence in Egypt long before that period; and several ingenious discussions may be found on this subject in the journals and annals of the French *savans*. A strong claim has been put forward for the ancient Romans, on the ground that Nero, Titus, and Helio-gabalus were in the habit of writing on bits of wood and shells the names of various articles which they intended to distribute, and then casting them to the crowd to be scrambled for.* On some of these shells and billets were inscribed the names of slaves, precious vases, costly dresses, articles of silver and gold, valuable beasts, etc., which became the property of the fortunate persons who secured the billets and shells. On others were written absurd and useless articles, which turned the laugh against the unfortunate finder. Some, for instance, had inscribed upon them ten pieces of gold, and some ten cabbages. Some were for one hundred bears, and some for one egg.

* See Dessault, *Traité de la Passion du Jeu*.

Some for five camels, and some for ten flies. In one sense, these were lotteries, and the Emperors deserve all due credit for their invention. But the lottery, according to its modern signification, is of Italian origin, and had its birth in Upper Italy as early as the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Here it was principally practised by the Venetians and Genoese, under the name of *Borsa di Ventura*,—the prizes consisting originally, not of money, but of merchandise of every kind,—precious stones, pictures, gold and silver work, and similar articles. The great difference between them and the ancient lotteries of Heliogabalus and Nero was, that tickets were bought and prizes drawn. The lottery soon came to be played, however, for money, and was considered so admirable an invention, that it was early imported into France, where Francis I., in 1539, granted letters-patent for the establishment of one. In the seventeenth century, this "*infezione*," as an old Italian writer calls it, was introduced into Holland and England, and at a still later date into Germany. Those who invented it still retain it; but those who adopted it have rejected it. After nearly three centuries' existence in France, it was abolished on the 31st of December, 1835. The last drawing was at Paris on the 27th of the same month, when the number of players was so great that it became necessary to close the offices before the appointed time, and one Englishman is said to have gained a *quaterno* of the sum of one million two hundred thousand francs. When abolished in France, the government was drawing from it a net revenue of twenty million francs.

In Italy the lottery was proscribed by Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., and Clement XII. But it was soon revived. It was not without vehement opposers then as now, as may be seen by a little work published at Pisa in the early part of the last century, entitled, "*L'Inganno non conosciuto, oppure non voluto conoscere, nell' Estrazione del Lotto*." Muratori, in 1696, calls it, in his "*Annals of Italy*,"

"*Invenzione dell' amara malizia per succhiare il sangue dei malaccorti giuocatori.*" In a late number of the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," published at Rome by the Jesuits, (the motto of which is "*Beatus Populus cujus Dominus Deus est*,") there is, on the other hand, an elaborate and most Jesuitical article, in which the lottery is defended with amusing skill. What Christendom in general has agreed to consider immoral and pernicious in its effects on a people seems, on the contrary, to the writer of this article, to be highly moral and commendable.

The numbers which can be played are from one to ninety. Of these only five are now drawn. Originally the numbers drawn were eight, (*otto*),—and it is said that the Italian name of this game, *lotto*, was derived from this circumstance. The player may stake upon one, two, three, four, or five numbers,—but no ticket can be taken for more than five; and he may stake upon his ticket any sum, from one *baiocco* up to five *scudi*,—but the latter sum only in case he play upon several chances on the same ticket. If he play one number, he may either play it *al posto assegnato*, according to its place in the drawing, as first, second, third, etc.,—or he may play it *senza posto*, without place, in which case he wins, if the number come anywhere among the five drawn. In the latter case, however, the prize is much less in proportion to the sum staked. Thus, for one *baiocco* staked *al posto assegnato*, a *scudo* may be won; but to gain a *scudo* on a number *senza posto*, seven *baiocchi* must be played. A sum staked upon two numbers is called an *ambo*,—on three, a *terno*,—on four, a *quaterno*,—and on five, a *cinquino*; and of course the prizes increase in rapid proportion to the numbers played,—the sum gained multiplying very largely on each additional number. For instance, if two *baiocchi* be staked on an *ambo*, the prize is one *scudo*; but if the same sum be staked on a *terno*, the prize is a hundred *scudi*. When an *ambo* is played for, the same two numbers may be played as single numbers, either *al posto* or *senza*

posto, and in such case one of the numbers alone may win. So, also, a *terno* may be played so as to include an *ambo*, and a *quaterno* so as to include a *terno* and *ambo*, and a *cinquino* so as to include all. But whenever more than one chance is played for, the price is proportionally increased. For a simple *terno* the limit of price is thirty-five pauls. The ordinary rule is to play for every chance within the numbers taken; but the common people rarely attempt more than a *terno*. If four numbers are played with all their chances, they are reckoned as four *terni*, and paid for accordingly. If five numbers are taken, the price is for five *terni*.

Where two numbers are played, there is always an augment to the nominal prize of twenty per cent.; where three numbers are played, the augment is of eighty per cent.; and from every prize is deducted ten per cent., to be devoted to the hospitals and the poor. The rule creating the augments was decreed by Innocent XIII. Such is the rage for the lottery in Rome, as well as in all the Italian States, and so great is the number of tickets bought within the year, that this tax on the prizes brings in a very considerable revenue for eleemosynary purposes.

The lottery is a branch of the department of finance, and is under the direction of a Monsignore. The tickets originally issue from one grand central office in the Palazzo Madama; but there is scarcely a street in Rome without some subsidiary and distributing office, which is easily recognized, not only by its great sign of "*Prenditoria di Lotti*" over the door, but by scores of boards set round the windows and door-way, on which are displayed, in large figures, hundreds of combinations of numbers for sale. The tickets sold here are merely purchased on speculation for resale, and though it is rare that all are sold, yet, as a small advance of price is asked on each ticket beyond what was given at the original office, there is enough profit to support these shops. The large show of placards

would to a stranger indicate a very considerable investment; yet, in point of fact, as the tickets rarely cost more than a few *baiocchi*, the amount risked is small. No ticket is available for a prize, unless it bear the stamp and signature of the central office, as well as of the distributing shop, if bought in the latter.

Every Saturday, at noon, the lottery is drawn in Rome, in the Piazza Madonna. Half an hour before the appointed time, the Piazza begins to be thronged with ticket-holders, who eagerly watch a large balcony of the sombre old Palazzo Madama, (built by the infamous Catherine de' Medici,) where the drawing is to take place. This is covered by an awning and colored draperies. In front, and fastened to the balustrade, is a glass barrel, standing on thin brass legs and turned by a handle. Five or six persons are in the balcony, making arrangements for the drawing. These are the officials,—one of them being the government officer, and the others persons taken at random, to supervise the proceedings. The chief official first takes from the table beside him a slip of paper on which a number is inscribed. He names it aloud, passes it to the next, who verifies it and passes it on, until it has been subjected to the examination of all. The last person then proclaims the number in a loud voice to the populace below, folds it up, and drops it into the glass barrel. This operation is repeated until every number from one to ninety is passed, verified by all, proclaimed, folded, and dropped into the barrel. The last number is rather sung than called, and with more ceremony than all the rest. The crowd shout back from below. The bell strikes noon. A blast of trumpets sounds from the balcony, and a boy dressed in white robes advances from within, ascends the steps, and stands high up before the people, facing the Piazza. The barrel is then whirled rapidly round and round, so as to mix in inextricable confusion all the tickets. This over, the boy lifts high his right hand, makes the sign of the cross on his breast, then, waving his open hand

in the air, to show that nothing is concealed, plunges it into the barrel, and draws out a number. This he hands to the official, who names it, and passes it along the line of his companions. There is dead silence below, all listening eagerly. Then, in a loud voice, the number is sung out by the last official, "*Primo estratto, numero 14,*" or whatever the number may be. Then sound the trumpets again, and there is a rustle and buzz among the crowd. All the five numbers are drawn with like ceremony, and all is over. Within a surprisingly short space of time, these numbers are exhibited in the long frames which are to be seen over the door of every *Prenditoria di Lotti* in Rome, and there they remain until the next drawing takes place. The boy who does the drawing belongs to a college of orphans, an admirable institution, at which children who have lost both parents and are left helpless are lodged, cared for, and educated, and the members of which are employed to perform this office in rotation, receiving therefor a few *scudi*.

It will be seen from the manner in which the drawing of the lottery is conducted, that no precaution is spared by the government to assure the public of the perfect good faith and fairness observed in it. This is, in fact, absolutely necessary in order to establish that confidence without which its very object would be frustrated. But the Italians are a very suspicious and jealous people, and I fear that there is less faith in the uprightness of the government than in their own watchfulness and the difficulty of deception. There can be little doubt that no deceit is practised by the government, so far as the drawing is concerned,—for it would be nearly impossible to employ it. Still there are not wanting stories of fortunate coincidences which are singular and interesting; one case, which I have every reason to believe authentic, was related to me by a most trustworthy person, as being within his own knowledge. A few years ago, the Monsignore who was

at the head of the lottery had occasion to diminish his household, and accordingly dismissed an old servant who had been long in his palace. Often the old man returned and asked for relief, and as often was charitably received. But his visits at last became importunate, and the Monsignore remonstrated. The answer of the servant was, "I have given my best years to the service of your Eminence,—I am too old to labor,—what shall I do?" The case was a hard one. His Eminence paused and reflected;—at last he said, "Why not buy a ticket in the lottery?" "Ah!" was the answer, "I have not even money to supply my daily needs. What you now give me is all I have. If I risk it, I may lose it,—and that lost, what can I do?" Still the Monsignore said, "Buy a ticket in the lottery." "Since your Eminence commands me, I will," said the old man; "but what numbers?" "Play on number so and so for the first drawing," was the answer, "*e Dio ti benedica!*" The servant did as he was ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, the first number drawn was his. He was a rich man for life,—and his Eminence lost a troublesome dependant.

A capital story is told by the author of the article in the "*Civiltà Cattolica*," which is to the point here, and which, even were it not told on such respectable authority, bears its truth on the face of it. As very frequently happens, a poor *bottegaio*, or shopkeeper, being hard-driven by his creditors, went to his priest, an *uomo apostolico*, and prayed him earnestly to give him three numbers to play in the lottery.

"But how under heaven," says the innocent priest, "has it ever got into your head that I can know the five numbers which are to issue in the lottery?"

"*Eh! Padre mio!* what will it cost you?" was the answer. "Just look at me and my wretched family; if we do not pay our rent on Saturday, out we go into the street. There is nothing left but the lottery, and you can give us the three numbers that will set all right."

"Oh, there you are again! I am ready to do all I can to assist you, but this matter of the lottery is impossible; and I must say, that your folly, in supposing I can give you the three lucky numbers, does little credit to your brains."

"Oh, no! no! do not say so, *Padre mio!* Give me a *terno*. It will be like rain in May, or cheese on my macaroni. On my word of honor, I'll keep it secret. *Via!* You, so good and charitable, cannot refuse me the three numbers. Pray, content me this once."

"*Caro mio!* I will give you a rule for always being content:—Avoid Sin, think often on Death, and behave so as to deserve Paradise,—and so"——

"*Basta! basta! Padre mio!* That's enough. Thanks! thanks! God will reward you."

And, making a profound reverence, off the *bottegaio* rushes to his house. There he takes down the "*Libro dei Sogni*," calls into consultation his wife and children, and, after a long and earnest discussion and study, the three numbers corresponding to the terms Sin, Death, and Paradise are settled upon, and away goes our friend to play them in the lottery. Will you believe it? the three numbers are drawn,—and the joy of the poor *bottegaio* and his family may well be imagined. But what you will not imagine is the persecution of the poor *uomo apostolico* which followed. The secret was all over town the next day, and he was beset by scores of applicants for numbers. Vainly he protested and declared that he knew nothing, and that the man's drawing the right numbers was all chance. Every word he spoke turned into numbers, and off ran his hearers to play them. He was like the girl in the fairy story, who dropped pearls every time she spoke. The worst of the imbroglia was, that in an hour the good priest had uttered words equivalent to all the ninety numbers in the lottery, and the players were all at loggerheads with each other. Nor did this persecution cease for weeks, nor until those who had played the numbers

corresponding to his words found themselves, as the Italians say, with only flies in their hands.

The stupidity of many of the common people in regard to these numbers is wonderful. When the number drawn is next to the number they have, they console themselves with thinking that they were within one of it,—as if in such cases a miss were not as bad as a mile. But when the number drawn is a multiple of the one they play, it is a sympathetic number, and is next door to winning; and if the number come reversed,—as if, having played 12, it come out 21,—he laughs with delight. “Eh, don’t you see, you stupid fellow,” said the *speziale* of a village one day to a dunce of a *contadino*, of whose infallible *terno* not a single number had been drawn,—“Don’t you see, in substance all your three numbers have been drawn? and it’s shameful in you to be discontented. Here you have played 8—44—26, and instead of these have been drawn 7—11—62. Well! just observe! Your 8 is just within one point of being 7; your 44 is in substance 11, for 4 times 11 are 44 exactly; and your 26 is nothing more or less than precisely 62 reversed;—what would you ask more?” And by his own mode of reasoning, the poor *contadino* sees as clearly as possible that he has really won,—only the difficulty is that he cannot touch the prize without correcting the little variations. *Ma, pazienza!* he came so near this time, that he will be sure to win the next,—and away he goes to hunt out more sympathetic numbers, and to rejoice with his friends on coming so near winning.

Dreams of numbers are, of course, very frequent,—and are justly much prized. Yet one must know how to use them, and be brave and bold, or the opportunity is lost. I myself once dreamt of having gained a *terno* in the lottery, but was fool enough not to play it,—and in consequence lost a prize, the very numbers coming up in the next drawing. The next time I have such a

dream, of course I shall play; but perhaps I shall be too late, and only lose. And this recalls to my mind a story, which may serve as a warning to the timid and an encouragement to the bold. An Englishman, who had lived on bad terms with a very quarrelsome and annoying wife, (according to his own account, of course,) had finally the luck, I mean the misfortune, to lose her. He had lived long enough in Italy, however, to say “*Pazienza*,” and buried his sorrows and his wife in the same grave. But, after the lapse of some time, his wife appeared to him in a dream, and confessed her sins towards him during her life, and prayed his forgiveness, and added, that in token of reconciliation he must accept three numbers to play in the lottery, which would certainly win a great prize. But the husband was obstinate, and absolutely refused to follow the advice of a friend to whom he recounted the odd dream, and who urged him to play the numbers. “Bah!” he answered to this good counsel; “I know her too well;—she never meant well to me during her life, and I don’t believe she’s changed now that she’s dead. She only means to play me a trick, and make me lose. But I’m too old a bird to be taken with her chaff.” “Better play them,” said his friend, and they separated. In the course of a week they met again. “By the way,” said the friend, “did you see that your three numbers came up in the lottery this morning?” “The Devil they did! What a consummate fool I was not to play them!” “You didn’t play them?” “No!” “Well, I did, and won a good round sum with them, too.” So the obstinate husband, mad at his ill luck, cursed himself for a fool, and had his curses for his pains. That very night, however, his wife again appeared to him, and, though she reproached him a little for his want of faith in her, (no woman could be expected to forego such an opportunity, even though she were dead,) yet she forgave him, and added,—“Think no more about it now, for here are three more numbers, just as

good." The husband, who had eaten the bitter food of experience, was determined at all events not to let his fortune slip again through his fingers, and played the highest possible *terno* in the lottery, and waited anxiously for the next drawing. He could scarcely eat his breakfast for nervousness, that morning, — but at last mid-day sounded, and the drawing took place, but no one of his numbers came up. "Too late! taken in!" he cried. "Confound her! she knew me better than I knew myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I wouldn't play it; and, having so whet my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time, because she knew I would play it. I might have known better."

From the moment one lottery is drawn, the mind of the people is intent on selecting numbers for the next. Nor is this an easy matter, — all sorts of superstitions existing as to figures and numbers. Some are lucky, some unlucky, in themselves, — some lucky only in certain combinations, and some sympathetic with others. The chances, therefore, must be carefully calculated, no number or combination being ever played without profound consideration, and under advice of skilful friends. Almost every event in life has a numerical signification; and such is the reverence paid to dreams, that a large book exists of several hundred pages, called "*Libro dei Sogni*," containing, besides various cabala and mystical figures and lists of numbers which are "sympathetic," with directions for their use, a dictionary of thousands of objects with the numbers supposed to be represented by each, as well as rules for interpreting into numbers all dreams in which these objects appear, — and this book is the constant *vade-mecum* of a true lottery-player. As Boniface lived, ate, and slept on his ale, so do the Romans on their numbers. The very children "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come," and the fathers run immediately to play them. Accidents, executions, deaths, apoplexies, marriages, assassinations, births, anomalies of all kinds, be-

come auguries and enigmas of numbers. A lottery-gambler will count the stabs on a dead body, the drops of blood from a decollated head, the passengers in an overturned coach, the wrinkles in the forehead of a new-born child, the gasps of a person struck by apoplexy, the day of the month and the hour and the minute of his death, the *scudi* lost by a friend, the forks stolen by a thief, anything and everything, to play them in the lottery. If a strange dream is dreamed, — as of one being in a desert on a camel, which turns into a rat, and runs down into the Maelström to hide, — the "*Libro dei Sogni*" is at once consulted, the numbers for desert, rat, camel, and Maelström are found and combined, and the hopeful player waits in eager expectation of a prize. Of course, dream after dream of particular numbers and combinations occurs, — for the mind bent to this subject plays freaks in the night, and repeats contortedly the thoughts of the day, — and these dreams are considered of special value. Sometimes, when a startling incident takes place with a special numerical signification, the run upon the numbers indicated becomes so great, that the government, which is always careful to guard against any losses on its own part, refuses to allow more than a certain amount to be played on them, cancels the rest, and returns the price of the tickets.

Sometimes, in passing through the streets, one may see a crowd collected about a man mounted upon a chair or stool. Fixed to a stand at his side or on the back of his chair is a glass bottle, in which are two or three hollow manikins of glass, so arranged as to rise and sink by pressure of the confined air. The neck of the bottle is cased in a tin box which surmounts it and has a movable cover. This personage is a charlatan, with an apparatus for divining lucky numbers for the lottery. The "soft bastard Latin" runs off his tongue in an uninterrupted stream of talk, while he offers on a waiter to the bystanders a number of little folded papers containing a *pianeta*, or augury, on which are printed a fortune

and a *terno*. "Who will buy a *pianeta*," he cries, "with the numbers sure to bring him a prize? He shall have his fortune told him who buys. Who does not need counsel must surely be wise. Here's Master Tommetto, who never tells lies. And here is his brother, still smaller in size. And Madame Medea Plutonia to advise. They'll write you a fortune and bring you a prize for a single *baiocco*. No creature so wise as not to need counsel. A fool I despise, who keeps his *baiocco* and loses his prize. Who knows what a fortune he'll get till he tries? Time's going, Signori,—who buys? who buys?" And so on by the yard. Meantime the crowd about him gape, stare, wonder, and finally put their hands to their pockets, out with their *baiocchi*, and buy their papers. Each then makes a mark on his paper to verify it, and returns it to the charlatan. After several are thus collected, he opens the cover of the tin box, deposits them therein with a certain ceremony, and commences an exhortatory discourse to the manikins in the bottle, —two of whom, Maestro Tommetto and his brother, are made to resemble little black imps, while Madame Medea Plutonia is dressed *alla Francese*. "*Fa una reverenza, Maestro Tommetto!*" "Make a bow, Master Tommetto!" he now begins. The puppet bows. "*Ancora!*" "Again!" Again he bows. "*Les-to, Signore, un piccolo giretto!*" "Quick, Sir, a little turn!" And round whirls the puppet. "Now, up, up, to make a registry on the ticket! and do it conscientiously, Master Tommetto!" And up the imp goes, and disappears through the neck of the bottle. Then comes a burst of admiration at his cleverness from the charlatan. Then, turning to the brother imp, he goes through the same *rôle* with him. "And now, Madame Medea, make a reverence, and follow your husband! Quick, quick, a little *giretto!*" And up she goes. A moment after, down they all come again at his call; he lifts the cover of the box; cries, "*Quanto sei caro, Tommetto!*" and triumphantly exhibits the papers, each with a little freshly written inscription,

and distributes them to the purchasers. Now and then he takes from his pocket a little bottle containing a mixture of the color of wine, and a paper filled with some sort of powder, and, exclaiming, "*Ah! tu hai fame e sete. Bisogna che ti dia da bere e mangiare,*" pours them into the tin cup.

It is astonishing to see how many of these little tickets a clever charlatan will sell in an hour, and principally on account of the lottery-numbers they contain. The fortunes are all the stereotype thing, and almost invariably warn you to be careful lest you should be "*tradito*," or promise you that you shall not be "*tradito*"; for the idea of betrayal is the corner-stone of every Italian's mind.

In not only permitting, but promoting the lottery, Italy is certainly far behind England, France, and America. This system no longer exists with us, except in the disguised shape of gift-enterprises, art-unions, and that unpleasant institution of mendicant robbery called the raffle, and employed specially by those "who have seen better days." But a fair parallel to this rage of the Italians for the lottery is to be found in the love of betting, which is a national characteristic of the English. I do not refer to the bets upon horseflesh at Ascot, Epsom, and Goodwood, by which fortunes change owners in an hour and so many men are ruined, but rather to the general habit of betting upon any and every subject to settle a question, no matter how trivial, for which the Englishman is everywhere renowned on the Continent. Betting is with most other nations a form of speech, but with Englishmen it is a serious fact, and no one will be long in their company without finding an opinion backed up by a bet. It would not be very difficult to parallel those cases where the Italians disregard the solemnity of death, in their eagerness for omens of lottery-numbers, with equally reprehensible and apparently heartless cases of betting in England. Let any one who doubts this examine the betting-books at White's and Brookes's. In them he will find a most

startling catalogue of bets,—some so bad as to justify the good parson in Walpole's story, who declared that they were such an impious set in this respect at White's, that, "if the last trump were to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment." Let one instance suffice. A man, happening to drop down at the door of White's, was lifted up and carried in. He was insensible, and the question was, whether he were dead or not. Bets were at once given and taken on both sides, and, it being proposed to bleed him, those who had taken odds that he was dead protested, on the ground that the use of the lancet would affect the fairness of the bet.* In the matter of play, things have now much changed since the time when Mr. Thynne left the club at White's in disgust, because he had won only twelve hundred guineas in two months. There is also a description of one of Fox's mornings, about the year 1783, which Horace Walpole has left us, and the truth of which Lord Holland admits, which it would be well for those to read who measure out hard justice to the Italians for their love of the lottery. Let us be fair. Italy is in these respects behind England in morals and practice by nearly a century; but it is as idle to argue hard-heartedness in an Italian who counts the drops of blood at a beheading as to suppose that the English have no feeling because in the bet we have mentioned there was a protest against the use of the lancet, or to deny kindness to a surgeon who lectures on structure and disease while he removes a cancer.

Vehement protests against the lottery and all gaming are as often uttered in Italy as elsewhere; and among them may be cited this eloquent passage from one of the most powerful of her modern writ-

* Even while I am writing these notes, I find almost the same incident recorded as a "modern instance," in a recent work by Lieutenant-Colonel Addison, entitled *Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life*; but, despite the authority of Colonel Addison, I cannot but suspect that he has simply changed the *venue*, and that his story is but a *refacimento* of the actual case alluded to above.

ers. Guerrazzi, in the thirteenth chapter of "L' Assedio di Firenze," speaking on this subject, says, "You would in vain seek anything more fatal to men than play. It brings ignorance, poverty, despair, and at last crime. . . . Gambling (the wicked gambling of the lottery) forms a precious jewel in the crown of princes."

In a recent work, by the same author, called "L' Asino," occurs the following indignant and satirical passage, which, for the sake of the story, if for no other reason, deserves a place here:—

"In our search for the history of human perfection, shall I speak of Naples or Rome? Alas! At the contemplation of such misery, in vain you constrain your lips to smile; they pout, and the uncalled tears stream over your face. Pity, in these most unhappy countries, blinded with weeping and hoarse with vain supplication, when she has no more voice to cry out to heaven, flies thither, and, kneeling before the throne of God, with outstretched hand, and proffering no word, begs that He will look at her.

"Behold, O Lord, and judge whether our sins were remitted, or whether the sins of others exceed ours.

"Is not Tuscany the garden of Italy? So say the Tuscans; and the Florentines add, that Florence is the Athens of Tuscany. Truly, both seem beautiful. Let us search in Tuscany. At Barberino di Mugello, in the midst of an olive-grove is a cemetery, where the vines, which have taken root in the outer walls and climbed over their summit, fall into the inclosed space, as if they wished to garland Death with vine-leaves and make it smile; over the gate, strange guardians of the tombs, two fig-trees give their shadow and fruit to recompense the piety of the passers-by, giving a fig in exchange for a *De Profundis*; while the ivy, stretching its wanton arms over the black cross, endeavors to clothe the austere sign of the Redemption with the jocund leaves of Bacchus, and recalls to your mind the mad Phryne who vainly tempted Xenocrates. A beautiful cemetery, by my faith!

a cemetery to arouse in the body an intense desire to die, if only for the pleasure of being buried there. Now observe. Look into my magic-lantern. What figures do you see? A priest with a pick; after him a peasant with a spade; and behind them a woman with a hatchet: the priest holds a corpse by the hair; the peasant, with one blow, strikes off its head; then, all things being carefully rearranged, priest, peasant, and woman, after thrusting the head into a sack, return as they came. Attention now, for I change the picture. What figures are these that now appear? A kitchen; a fire that has not its superior, even in the Inferno; and a caldron, where the hissing and boiling water sends up its bubbles. Look about and what do you see? Enter the priest, the peasant, and the housewife, and in a moment empty a sack into the caldron. Lo! a head rolls out, dives into the water, and floats to the surface, now showing its nape and now its face. The Lord help us! It is an abominable spectacle; this poor head, with its ashy, open lips, seems to say, Give me again my Christian burial! That is enough. Only take note that in Tuscany, in the beautiful middle of the nineteenth century, a sepulchre was violated, and a sacrilege committed, to obtain from the boiled head of a corpse good numbers to play in the lottery! And, by way of corollary, add this to your note, that in Rome, *Caput Mundi*, and in Tuscany, Garden of Italy, it is prohibited, under the severest penalties, to play at *Faro*, *Zecchinetto*, *Banco-Fallito*, *Rossa e Nera*, and other similar games at cards, where each party may lose the whole or half the stakes, while the government encourage the play of the Lottery, by which, out of one hundred and twenty chances of winning, eighty are reserved for the bank, and forty or so allowed to the player. Finally, take note that in Rome, *Caput Mundi*, and in Tuscany, Garden of Italy, *Faro*, *Zecchinetto*, *Rossa e Nera* were prohibited, as acknowledged pests of social existence and open death to honest customs,—as a set-off for which deprivation,

the game of the Lottery is still kept on foot."

The following extraordinary story, improbable as it seems, is founded upon fact, and was clearly proved, on judicial investigation, a few years since. It is well known in Tuscany, and forms the subject of a satirical narrative ("*Il Sortilegio*") by Giusti, a modern Tuscan poet, of true fire and genius, who has lashed the vices of his country in verses remarkable for point, idiom, and power. According to him, the method of divination resorted to in this case was as follows:—The sorcerer who invented it ordered his dupes to procure, either at dawn or twilight, ninety dry beans, called *ceci*, and upon each of these to write one of the ninety numbers drawn in the lottery, with an ink made of pitch and lard, which would not be affected by water. They were then to sharpen a knife, taking care that he who did so should touch no one during the operation; and after a day of fasting, they were to dig up at night a body recently dead, and, having cut off the head and removed the brain, they were to count the beans thrice, and to shake them thrice, and then, on their knees, to put them one by one into the skull. This was then to be placed in a caldron of water and set on the fire to boil. As soon as the water boiled violently, the head would be rolled about so that some of the beans would be ejected, and the first three which were thus thrown to the surface would be a sure *terno* for the lottery. The wretched dupes added yet another feature of superstition to insure the success of this horrible device. They selected the head of their curate, who had recently died,—on the ground that, as he had studied algebra, he was a great cabalist, and any numbers from his head would be sure to draw a prize.

Some one, I have no doubt, will here be anxious to know the numbers that bubbled up to the surface; but I am very sorry to say that I cannot gratify their laudable curiosity, for the interference of the police prevented the completion of the sorcery. So the curious must

be content to consult some other cabalist,—

“sull’ arti segrete

Di menar la Fortuna per il naso,

Pescando il certo nel gran mar del Caso.”

Despite a wide-spread feeling among the higher classes against the lottery, it still continues to exist, for it has fastened itself into the habits and prejudices of many; and an institution which takes such hold of the passions of the people, and has lived so long, dies hard. Nor are there ever wanting specious excuses for the continuance of this, as of other reprobated systems,—of which the strongest is, that its abolition would not only deprive of their present means of subsistence numbers of persons employed in its administration, but would cut off certain charities dependent upon it, amounting to no less than forty thousand *scudi* annually. Among these may be mentioned the dowry of forty *scudi* which is given out of the profits received by the government at the drawing of every lottery to some five or six of the poor girls of Rome. The list of those who would profit by this charity is open to all, and contains thousands of names. The first number drawn in the lottery decides the fortunate persons; and, on the subsequent day, each receives a draft for forty *scudi* on the government, payable on the presentation of the certificate of marriage. On the accession of the present Pope, an attempt was made to abolish the system; but these considerations, among others, had weight enough to prevent any changes.

Though the play is generally small, yet sometimes large fortunes are gained. The family of the Marchese del Cinque, for instance, derive their title and fortune from the luck of an ancestor who played and won the highest prize, a *Cinquino*. With the money thus acquired he purchased his marquisate, and took the title *del Cinque*, “of the Five,” in reference to the lucky five numbers. The Villa Quaranta Cinque in Rome derives its name from a similar circumstance. A lucky Monsignore played the single number of forty-five, *al posto*, and with his

winnings built the villa, to which the Romans, always addicted to nicknames, gave the name of *Quaranta Cinque*. This love of nicknames, or *soprannomi*, as they are called, is, by the way, an odd peculiarity of the Italians, and it often occurs that persons are known only thereby. Examples of these, among the celebrated names of Italy, are so frequent as to form a rule in favor of the surname rather than of the real name, and in many cases the former has utterly obliterated the latter. Thus, Squint Eye, (*Guercino*), Dirty Tom, (*Masaccio*), The Little Dyer, (*Tintoretto*), Great George, (*Giorgione*), The Garland-Maker, (*Ghirlandajo*), Luke of the Madder, (*Luca della Robbia*), The Little Spaniard, (*Spagnoletto*), and The Tailor’s Son, (*Del Sarto*), would scarcely be known under their real names of Barbieri, Tommaso, Guido, Robusti, Barbarelli, Corradi, Ribera, and Vannuchi. The list might be very much enlarged, but let it suffice to add the following well-known names, all of which are nicknames derived from their places of birth: Perugino, Veronese, Aretino, Pisano, Giulio Romano, Correggio, Parmegiano.

The other day a curious instance of this occurred to me in taking the testimony of a Roman coachman. On being called upon to give the names of some of his companions, with whom he had been in daily and intimate intercourse for more than two years, he could give only their *soprannomi*; their real names he did not know, and had never heard. A little, gay, odd genius, whom I took into my service during a *villeggiatura* at Siena, would not answer to his real name, Lorenzo, but remonstrated on being so called, and said he was only *Pipetta*, (The Little Pipe,) a nickname given to him when a child, from his precocity in smoking, and of which he was as tenacious as if it were a title of honor. “You prefer, then, to be called *Pipetta*?” I asked. “*Felicissimo! sì*,” was his answer. Not a foreigner comes to Rome that his name does not “suffer a sea-change into something rich and

strange." Our break-jaw Saxon names are discarded, and a new christening takes place. One friend I had who was called *Il Malinconico*,—another, *La Barbarossa*,—another, *Il bel Signore*; but generally they are called after the number of the house or the name of the street in which they live,—*La Signora bella Bionda di Palazzo Albani*,—*Il Signore Quattordici Capo le Case*,—*Monsieur and Madama Terzo Piano, Corso*.

But to return from this digression.—At every country festival may be seen a peculiar form of the lottery called *Tombola*; and in the notices of these *festas*, which are always placarded over the walls of Rome for weeks before they take place, the eye will always be attracted first by the imposing word *Tombola*, printed in the largest and blackest of letters. This is, in fact, the characteristic feature of the *festa*, and attracts large numbers of *contadini*. As in the ordinary lottery, only ninety numbers are played. Every ticket contains blank spaces for fifteen numbers, which are inserted by the purchaser, and registered duly at the office or booth where the ticket is bought. The price of tickets in any single *Tombola* is uniform; but in different *Tombolas* it varies, of course, according to the amount of the prizes. These are generally five, namely,—the *Ambo*, *Terno*, *Quaterno*, *Cinquino*, and *Tombola*, though sometimes a second *Tombola* or *Tomboletta* is added. The drawing takes place in precisely the same manner as in the ordinary lottery, but with more ceremony. A large staging, with a pavilion, is erected, where the officers who are to superintend the drawing stand. In the centre is a glass vase, in which the numbers are placed after having been separately verified and proclaimed, and a boy gayly dressed draws them. All the ninety numbers are drawn; and as each issues, it is called out, and exhibited on a large card. Near by stands a large framework, elevated so as to be visible to all, with ninety divisions corresponding to the ninety numbers, and on this, also, every number is shown as soon as it is

drawn. The first person who has upon his ticket two drawn numbers gains an *Ambo*, which is the smallest prize. Whoever first has three numbers drawn gains a *Terno*; and so on with the *Quaterno* and *Cinquino*. The *Tombola*, which is the great prize, is won by whoever first has his whole fifteen numbers drawn. As soon as any one finds two of the drawn numbers on his ticket, he cries, "*Ambo*," at the top of his lungs. A flag is then raised on the pavilion, the band plays, and the game is suspended, while the claimant at once makes his way to the judges on the platform to present his ticket for examination. No sooner does the cry of "*Ambo*," "*Terno*," "*Quaterno*," take place, than there is a great rustle all around. Everybody looks out for the fortunate person, who is immediately to be seen running through the parting crowd, which opens before him, cheering him as he goes, if his appearance be poor and needy, and greeting him with sarcasms, if he be apparently well to do in the world. Sometimes there are two or three claimants for the same prize, in which case it is divided among them. The *Ambo* is soon taken, and there is little room for a mistake; but when it comes to the *Quaterno* or *Cinquino*, mistakes are very common, and the claimant is almost always saluted with chaff and jests. After his ticket has been examined, if he have won, a placard is exhibited with *Ambo*, *Terno*, *Quaterno* on it, as the case may be. But if he have committed an error, down goes the flag, and, amid a burst of laughter, jeering, whistling, screaming, and catcalls, the disappointed claimant sneaks back and hides himself in the excited crowd. At a really good *Tombola*, where the prizes are high, there is no end of fun and gayety among the people. They stand with their tickets in their hands, congratulating each other ironically, as they fail to find the numbers on them, paying all sorts of absurd compliments to each other and the drawer, offering to sell out their chances at enormous prices when they are behindhand, and letting off all sorts

of squibs and jests, not so excellent in themselves as provocative of laughter. If the wit be little, the fun is great,—and, in the excitement of expectation, a great deal of real Italian humor is often ventilated. Sometimes, at the country fairs, the fun is rather slow, particularly where the prizes are small; but on exciting occasions, there is a constant small fire of jests, which is very amusing.

These *Tombole* are sometimes got up with great pomp. That, for instance, which sometimes takes place in the Villa Borghese is one of the most striking spectacles which can be seen in Rome. At one end of the great open-air amphitheatre is erected a large pavilion, flanked on either side with covered *logge* or *palchi*, festooned with yellow and white,—the Papal colors,—adorned with flags, and closed round with rich old arras all pictured over with Scripture stories. Beneath the central pavilion is a band. Midway down the amphitheatre, on either side, are two more *logge*, similarly draped, where two more bands are stationed,—and still another at the opposite end, for the same purpose. The *logge* which flank the pavilion are sold by ticket, and filled with the richer classes. Three great stagings show the numbers as they are drawn. The pit of the amphitheatre is densely packed with a motley crowd. Under the ilexes and noble stone-pines that show their dark-green foliage against the sky, the helmets and swords of cavalry glitter as they move to and fro. All around on the green slopes are the people,—soldiers, *contadini*, priests, mingled together,—and thousands of gay dresses and ribbons and parascals enliven the mass. The four bands play successively as the multitude gathers. They have already arrived in tens of thousands, but the game has not yet begun, and thousands are still flocking to see it. All the gay equipages are on the outskirts, and through the trees and up the avenues stream the crowds on foot. As we stand in the centre of the amphitheatre and look up, we get a faint idea of the old Roman gatherings when Rome emp-

tied itself to join in the games at the Colosseum. Row upon row they stand, a mass of gay and swarming life. The sunlight flashes over them, and blazes on the rich colors. The tall pines and dark ilexes shadow them here and there; over them is the soft blue dome of the Italian sky. They are gathered round the *villetta*,—they throng the roof and balconies,—they crowd the stone steps,—they pack the green oval of the amphitheatre's pit. The ring of cymbals, the clarion of trumpets, and the clash of brazen music vibrate in the air. All the world is abroad to see, from the infant in arms to the oldest inhabitant. *Monsignori* in purple stockings and tricornered hats, *contadini* in gay reds and crimsons, cardinals in scarlet. Princes, shopkeepers, beggars, foreigners, all mingle together; while the screams of the vendors of cigars, pumpkin-seeds, cakes, and lemonade are everywhere heard over the suppressed roar of the crowd. As you walk along the outskirts of the mass, you may see Monte Gennaro's dark peak looking over the Campagna, and all the Sabine hills trembling in a purple haze,—or, strolling down through the green avenues, you may watch the silver columns of fountains as they crumble in foam and plash in their mossy basins,—or gather masses of the sweet Parma violet and other beautiful wild-flowers.

The only other games among the modern Romans, which deserve particular notice from their peculiarity, are those of Cards. In an Italian pack there are only forty cards,—the eight, nine, and ten of the French and English cards having no existence. The suits also have different signs and names, and, instead of hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds, they are called *coppe*, *spade*, *bastoni*, and *denari*,—all being of the same color, and differing entirely in form from our cards. The *coppe* are cups or vases; the *spade* are swords; the *bastoni* are veritable clubs or bludgeons; and the *denari* are coins. The games are still more different from ours than the cards, and they are legion in number. There are *Briscola*, *Tresette*,

Calabresella, Banco-Fallito, Rossa e Nera, Scaraccoccia, Scopa, Spizzica, Faraone, Zecchinetto, Mercante in Fiera, La Baz-zica, Ruba-Monte, Uomo-Nero, La Pau-ra, and I know not how many others,—but they are recorded and explained in no book, and are only to be picked up orally. Wherever you go, on a *festa*-day, you will find persons playing cards. At the common *osterias*, before the doors or on the soiled tables within, on the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces and in the Temple of Peace, on the stone tables in the *vigna*, on the walls along the public roads, on the uncarved blocks of marble in front of the sculptors' studios, in the antechambers or gateways of palaces,—everywhere, cards are played. Every *contadino* has a pack in his pocket, with the flavor of the soil upon it. The playing is ordinarily for very low sums, often for nothing at all. But there are some games which are purely games of luck, and dangerous. Some of these, as *Rossa e Nera, Banco-Fallito*, and *Zecchinetto*, though prohibited by the government, are none the less favorite games in Rome, particularly among those who play for money. *Zecchinetto* may be played by any number of persons, after the following manner:—The dealer, who plays against the whole table, deals to each player one card. The next card is then turned up as a trump. Each player then makes his bet on the card dealt to him, and places his money on it. The dealer then deals to the table the other cards in order, and any of the players may bet on them as they are thrown down. If a card of the number of that bet on issue before a card corresponding to the number of the trump, the dealer wins the stake on that card; but whenever a card corresponding to the trump issues, the player wins on every card on

which he has bet. When the banker or dealer loses at once, the bank "*fa top-pa*," and the deal passes, but not otherwise. Nothing can be more simple than this game, and it is just as dangerous as it is simple, and as exciting as it is dangerous. A late Roman *principessa* is said to have been passionately fond of it, and to have lost enormously by it. The story runs, that, while passing the evening at a friend's house, after losing ten thousand *scudi* at one sitting, she staked her horses and carriage, which were at the door waiting to take her home, and lost them also. She then wrote a note to the prince, her husband, saying that she had lost her carriage and horses at *Zecchinetto*, and wished others to be sent for her. To which he answered, that she might return on foot,—which she was obliged to do.

This will serve at least as a specimen of the games of chance played by the Romans at cards. Of the more innocent games, *Briscola, Tresette*, and *Scaraccoccia* are the favorites among the common people. And the first of these may not be uninteresting, as being, perhaps, the most popular of all. It is played by either two or four persons. The *Fante* (or Knave) counts as two; the *Cavallo* (equal to our Queen) as three; the *Rè* (King) as four; the Three-spot as ten; and the Ace as eleven. Three cards are dealt to each person, and after the deal the next card is turned as trump, or *Briscola*. Each plays, and, after one card all round is played, its place is supplied by a new deal of one card to each. Every card of the trump-suit takes any card of the other suits. Each player takes as many counting-cards as he can, and, at the end of the game, he who counts the most wins,—the account being made according to the value of the cards, as stated above.

THE AMBER GODS.

[Concluded.]

PAPA made Mr. Dudley stay and dine, and of course we were almost bored to death, when in came Rose again, stealing behind Lu's chair and showering her in the twilight with a rain of May-flowers.

"Now you'll have to gather them again," he said.

"Oh, how exquisite! how delicious! how I thank you!" she exclaimed, without disturbing one, however.

"You won't touch them again? Then I must," he added.

"No! no! Mr. Rose!" I cried. "I'll pick them up and take toll."

"Don't touch them!" said Lu, "they're so sweet!"

"Yes," he murmured lower, "they're like you. I always said so, you remember."

"Oh, yes! and every May-day but the last you have brought them to me."

"Have you the trailing-arbutus there?" asked Mr. Dudley.

"No," returned Rose.

"I thought I detected strawberries," submitted the other,—"a pleasant odor which recalls childhood to memory."

For some noses all sweet scents are lumped in one big strawberry; clovers, or hyacinths, or every laden air indifferently, they still sniff strawberries. Commonplace things!

"It's a sign of high birth to track strawberry-beds where no fruit is, Mr. Dudley," said I.

"Very true, Miss Willoughby. I was born pretty high up in the Green Mountains."

"And so keep your memory green?"

"Strawberries in June," said Rose, good-naturedly. "But fruit out of season is trouble out of reason, the Dream-Book says. It's May now, and these are its blossoms."

"Everybody makes such a fuss about ground-laurel!" said I. "I don't see

why, I'm sure. They're never perfect. The leaf is hideous,—a stupid duenna! You get great green leaves, and the flowers all white; you get deep, rosy flowers, and the leaves are all brown and bitten. They're neither one thing nor another. They're just like heliotropes,—no bloom at all, only scent. I've torn up myriads, to the ten stamens in their feathered case, to find where that smell comes from,—that is perfectly delicious,—and I never could. They are a cheat."

"Have you finished your tirade?" asked Rose, indifferently.

"I don't believe you mean so," murmured Lu. "They have a color of their own, almost human, infantine; and when you mass them, the tone is more soft and mellow than a flute. Everybody loves May-flowers."

"Just about. I despise flutes. I like bassoons."

"They are prophets of apple-blossoms."

"Which brings them at once into the culinary."

"They are not very showy," said Mr. Dudley; "but when we remember the Fathers"——

"There's nothing like them," said Rose, gently, as he knelt by Lu, slowly putting them into order; "nothing but pure, clear things; they're the fruit of snow-flakes, the firstlings of the year. When one thinks how sweetly they come from their warm coverts and look into this cold, breezy sky so unshrinkingly, and from what a soil they gather such a wealth of simple beauty, one feels ashamed."

"Climax worthy of the useless things!" said I.

"The moment in which first we are thoroughly ashamed, Miss Willoughby, is the sovereign one of our life. Useless things? They are worth king and bishop. Every year, weariness and de-

pression melt away when atop of the seasons' crucible boil these little bubbles. Isn't everybody better for lavishing love? And no one merely likes these; whoever cares at all loves entirely. We always take and give resemblances or sympathies from any close connection, and so these are in their way a type of their lovers. What virtue is in them to distil the shadow of the great pines, that wave layer after layer with a grave rhythm over them, into this delicate tint, I wonder. They have so decided an individuality,—different there from hot-house belles;—fashion strips us of our characteristics"——

"You needn't turn to me for illustration of exotics," said I.

He threw me a cluster, half-hidden in its green towers, and went on, laying one by one and bringing out little effects.

"The sweetest modesty clings to them, which Alphonse Karr denies to the violet, so that they are almost out of place in a drawing-room; one ought to give them there the shelter of their large, kind leaves."

"Hemlock's the only wear," said Louise.

"Or last year's scarlet blackberry triads. Vines together," he suggested.

"But sometimes they forget their nun-like habit," she added, "put on a frolicsome mood, and clamber out and flush all the deep ruts of the carriage-road in Follymill woods, you remember."

"Penance next year," said I.

"No, no; you are not to bring your old world into my new," objected Rose. "Perhaps they ran out so to greet the winter-worn mariners of Plymouth, and have been pursued by the love of their descendants ever since, they getting charrier. Just remember how they grow. Why, you'd never suspect a flower there, till, happening to turn up a leaf, you're in the midst of harvest. You may tramp acres in vain, and within a stone's throw they've been awaiting you. There's something very charming, too, about them in this,—that when the buds are set, and

at last a single blossom starts the trail, you plucking at one end of the vine, your heart's delight may touch the other a hundred miles away. Spring's telegraph. So they bind our coast with this network of flower and root."

"By no means," I asserted. "They grow in spots."

"Pshaw! I won't believe it. They're everywhere just the same, only underground preparing their little witnesses, whom they send out where most needed. You don't suppose they find much joy in the fellowship of brown pine pins and sad, gray mosses, do you? Some folks say they don't grow away from the shore; but I've found them, I'm sorry to say, up in New Hampshire."

"Why sorry?" asked Lu.

"Oh, I like it best that they need our sea. They're eminently choice for this hour, too, when you scarcely gather their tint,—that tint, as if moonlight should wish to become a flower,—but their fragrance is an atmosphere all about you. How genuinely spicy it is! It's the very quintessence of those regions all whose sweetness exudes in sun-saturated balsams,—the very breath of pine woods and salt sea winds. How could it live away from the sea?"

"Why, Sir," said Mr. Dudley, "you speak as if it were a creature!"

"A hard, woody stem, a green, robust leaf, a delicate, odorous flower, Mr. Dudley, what is it all but an expression of New England character?"

"Doxology!" said I.

"Now, Miss Louise, as you have made me atone for my freedom, the task being done, let me present them in form."

"I'm sure she needn't praise them," said I.

She didn't.

"I declared people make a great fuss over them," I continued. "And you prove it. You put me in mind of a sound, to be heard where one gets them,—a strange sound, like low, distant thunder, and it's nothing but the drum of a little partridge! a great song out of nothing.—Bless me! what's that?"

"Oh, the fireworks!" said Lu. And we all thronged to the windows.

"It's very good of your uncle to have them," said Rose. "What a crowd from the town! Think of the pyrotechnics among comets and aërolites some fellows may have! It's quite right, too, to make our festivals with light; it's the highest and last of all things; we never can carry our imaginations beyond light" —

"Our imaginations ought to carry us," said Lu.

"Come," I said, "you can play what pranks you please with the little May; but light is my province, my absorption; let it alone."

It grew quite dark, interrupted now and then by the glare of rockets; but at last a stream of central fire went out in a slow rain of countless violets, reflected with pale blue flashes in the river below, and then the gloom was unbroken. I saw them, in that long, dim gleam, standing together at a window. Louise, her figure almost swaying as if to some inaudible music, but her face turned to him with such a steady quiet. Ah, me! what a tremulous joy, what passion, and what search, lit those eyes! But you know that passion means suffering, and, tracing it in the original through its roots, you come to pathos, and still farther, to lamentation, I've heard. But he was not looking down at her, only out and away, paler than ever in the blue light, sad and resolved. I ordered candles.

"Sing to me, Louise," said Rose, at length. "It is two years since I heard you."

"Sing 'What's a' the steer, kimmer,'" I said. But instead, she gave the little ballad, 'And bring my love again, for he lies among the moors.'

Rose went and leaned over the piano-forte while she sang, bending and commanding her eyes. He seemed to wish to put himself where he was before he ever left her, to awaken everything lovely in her, to bring her before him as utterly developed as she might be,—not only to afford her, but to force upon her

every chance to master him. He seemed to wish to love, I thought.

"Thank you," he said, as she ceased. "Did you choose it purposely, Louise?"

Lu sang very nicely, and, though I dare say she would rather not then, when Mr. Dudley asked for the "Vale of Avoca" and the "Margin of Zürich's Fair Waters," she gave them just as kindly. Altogether, quite a damp programme. Then papa came in, bright and blithe, whirled me round in a *pas de deux*, and we all very gay and hilarious slipped into the second of May.

Dear me! how time goes! I must hurry.—After that, I didn't see so much of Rose; but he met Lu everywhere, came in when I was out, and, if I returned, he went, perfectly regardless of my existence, it seemed. They rode, too, all round the country; and she sat to him, though he never filled out the sketch. For weeks he was devoted; but I fancied, when I saw them, that there lingered in his manner the same thing as on the first evening while she sang to him. Lu was so gay and sweet and happy that I hardly knew her; she was always very gentle, but such a decided body,—that's the Willoughby, her mother. Yet during these weeks Rose had not spoken, not formally; delicate and friendly kindness was all Lu could have found, had she sought. One night, I remember, he came in and wanted us to go out and row with him on the river. Lu wouldn't go without me.

"Will you come?" said he, coolly, as if I were merely necessary as a thwart or thole-pin might have been, turning and letting his eyes fall on me an instant, then snatching them off with a sparkle and flush, and such a lordly carelessness of manner otherwise.

"Certainly not," I replied.

So they remained, and Lu began to open a bundle of Border Ballads, which he had brought her. The very first one was "Whistle an' I'll come to you, my lad." I laughed. She glanced up quickly, then held it in her hands a moment,

repeated the name, and asked if he liked it.

"Oh, yes," he said. "There couldn't be a Scotch song without that rhythm better than melody, which, after all, is Beethoven's secret."

"Perhaps," said Louise. "But I shall not sing this."

"Oh, do!" he said, turning with surprise. "You don't know what an aerial, whistling little thing it is!"

"No."

"Why, Louise! There is nobody could sing it but you."

"Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God," quoted I, and in came Mr. Dudley, as he usually did when not wanted; though I've no reason to find fault with him, notwithstanding his blank treatment of me. He never took any notice, because he was in love with Lu. Rose never took any notice of me, either. But with a difference!

Lu was singularly condescending to Mr. Dudley that evening; and Rose, sitting aside, looked so very much disturbed—whether pleasantly or otherwise didn't occur to me—that I couldn't help enjoying his discomfiture, and watching him through it.

Now, though I told you I wasn't nervous, I never should know I had this luxurious calm, if there were nothing to measure it by; and once in a great while a perfect whirlpool seizes me,—my blood is all in turmoil,—I bubble with silent laughter, or cry with all my heart. I had been in such a strange state a good while, and now, as I surveyed Rose, it gradually grew fiercer, till I actually sprang to my feet, and exclaimed, "There! it is insupportable! I've been in the magnetic storm long enough! it is time something took it from me!" and ran out-doors.

Rose sauntered after, by-and-by, as if unwillingly drawn by a loadstone, and found the heavens wrapped in a rosy flame of Northern Lights. He looked as though he belonged to them, so pale and elf-like was his face then, like one bewitched.

"Papa's fireworks fade before mine," I said. "Now we can live in the woods, as Lu has been wishing; for a dry southerly wind follows this, with a blue smoke filtering all the distant fields. Won't it be delicious?"

"Or rain," he replied; "I think it will rain to-morrow,—warm, full rains"; and he seemed as if such a chance would dissolve him entirely.

As for me, those shifting, silent sheets of splendor abstracted all that was alien, and left me in my normal state.

"There they come!" I said, as Lu and Mr. Dudley, and some others who had entered in my absence,—gnats dancing in the beam,—stepped down toward us. "How charming for us all to sit out here!"

"How annoying, you mean," he replied, simply for contradiction.

"It hasn't been warm enough before," I added.

"And Louise may take cold now," he said, as if wishing to exhibit his care for her. "Whom is she speaking with? Blarsaye? And who comes after?"

"Parti. A delightful person,—been abroad, too. You and he can have a crack about Louvres and Vaticans now, and leave Lu and Mr. Dudley to me."

Rose suddenly inspected me and then Parti, as if he preferred the crack to be with cudgels; but in a second the little blaze vanished, and he only stripped a weigelia branch of every blossom.

I wonder what made Lu behave so that night; she scarcely spoke to Rose, appeared entirely unconcerned while he hovered round her like an officious sprite, was all grace to the others and sweetness to Mr. Dudley. And Rose, oblivious of snubs, paraded his devotion, seemed determined to show his love for Lu,—as if any one cared a straw,—and took the pains to be positively rude to me. He was possessed of an odd restlessness; a little defiance bristled his movements, an air of contrariness; and whenever he became quiet, he seemed again like one enchanted and folded up in a dream, to break whose spell he was about to abandon

efforts. He told me life had destroyed my enchantment; I wonder what will destroy his. Lu refused to sit in the garden-chair he offered,—just suffered the wreath of pink bells he gave her to hang in her hand, and by-and-by fall,—and when the north grew ruddier and swept the zenith with lances of light, and when it faded, and a dim cloud hazed all the stars, preserved the same equanimity, kept on the evil tenor of her way, and bade every one an impartial farewell at separating. She is preciously well-bred.

We hadn't remained in the garden all that time, though,—but, strolling through the gate and over the field, had reached a small grove that fringes the gully worn by Wild Fall and crossed by the railway. As we emerged from that, talking gayly, and our voices almost drowned by the dash of the little waterfall and the echo from the opposite rock, I sprang across the curving track, thinking them behind, and at the same instant a thunderous roar burst all about, a torrent of hot air whizzed and eddied over me, I fell dizzied and stunned, and the night express-train shot by like a burning arrow. Of course I was dreadfully hurt by my fall and fright,—I feel the shock now,—but they all stood on the little mound, from which I had sprung, like so many petrifications: Rose, just as he had caught Louise back on firmer ground, when she was about to follow me, his arm wound swiftly round her waist, yet his head thrust forward eagerly, his pale face and glowing eyes bent, not on her, but me. Still he never stirred, and poor Mr. Dudley first came to my assistance. We all drew breath at our escape, and, a little slowly, on my account, turned homeward.

"You are not bruised, Miss Willoughby?" asked Blarsaye, wakened.

"Dear Yone!" Lu said, leaving Mr. Dudley's arm, "you're so very pale! It's not pain, is it?"

"I am not conscious of any. Why should I be injured, any more than you?"

"Do you know," said Rose, *sotto voce*,

turning and bending merely his head to me, "I thought I heard you scream, and that you were dead."

"And what then?"

"Nothing, but that you were lying dead and torn, and I should see you," he said,—and said as if he liked to say it, experiencing a kind of savage delight at his ability to say it.

"A pity to have disappointed you!" I answered.

"I saw it coming before you leaped," he added, as a malignant finality, and drawing nearer. "You were both on the brink. I called, but probably neither you nor Lu heard me. So I snatched her back."

Now I had been next him then.

"Jove's balance," I said, taking Parti's arm.

He turned instantly to Lu, and kept by her during the remainder of the walk, Mr. Dudley being at the other side. I was puzzled a little by Lu, as I have been a good many times since; I thought she liked Rose so much. Papa met us in the field, and there the affair must be detailed to him, and then he would have us celebrate our safety in Champagne.

"Good-bye, Louise," said Rose, beside her at the gate, and offering his hand, somewhat later. "I'm going away to-morrow, if it's fine."

"Going?" with involuntary surprise.

"To camp out in Maine."

"Oh! I hope you will enjoy it."

"Would you stay long, Louise?"

"If the sketching-grounds are good."

"When I come back, you'll sing my songs? Shake hands."

She just laid a cold touch on his.

"Louise, are you offended with me?"

She looked up with so much simplicity.

"Offended, Rose, with you?"

"Not offended, but frozen," I could have said. Lu is like that little sensitive-plant, shrinking into herself with stiff unconsciousness at a certain touch. But I don't think he noticed the sad tone in her voice, as she said good-night; I didn't, till, the others being gone, I saw her turn after his disappearing figure, with a look

that would have been despairing, but for its supplication.

The only thing Lu ever said to me about this was,—

“Don’t you think Rose a little altered, Yone, since he came home?”

“Altered?”

“I have noticed it ever since you showed him your beads, that day.”

“Oh! it’s the amber,” I said. “They are amulets, and have bound him in a thrall. You must wear them, and dissolve the charm. He’s in a dream.”

“What is it to be in a dream?” she asked.

“To lose thought of past or future.”

She repeated my words,—“Yes, he’s in a dream,” she said, musingly.

II.

ROSE didn’t come near us for a fortnight; but he had not camped at all, as he said. It was the first stone thrown into Lu’s life, and I never saw any one keep the ripples under so; but her suspicions were aroused. Finally he came in again, all as before, and I thought things might have been different, if in that fortnight Mr. Dudley had not been so assiduous; and now, to the latter’s happiness, there were several ragged children and infirm old women in whom, Lu having taken them in charge, he chose to be especially interested. Lu always was housekeeper, both because it had fallen to her while mamma and I were away, and because she had an administrative faculty equal to General Jackson’s; and Rose, who had frequently gone about with her, inspecting jellies and cordials and adding up her accounts, now unexpectedly found Mr. Dudley so near his former place that he disdained to resume it himself;—not entirely, because the man of course couldn’t be as familiar as an old playmate; but just enough to put Rose aside. He never would compete with any one; and Lu did not know how to repulse the other.

If the amulets had ravished Rose from himself, they did it at a distance, for I

had not worn them since that day.—You needn’t look. Thales imagined amber had a spirit; and Pliny says it is a countercharm for sorceries. There are a great many mysterious things in the world. Aren’t there any hidden relations between us and certain substances? Will you tell me something impossible?—But he came and went about Louise, and she sung his songs, and all was going finely again, when we gave our midsummer party.

Everybody was there, of course, and we had enrapturing music. Louise wore—no matter—something of twilight purple, and begged for the amber, since it was too much for my toilette,—a double India muslin, whose snowy sheen scintillated with festoons of gorgeous green beetles’ wings flaming like fiery emeralds.—A family dress, my dear, and worn by my aunt before me,—only that individual must have been frightened out of her wits by it. A cruel, savage dress, very like, but ineffably gorgeous.—So I wore her aquamarina, though the other would have been better; and when I sailed in, with all the airy folds in a hoar-frost mistiness fluttering round me and the glitter of Lu’s jewels,—

“Why!” said Rose, “you look like the moon in a halo.”

But Lu disliked a hostess out-dressing her guests.

It was dull enough till quite late, and then I stepped out with Mr. Parti, and walked up and down a garden-path. Others were outside as well, and the last time I passed a little arbor I caught a yellow gleam of amber. Lu, of course. Who was with her? A gentleman, bending low to catch her words, holding her hand in an irresistible pressure. Not Rose, for he was flitting in beyond. Mr. Dudley. And I saw then that Lu’s kindness was too great to allow her to repel him angrily; her gentle conscience let her wound no one. Had Rose seen the pantomime? Without doubt. He had been seeking her, and he found her, he thought, in Mr. Dudley’s arms. After a while we went in, and, finding all smooth enough,

I slipped through the balcony-window and hung over the balustrade, glad to be alone a moment. The wind, blowing in, carried the gay sounds away from me, even the music came richly muffled through the heavy curtains, and I wished to breathe balm and calm. The moon, round and full, was just rising, making the gloom below more sweet. A full moon is poison to some; they shut it out at every crevice, and do not suffer a ray to cross them; it has a chemical or magnetic effect; it sickens them. But I am never more free and royal than when the subtle celerity of its magic combinations, whatever they are, is at work. Never had I known the mere joy of being so intimately as to-night. The river slept soft and mystic below the woods, the sky was full of light, the air ripe with summer. Out of the yellow honeysuckles that climbed around, clouds of delicious fragrance stole and swathed me; long wafts of faint harmony gently thrilled me. Dewy and dark and uncertain was all beyond. I, possessed with a joyousness so deep through its contented languor as to counterfeit serenity, forgot all my wealth of nature, my pomp of beauty, abandoned myself to the hour.

A strain of melancholy dance-music pierced the air and fell. I half turned my head, and my eyes met Rose. He had been there before me, perhaps. His face, white and shining in the light, shining with a strange sweet smile of relief, of satisfaction, of delight, his lips quivering with unspoken words, his eyes dusky with depth after depth of passion. How long did my eyes swim on his? I cannot tell. He never stirred; still leaned there against the pillar, still looked down on me like a marble god. The sudden tears dazzled my gaze, fell down my hot cheek, and still I knelt fascinated by that smile. In that moment I felt that he was more beautiful than the night, than the music, than I. Then I knew that all this time, all summer, all past summers, all my life long, I had loved him.

Some one was waiting to make his

adieux; I heard my father seeking me; I parted the curtains, and went in. One after one those tedious people left, the lights grew dim, and still he stayed without. I ran to the window, and, lifting the curtain, bent forward, crying,—

“Mr. Rose! do you spend the night on the balcony?”

Then he moved, stepped down, murmured something to my father, bowed loftily to Louise, passed me without a sign, and went out. In a moment, Lu's voice, a quick, sharp exclamation, touched him; he turned, came back. She, wondering at him, had stood toying with the amber, and at last crushing the miracle of the whole, a bell-wort wrought most delicately with all the dusty pollen grained upon its anthers, crushing it between her fingers, breaking the thread, and scattering the beads upon the carpet. He stooped with her to gather them again, he took from her hand and restored to her* afterward the shattered fragments of the bell-wort, he helped her disentangle the aromatic string from her falling braids, —for I kept apart,—he breathed the penetrating incense of each separate amulet, and I saw that from that hour, when every atom of his sensation was tense and vibrating, she would be associated with the loathed amber in his undefined consciousness, would be surrounded with an atmosphere of its perfume, that Lu was truly sealed from him in it, sealed into herself. Then again, saying no word, he went out.

Louise stood like one lost,—took aimlessly a few steps,—retraced them,—approached a table,—touched something,—left it.

“I am so sorry about your beads!” she said, apologetically, when she looked up and saw me astonished, putting the broken pieces into my hand.

“Goodness! Is that what you are fluttering about so for?”

“They can't be mended,” she continued, “but I will thread them again.”

“I don't care about them, I'm sick of amber,” I answered, consolingly. “You may have them, if you will.”

"No. I must pay too great a price for them," she replied.

"Nonsense! when they break again, I'll pay you back," I said, without in the least knowing what she meant. "I didn't know you were too proud for a 'thank you!'"

She came up and put both her arms round my neck, laid her cheek beside mine a minute, kissed me, and went upstairs. Lu always rather worshipped me.

Dressing my hair that night, Carmine, my maid, begged for the remnants of the bell-wort to "make a scent-bag with, Miss."

Next day, no Rose; it rained. But at night he came and took possession of the room, with a strange, airy gayety never seen in him before. It was so chilly, that I had heaped the wood-boughs, used in the yesterday's decorations, on the hearth, and lighted a fragrant crackling flame that danced up wildly at my touch,—for I have the faculty of fire. I sat at one side, Lu at the other, papa was holding a skein of silk for her to wind, the amber beads were twinkling in the firelight,—and when she slipped them slowly on the thread, bead after bead, warmed through and through by the real blaze, they crowded the room afresh with their pungent spiciness. Papa had called Rose to take his place at the other end of the silk, and had gone out; and when Lu finished, she fastened the ends, cut the thread, Rose likening her to Atropos, and put them back into her basket. Still playing with the scissors, following down the lines of her hand, a little snap was heard.

"Oh!" said Louise, "I have broken my ring!"

"Can't it be repaired?" I asked.

"No," she returned briefly, but pleasantly, and threw the pieces into the fire.

"The hand must not be ringless," said Rose; and slipping off the ring of hers that he wore, he dropped it upon the amber, then got up and threw an armful of fresh boughs upon the blaze.

So that was all done. Then Rose was gayer than before. He is one of those people to whom you must allow moods,—

when their sun shines, dance, and when their vapors rise, sit in the shadow. Every variation of the atmosphere affects him, though by no means uniformly; and so sensitive is he, that, when connected with you by any intimate *rapport*, even if but momentary, he almost divines your thoughts. He is full of perpetual surprises. I am sure he was a nightingale before he was Rose. An iridescence like sea-foam sparkled in him that evening, he laughed as lightly as the little tinkling mass-bells at every moment, and seemed to diffuse a rosy glow wherever he went in the room. Yet gayety was not his peculiar specialty, and at length he sat before the fire, and, taking Lu's scissors, commenced cutting bits of paper in profiles. Somehow they all looked strangely like and unlike Mr. Dudley. I pointed one out to Lu, and, if he had needed confirmation, her changing color gave it. He only glanced at her askance, and then broke into the merriest description of his life in Rome, of which he declared he had not spoken to us yet, talking fast and laughing as gleefully as a child, and illustrating people and localities with scissors and paper as he went on, a couple of careless snips putting a whole scene before us.

The floor was well-strewn with such chips,—fountains, statues, baths, and all the persons of his little drama,—when papa came in. He held an open letter, and, sitting down, read it over again. Rose fell into silence, clipping the scissors daintily in and out the white sheet through twinkling intricacies. As the design dropped out, I caught it,—a long wreath of honeysuckle-blossoms. Lu was humming a little tune. Rose joined, and hummed the last bars, then bade us good-night.

"Yone," said papa, "your Aunt Willoughby is very ill,—will not recover. She is my elder brother's widow; you are her heir. You must go and stay with her."

Now it was very likely that just at this time I was going away to nurse Aunt Willoughby! Moreover, illness is my ve-

ry antipodes,—its nearness is invasion,—we are utterly antipathetic,—it disgusts and repels me. What sympathy can there be between my florid health, my rank, redundant life, and any wasting disease of death? What more hostile than focal concentration and obscure decomposition? You see, we cannot breathe the same atmosphere. I banish the thought of such a thing from my feeling, from my memory. So I said,—

"It's impossible. I'm not going an inch to Aunt Willoughby's. Why, papa, it's more than a hundred miles, and in this weather!"

"Oh, the wind has changed."

"Then it will be too warm for such a journey."

"A new idea, Yone! Too warm for the mountains?"

"Yes, papa. I'm not going a step."

"Why, Yone, you astonish me! Your sick aunt!"

"That's the very thing. If she were well, I might,—perhaps. Sick! What can I do for her? I never go into a sick-room. I hate it. I don't know how to do a thing there. Don't say another word, papa. I can't go."

"It is out of the question to let it pass so, my dear. Here you are nursing all the invalids in town, yet"—

"Indeed, I'm not, papa. I don't know and don't care whether they're dead or alive."

"Well, then, it's Lu."

"Oh, yes, she's hospital-agent for half the country."

"Then it is time that you also got a little experience."

"Don't, papa! I don't want it. I never saw anybody die, and I never mean to."

"Can't I do as well, uncle?" asked Lu.

"You, darling? Yes; but it isn't your duty."

"I thought, perhaps," she said, "you would rather Yone went."

"So I would."

"Dear papa, don't vex me! Ask anything else!"

"It is so unpleasant to Yone," Lu

murmured, "that maybe I had better go. And if you've no objection, Sir, I'll take the early train to-morrow."

Wasn't she an angel?

Lu was away a month. Rose came in, expressing his surprise. I said, "Othello's occupation's gone?"

"And left him room for pleasure now," he retorted.

"Which means seclusion from the world, in the society of lakes and chromes."

"Miss Willoughby," said he, turning and looking directly past me, "may I paint you?"

"Me? Oh, you can't."

"No; but may I try?"

"I cannot go to you."

"I will come to you."

"Do you suppose it will be like?"

"Not at all, of course. It is to be, then?"

"Oh, I've no more right than any other piece of Nature to refuse an artist a study in color."

He faced about, half pouting, as if he would go out, then returned and fixed the time.

So he painted. He generally put me into a broad beam that slanted from the top of the veiled window, and day after day he worked. Ah, what glorious days they were! how gay! how full of life! I almost feared to let him image me on canvas, do you know? I had a fancy it would lay my soul so bare to his inspection. What secrets might be searched, what depths fathomed, at such times, if men knew! I feared lest he should see me as I am, in those great masses of warm light lying before him, as I feared he saw when he said amber harmonized with me,—all being things not polarized, not organized, without centre, so to speak. But it escaped him, and he wrought on. Did he succeed? Bless you! he might as well have painted the sun; and who could do that? No; but shades and combinations that he had hardly touched or known, before, he had to lavish now; he learned more than some years might have taught him; he, who worshipped

beauty, saw how thoroughly I possessed it; he has told me that through me he learned the sacredness of color. "Since he loves beauty so, why does he not love me?" I asked myself; and perhaps the feverish hope and suspense only lit up that beauty and fed it with fresh fires. Ah, the July days! Did you ever wander over barren, parched stubble-fields, and suddenly front a knot of red Turk's-cap lilies, flaring as if they had drawn all the heat and brilliance from the land into their tissues? Such were they. And if I were to grow old and gray, they would light down all my life, and I could be willing to lead a dull, grave age, looking back and remembering them, warming myself forever in their constant youth. If I had nothing to hope, they would become my whole existence. Think, then, what it will be to have all days like those!

He never satisfied himself, as he might have done, had he known me better,—and he never *shall* know me!—and used to look at me for the secret of his failure, till I laughed; then the look grew wistful, grew enamored. By-and-by we left the pictures. We went into the woods, warm, dry woods; we stayed there from morning till night. In the burning noons, we hung suspended between two heavens, in our boat on glassy forest-pools, where now and then a shoal of white lilies rose and crowded out the under-sky. Sunsets burst like bubbles over us. When the hidden thrushes were breaking one's heart with music, and the sweet fern sent up a tropical fragrance beneath our crushing steps, we came home to rooms full of guests and my father's genial warmth. What a month it was!

One day papa went up into New Hampshire; Aunt Willoughby was dead; and one day Lu came home.

She was very pale and thin. Her eyes were hollow and purple.

"There is some mistake, Lu," I said. "It is you who are dead, instead of Aunt Willoughby."

"Do I look so wretchedly?" she asked, glancing at the mirror

"Dreadfully! Is it all watching and grief?"

"Watching and grief," said Lu.

How melancholy her smile was! She would have crazed me in a little while, if I had minded her.

"Did you care so much for fretful, crabbed Aunt Willoughby?"

"She was very kind to me," Lu replied.

There was an odd air with her that day. She didn't go at once and get off her travelling-dress, but trifled about in a kind of expectancy, a little fever going and coming in her cheeks, and turning at any noise.

Will you believe it?—though I know Lu had refused him,—who met her at the half-way junction, saw about her luggage, and drove home with her, but Mr. Dudley, and was with us, a half-hour afterward, when Rose came in? Lu didn't turn at his step, but the little fever in her face prevented his seeing her as I had done. He shook hands with her and asked after her health, and shook hands with Mr. Dudley, (who hadn't been near us during her absence,) and seemed to wish she should feel that he recognized without pain a connection between herself and that personage. But when he came back to me, I was perplexed again at that bewitched look in his face,—as if Lu's presence made him feel that he was in a dream, I the enchantress of that dream. It did not last long, though. And soon she saw Mr. Dudley out, and went up-stairs.

When Lu came down to tea, she had my beads in her hand again.

"I went into your room and got them, dear Yone," she said, "because I have found something to replace the broken bell-wort"; and she showed us a little amber bee, black and golden. "Not so lovely as the bell-wort," she resumed, "and I must pierce it for the thread; but it will fill the number. Was I not fortunate to find it?"

But when at a flame she heated a long, slender needle to pierce it, the little winged wonder shivered between her

fingers, and under the hot steel filled the room with the honeyed smell of its dusted substance.

"Never mind," said I again. "It's a shame, though,—it was so much prettier than the bell-wort! We might have known it was too brittle. It's just as well, Lu."

The room smelt like a chancel at vespers. Rose sauntered to the window, and so down the garden, and then home.

"Yes. It cannot be helped," she said, with a smile. "But I really counted upon seeing it on the string. I'm not lucky at amber. You know little Asian said it would bring bane to the bearer."

"Dear! dear! I had quite forgotten!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Lu, keep it, or give it away, or something! I don't want it any longer."

"You're very vehement," she said, laughing now. "I am not afraid of your gods. Shall I wear them?"

So the rest of the summer Lu twined them round her throat,—amulets of sorcery, orbs of separation; but one night she brought them back to me. That was last night. There they lie.

The next day, in the high golden noon, Rose came. I was on the lounge in the alcove parlor, my hair half streaming out of Lu's net; but he didn't mind. The light was toned and mellow, the air soft and cool. He came and sat on the opposite side, so that he faced the wall table with its dish of white, stiflingly sweet lilies, while I looked down the drawing-room. He had brought a book, and by-and-by opened at the part commencing, "Do not die, Phene." He read it through,—all that perfect, perfect scene. From the moment when he said,

"I overlean

This length of hair and lustrous front,—
they turn

Like an entire flower upward,"—

his voice low, sustained, clear,—till he reached the line,

"Look at the woman here with the new soul,"—

till he turned the leaf and murmured,

"Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be art,—and, further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing? This new soul is
mine!"—

till then, he never glanced up. Now, with a proud grace, he raised his head,—not to look at me, but across me, at the lilies, to satiate himself with their odorous snowiness. When he again pronounced words, his voice was husky and vibrant; but what music dwelt in it and seemed to prolong rather than break the silver silence, as he echoed,

"Some unsuspected isle in the far seas"!

How many read to descend to a prosaic life! how few to meet one as rich and full beside them! The tone grew ever lower; he looked up slowly, fastening his glance on mine.

"And you are ever by me while I gaze,—
Are in my arms, as now,—as now,—as
now!"

he said. He swayed forward with those wild questioning eyes,—his breath blew over my cheek; I was drawn,—I bent; the full passion of his soul broke to being, wrapped me with a blinding light, a glowing kiss on lingering lips, a clasp strong and tender as heaven. All my hair fell down like a shining cloud and veiled us, the great rolling folds in wave after wave of crisp splendor. I drew back from that long, silent kiss, I gathered up each gold thread of the straying tresses, blushing, defiant. He also, he drew back. But I knew all then. I had no need to wait longer; I had achieved. Rose loved me. Rose had loved me from that first day.—You scarcely hear what I say, I talk so low and fast? Well, no matter, dear, you wouldn't care.—For a moment that gaze continued, then the lids fell, the face grew utterly white. He rose, flung the book, crushed and torn, upon the floor, went out, speaking no word to me, nor greeting Louise in the next room. Could he have seen her? No. I, only, had that. For, as I drew from his arm, a meteoric crimson, shooting across the pale face bent over work there, flashed upon me, and then

a few great tears, like sudden thunder-drops, falling slowly and wetting the heavy fingers. The long mirror opposite her reflected the interior of the alcove parlor. No,—he could not have seen, he must have felt her.

I wonder whether I should have cared, if I had never met him any more,—happy in this new consciousness. But in the afternoon he returned, bright and eager.

"Are you so very busy, dear Yone," he said, without noticing Lu, "that you cannot drive with me to-day?"

Busy! In five minutes I whirled down the avenue beside him. I had not been Yone to him before. How quiet we were! he driving on, bent forward, seeing out and away; I leaning back, my eyes closed, and, whenever a remembrance of that instant at noon thrilled me, a stinging blush staining my cheek. I, who had believed myself incapable of love, till that night on the balcony, felt its floods welling from my spirit,—who had believed myself so completely cold, was warm to my heart's core. Again that breath fanned me, those lips touched mine, lightly, quickly.

"Yone, my Yone!" he said. "Is it true? No dream within dream? Do you love me?"

Wistful, longing, tender eyes.

"Do I love you? I would die for you!"

Ah, me! If the July days were such, how perfect were the August and September nights! their young moon's lingering twilight, their full broad bays of silver, their interlunar season! The winds were warm about us, the whole earth seemed the wealthier for our love. We almost lived upon the river, he and I alone,—floating seaward, swimming slowly up with late tides, reaching home drenched with dew, parting in passionate silence. Once he said to me,—

"Is it because it is so much larger, more strange and beautiful, than any other love could be, that I feel guilty, Yone,—feel as if I sinned in loving you so, my great white flower?"

I ought to tell you how splendid papa

was, never seemed to consider that Rose had only his art, said I had enough from Aunt Willoughby for both, we should live up there among the mountains, and set off at once to make arrangements. Lu has a wonderful tact, too,—seeing at once where her path lay. She is always so well oriented! How full of peace and bliss these two months have been! Last night Lu came in here. She brought back my amber gods, saying she had not intended to keep them, and yet loitering.

"Yone," she said at last, "I want you to tell me if you love him."

Now, as if that were any affair of hers! I looked what I thought.

"Don't be angry," she pleaded. "You and I have been sisters, have we not? and always shall be. I love you very much, dear,—more than you may believe; I only want to know if you will make him happy."

"That's according," said I, with a yawn.

She still stood before me. Her eyes said, "I have a right,—I have a right to know."

"You want me to say how much I love Vaughan Rose?" I asked, finally. "Well, listen, Lu,—so much, that, when he forgets me,—and he will, Lu, one day,—I shall die."

"Prevent his forgetting you, Yone!" she returned. "Make your soul white and clear, like his."

"No! no!" I answered. "He loves me as I am. I will never change."

Then somehow tears began to come. I didn't want to cry; I had to crowd them back behind my fingers and shut lids.

"Oh, Lu!" I said, "I cannot think what it would be to live, and he not a part of me! not for either of us to be in the world without the other!"

Then Lu's tears fell with mine, as she drew her fingers over my hair. She said she was happy, too; and to-day has been down and gathered every one, so that, when you see her, her white array will be wreathed with purple hearts-ease. But I didn't tell Lu quite the truth, you must

know. I don't think I should die, except to my former self, if Rose ceased to love me. I should change. Oh, I should hate him! Hate is as intense as love.

Bless me! What time can it be? There are papa and Rose walking in the garden. I turned out my maid to find chance for all this talk; I must ring for her. There, there's my hair! silken coil after coil, full of broken lights, rippling below the knees, fine and fragrant. Who could have such hair but I? I am the last of the Willoughbys, a decayed race, and from such strong decay what blossom less gorgeous should spring?

October now. All the world swings at the top of its beauty; and those hills where we shall live, what robes of color fold them! Tawny filemot gilding the valleys, each seam and rut a scroll or arabesque, and all the year pouring out her heart's blood to flush the maples, the great impurpled granites warm with the sunshine they have drunk all summer! So I am to be married to-day, at noon. I like it best so; it is my hour. There is my veil, that regal Venice point. Fling it round you. No, you would look like a ghost in one,—Lu like a corpse. Dear me! That's the second time I've rung for Carmine. I dare say the hussy is trying on my gown. You think it strange I don't delay? Why, child, why tempt Providence? Once mine, always mine. He might wake up. No, no, I couldn't have meant that! It is not possible that I have merely led him into a region of richer dyes, lapped him in this vision of color, kindled his heart to such a flame, that it may light him towards further effort. Can you believe that he will slip from me and return to one in better harmony with him? Is any one? Will he ever find himself with that love lost, this love exhausted, only his art left him? Never! I am his crown. See me! how singularly, gloriously beautiful! For him only! all for him! I love him! I cannot, I will not lose him! I defy all! My heart's proud pulse assures me! I defy Fate! Hush! One,—two,—twelve o'clock. Carmine!

III.

Astra castra, numen lumen.

THE click of her needles and the soft singing of the night-lamp are the only sounds breaking the stillness, the awful stillness, of this room. How the wind blows without! it must be whirling white gusty drifts through the split hills. If I were as free! Whistling round the gray gable, tearing the bleak boughs, crying faint, hoarse moans down the chimneys! A wild, sad gale! There is a lull, a long breathless lull, before it soughs up again. Oh, it is like a pain! Pain! Why do I think the word? Must I suffer any more? Am I crazed with opiates? or am I dying? They are in that drawer,—laudanum, morphine, hyoscyamus, and all the drowsy sirups,—little drops, but soaring like a fog, and wrapping the whole world in a dull ache, with no salient sting to catch a groan on. They are so small, they might be lost in this long, dark room; why not the pain too, the point of pain, I? A long, dark room; I at one end, she at the other; the curtains drawn away from me that I may breathe. Ah, I have been stifled so long! They look down on me, all those old dead and gone faces, those portraits on the wall,—look all from their frames at me, the last term of the race, the vanishing summit of their design. A fierce weapon thrust into the world for evil has that race been,—from the great gray Willoughby, threatening with his iron eyes there, to me, the sharp apex of its suffering. A fierce, glittering blade! Why I alone singled for this curse? Rank blossom, rank decay, they answer, but falsely. I lie here, through no fault of mine, blasted by disease, the dread with no relief. A hundred ancestors look from my walls, and see in me the centre of their lives, of all their little splendor, of their sins and follies; what slept in them wakes in me. Oh, let me sleep too!

How long could I live and lose nothing? I saw my face in the hand-glass this morning,—more lovely than health fashioned it;—transparent skin, bounding blood,

with its fire burning behind the eye, on cheek, on lip,—a beauty that every pang has aggravated, heightened, sharpened, to a superb intensity, flushing, rapid, unearthly,—a brilliancy to be dreamed of. Like a great autumn-leaf I fall, for I am dying,—dying! Yes, death finds me more beautiful than life made me; but have I lost nothing? Great Heaven, I have lost all!

A fancy comes to me, that to-day was my birthday. I have forgotten to mark time; but if it was, I am thirty-two years old. I remember birthdays of a child,—loving, cordial days. No one remembers to-day. Why should they? But I ache for a little love. Thirty-two,—that is young to die! I am too fair, too rich, for death!—not his fit spoil! Is there no one to save me? no help? can I not escape? Ah, what a vain eagerness! what an idle hope! Fall back again, heart! Escape? I do not desire to. Come, come, kind rest! I am tired.

That cap-string has loosened now, and all this golden cataract of hair has rushed out over the piled pillows. It oppresses and terrifies me. If I could speak, it seems to me that I would ask Louise to come and bind it up. Won't she turn and see?

Have I been asleep? What is this in my hands? The amber gods? Oh, yes! I asked to see them again; I like their smell, I think. It is ten years I have had them. They enchant; but the charm will not last; nothing will. I rubbed a little yellow smoke out of them,—a cloud that hung between him and the world, so that he saw only me,—at least — What am I dreaming of? All manner of illusions haunt me. Who said anything about ten years? I have been married ten years. Happy, then, ten years? Oh, no! One day he woke.—How close the room is! I want some air. Why don't they do something —

Once, in the pride of a fool, I fear having made some confidence, some recital of my joy to ears that never had any. Did I say I would not lose him? Did I say I could live just on the memory

of that summer? I lash myself that I must remember it! that I ever loved him! When he stirred, when the mist left him, when he found a mere passion had blinded him, when he spread his easel, when he abandoned love,—was I wretched? I, too, abandoned love!—more,—I hated! All who hate are wretched. But he was bound to me! Yes; he might move restlessly,—it only clanked his chains. Did he wound me? I was cruel. He never spoke. He became artist,—ceased to be man,—was more indifferent than the cloud. He could paint me then,—and, revealed and bare, all our histories written in me, he hung me up beside my ancestors. There I hang. Come from thy frame, thou substance, and let this troubled phantom go! Come! for he gave my life to thee. In thee he shut and sealed it all, and left me as the empty husk. Did she come then? No! I sent for her. I meant to teach him that he was yet a man,—to open before him a gulf of anguish; but I slipped down it. Then I dogged them; they never spoke alone; I intercepted the eye's language; I withered their wintry smiles to frowns; I stifled their sighs; I checked their breath, their motion. Idle words passed our lips; we three lived in a real world of silence, agonized mutes. She went. Summer by summer my father brought her to us. Always memory was kindled afresh, always sorrow kept smouldering. Once she came; I lay here; she has not left me since. He,—he also comes; he has soothed pain with that loveless eye, carried me in untender arms, watched calmly beside my delirious nights. He who loved beauty has learned disgust. Why should I care? I, from the slave of bald form, enlarged him to the master of gorgeous color; his blaze is my ashes. He studies me. I owe him nothing.

Is it near morning? Have I dozed again? Night is long. The great hall-clock is striking,—throb after throb on the darkness. I remember, when I was a child, watching its lengthened pendulum swing as if time were its own, and it measured the thread slowly, loath to

part,—remember streaking its great ebony case with a little finger, misting it with a warm breath. Throb after throb,—is it going to peal forever? Stop, solemn clangor! hearts, stop! Midnight.

The nurses have gone down; she sits there alone. Her bent side-face is full of pity. Now and then her head turns; the great brown eyes lift heavily, and lie on me,—heavily, as if the sight of me pained her. Ah, in me perishes her youth! death enters her world! Besides, she loves me. I do not want her love,—I would fling it off; but I am faint,—I am impotent,—I am so cold! Not that she lives, and I die,—not that she has peace, and I tumult,—not for her voice's music,—not for her eye's lustre,—not for any charm of her womanly presence,—neither for her clear, fair soul,—nor that, when the storm and winter pass, and I am stiff and frozen, she smiles in the sun, and leads new life,—not for all this I hate her; but because my going gives her what I lost,—because, I stepped aside, the light falls on her,—because from my despair springs her happiness. Poor fool! let her be happy, if she can! Her mother was a Willoughby! And what is a flower that blows on a grave?

Why do I remember so distinctly one night alone of all my life,—one night, when we dance in the low room of a seaside cottage,—dance to Lu's singing? He leads me to her, when the dance is through, brushing with his head the festooned nets that swing from the rafters,—and in at the open casement is blown a butterfly, a dead butterfly, from off the sea. She holds it compassionately till I pin it on my dress,—the wings, twin magnificences, freckled and barred and dusty with gold, fluttering at my breath. Some one speaks with me; she strays to the window, he follows, and they are silent. He looks far away over the gray loneliness stretching beyond. At length he murmurs: "A brief madness makes my long misery. Louise, if the earth were dazzled aside from her constant pole-star to worship some bewildering comet, would she be more forlorn than I?"

"Dear Rose! your art remains," I hear her say.

He bends lower, that his breath may scorch her brow. "Was I wrong? Am I right?" he whispers, hurriedly. "You loved me once; you love me now, Louise, if I were free?"

"But you are not free."

She does not recoil, yet her very atmosphere repels him, while looking up with those woful eyes blanching her cheek by their gathering darkness. "And, Rose,"—she sighs, then ceases abruptly, while a quiver of sudden scorn writhes spurningly down eyelid and nostril and pains the whole face.

He erects himself, then reaches his hand for the rose in her belt, glances at me,—the dead thing in my bosom rising and falling with my turbulent heart,—holds the rose to his lips, leaves her. How keen are my ears! how flushed my cheek! how eager and fierce my eyes! He approaches; I snatch the rose and tear its petals in an angry shower, and then a dim east-wind pours in and scatters my dream like flakes of foam. All dreams go; youth and hope desert me; the dark claims me. O room, surrender me! O sickness and sorrow, loose your weary hold!

It maddens me to know that the sun will shine again, the tender grass grow green, the veery sing, the crocus come. She will walk in the light and re-gather youth, and I moulder, a forgotten heap. Oh, why not all things crash to ruin with me?

Pain, pain, pain! Where is my father? Why is he away, when they know I die? He used to hold me once; he ought to hear me when I call. He would rest me, and stroke the grief aside,—he is so strong. Where is he?

These amulets stumbling round again? Amber, amber gods, you did mischief in your day! If I clutched you hard, as Lu did once, all your spells would be broken.—It is colder than it was. I think I will go to sleep.

What was that? How loud and resonant! It stuns me. It is too sonorous.

Does sound flash? Ah! the hour. Another? How long the silver toll swims on the silent air! It is one o'clock,—a passing bell, a knell. If I were at home by the river, the tide would be turning down, down, and out to the broad, broad sea. Is it worth while to have lived?

Have I spoken? She looks at me, rises, and touches that bell-rope that always brings him. How softly he opens the door! Waiting, perhaps. Well. Ten years have not altered him much. The face is brighter, finer,—shines with the eternal youth of genius. They pause a moment; I suppose they are coming to me; but their eyes are on each other.

Why must the long, silent look with which he met her the day I got my amber strike back on me now so vindictively? I remember three looks: that, and this, and one other,—one fervid noon, a look that drank my soul, that culminated my existence. Oh, I remember! I lost it a little while ago. I have it now. You are coming? Can't you hear me? See! these costly *liqueurs*, these precious perfumes beside me here, if I can reach them, I will drench the coverlet in them; it shall be white and sweet as a little child's. I wish they were the great rich lilies of that day; it is too late for the baby May-flowers. You do not like amber? There the thread breaks again! the little cruel gods go tumbling down the floor!

Come, lay my head on your breast! kiss my life off my lips! I am your Yone! I forgot a little while,—but I love you, Rose! Rose!

Why! I thought arms held me. How clear the space is! The wind from outdoors, rising again, must have rushed in. There is the quarter striking. How free I am! No one here? No swarm of souls about me? Oh, those two faces looked from a great mist, a moment since; I scarcely see them now. Drop, mask! I will not pick you up! Out, out into the gale! back to my elements!

So I passed out of the room, down the staircase. The servants below did not see me, but the hounds crouched and whined. I paused before the great ebony clock; again the fountain broke, and it chimed the half-hour; it was half-past one; another quarter, and the next time its ponderous silver hammers woke the house it would be two. Half-past one? Why, then, did not the hands move? Why cling fixed on a point five minutes before the first quarter struck? To and fro, soundless and purposeless, swung the long pendulum. And, ah! what was this thing I had become? I had done with time. Not for me the hands moved on their recurrent circle any more.

I must have died at ten minutes past one.

THE POET'S FRIENDS.

THE Robin sings in the elm;
The cattle stand beneath,
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes,
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,
The wise-looking, stupid things!
And they never understand a word
Of all the Robin sings.

THE MEMORIAL OF A. B., OR MATILDA MUFFIN.

THE MEMORIAL OF A. B.

Humbly Showeth :—

Ladies and gentlemen, — enlightened public, — kind audience, — dear readers, — or whatever else you may be styled, — whose eyes, from remote regions of east, west, or next door, solace themselves between the brown covers of this magazine, making of themselves flowers to its lunar brilliancy, — I wish to state, with all humility and self-disgust, that I am what is popularly called a literary woman.

In the present state of society, I should feel less shame in declaring myself the elect lady of Dunderhed Van Nudel, Esquire, that wealthy Dutch gentleman, aged seventy, whom we all know. It is true, that, as I am young and gay and intelligent, while he is old and stupid and very low Dutch indeed, such an announcement would be equivalent to saying that I was bought by Mr. Van Nudel for half a million of dollars; but then that is customary, and you would all congratulate me.

Also, I should stand a better chance of finding favor in your eyes, if I declared myself to be an indigent tailoress; for no woman should use her head who can use her hands, — a maxim older than Confucius.

Or even if I were a school-ma'am! (blessed be the man who has brought them into fashion and the long path!) In that case, you might say, "Poor thing! isn't she interesting? quite like *the* school-mistress!" — And I am not averse to pity, since it is love's poor cousin, nor to belonging to a class mentioned in Boston literary society. I really am not!

But the plain truth is, I earn my living by writing. Sewing does not pay. I have no "faculty" at school-keeping; for I invariably spoil all the good children, and pet all the pretty ones, — a process not conducive, as I am told, to the development of manners or morals; — so I write:

just as Mr. Jones makes shoes, Mr. Peters harangues the jury, Mr. Smith sells calico, or Mr. Robinson rolls pills.

For, strange as it may seem, when it is so easy to read, it is hard work to write, — *bonâ fide*, undeniable hard work. Suppose my head cracks and rings and reels with a great ache that stupefies me? In comes Biddy with a letter.

"The editor of the 'Monthly Signpost' would be much obliged to Miss Matilda Muffin for a tale of four pages, to make up the June number, before the end of next week.

"Very respectfully, etc., etc."

Miss Muffin's head looks her in the face, (metaphorically,) and says, "You can't!" — but her last year's bonnet creaks and rustles from the bandbox, finally lifts the lid and peeps out. Gracious! the ghost in Hamlet was not more of an "airy nothing" than that ragged, faded, dilapidated old structure of crape and blonde. The bonnet retires to the sound of slow music; the head slinks back and holds its tongue; Miss Muffin sits down at her table; scratch, scratch, scratch, goes the old pen, and the ideas catch up with it, it is so shaky; and the words go tumbling over it, till the *ts* go out without any hats on, and the eyes — no, the *is* (*is* that the way to pluralize them?) — get no dots at all; and every now and then the head says, softly, "Oh, dear!" Miss Muffin goes to something called by novel-writers "repose," toward one o'clock that night, and the next night, and the next; she obliges the "Monthly Signpost" with a comic story at a low price, and buys herself a decent little bonnet for Sundays, replenishing her wardrobe generally by the same process; and the head considers it work, I assure you.

But this is not the special grievance to which I direct this Memorial. I like

to work; it suits me much better to obtain my money by steady, honest effort than it would to depend on anybody else for one round cent. If I had a thousand dollars unexpectedly left me by some unknown benefactor, I don't think it would be worth five cents on the dollar, compared with what I earn; there is a healthy, trustworthy pleasure in that, never yet attained by gifted or inherited specie. Neither is it the publicity of the occupation that I here object to. I knew that, before I began to write; and many an hour have I cried over the thought of being known, and talked about, and commented on,—having my dear name, that my mother called me by, printed on the cover of a magazine, seeing it in newspapers, hearing it in whispers, when Miss Brown says to Miss Black under her breath,—“That girl in the straw bonnet is Matilda Muffin, who writes for the ‘Snapdragon’ and the ‘Signpost.’”

I knew all this, as I say. I dreaded and hated it. I hate it now. But I had to work, and this was the only way open to me; so I tried to be brave, and to do what I ought, and let the rest go. I cannot say I am very brave yet, or that I don't feel all this; but I do not memorialize against it, because it is necessary to be borne, and I must bear it. When I go to the dentist's to have a tooth out, I sit down, and hold the chair tight, and open my mouth as wide as it will open, but I always say, “Oh! don't, doctor! I can't! I can't possibly!” till the iron what-d'-you-call-it enters my soul and stops my tongue.

Yes, when I began to write, I knew I should some day see my name in print. I knew people would wonder who and what I was, and how I looked;—I had done it myself. I knew that I should be delivered over to be the prey of tongues and the spoil of eyes. I was aware, I think, I am aware now, of every possible “disagreeable” that can befall the state. I am accustomed to hear people say, if I venture a modest opinion about a dinner, “Dear me! as if a literary woman knew anything about cooking!”—I en-

dure that meekly, sustained by the inner consciousness that I *can* cook much better than any artist in that line I ever yet encountered. Likewise I am used to hear people say, “I suppose you don't waste your valuable time in sewing?” when a look at my left forefinger would insure me a fraternal grip from any member of the Seamstress's Friends Society anywhere. I do not either scold or cry when accidentally some visitor discovers me fitting my dress or making my bonnet, and looks at me with a “fearful joy,” as if I were on a tight-rope. I even smile when people lay my ugly shawl or *passé* bonnet, that I bought because they were cheap, and wear for the same reason, at the door of the “eccentricities of genius.” And I am case-hardened to the instantaneous scattering and dodging of young men that ensue the moment I enter a little party, because “gentlemen are so afraid of literary women.” I don't think gentlemen are; I know two or three who never conceal a revolver in the breast of their coat when they talk to me, and who sometimes even offer to go home with me from a tea-party all alone, and after dark too. It is true, one or two of these are “literary” themselves; the others I knew before I was dyed blue; which may account for it. Also I am impervious to anonymous letters, exhorting me to all kinds of mental and moral improvement, or indulging in idle impertinences about my private affairs, the result of a knowledge about me and the aforesaid affairs drawn solely from my “Pieces in Prose and Verse.”

Then as to the matter of the romantic stories that are afloat concerning me, I am rather amused than otherwise by them. I have a sentimental name, by the religious and customary ordinance of baptism, legally my own; and at first, being rather loath to enter the great alliterative ranks of female writers by my lawful title of Matilda Muffin, I signed my writings “A. B.”

Two reprobatory poems addressed to those initials came to me through the

medium of the "Snapdragon," immediately after my having printed in that spicy paper a pensive little poem called "The Rooster's Cry": one, in Spenserian measure, rebuking me for alluding lightly to serious subjects,—a thing I never do, I am sure, and I can't imagine what "J. H. P." meant; and another, in hexameter, calling upon me to "arouse," and "smile," and "struggle on," and, in short, to stop crying and behave myself,—only it was said in figures. I'm much obliged to "Quintus" for the advice; but I should like to explain, that I am subject to the toothache, and when it is bad I cannot possibly write comic poetry. I must be miserable, but it's only toothache, thank you!

Then I have heard several times, in the strictest confidence, the whole history of "A. B., who writes for the 'Snapdragon.'" Somebody told me she was a lady living on the North River, very wealthy, very haughty, and very unhappy in her domestic relations. Another said she was a young widow in Alabama, whose mother was extremely tyrannical, and opposed her second marriage. A third person declared to me that A. B. was a physician in the navy,—a highly educated man, but reduced in circumstances. I think that was a great compliment,—to be actually taken for a man! I felt it to be "the proudest moment of my life," as ship-captains say, when they return thanks for the silver teapot richly chased with nautical emblems, presented by the passengers saved from the wreck, as a token of gratitude for the hencoops thrown overboard by the manly commander. However, I called myself a woman in the very next contribution, for fear of the united wrath of the stronger sex, should I ever be discovered to have so imposed upon the public; although I know several old women who remain undiscovered to this day, simply because they avail themselves of a masculine signature.

There were other romances, too tedious to mention, depicting me sometimes as a

lovely blonde, writing graceful tales beneath a bower of roses in the warm light of June; sometimes as a respectable old maid, rather sharp, fierce, and snuffy; sometimes as a tall, delicate, aristocratic, poetic looking creature, with liquid dark eyes and heavy tresses of raven hair; sometimes as a languishing, heart-broken woman in the prime of life, with auburn curls and a slow consumption.

Perhaps it may be as well to silence all conjecture at once, by stating that I am a woman of — no, I won't say how old, because everybody will date me from this time forward, and I shall not always be willing to tell how old I am! I am not very young now, it is true; I am more than sixteen and less than forty; so when our clergyman requested all between those ages to remain after service for the purpose of forming a week-day Bible-class, I sat still, and so did everybody else except Mrs. Van Doren, whose great-grandchild was christened in the morning; — our church is a new one.

However, this is digressing. I am not very tall, nor very short; I am rather odd-looking, but decidedly plain. I have brown hair and eyes, a pale light complexion, a commonplace figure, pretty good taste in dress, and a quick sense of the ludicrous, that makes me laugh a great deal, and have a good time generally.

I live at home, in the town of Blank, in a quiet by-street. My parents are both living, and we keep one Irish girl. I go to church on Sundays, and follow my trade week-days.

I write everything I do write in my own room, which is not so pleasant as a bower of roses in some respects, but is preferable in regard to earwigs and caterpillars, which are troublesome in bowers. I have a small pine table to write on, as much elderly furniture as supplies me places for sleep and my books, a small stove in winter, (which is another advantage over bowers,) and my "flowing draperies" are blue chintz, which I bought at a bargain; some quaint old

engravings of Bartolozzi's in black and gilt frames; a few books, among which are prominently set forth a volume of "The Doctor,"—Nicolò de' Lapi, in delightful bindings of white parchment,—Thomas à Kempis,—a Bible, of English type and paper,—and Emerson's Poems, bound in Russia leather. Not that I have no other books,—grammars, and novels, and cook-books, in gorgeous array,—but these are within reach from my pillow, when I want to read myself asleep; and a plaster cast of Minerva's owl mounts guard above them, curious fowl that it is.

The neighbors think I am a pretty nice girl, and my papa secretly exults over me as a genius, but he don't say much about it. And there, dear public, you have Matilda Muffin as she is, which I hope will quash the romances, amusing though they be.

But when, after much editorial correspondence, and persevering whispers of kind friends who had been told the facts in confidence, A. B. became only the pretext of a mystery, and I signed myself by my full name, the question naturally arose,—“Who is Matilda Muffin?”

Now, for the first time in my life, do I experience the benefits of a sentimental name, which has rather troubled me before, as belonging to a quite unsentimental and commonplace person, and thereby raising expectations, through hearsay, which actual vision dispelled with painful suddenness. But now I find its advantage, for nobody believes it is my own, but confidently expects that Ann Tubbs or Susan Bucket will appear from a long suppression, like a Jack-in-a-box, and startle the public as she throws back the cover.

Indeed, I am told that not long since a circle of literary experimentalists, discussing a recent number of a certain magazine, and displaying great knowledge of *noms-de-plume*, ran aground all at once upon “Who is Matilda Muffin?”—even as, in the innocent faith of childhood, I pondered ten minutes upon “Who was the father of Zebedee's children?”

and at last “gave up.” But these professional gentlemen, nowise daunted by the practical difficulties of the subject, held on, till at last one, wiser in his generation than the rest, confidently announced that he knew Matilda Muffin's real name, but was not at liberty to disclose it. Should this little confidence ever reach the eyes of those friends, I wish to indorse that statement in every particular; that gentleman does know my name; and know all men, by these presents, I give him full leave to disclose it,—or rather, to save him the trouble, I disclose it myself. My name, my own, that would have been printed in the marriage-list of the “Snapdragon” before now, if it had not appeared in the list of contributors, and which will appear in its list of deaths some day to come,—my name, that is called to breakfast, marked on my pocket-handkerchiefs, written in my books, and done in yellow paint on my trunk, is—Matilda Muffin. “Only that, and nothing more!” And “A. B.,” which I adopted once as a species of veil to the aforesaid alliterative title, did not mean, as was supposed, “A Beauty,” or “Any Body,” or “Another Barrett,” or “Anti Bedott,” or “After Breakfast,” but only “A. B.,” the first two letters of the alphabet. Peace to their ashes!—let them rest!

But, dear me! I forgot the Memorial! As I have said, all these enumerated troubles do not much move me, nor yet the world-old cry of all literary women's being, in virtue of their calling, unfeminine. I don't think anybody who knows me can say that about me; in fact, I am generally regarded by my male cousins as a “little goose,” and a “foolish child,” and “a perfectly absurd little thing,”—epithets that forbid the supposition of their object being strong-minded or having Women's Rights;—and as for people who don't know me, I care very little what they think. If I want them to like me, I can generally make them,—having a knack that way.

But there is one thing against which I do solemnly protest and uplift my

voice, as a piece of ridiculous injustice and supererogation,—and that is, that every new poem or fresh story I write and print should be supposed and declared to be part and parcel of my autobiography. Good gracious! Goethe himself, “many-sided” as the old stone Colossus might have been, would have retreated in dismay from such a host of characters as I have appeared in, according to the announcement of admiring friends.

My dear creatures, do just look at the common sense of the thing! Can I have been, by any dexterity known to man, of mind or body, such a various creature, such a polycorporate animal, as you make me to be? Because I write the anguish and suffering of an elderly widow with a drunken husband, am I therefore meek and of middle age, the slave of a rum-jug? I have heard of myself successively as figuring in the character of a strong-minded, self-denying Yankee girl,—a broken-hearted Georgia beauty,—a fairy princess,—a consumptive school-mistress,—a young woman dying of the perfidy of her lover,—a mysterious widow; and I daily expect to hear that a caterpillar which figured as hero in one of my tales was an allegory of myself, and that a cat mentioned in “*The New Tobias*” is a travesty of my heart-experience.

Now this is rather more than “human natur” can stand. It is true that in my day and generation I have suffered as everybody does, more or less. It is likewise true that I have suffered from the same causes that other people do. I am happy to state that in the allotments of this life authoresses are not looked upon as “literary,” but simply as women, and have the same general dispensations with the just and the unjust; therefore, in attempting to excite other people’s sympathies, I have certainly touched and told many stories that were not strange to my own consciousness; I do not know very well how I could do otherwise. And in trying to draw the common joys and sorrows of life, I certainly have availed myself of experience

as well as observation; but I should seem to myself singularly wanting in many traits which I believe I possess, were I to obtrude the details of my own personal and private affairs upon the public. And I offer to those who have so interpreted me a declaration which I trust may relieve them from all responsibility of this kind in future; I hereby declare, asseverate, affirm, and whatever else means to swear, that I never have offered and never intend to offer any history whatever of my personal experience, social, literary, or emotional, to the readers of any magazine, newspaper, novel, or correspondence whatever. Nor is there any one human being who has ever heard or ever will hear the whole of that experience,—no, not even Dunderhed Van Nudel, Esquire, should he buy me tomorrow!

Also, I wish to relieve the minds of many friendly readers, who, hearing and believing these reports, bestow upon me a vast amount of sympathy that is worthy of a better fate. My dear friends, as I said before, it is principally toothache; poetry is next best to clove-oil, and less injurious to the enamel. I beg of you not to suppose that every poet who howls audibly in the anguish of his soul is really afflicted in the said soul; but one must have respect for the dignity of High Art. Answer me now with frankness, what should you think of a poem that ran in this style?—

“The sunset’s gorgeous wonder

Flashes and fades away;

But my back-tooth aches like thunder,

And I cannot now be gay!”

Now just see how affecting it is, when you “change the venue,” as lawyers say:—

“The sunset’s gorgeous wonder

Flashes and fades away;

But I hear the muttering thunder,

And my sad heart dies like the day.”

I leave it to any candid mind, what would be the result to literature, if such a course were pursued?

Besides, look at the facts in the case. You read the most tearful strains of the

most melancholy poet you know; if you took them *verbatim*, you would expect him to be found by the printer's—boy, sent for copy, “by starlight on the north side of a tombstone,” as Dr. Bellamy said, enjoying a northeaster without any umbrella, and soaking the ground with tears, unwittingly antiseptic, in fact, as Mr. Mantalini expressed himself, “a damp, moist, unpleasant body.” But where, I ask, does that imp find the afore-said poet, when he goes to get the seventh stanza of the “Lonely Heart”? Why, in the gentlemen’s parlor of a first-class hotel, his feet tilted up in the window, his apparel perfectly dry and shiny with various ornamental articles appended, his eyes half open over a daily paper, his parted lips clinging to a cigar, his whole aspect well-to-do and comfortable. And aren’t you glad of it? I am; there is so much real misery in the world, that don’t know how to write for the papers, and has to have its toothache all by itself, when a simple application of bread and milk or bread and meat would cure it, that I am glad to have the apparent sum of human misery diminished, even at the expense of being a traitor in the camp.

And still further, for your sakes, dear tender-hearted friends, who may suppose that I am wearing this mask of joy for the sake of deluding you into a grim and respectful sympathy,—you, who will pity me whether or no,—I confess that I have some material sorrows for which I will gladly accept your tears. My best bonnet is very unbecoming. I even heard it said the other day, striking horror to my soul, that it looked literary! And I’m afraid it does! Moreover, my only silk dress that is presentable begins to show awful symptoms of decline and fall; and though you may suppose literature to be a lucrative business, between ourselves it is not so at all, (very likely the “Atlantic” gentlemen will omit that

sentence, for fear of a libel-suit from the trade,—but it’s all the same a fact, unless you write for the “Dodger;”)—and I’m likely to mend and patch and court-plaster the holes in that old black silk, another year at least: but this is my solitary real anguish at present.

I do assure all and sundry my reporters, my sympathizers, and my readers, that all that I have stated in this present Memorial is unvarnished fact, whatever they may say, read, or feel to the contrary,—and that, although I am a literary woman, and labor under all the liabilities and disabilities contingent thereto, I am yet sound in mind and body, (except for the toothache,) and a very amusing person to know, with no quarrel against life in general or anybody in particular. Indeed, I find one advantage in the very credulous and inquisitive gossip against which I memorialize; for I think I may expect fact to be believed, when fiction is swallowed whole; and I feel sure of seeing, directly on the publication of this document, a notice in the “Snapdragon,” the “Badger,” or the “Coon,” (whichever paper gets that number of the magazine first,) running in this wise:—

“MATILDA MUFFIN.—We welcome in the last number of the ‘Atlantic Monthly’ a brief and spirited autobiography of this lady, whose birth, parentage, and home have so long been wrapt in mystery. The hand of genius has rent asunder the veil of reserve, and we welcome the fair writer to her proper position in the Blank City Directory, and post-office list of boxes.”

After which, I shall resign myself tranquilly to my fate as a unit, and glide down the stream of life under whatever skies shine or scowl above, always and forever nobody but

MATILDA MUFFIN.

BLANK, 67 *Smith Street.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF A VISIONARY.

"DEAR old Visionary!" It was the epithet usually applied to Everett Gray by his friends and neighbors. It expresses very well the estimation in which he was held by nineteen-twentieths of his world. People couldn't help feeling affection for him, considerably leavened by a half-pitying, half-wondering appreciation of his character. He was so good, so kind, so gifted, too. Pity he was so dreamy and romantic, *et cetera, et cetera*.

Now, from his youth up, nay, from very childhood, Everett had borne the character thus implied. A verdict was early pronounced on him by an eminent phrenologist who happened to be visiting the family. "A beautiful mind, a comprehensive intellect, but marvellously unpractical, — singularly unfitted to cope with the difficulties of every-day life." And Everett's mother, hanging on the words of the man of science, breathless and tearful, murmured to herself, while stroking her unconscious little son's bright curls, — "I always feared he was too good for this wicked world."

The child began to justify the professor's *dictum* with his very first entry into active life. He entertained ideas for improving the social condition of rabbits, some time before he could conveniently raise himself to a level with the hutch in which three of them, jointly belonging to himself and his brother, abode. His theory was consummate; in practice, however, it proved imperfect, — and great wrath on the part of Richard Gray, and much confusion and disappointment to Everett, were the result.

Richard, two years younger than Everett by the calendar, was at least three older than he in size, appearance, habits, and self-assertion. He was what is understood by "a regular boy": a fine, manly little fellow, practical, unsensitive, hard-headed, and overflowing with life and vigor. He had little patience with his

brother's quiet ways; and his unsuccessful attempts at working out theories met with no sympathy at his hands.

After the affair of the rabbits, his experiments, however certain of success he deemed them, were always made on or with regard to his own belongings. The little plot of garden-ground which he held in absolute possession was continually being dug up and refashioned, in his eager efforts to convert it successively into a vineyard, a Portuguese *quinta*, (to effect which he diligently planted orange-pips and manured the earth with the peel,) or, favorite scheme of all, a wheat-field, — dimensions, eighteen feet by twelve, — the harvest of which was to provide all the poor children of the village with bread, in those hard seasons when their pinched faces and shrill, complaining cries appealed so mightily to little Everett's heart.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all his care and watching, it is to be feared that very few of the big loaves which found their way from the hall to the village, that winter, were composed of the produce of his corn-field. More experienced farmers than this youthful agriculturist might not have been surprised at the failure of his crop. He was. Indeed, it was a valiant characteristic of him, throughout his life, that he never grew accustomed to failure, however serenely he took it, when it came. He grieved and perplexed himself about it, silently, but not hopelessly. New ideas dawned on his mind, fresh designs of relief were soon entertained, and essayed to be put in practice. These were many, and of various degrees of feasibility, — ranging from the rigorously pursued plan of setting aside a portion of his daily bread and butter in a bag, and of his milk in a can, and bestowing the little store on the nearest eligible object, up to the often pondered one of obtaining possession of the large barn in the cow-field, furnishing the same, and establish-

ing therein all the numerous houseless wanderers who used to come and ask for aid at the hands of Everett's worthy and magisterial father.

That father's judicial functions caused his eldest son considerable trouble and bewilderment of mind. He asked searching questions sometimes, when, of an evening, perched on Mr. Gray's knee, and looking with his wondering, steadfast eyes into the face of that erewhile stern and impassible magistrate. The large justice-room, where the prisoners were examined, had an awful fascination to him; and so had the little "strong-room," in which sometimes they were locked up before being conveyed away to the county jail. Often, he wandered restlessly near it, looking at the door with strange, mournful eyes; and if by chance the culprit passed out before him, under the guardianship of the terrible, red-faced constable,—Everett's earliest and latest conception of the Devil,—how wistfully he would gaze at him, and what a world of thought and puzzled speculation would float through his childish mind!

Once, he had a somewhat serious adventure connected with that dreadful strong-room.

There had been a man brought up before Mr. Gray, charged with poultry-stealing; and he had been remanded for further examination. Meanwhile, he was placed in the strong-room, under lock-and-key,—Roger Manby, as usual, standing sentinel in the passage. Now Roger's red face betokened a lively appreciation of the sublunary and substantial attractions of beef and beer; and it seems probable that the servants' dinner, going on below-stairs, was too great a temptation for even that inflexible constable to resist. Howbeit, when the prisoner should have been produced before the waiting bench, he was nowhere to be found. He had vanished, as by magic, from the strong-room, without bolt being wrenched, or lock forced, or bar broken. The door was unfastened, and the prisoner gone. Great was the consternation, profound the mystification of all parties.

Roger was severely reprimanded, and officers were sent off in various directions to recapture the offender.

Mr. Gray seldom alluded to his public affairs when among his children; but that evening he broke through the rule. At dessert, with little Everett, as usual, beside him, he mentioned the mysterious incident of the morning to some friends who were dining with him, adding his own conjectures as to the cause of the strange disappearance.

"It is certain he was *let out*. He could not have released himself. Circumstances are suspicious against Manby, too; and he will probably lose his office. Like Cæsar's wife, a constable should be beyond suspicion, and he must be dismissed, if"——

"Oh, papa!"—and Everett's orange fell to the floor, and Everett's face was lifted to his father's, all-aglow with eager, painful feeling.

"You don't like old Roger," said Mr. Gray, patting his cheek. "Well, it is likely you won't be troubled by him any more."

"Oh, papa! oh, papa! Roger is an ugly, cross man. But he didn't,—he didn't"——

"Didn't what, my boy?"

"Let the man out. He was in the kitchen all the time. I heard him laughing."

"You heard him? How?"

"I—I—oh, papa!"

The curly head sunk on the inquisitor's shoulder.

"Go on, Everett. What do you mean? Tell me the whole truth. You are not afraid to do that?"

"No, papa."

He looked up, with steady eyes, but cheeks on which the color flickered most agitatedly.

"I only wanted to look at the man; and the men had left a ladder against the wall by the little grated window; and I climbed up, and looked in. And, oh! he had such a miserable face, papa! And I couldn't help speaking to him."

"Well, go on."

The tone was not so peremptory as the words; and the child, too ignorant to be really frightened at what he had done, went on with his confession, quite heedless of the numerous eyes fixed upon him with various expressions of tenderness, amusement, and dismay. And very soon all came out. Everett had deliberately and intentionally done the deed. He had been unable to withstand the misery and entreaties of the man, and he had slipped down the ladder, run round to the unguarded strong door, and with much toil forced back the great bolt, unfastened the chain, and set the prisoner free.

"And do you know, Everett, what it is you have done?—how wrong you have been?"

"I was afraid it was a little wrong,"—he hesitated; "but,"—and his courage seemed to rise again at the recollection,—"it would have been so dreadful for the poor man to go to prison! He said he should be quite ruined,—quite ruined, papa; and his wife and the little children would starve. You are not *very* angry, are you? Oh, papa!"

For Everett could hardly believe the stern gaze with which the magistrate forced himself to regard his little son; and sternly uttered were the few words that followed, by which he endeavored to make clear to the childish comprehension the gravity of the fault he had committed. Everett was utterly subdued. The tone of displeasure smote on his heart and crushed it for the time. Only once he brightened up, as with a sudden hope of complete justification, when Mr. Gray adverted to the crime of the man, which had made it right and necessary that he should be punished.

"But, papa," eagerly broke in the boy, "he hadn't stolen the things. He told me so. He wasn't a thief."

"One case was proved beyond doubt."

"Indeed, indeed, papa, you must be mistaken," cried Everett, with tearful vehemence; "he couldn't have done it; I know he couldn't. He said, *upon his word*, he hadn't."

It was impossible to persuade him that such an asseveration could be false. And when the little offender had left the room, various remarks and interjections were indulged in,—all breathing the same spirit.

"What a jolly little muff Everett is!" was his brother Dick's contingent.

"Innocent little fellow!" said one.

"Happy little visionary!" sighed another.

And Everett grew in years and stature, and still unconsciously maintained the same character. It is true that he was a quiet, sensitive boy, with an almost feminine affectionateness and tenderness of heart,—and that keen, exquisite appreciation both of the joyful and the painful, which is a feminine characteristic, too. Yet he was far enough from being effeminate. He was thoughtful, naturally, yet he could be active and take pleasure in action. He was always ready to work, and feared neither hardship nor fatigue. When the great flood came and caused such terror and distress in the village, no one, not even Dick, home from Sandhurst for the midsummer holidays, was more energetic or worked harder or more effectually than Everett. And the boys (his brother's chums at Hazlewood) never forgot the day when Everett found them ill-treating a little dog; how he rescued it from them, single-handed, and knocked down young Brooke, who attacked him both with insults and blows. Dick, not ill-pleased, was looking on. He never called his brother a "sop" from that day, but praised him and patronized him considerably for a good while after, and began, as he said, "to have hopes of him."

But the two brothers never had much in common, and were, indeed, little thrown together. Everett was educated at home; he was not strong, and was naturally his mother's darling, and she persuaded his father and herself that a public school would be harmful to him. So he studied the classics with the clergyman of the parish, and the lighter details of learning with his sister. Between that

sister and himself there was a strong attachment, though she, too, was of widely differing temperament and disposition. Agnes was two years older than he,—and overflowing with saucy life, energy, and activity. She liked to run wild about the woods near their house, or to gallop over the country on her pony,—to go scrambling in the hedges for blackberries, or among the copses for nuts. The still contentment that Everett found in reading,—his thoughtful enjoyment of landscape, or sunset, or flower,—all this might have been incomprehensible to her, only that she loved her dreamy brother so well. Love lends faith, and faith makes many things clear; and Agnes learned to understand, and would wait patiently beside him on such occasions, only tapping her feet, or swinging her bonnet by its strings, as a relief for the superabundant vitality thus held in check. And she was Everett's *confidante* in all his schemes, wishes, and anticipations. To her he would unfold the various plans he was continually cogitating. Agnes would listen, sympathizingly sometimes, but reverently always. She never called or thought him a Visionary. If his plans for the regeneration of the world were Utopian and impracticable, it was the world that was in fault, not he. To her he was the dearest of brothers, who would one day be acknowledged the greatest of men.

And thus Everett grew to early manhood, till the time arrived when he was to leave home for Cambridge. It was his first advent in the world. Hitherto, his world had been one of books and thought. He imagined college to be a place where—in a studious life, such as he loved, would be most natural, most easy to be pursued. He should find a brother-enthusiast in every student; he should meet with sympathy and help in all his dearest aspirations, on every side. Perhaps it is needless to say that this young Visionary was disappointed, and that his collegiate career was, in fact, the beginning of that crusade, active and passive, which it appeared to be his destiny to wage against what is generally termed Real Life.

He was considerably laughed at, of course, by the majority of those about him. Some few choice spirits tried to get up a lofty contempt of his quiet ways and simple earnestness,—but they failed,—it not being in human nature, even the most scampish, to entertain scorn for that which is innately true and noble. So, finally, the worst that befell him was ridicule,—which, even when he was aware of it, hurt him little. Often, indeed, he would receive their jests and artful civilities with implicit good faith; acknowledging apparent attentions with a gentle, kindly courtesy, indescribably mystifying to those excellent young men who expended so much needless pains on the easy work of “selling Old Gray.”

However, from out the very ranks of the enemy, before he left college at the end of his first term, he had one intimate. It would, perhaps, be difficult to understand how two-thirds of the friendships in the world have their birth and maintain their existence. The connection between Everett and Charles Barclay appeared to be of this enigmatical order. One would have said the two could possess no single taste or sentiment in common. Charles was a handsome, athletic fellow, warm-hearted, impassioned, generous, and thoughtless to cruelty. He had splendid gifts, but no application,—plenty of power, but no perseverance. Supposed to be one of the most brilliant men of his years, he had just been “plucked,” to the dismay of his college and the immense wrath of his friends. Everybody knew that Barclay was an orphan, left with a very slender patrimony, who had gained a scholarship at the grammar-school. He was of no family,—he was poor, and had his own way to make in life. It was doubly necessary to *him* that he should succeed in his collegiate career. It was probably while under the temporary shadow of the disgrace and disappointment of defeat, that the young man suddenly turned to Everett Gray, fastened upon him with an affection most enthusiastic, a devotion that everybody found unaccountable. He had energy enough

for what he willed to do. He willed to have Everett's friendship, and he would not be denied. The incongruous pair became friends. Whereupon, the rollicking comrades, who had gladly welcomed Barclay into their set, for his fun and his wit and his convivial qualities, turned sharp round, and marvelled at young Gray, who came of a high family, for choosing as his intimate a fellow of no birth, no position. Not but that it was just like the Old Visionary to do it; he'd no idea of life,—not he; and so forth.

During the next term, the friendship grew and strengthened. Everett's influence was working for good, and Barclay was in earnest addressing himself to study. He accompanied Everett to his home at the long vacation. And it ought to have surprised nobody who was acquainted with the *rationale* of such affairs, that the principal event of that golden holiday-summer was the falling in love with each other of Everett's sister and Everett's friend. Agnes was the only daughter and special pride of a rich and well-born man. Barclay was of plebeian birth, with nothing in the world to depend on but his own talents, which he had abused, and the before-named patrimony, which was already nearly exhausted. It will at once be seen that there could hardly be a more felicitous conjunction of circumstances to make everybody miserable by one easy, natural step; and the step was duly taken. Of course, the young people fell in love immediately,—Everett, the Dreamer, looking on with a sort of reverent interest that was almost awe; for the very thought of love thrilled him with a sense of new and strange life,—unknown, unguessed of, as heaven itself, but as certain, and hardly less beautiful. So he watched the gradual progress of these two, who were passing through that which was so untrod den a mystery to him. If he ever thought about their love in a more definite way, it was — oh, the Visionary! — to congratulate himself and everybody concerned. He saw nothing but what was most happy and desirable in it all.

He knew no one so worthy of Agnes as Barclay, whom, in spite of all his faults, he believed to be one of the noblest and greatest of men; and he felt sure that all that was wanting to complete and solidify his character was just this love for a good, high-souled woman, which would arouse him to energy and action, sustain and encourage him through all difficulties, and make life at once more precious and more sacred.

Unfortunately, other members of the family, who were rational beings, and looked on life in a practical and sensible manner, were very differently affected by the discovery of this attachment. In brief, there ensued upon the *éclaircissement* much storm on one side, much grief on the other, and keen pain to all,—to none more than to Everett. Our Visionary's heart swelled hotly with alternate indignation and tenderness, as he knew his friend was forbidden the house, heard his father's wrathful comments upon him, and saw his bright sister Agnes broken down by all the heaviness of a first despair. You may imagine his passionate denunciation of the spirit of worldliness, which would, for its own mean ends, separate those whom the divine sacrament of Love had joined together. No less easily may be pictured the angry, yet half-compassionate reception of his vehemence, the contemptuous wave of the hand with which the stern old banker deprecated discussion with one so ignorant of the world, so utterly incapable of forming a judgment on such a question, as his son. His mother sat by, during these scenes, trembling and grieved. It was not in her meek nature to take part *against* either husband or son. She strove to soothe, to soften each in turn,—with but little effect, it may be added. For all he was so gentle and so loving, Everett was not to be persuaded or influenced in this matter. He took up his friend's cause and withstood all antagonism, resisted all entreaties to turn him from his fealty thereto.

Ay, and he bore up against what was harder yet to encounter than all these.

Charles Barclay's was one of those natures which, being miserable, are apt to become desperate. To such men, affliction seems to be torture, but no discipline. But our humanity perceives from a level, and therefore a short-sighted point of view. We may well be thankful that the Great Ruler sees above and around and on all sides the creatures to be governed, the events to be disposed.

Charles Barclay went to London. One or two brief and most miserable letters Everett received from him, — then *all* a blank silence. Everett's repeated appeals were unanswered, unnoticed. It might have been as if Death had come between and separated these lovers and friends, except that by indirect means they learned that he was alive and still in London. At length came more definite tidings, and the brother and sister knew that this Charles Barclay, whom they loved so well, had plunged into a reckless life, as into a whirlpool of destruction, — that he was among those associates, of high rank socially, of nearly the lowest morally, whom he had formerly known at college. Here was triumph for the prudent father, — desolation to the loving woman, — and to Everett, what? Pain, keen pain, and bitter anxiety, — but no quailing of the heart. He had too much faith in his friend for that.

He went after him to London, — he penetrated to him, and would not be denied. He braved his assumed anger and forced violence; he had the courage of twenty lions, this Visionary, in battling with the devils that had entered into the spirit of his friend. The struggle was fierce and lengthened. Love conquered at last, as it always does, could we so believe. And during the time of utter depression into which the mercurial nature then relapsed, Everett cheered and sustained him, — till the young man's soul seemed melted within him, and the surrender to the good influence was as absolute as the resistance had been passionate.

"What have I done, what am I," he would oftentimes say, "that I should be

saved and sustained and *loved* by you, Everett?" For, truly, he looked on him as no less than an angel, whom God had sent to succor him. It was one of those problems the mystery of which is most sacred and most sweet. In proportion as the erring man needed it, Everett's love grew and deepened and widened, and his influence strengthened with it almost unconsciously to himself. He was too humble to recognize all that he was to his friend.

Meanwhile, imagine the turmoil at home, in respect of Everett's absence, and the errand which detained him. No disguise was sought. The son wrote to his mother frankly, stating where he was, and under what circumstances. He received a missive from his father of furious remonstrance; he replied by one so firm, yet so loving withal, that old Mr. Gray could not choose but change his tone to one of angry compassion. "The boy believes he's doing right. Heaven send him a little sense!" was all he could say.

But there came a yet more overwhelming evidence of Everett's utter destitution of that commodity. A mercantile appointment was offered to Charles Barclay in one of the colonies, and Everett advanced the large sum necessary to enable his friend to accept it. To do this, he sacrificed the whole of what he possessed independently of his father, namely, a legacy left to him by his uncle, over which he had full control. It must be years before he could be repaid, of course, — it might be never! But, rash as was the act, he could not be hindered from doing it. His father raged and stormed, and again subsided into gloomy resignation. Henceforth he would wonder at nothing, for his son was mad, unfit to take part in the world. "A mere visionary, and no man," the hapless parent said, whenever he alluded to him.

When Everett returned, Charles Barclay was on his way to Canada, vigorously intent on the new life before him. Agnes drew strength and comfort from the steadfast look of her brother's eyes, as he whispered to her, "Don't fear. Trust

God, and be patient." The blight fell away from her, after that. If she was never a light-hearted girl again, she became something even sweeter and nobler. They never talked together about him, for the father had forbidden it; and, indeed, they needed not. Openly, and before them all, Everett would say when he heard from his friend. And so the months passed on.

Then came the era in our Visionary's life,—an era, indeed, to such as he!—the first love. First love,—and last,—to him it was nothing less than fateful. It was his nature to be steadfast and thorough. He could no more have *transferred* the love that rose straightly and purely from the very innermost fire of his soul than he could have changed the soul itself. Not many natures are thus created with the inevitable necessity to be constant. Few among women, fewer yet among men, love as Everett Gray loved Rosa Beauchamp.

When they became aware of this love, at his home, there ensued much marveling. Mr. Gray cordially congratulated himself, with wonder and pleasure, to think that actually his mad boy should have chosen so reasonably. Captain Gray, home on leave, observed that Old Everett wasn't such a flat as he seemed, by Jove! to select the daughter of an ancient house, and a wealthy house, like the Beauchamps of Hollingsley. The alliance was in every way honorable and advantageous. The family was one of the most influential in the county; and a lady's being at the head of it—for Sir Ralph Beauchamp had died many years before, when his eldest son was but a child, and Lady Beauchamp had been sole regent over the property ever since—made it all the pleasanter. Everett, if he chose, might be virtual master of Beauchamp; for the young baronet was but a weak, good-natured boy, whom any one might lead. Everett had displayed first-rate generalship. "These simple-seeming fellows are often deeper than most people," argued the soldier, wise in his knowledge of the world;

"you may trust them to take care of themselves, when it comes to the point. Everett's a shrewd fellow."

The father rubbed his hands, and was delighted to take this view of the case. He should make something of his son and heir in time. Often as he had regretted that Richard was not the elder, on whom it would rest to keep up the distinction and honor of the family, he began to see an admirable fitness in things as they were. Everett was, after all, better suited for the career that lay before him, in which he trusted he would not need that knowledge of mankind and judgment on worldly matters that were indispensable to those who had to carve their own way in life. "It is better as it is," thought the father, unconscious that he was echoing such an unsubstantial philosophy as a poet's.

And so the first days of Everett's love were as cloudless and divinely radiant as a summer dawn. But events were gathering, like storm-clouds, about the house of Gray. Disaster, most unforeseen, was impending over this family. For Mr. Gray, though, as we have said, a practical and matter-of-fact man, and having neither sympathy nor patience with "visionary schemes or ideas," had yet, as practical men will do, indulged in divers speculations during his life, in one of which he had at last been induced to embark to the utmost extent. Of course, it seemed safe and reasonable enough, even to the banker's shrewd eyes; but, nevertheless, it proved as delusive and destructive as any that ever led a less worldly man astray. The fair-seeming bubble burst, and the rich man of one day found himself on the morrow virtually reduced to beggary. All he had had in his power to risk was gone, and liabilities remained to the extent of twice as much. The crash came, the bank stopped payment, and the unhappy man was stricken to the dust. He never lifted up his head again. The shrewd man of the world utterly succumbed beneath this blow of fate; it killed him. Old Mr. Gray died of that supposed disease, a

broken heart,—leaving a legacy of ruin, or the alternative of disgrace, to his heir.

The reins of government thus fell into Everett's hands. "The poor Grays! it's all over with them!" said the pitying world. And, indeed, the way in which the young man proceeded to arrange his father's affairs savored no less of the Visionary than had every action of his life theretofore. Captain Gray, who hastened home from his gay quarters in Dublin, on the disastrous news reaching him, found his brother already deeply engaged with lawyers, bills, and deeds.

"You know, Richard, there is but one thing to be done," he said, in his usual simple, earnest way; "we must cut off the entail, and sell the property to pay my father's debts. It is a hard thing to do,—to part with the old place; but it would be worse, bitterer pain and crueler shame, to hold it, with the money that, whatever the worldly code of morality may say, is not *ours*. There must be no widows and orphans reduced to poverty through us. Thank God, there will be enough produced by the sale of the estate to clear off every liability,—to the last shilling. You feel with me in this matter?" he went on, confidently appealing to his brother; yet with a certain inflection of anxiety in his voice. It would have wounded Everett cruelly, had he been misunderstood or rebuffed in this. "You have your commission, and Uncle Everett's legacy, and the reversion of my mother's fortune, which will not be touched. This act of justice, therefore, can injure no one."

"Except yourself,—yourself, old fellow," said Richard, moved, in spite of his light nature. He grasped his brother's hand. "It's a noble thing to do; but have you considered how it will affect your future? You, with neither fortune nor profession,—how do you propose to live? And your marriage,—the Beauchamps will never consent to Rosa becoming the wife of a — a" —

"Not a beggar, Richard," Everett said, smiling, "if that was the word you hesitated about; no, I shall be no beggar. I

have plans for my own future;—you shall know of them. Our marriage will, of course, be delayed. I must work, to win a home and position for my wife." He paused,—looked up bravely,—“It is no harder fate than falls to most men. And for Rosa,—true love, true woman as she is, she helps me, she encourages me in all I do and purpose.”

Captain Gray shrugged his shoulders. "Two mad young people!" he thought to himself. "They never think of consequences, and it's of no use warning them, I suppose."

No. It would have been useless to "warn" or advise Everett against doing this thing, which he held to be simply his duty. And it was the characteristic of our Visionary, that, when he saw a Duty so placed before him, he knew no other course than straightly to pursue it, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, unprevented by obstacles, and fearless of consequences.

So in this case. His brother advised a temporizing course,—to mortgage the estate, for instance, and pay a moiety of the debts. It was surely all that could be expected from a man who had not actually incurred them. And then he might still be the nominal owner of Hazlewood,—he might still marry Rosa.

"While, if you do as you propose," argued the Captain, "(and you know, of course, old fellow, I fully appreciate your noble and honorable feeling in the matter,) you ruin your own hopes; and I can't see that a fellow is called upon to do *that*, as a point of filial duty. What are you to do? that's the thing. It isn't as though you had anything to fall back upon, by Jove! It's a case of begging yourself" —

"Instead of begging other people," Everett said. "No, Richard,—I cannot see either the justice or the wisdom of what you propose. I will not cast the burden on other shoulders. As my father's representative, I must abide the penalty of his mistake,—and I only. I cannot rest while our name is as the catchword of ruin and misery to thou-

sands around us, less able to bear both, perhaps, than I, who am young and strong,—able to work both with head and hands.”

“But think of Rosa!” said his brother. “How do you get over *that*? Isn’t her happiness worth some consideration?”

“It has been my thought, night and day, ever since,” Everett said, in a low voice. “It has come between me and what I felt to be the Right, more than once. You don’t know what that thought has been, or you would not challenge it against me now.”

“Well, well,—I only want you to look on all sides of what you are about to do, and to count the cost beforehand.”

Everett smiled quietly. As if “the cost” were not already counted, felt, and suffered in that deep heart of his! But he said nothing.

“In the next place, what do you propose to do?” pursued his brother. “Will you enter a profession? Can’t say you’re much adapted for a lawyer; and perhaps you’re too tender-hearted for a doctor, either. But I remember, as a boy, you always said you should like to be a clergyman. And, by Jove! when one comes to think of it, you’ve a good deal of the cut of the village priest about you. What do you say to that?”

“Nothing. I have other plans.” And Everett proceeded briefly to tell him these. He had heard from Charles Barclay, now high in the confidence of one of the leading mercantile firms of Montreal; and through him, he had obtained the offer of an appointment in the same house.

Richard Gray listened to all this, with ill-concealed amusement twitching the corners of his mouth. He thought the idea of his brother’s turning man-of-business one of the “richest” he had ever heard.

“With your hard head and shrewd notions, I should say you were likely to make a sensation in the mercantile world,” he observed. “It’s a hopeful scheme, altogether. Oh, hang it!” proceeding from sarcasm to remonstrance, “that’ll never

do, Everett! You’ll be getting into some precious scrape or other. You’re not the fellow for a merchant’s office, trust me. Now something in the way of a government appointment is much more like it. A pleasant, poetical sort of sinecure,—there are lots of them to be had. You just trundle down for an hour or two every day, write letters, or poems, or whatever you like, with the official stationery, and receive your salary quarterly. You *can’t* do any mischief in a place like that. Now that’s the sort of thing for you,—if one could get hold of some of those fellows in power. “Why!” brightening with the sudden flash of an idea, “there are the Beauchamps themselves! They’ve a legion of influential relatives. Couldn’t they get you into a snug berth? Oh, the Devil!”—for Everett’s look was not to be mistaken,—“if you bring your high-flown ideas of dignity and independence into this plain, practical question of subsistence, it’s all up with you. Do you mean to tell me that you seriously think of this Canada scheme?”

Everett assented.

“Have you informed Lady Beauchamp of your intention of becoming a merchant’s clerk? I should like to see her face when you tell her; she’s such a shrewd old soul; and when a woman *does* take to the sharp and worldly style of thing, it’s the very deuse! Expect no indulgence in that quarter.”

“I don’t ask it. Rosa, of course, cannot become my wife till I am able to give her a worthy home. Her mother will not wish to cancel our engagement in the mean time.”

“The deuse she won’t! Trust her!” the consolatory brother rejoined. “Why, it will be her first natural step. The idea of her daughter betrothed to a merchant’s clerk is preposterous on the face of it. You yourself must see *that*.”

“No, I don’t,” Everett said, smiling.

“Oh, I suppose you intend to make a large fortune in a twelvemonth, and then return and marry?”

“No,—but in ten years,—less than

that, God helping me,—if I live, I will return and marry Rosa.”

“You don’t say so? And poor little Rosa is to wait patiently for you all that time! By Jove! a modest expectation of yours! It’s a likely notion that Miss Beauchamp will remain unmarried for ten years, because you choose to go to Canada.”

“She will never marry, if she does not marry me,” Everett said, with simple gravity. “It is not alone the outward sacrament of marriage that sanctifies a union. The diviner and more vital consecration that binds us together, it is too late, now, to seek to undo.”

“Oh, hang it! It’s of no use talking poetry to *me*. I don’t understand that sort of thing,” Captain Gray frankly said. “I’ll tell you what,—it’ll never do to take those transcendental ideas with you into the world. All very well to poetize and maunder about in quiet Hazlewood; but, by Jove! you’ll find it won’t do in practical life. Take my word for it, if you go to Canada, long before the ten years are out, Rosa Beauchamp will be wooed and won over again. ’Tisn’t in nature that it should be otherwise. In books, very likely, those sort of things happen often enough,—but not in real life, my dear fellow, I assure you. When you return, it will be to find her a thriving matron, doing the honors of one of the neighboring mansions. Make up your mind to *that*. Foresee your future, before you decide.”

Everett smiled, sadly, but trustfully. His brother’s arguments neither persuaded nor disturbed him. He stood very quiet and thoughtful. Visionary-like, he saw pictures of the future, indeed,—but very different from the one just drawn. He was not afraid.

And Captain Gray left him unconvinced and unmoved. It was not probable the two brothers would see this matter in the same light. They stood on different levels. They must be content to differ.

The next conference on the subject was between Everett and Lady Beau-

champ; and the mother of Rosa was, it must be admitted, a rather formidable person to encounter in such wise. She was a busy, clever, worldly woman,—kind-hearted, too, and with both a strong will and strong affections. She was one of those people in whom even an astute observer might often be deceived, by failing to give her credit for certain good qualities which are commonly coexistent with worldliness,—especially in a woman. There was a spice of something better latent amid her shrewdness and hard-headed sagacity; the echo of more generous aspirations lingered through all the noise of this earth’s Babel in her heart. And so, when she heard of Everett’s resolve to pay his father’s debts by parting with the property, her better and higher nature warmed to the young man; and though she protested against his Quixotism, and frowned, and talked of prudence, and so forth, her busy brain was, in fact, all the while setting itself to work for his benefit. She was, in a way, fond of the young man. No woman is quite insensible to that chivalrous deference which a Visionary like Everett always manifests to womanhood, collective and individual. And though she certainly held him to be rash, foolish, unfit to deal with the world, “poetical,” (a capital crime in her eyes,) and dreamy, she yet liked him, and was glad to discover a plan whereby the objections to his marriage with her daughter, under the present adverse circumstances, might be smoothed away.

She was sitting at her big desk, strewn with accounts, in the sober-looking library where she always spent her mornings, and she rose to receive her prospective son-in-law, with an aspect serious and business-like, yet not stern.

“Well, my dear Everett, what is all this that I hear about you? A very, very sad affair, of course; but you must come and tell me how you intend to act. Yes, yes,—I’ve heard something about it; but I don’t quite understand the state of the case. I want to have a talk with you.”

And she leaned her comely face upon her plump, white hand, while gravely listening to Everett's brief statement of what he had already done, and what were his plans for the future.

"You will sell Hazlewood, pay your father's debts, and begin life on your own account, by going to Canada and becoming a merchant's clerk!" She then recapitulated his plans in a sharp, pitiless tone. "Very well! and we have only to bid you good-bye and wish you success. Is it so? For it appears to me that my daughter is left entirely out of your calculations, and very properly so. You cannot, as a merchant's clerk on a hundred a year, marry Rosa Beauchamp, I presume."

"No," Everett said, steadily, and holding her, as it were, with his earnest eyes, "I cannot have Rosa for my wife till I am able to give her a home worthy of her; but you will not refuse to sanction our engagement during the years in which I shall work for that home?"

Lady Beauchamp tapped the table with her fingers in an ominous manner.

"Long engagements are most unsatisfactory, silly, not to say dangerous things. They never end well. No man ought to wish so to bind a young girl, unless he has a reasonable chance of soon being in a position to marry her. Now I ask you, have *you* such a chance? If you go to Canada, it may be years before you return. Just look at the thing in a common-sense light, and tell me, can you expect my daughter to wait an indefinite time, while you go to seek and make your fortune?"

She looked at him with an air of bland candor, while thus appealing to his "common sense." Everett's aspect remained unchanged, however, in its calm steadfastness.

"I would not bind her," he said, "unless she herself felt it would be a comfort and a help, in some sort, during the weary years of separation, so to be bound. And that she does feel it, you know, Lady Beauchamp."

"My dear Sir, you are not talking rea-

sonably," she rejoined, impatiently. "A young girl like Rosa, in love for the first time, of course wishes to be bound, as you say, to the object of her first love. But it would be doing her a cruel injustice to take her at her word. Surely you feel that? It is very true, she might not forget you for six months, or more, perhaps. But, in the course of time, as she enters on life and sees more of the world and of people, it is simply impossible that she should remain constant to a dreamy attachment to some one thousands of miles away. She would inevitably wish to form other ties; and then the engagement that she desires to-day would be the blight and burden of her life. No. I say it is a cruel injustice to let young people decide for themselves on such a point. Half the misery in the world springs from these mistakes. Think over the matter coolly, and you will see it as I do."

"It is you who do Rosa injustice," Everett answered, and paused. "Were it to be as you wish," he added, "and we to separate utterly, with no outwardly acknowledged tie to link us, no letters to pass between us, no word or sign from one to the other during all the coming years,—suppose it so,—you would shadow our lives with much unnecessary misery; but you are mistaken, if you think you would really part us. You do not understand."

"Nonsense! You talk like a young man in love. You *must* be reasonable."

Lady Beauchamp, by this time, had worked herself into the usual warmth with which she argued all questions, great and small, and forgot that her original intention in speaking to Everett had only been to set before him the disadvantages of his plans, in order that her own might come to the rescue with still greater brilliancy and effect.

"You *must* be reasonable," she repeated. "You don't suppose I have not my child's happiness at heart in all I plan and purpose? Trust me, I have had more experience of life than either of you, and it is for me to interpose between you and the dangers you would blindly

rush upon. Some day you will both thank me for having done so, hard and cruel as you may think me now."

"No, I do not think you either hard or cruel. You are *mistaken*, simply. I believe you desire our happiness. I do not reproach or blame you, Lady Beauchamp," Everett said, sadly.

"Come, come," she cried, touched by his look and manner to an immediate unfolding of her scheme, "let us look at things again. Perhaps we shall not find them so hopeless as they look. If I am prudent, Everett, I am not mercenary. I only want to see Rosa happy. I don't care whether it is on hundreds a year, or thousands. And the fact is, I have not condemned your plans without having a more satisfactory one to offer to your choice. Listen to me."

And she proceeded, with a cleared brow, and the complacency of one who feels she is performing the part of a good genius, setting everything to rights, and making everybody comfortable, to unfold the plan *she* had devised, by which Everett's future was to be secured, and his marriage with Rosa looked to as something better than a misty uncertainty at the end of a vista of years.

Everett must go into the Church. That was, in fact, the profession most suited to him, and which most naturally offered itself for his acceptance. His education, his tastes, his habits, all suited him for such a career. By a happy coincidence, too, it was one in which Lady Beauchamp could most importantly assist him through her connections. Her eldest son, the young baronet, had preferment in his own gift, which was to say, in hers; and not only this, but her sister's husband, the uncle of Rosa, was a bishop, and one over whom she, Lady Beauchamp, had some influence. Once in orders, Everett's prosperity was assured. The present incumbent of Hollingsley was aged; by the time Everett was eligible, he might, in all probability, be inducted into that living, and Rosa might then become his wife. Five hundred a year, beside Miss Beauchamp's dowry, with such shining

prospects of preferment to look forward to, was not an unwise commencement; for Rosa was no mere fine lady, the proud mother said,—she was sensible and prudent; she would adapt herself to circumstances. And though, of course, it was not such an establishment as she well might expect for her daughter, still, since the young people loved one another, and thought they could be happy under these reduced circumstances, she would not be too exacting. And Lady Beauchamp at last paused, and looked in Everett's face for some manifestation of his joy.

Well,—of his gratitude there could be no question. The tears stood in his earnest eyes, as he took Lady Beauchamp's hand and thanked her,—thanked her again and again.

"There, there, you foolish boy! I don't want thanks," cried she, coloring with pleasure though, as she spoke. "My only wish is to see you two children happy. I am fond of you, Everett; I shall like to see you my son," she said. "I have tried to smooth the way for you, as far as I can, over the many difficulties that obstruct it; and I fancy I have succeeded. What do you say to my plan? When can you be ordained?"

Everett sighed, as he released her hand, and looked at her face, now flushed with generous, kindly warmth. Well he knew the bitter change that would come over that face,—the passion of disappointment and displeasure which would follow his answer to that question.

He could never enter the Church. sorrowfully, but firmly, he said it,—with that calm, steady voice and look, of which all who knew him knew the significance. He could not take orders.

Lady Beauchamp, at first utterly overwhelmed and dumfounded, stood staring at him in blank silence. Then she icily uttered a few words. His reasons,—might she ask?

They were many, Everett said. Even if no other hindrance existed, in his own mind and opinions, his reverence for so sacred an office would not permit him

to embrace it as a mere matter of worldly advantage to himself.

"Grant me patience, young man! Do you mean to tell me you would decline this career because it promises to put an end to your difficulties? Are you *quite* a fool?" the lady burst out, astonishment and anger quite startling her from all control.

"Bear with what may at first seem to you only folly," Everett answered her, gently. "I don't think your calmer judgment can call it so. Would you have me take upon myself obligations that I feel to be most solemn and most vital, feeling myself unfitted, nay, unable, rightly to fulfil them? Would you have me commit the treachery to God and man of swearing that I felt called to that special service, when my heart protested against my profession?"

"Romantic nonsense! A mere matter of modest scruples! You underrate yourself, Everett. You are the very man for a clergyman, trust me."

But Everett went on to explain, that it was no question of under-estimation of himself.

"You do not know, perhaps," he proceeded, while Lady Beauchamp, sorely tried, tapped her fingers on the table, and her foot upon the floor,—“you do not know, that, when I was a boy, and until two or three years ago, my desire and ambition were to be a minister of the Church of England.”

"Well, Sir,—what has made you so much better, or so much worse, since then, as to alter your opinion of the calling?"

"The reasons which made me abandon the idea three years since, and which render it impossible for me to consider it now, have nothing to do with my mental and moral worthiness or unworthiness. The fact is simply, I cannot become a minister of a Church with many of whose doctrines I cannot agree, and to which, indeed, I can no longer say I belong. In your sense of the word, I am far from being a Churchman."

"Do you mean to say you have become a Dissenter?" cried Lady Beau-

champ; and, as if arrived at the climax of endurance, she stood transfixed, regarding the young man with a species of sublime horror.

"Again, not in your sense of the term," Everett said, smiling; "for I have joined no sect, attached myself to no recognized body of believers."

"You belong to nothing, then? You believe in nothing, I suppose?" she said, with the instinctive logic of her class. "Oh, Everett!" real distress for the moment overpowering her indignation, "it is those visionary notions of yours that have brought you to this. It was to be expected. You poets and dreamers go on refining your ideas, forsooth, till even the religion of the ordinary world isn't good enough for you."

Everett waited patiently till this first gust had passed by. Then, with that steady, calm lucidity which, strange to say, was characteristic of this Visionary's mind and intellect, he explained, so far as he could, his views and his reasons. It could not be expected that his listener should comprehend or enter into what he said. At first, indeed, she appeared to derive some small consolation from the fact that at least Everett had not "turned Dissenter." She hated Methodists, she declared,—intending thus to include with sweeping liberality all denominations in the ban of her disapproval. She would have deemed it an unpardonable crime, had the young man deserted the Church of his fathers in order to join the Congregation, some ranting conventicle. But if her respectability was shocked at the idea of his becoming a Methodist, her better feelings were outraged when she found, as she said, that he "belonged to nothing." She viewed with dislike and distrust all forms of religion that differed from her own; but she could not believe in the possibility of a religion that had no external form at all. She was dismayed and perplexed, poor lady! and even paused midway in her wrathful remonstrance to the misguided young man, to lament anew over his fatal errors. She could not understand, she said, tru-

ly enough, what in the world he meant. His notions were perfectly extraordinary and incomprehensible. She was deeply, deeply shocked, and grieved for him, and for every one connected with him.

In fact, the very earnestness and sincerity in their own opinions of a certain calibre of minds make them incapable of understanding such a state of things. That a man should believe differently from all they have been taught to believe appears to them as simply preposterous as that he should breathe differently. And so it is that only the highest order of belief can afford to be tolerant; and, as extremes meet, it requires a very perfect Faith to be able to sympathize and bear patiently with Doubt.

There was no chance of Lady Beauchamp's "comprehending" Everett in this matter. There was something almost pathetic in her mingled anger, perplexity, and disappointment. She could only look on him as a headstrong young man, suicidally bent on his own ruin,—turning obstinately from every offered aid, and putting the last climax of wretchedness to his isolated and fallen position by "turning from the faith of his fathers," as she rather imaginatively described his secession from Orthodoxy.

And, as may be concluded, the mother of Rosa was inexorable, as regarded the engagement between the young people. It must at once be cancelled. She could not for one moment suffer the idea of her daughter's remaining betrothed to the mere adventurer she considered Everett Gray had now become. If, poor as he was, he had thought fit to embrace a profession worthy of a gentleman, the case would have been different. But if his romantic notions led him to pursue such an out-of-the-way course as he had laid out for himself, he must excuse her, if she forbade her child from sharing it. Under present circumstances, his alliance could but be declined by the Beauchamp family, she said, with her stateliest air. And the next minute, as Everett held her hand, and said good-bye, she melted again from that frigid dignity, and, look-

ing into the frank, manly, yet gentle face of the young man, cried,—

"Are you *quite* decided, Everett? Will you take time to consider? Will you talk to Rosa about it, first?"

"No, dear Lady Beauchamp. I know already what she would say. I have quite decided. Thank you for all your purposed kindness. Believe that I am not ungrateful, even if I seem so."

"Oh, Everett,—Everett Gray! I am very sorry for you, and for your mother, and for all connected with you. It is a most unhappy business. It gives me great pain thus to part with you," said Lady Beauchamp, with real feeling.

And so the interview ended, and so ended the engagement.

Nothing else could have been expected, every one said who heard the state of the case, and knew what Lady Beauchamp had wished and Everett had declined. There were no words to describe how foolishly and weakly he had acted. "Everybody" quite gave him up now. With his romantic, transcendental notions, what *would* become of him, when he had his own way to make in the world?

But Everett had consolation and help through it all; for Rosa, the woman he loved, his mother, and his sister believed in him, and gloried in what other people called his want of common sense. Ay, though the horrible wrench of parting was suffered by Rosa every minute of every day, and the shadow of that dreadful, unnatural separation began to blacken her life even before it actually fell upon her,—through it all, she never wavered. When he first told her that he must go, that it was the one thing he held it wise and right to do, she shrunk back affrighted, trembling at the coming blankness of a life without him. But after a while, seeing the misery that came into *his* face reflected from hers, she rose bravely above the terrible woe, and then, with her arms round him and her eyes looking steadfastly into his, she said, "I love you better than the life you are to me. So I can bear that you should go."

And he said, "There can be no real severance between those who love as we do. God, in His mercy and tenderness, will help us to feel that truth, every hour and every day."

For they believed thus, — these two young Visionaries, — and lived upon that belief, perhaps, when the time of parting came. And it may be that the thought of each was very constantly, very intimately present to the other, during the many years that followed. It may be that this species of mental atmosphere, so surrounding and commingling with all other things more visibly and palpably about them, *did* cause these dreamers to be happier in their love than many externally united ones, whose lot appears to us most fair and smooth and blissful. Time and distance, leagues of ocean and years of suspense, are not the most terrible things that can come between two people who love one another.

And so Everett Gray, his mother, and his sister, went to Canada. A year after, Agnes was married to Charles Barclay, then a thriving merchant in Montreal. When the people at home heard of this, they very wisely acknowledged "how much good there had been in that young man, in spite of his rashness and folly in early days. No fear about such a man's getting on in life, when once he gave his mind to it," and so forth.

Meanwhile, our Visionary — But what need is there to trace him, step by step, in the new life he doubtless found fully as arduous as he had anticipated? That it was a very struggling, difficult, and uncongenial life to him can be well understood. These reminiscences of Everett Gray relate to a long past time. We can look on his life now as almost complete and finished, and regard his past as those in the valley look up to the hill that has nothing between it and heaven.

Many years he remained in Canada, working hard. Tidings occasionally reached England of his progress. Rosa, perhaps, heard such at rare intervals, —

though somewhat distorted, it may be, from their original tenor, before they reached her. But it appeared certain that he was "getting on." In defiance and utter contradiction of all the sapient predictions there anent, it seemed that this dreamy, poetizing Everett Gray was absolutely successful in his new vocation of man-of-business.

The news that he had become a partner in the firm he had entered as a clerk was communicated in a letter from himself to Lady Beauchamp. In it he, for the first time since his departure, spoke of Rosa; but he spoke of her as if they had parted but yesterday; and, in asking her mother's sanction to their betrothal *now*, urged, as from them both, their claim to have that boon granted at last.

Lady Beauchamp hastily questioned her daughter.

"You must have been corresponding with the young man all this time?" she said.

But Rosa's denial was not to be mistaken.

"He has heard of you, then, through some one," the practical lady went on; "or, for anything he knows, you may be married, or going to be married, instead of waiting for him, as he seems to take it for granted you have been all this time."

"He was right, mother," Rosa only said.

"Right, you foolish girl? You haven't half the spirit I had at your age. I would have scorned that it should have been said of *me* that I 'waited' for any man."

"But if you loved him?"

"Well, if he loved *you*, he should have taken more care than to leave you on such a Quixotic search for independence as his."

"He thought it right to go, and he trusted me; we had faith in one another," Rosa said; and she wound her arms round her mother, and looked into her face with eyes lustrous with happy tears. For, from that lady's tone and manner, despite her harsh words, she knew that

the opposition was withdrawn, and that Everett's petition was granted.

They were married. It is years ago, now, since their wedding-bells rung out from the church-tower of Hazlewood, blending with the sweet spring-air and sunshine of a joyous May-day. The first few years of their married life were spent in Canada. Then they returned to England, and Everett Gray put the climax to the astonishment of all who knew him by purchasing back a great part of Hazlewood with the fruits of his commercial labors in the other country.

At Hazlewood they settled, therefore. And there, when he grew to be an old man, Everett Gray lived, at last, the peaceful, happy life most natural and most dear to him. No one would venture to call the successful merchant a Visionary; and even his brother owns that "the old fellow has got more brains, after all, by Jove! than he ever gave him credit for." Yet, as the same critic, and others of his calibre, often say of him, "He has some remarkably queer notions. There's no making him out, — he is so different from other people."

Which he is. There is no denying this fact, which is equally evident in his daily life, his education of his children, his conduct to his servants and dependants, his employment of time, his favorite aims in life, and in everything he does or says, in brief. And of course there are plenty who cavil at his peculiar views, and who cannot at all understand his unconventional ways, and his apparent want of all worldly wisdom in the general conduct of his affairs. And yet, somehow, these affairs prosper. Although he declined a valuable appointment for his son, and preferred that he should make his own way in the profession he had chosen, bound by no obligation, and unfettered by the trammels of any party, — although he did this, to the astonishment of all who did not know him, yet is it not a fact that the young barrister's career has been, and is, as brilliant and successful as though he had had a dozen influential personages to

advance him? And though he permitted his daughter to marry, not the rich squire's son, nor the baronet, who each sought her hand, but a man comparatively poor and unknown, who loved her, and whom she loved, did it not turn out to be one of those marriages that we can recognize to have been "made in heaven," and even the worldly-wise see to be happy and prosperous?

But our Everett is growing old. His hair is silver-white, and his tall figure has learned to droop somewhat as he walks. Under the great beech-trees at Hazlewood you may have seen him sitting summer evenings, or sauntering in spring and autumn days, sometimes with his grandchildren playing about him, but always with *one* figure near him, bent and bowed yet more than his own, with a still sweet and lovely face looking placidly forth from between its bands of soft, white hair.

How they have loved, and do love one another, even to this their old age! All the best and truest light of that which we call Romance shines steadily about them yet. No sight so dear to Everett's eyes as that quiet figure, — no sound so welcome to his ears as her voice. She is all to him that she ever was, — the sweetest, dearest, best portion of that which we call his life.

Yes, I speak advisedly, and say he *is*, they *are*. It is strange that this Visionary, who was wont to be reproached with the unpracticality of all he did or purposed, the unreality of whose life was a byword, should yet impress himself and his existence so vividly on those about him that even now we cannot speak of him as one that is *no more*. He seems still to be of us, though we do not see him, and his place is empty in the world.

His wife went first. She died in her sleep, while he was watching her, holding her hand fast in his. He laid the last kisses on her eyes, her mouth, and those cold hands.

After that, he seemed to wait. They who saw him sitting *alone* under the beech-trees, day by day, found something

very strangely moving in the patient serenity of his look. He never seemed sad or lonely through all that time,—only patiently hopeful, placidly expectant. So the autumn twilights often came to him as he stood, his face towards the west, looking out from their old favorite spot.

One evening, when his daughter and her husband came out to him, he did not linger, as was usual with him, but turned and went forward to meet them, with a bright smile, brighter than the sunset glow behind him, on his face. He leaned rather heavily on their supporting arms, as they went in. At the door, the little ones came running about him, as they loved to do. Perhaps the very lustre of his face awed them, or the sight of their mother's tears; for a sort of hush came over them, even to the youngest, as he kissed and blessed them all.

And then, when they had left the room, he laid his head upon his daughter's breast, and uttered a few low words. He had been so happy, he said, and he thanked God for all,—even to this, the end. It had been so good to live!—it was so happy to die! Then he paused awhile, and closed his eyes.

“In the silence, I can hear your mother's voice,” he murmured, and he clasped his hands. “O thou most merciful Father, who givest this last, great blessing, of the new Home, where she waits for me!—and God's love is over all His worlds!”

He looked up once again, with the same bright, assured smile. That smile never faded from the dead face; it was the last look which they who loved him bore forever in their memory.

And so passed our Visionary from that which we call Life.

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

1675.

RAZE these long blocks of brick and stone,
These huge mill-monsters overgrown;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell
The weaving genii of the bell;
Tear from the wild Cocheco's track
The dams that hold its torrents back;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;
And let the Indian's paddle play
On the unbridged Piscataqua!
Wide over hill and valley spread
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
With here and there a clearing cut
From the walled shadows round it shut;
Each with its farm-house builded rude,
By English yeoman squared and hewed,
And the grim, flanked blockhouse, bound
With bristling palisades around.

So, haply, shall before thine eyes
The dusty veil of centuries rise,
The old, strange scenery overlay
The tamer pictures of to-day,
While, like the actors in a play,
Pass in their ancient guise along
The figures of my border song :
What time beside Coheco's flood
The white man and the red man stood,
With words of peace and brotherhood ;
When passed the sacred calumet
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,
And, puffed in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea
For mercy, struck the haughty key
Of one who held in any fate
His native pride inviolate !

" Let your ears be opened wide !
He who speaks has never lied.
Waldron of Piscataqua,
Hear what Squando has to say !

" Squando shuts his eyes and sees,
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.
In his wigwam, still as stone,
Sits a woman all alone,

" Wampum beads and birchen strands
Dropping from her careless hands,
Listening ever for the fleet
Patter of a dead child's feet !

" When the moon a year ago
Told the flowers the time to blow,
In that lonely wigwam smiled
Menewee, our little child.

" Ere that moon grew thin and old,
He was lying still and cold ;
Sent before us, weak and small,
When the Master did not call !

" On his little grave I lay ;
Three times went and came the day ;
Thrice above me blazed the noon,
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

" In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit-bird ;

Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem of my child.

“ ‘ Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see :
Let the white man’s wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

“ ‘ All-uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito :
Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear.’

“ All the while the totem sang,
Lightning blazed and thunder rang ;
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

“ I, the medicine-man, whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear,—
I, whose eyes are wide to see
All the things that are to be,—

“ Well I knew the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud.

“ At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away ;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

“ There is rust on Squando’s knife
From the warm red springs of life ;
On the funeral hemlock-trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

“ Blood for blood ! But evermore
Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come !

“ Waldron of Cocheco, hear !
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear :
Take the captives he has ta’en ;
Let the land have peace again !”

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung ;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charmèd sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden's head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift or favor ask I none;
What I have is all my own:
Never yet the birds have sung,
'Squando hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet, for her who waits at home
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee!

"Mishanock, my little star!
Come to Saco's pines afar!
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come!"

"What!" quoth Waldron, "leave a child
Christian-born to heathens wild?
As God lives, from Satan's hand
I will pluck her as a brand!"

"Hear me, white man!" Squando cried,
"Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me, or stay?"

Slowly, sadly, half-afraid,
Half-regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race,
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,

Single-filed, the grim array
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child gazed.
"God preserve her!" Waldron said;
"Satan hath bewitched the maid!"

Years went and came. At close of day
Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,
But her head she gravely shook,
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed the maid began:
"Up and down the brook I ran,
Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"'Chip!' went squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the cat-bird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark,
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather-hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away;
But he called and bade me stay;
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o'er again;
Gave me berries, and, beside,
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be.
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo! a cross of silver swung.

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squando's bird and totem pine;
And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
Into space the walls outgrew,
On the Indian's wigwam mat
Blossom-crowned again she sat.

Cool she felt the west wind blow,
In her ear the pines sang low,
And, like links from out a chain,
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
From the griefs that gnaw within,
To the freedom of the woods
Called the birds and winds and floods.

Well, O painful minister,
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
If her ear grew sharp to hear
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
All the desert's glamour stole,
That a tear for childhood's loss
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the Book was read,
And she bowed her widowed head,
And a prayer for each loved name
Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,
Lo! another name was given:
"Father! give the Indian rest!
Bless him! for his love has blest!"

THE MAROONS OF JAMAICA.

THE Maroons! it was a word of peril once; and terror spread along the skirts of the blue mountains of Jamaica, when some fresh foray of those unconquered guerrillas swept down upon the outlying plantations, startled the Assembly from its order, General Williamson from his billiards, and Lord Balcarres from his diplomatic ease,—endangering, according to the official statement, "public credit," "civil rights," and "the prosperity, if

not the very existence of the country," until they were "persuaded to make peace" at last. They were the Circassians of the New World; but they were black, instead of white; and as the Circassians refused to be transferred from the Sultan to the Czar, so the Maroons refused to be transferred from Spanish dominion to English, and thus their revolt began. The difference is, that, while the white mountaineers numbered four

hundred thousand, and only defied Nicholas, the black mountaineers numbered less than two thousand, and defied Cromwell; and while the Circassians, after thirty years of revolt, seem now at last subdued, the Maroons, on the other hand, who rebelled in 1655, were never conquered, but only made a compromise of allegiance, and exist as a separate race to-day.

When Admirals Penn and Venables landed in Jamaica, in 1655, there was not a remnant left of the sixty thousand natives whom the Spaniards had found there a century and a half before. Their pitiful tale is told only by those caves, still known among the mountains, where thousands of human skeletons strew the ground. In their place dwelt two foreign races,—an effeminate, ignorant, indolent white community of fifteen hundred, with a black slave population quite as large and infinitely more hardy and energetic. The Spaniards were readily subdued by the English,—the negroes remained unsubdued; the slaveholders were banished from the island,—the slaves only banished themselves to the mountains: thence the English could not dislodge them, nor the buccaneers, whom the English employed. And when Jamaica subsided into a British colony, and peace was made with Spain, and the children of Cromwell's Puritan soldiers were beginning to grow rich by importing slaves for Roman Catholic Spaniards, the Maroons still held their own wild empire in the mountains, and, being sturdy heathens every one, practised Obeah rites in approved pagan fashion.

The word Maroon is derived, according to one etymology, from the Spanish word *Marrano*, a wild-boar,—these fugitives being all boar-hunters,—according to another, from *Marony*, a river separating French and Dutch Guiana, where a colony of them dwelt and still dwells; and by another still, from *Cimarron*, a word meaning untamable, and used alike for apes and runaway slaves. But whether these rebel-marauders were regarded as monkeys or men, they made themselves

equally formidable. As early as 1663, the Governor and Council of Jamaica offered to each Maroon, who should surrender, his freedom and twenty acres of land; but not one accepted the terms. During forty years, forty-four acts of Assembly were passed in respect to them, and at least a quarter of a million pounds sterling were expended in the warfare against them. In 1733, the force employed against them consisted of two regiments of regular troops and the whole militia of the island, and the Assembly said that “the Maroons had within a few years greatly increased, notwithstanding all the measures that had been concerted for their suppression,” “to the great terror of his Majesty's subjects,” and “to the manifest weakening and preventing the further increase of the strength and inhabitants of the island.”

The special affair in progress, at the time of these statements, was called Cudjoe's War. Cudjoe was a gentleman of extreme brevity and blackness, whose full-length portrait can hardly be said to adorn Dallas's History; but he was as formidable a guerrilla as Marion. Under his leadership, the various bodies of fugitives were consolidated into one force and thoroughly organized. Cudjoe, like Schamyl, was religious as well as military head of his people; by Obeah influence he established a thorough freemasonry among both slaves and insurgents; no party could be sent forth by the government but he knew it in time to lay an ambush, or descend with fire and sword on the region left unprotected. He was thus always supplied with arms and ammunition; and as his men were perfect marksmen, never wasted a shot and never risked a battle, his forces naturally increased while those of his opponents were decimated. His men were never captured, and never took a prisoner; it was impossible to tell when they were defeated; in dealing with them, as Pelissier said of the Arabs, “peace was not purchased by victory”; and the only men who could obtain the slightest advantage against them were the imported Mosquito

Indians, or the "Black Shot," a company of government negroes. For nine full years this particular war continued unchecked, General Williamson ruling Jamaica by day and Cudjoe by night.

The rebels had every topographical advantage, for they held possession of the "Cockpits." Those highlands are furrowed through and through, as by an earthquake, with a series of gaps or ravines, resembling the California cañons, or those similar fissures in various parts of the Atlantic States, known to local fame either poetically as ice-glens, or symbolically as purgatories. These chasms vary from two hundred yards to a mile in length; the rocky walls are fifty or a hundred feet high, and often absolutely inaccessible, while the passes at each end admit but one man at a time. They are thickly wooded, wherever trees can grow; water flows within them; and they often communicate with one another, forming a series of traps for an invading force. Tired and thirsty with climbing, the weary soldiers toil on, in single file, without seeing or hearing an enemy; up the steep and winding path they traverse one "cockpit," then enter another. Suddenly a shot is fired from the dense and sloping forest on the right, then another and another, each dropping its man; the startled troops face hastily in that direction, when a more murderous volley is poured from the other side; the heights above flash with musketry, while the precipitous path by which they came seems to close in fire behind them. By the time the troops have formed in some attempt at military order, the woods around them are empty, and their agile and noiseless foes have settled themselves into ambush again, farther up the defile, ready for a second attack, if needed. But one is usually sufficient;—disordered, exhausted, bearing their wounded with them, the soldiers retreat in panic, if permitted to escape at all, and carry fresh dismay to the barracks, the plantations, and the Government House.

It is not strange, then, that high mili-

tary authorities, at that period, should have pronounced the subjugation of the Maroons a thing more difficult than to obtain a victory over any army in Europe. Moreover, these people were fighting for their liberty, with which aim no form of warfare could be unjustifiable; and the description given by Lafayette of the American Revolution was true of this one,—“the grandest of causes, won by contests of sentinels and outposts.” The utmost hope of a British officer, ordered against the Maroons, was to lay waste a provision-ground or cut them off from water. But there was little satisfaction in this; the wild pine-leaves and the grapevine-withes supplied the rebels with water, and their plantation-grounds were the wild pine-apple and the plantain groves, and the forests, where the wild-boars harbored and the ringdoves were as easily shot as if they were militia-men. Nothing but sheer weariness of fighting seems to have brought about a truce at last, and then a treaty, between those high contracting parties, Cudjoe and General Williamson.

But how to execute a treaty between these wild Children of the Mist and respectable diplomatic Englishmen? To establish any official relations without the medium of a preliminary bullet required some ingenuity of manœuvring. Cudjoe was willing, but inconveniently cautious; he would not come half-way to meet any one; nothing would content him but an interview in his own chosen cockpit. So he selected one of the most difficult passes, posting in the forests a series of outlying parties, to signal with their horns, one by one, the approach of the plenipotentiaries, and then to retire on the main body. Through this line of perilous signals, therefore, Colonel Guthrie and his handful of men bravely advanced; horn after horn they heard sounded, but there was no other human noise in the woods, and they had advanced till they saw the smoke of the Maroon huts before they caught a glimpse of a human form.

A conversation was at last opened

with the invisible rebels. On their promise of safety, Dr. Russell advanced alone to treat with them, then several Maroons appeared, and finally Cudjoe himself. The formidable chief was not highly military in appearance, being short, fat, humpbacked, dressed in a tattered blue coat without skirts or sleeves, and an old felt hat without a rim. But if he had blazed with regimental scarlet, he could not have been treated with more distinguished consideration; indeed, in that case, "the exchange of hats" with which Dr. Russell finally volunteered, in Maroon fashion, to ratify negotiations, would have been a less severe test of good fellowship. This fine stroke of diplomacy had its effect, therefore; the rebel captains agreed to a formal interview with Colonel Guthrie and Captain Sadler, and a treaty was at last executed with all due solemnity, under a large cotton-tree at the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. This treaty recognized the military rank of Captain Cudjoe, Captain Accompong, and the rest; gave assurance that the Maroons should be "forever hereafter in a perfect state of freedom and liberty"; ceded to them fifteen hundred acres of land; and stipulated only that they should keep the peace, should harbor no fugitive from justice or from slavery, and should allow two white commissioners to remain among them, simply to represent the British government.

During the following year a separate treaty was made with another large body of insurgents, called the Windward Maroons. This was not effected, however, until after an unsuccessful military attempt, in which the mountaineers gained a signal triumph. By artful devices, — a few fires left burning, with old women to watch them, — a few provision-grounds exposed by clearing away the bushes, — they lured the troops far up among the mountains, and then surprised them by an ambush. The militia all fled, and the regulars took refuge under a large cliff in a stream, where they remained four hours up to their waists in water, until finally they forded the river, under full

fire, with terrible loss. Three months after this, however, the Maroons consented to an amicable interview, exchanging hostages first. The position of the white hostage, at least, was not the most agreeable; he complained that he was beset by the women and children, with indignant cries of "Buckra, Buckra," while the little boys pointed their fingers at him as if stabbing him, and that with evident relish. However, Captain Quao, like Captain Cudjoe, made a treaty at last, and hats were interchanged instead of hostages.

Independence being thus won and acknowledged, there was a suspension of hostilities for some years. Among the wild mountains of Jamaica, the Maroons dwelt in a savage freedom. So healthful and beautiful was the situation of their chief town, that the English government has erected barracks there of late years, as being the most salubrious situation on the island. They breathed an air ten degrees cooler than that inhaled by the white population below, and they lived on a daintier diet, so that the English epicures used to go up among them for good living. The mountaineers caught the strange land-crabs, plodding in companies of millions their sidelong path from mountain to ocean, and from ocean to mountain again. They hunted the wild-boars, and prepared the flesh by salting and smoking it in layers of aromatic leaves, the delicious "jerked hog" of Buccaneer annals. They reared cattle and poultry, cultivated corn and yams, plantains and cocoas, guavas and papaws and mameys and avocados and all luxurious West Indian fruits; the very weeds of their orchards had tropical luxuriance in their fragrance and in their names; and from the doors of their little thatched huts they looked across these gardens of delight to the magnificent lowland forests, and over those again to the faint line of far-off beach, the fainter ocean-horizon, and the illimitable sky.

They had senses like those of our Indians, tracked each other by the smell of the smoke of fires in the air, and called

to each other by horns, using a special note to designate each of their comrades, and distinguishing it beyond the range of ordinary hearing. They spoke English diluted with Spanish and African words, and practised Obeah rites quite undiluted with Christianity. Of course they associated largely with the slaves, without any very precise regard to treaty stipulations; sometimes brought in fugitives, and sometimes concealed them; left their towns and settled on the planters' lands, when they preferred them, but were quite orderly and luxuriously happy. During the formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn slaves, in 1760, they played a dubious part: when left to go on their own way, they did something towards suppressing it,—but when placed under the guns of the troops and ordered to fire on those of their own color, they threw themselves on the ground without discharging a shot. Nevertheless, they gradually came up into rather reputable standing; they grew more and more industrious and steady; and after they had joined very heartily in resisting D'Estaing's threatened invasion of the island in 1779, it became the fashion to speak of "our faithful and affectionate Maroons."

In 1795, their position was as follows:—Their numbers had not materially increased, for many had strayed off and settled on the outskirts of plantations,—nor materially diminished, for many runaway slaves had joined them,—while there were also separate settlements of fugitives, who had maintained their freedom for twenty years. The white superintendents had lived with the Maroons in perfect harmony, without the slightest official authority, but with a great deal of actual influence. But there was an "irrepressible conflict" behind all this apparent peace, and the slightest occasion might at any moment revive all the Old terror. That occasion was close at hand.

Captain Cudjoe and Captain Accompong and the other founders of Maroon independence had passed away, and "Old Montagu" reigned in their stead, in Trelawney Town. Old Montagu had all the

pomp and circumstance of Maroon majesty; he wore a laced red coat, and a hat superb with gold-lace and plumes; none but captains could sit in his presence; he was helped first at meals, and no woman could eat beside him; he presided at councils as magnificently as at table, though with less appetite;—and possessed, meanwhile, not an atom of the love or reverence of any human being. The real power lay entirely with Major James, the white superintendent, who had been brought up among the Maroons by his father (and predecessor), and who was the idol of this wild race. In an evil hour, the government removed him, and put a certain unpopular Captain Craskell in his place; and as there happened to be, about the same time, a great excitement concerning a hopeful pair of young Maroons who had been seized and publicly whipped, on a charge of hog-stealing, their kindred refused to allow the new superintendent to remain in the town. A few attempts at negotiation only brought them to a higher pitch of wrath, which ended in their despatching the following remarkable diplomatic note to the Earl of Balcarres:—"The Maroons wishes nothing else from the country but battle, and they desires not to see Mr. Craskell up here at all. So they are waiting every moment for the above on Monday. Mr. David Schaw will see you on Sunday morning for an answer. They will wait till Monday, nine o'clock, and if they don't come up, they will come down themselves." Signed, "Colonel Montagu and all the rest."

It turned out, at last, that only two or three of the Maroons were concerned in this remarkable defiance; but meanwhile it had its effect. Several ambassadors were sent among the insurgents, and were so favorably impressed by their reception as to make up a subscription of money for their hosts, on departing; only the "gallant Colonel Gallimore," a Jamaica Camillus, gave iron instead of gold, by throwing some bullets into the contribution-box. And it was probably in accordance with his view of the subject, that,

when the Maroons sent ambassadors in return, they were at once imprisoned, most injudiciously and unjustly; and when Old Montagu himself and thirty-seven others, following, were seized and imprisoned also, it is not strange that the Maroons, joined by many slaves, were soon in open insurrection.

Martial law was instantly proclaimed throughout the island. The fighting-men among the insurgents were not, perhaps, more than five hundred; against whom the government could bring nearly fifteen hundred regular troops and several thousand militia-men. Lord Balcarres himself took the command, and, eager to crush the affair, promptly marched a large force up to Trelawney Town, and was glad to march back again as expeditiously as possible. In his very first attack, he was miserably defeated, and had to fly for his life, amid a perfect panic of the troops, in which some forty or fifty were killed, — including Colonel Sandford, commanding the regulars, and the bullet-loving Colonel Gallimore, in command of the militia, — while not a single Maroon was even wounded, so far as could be ascertained.

After this a good deal of bush-fighting took place. The troops gradually got possession of several Maroon villages, but not till every hut had been burnt by its owner. It was in the height of the rainy season, and, between fire and water, the discomfort of the soldiers was enormous. Meanwhile the Maroons hovered close around them in the woods, heard all their orders, picked off their sentinels, and, penetrating through their lines at night, burned houses and destroyed plantations, far below. The only man who could cope with their peculiar tactics was Major James, the superintendent just removed by government, — and his services were not employed, as he was not trusted. On one occasion, however, he led a volunteer party farther into the mountains than any of the assailants had yet penetrated, guided by tracks known to himself only, and by the smell of the smoke of Maroon fires. After a very exhausting march,

including a climb of a hundred and fifty feet up the face of a precipice, he brought them just within the entrance of Guthrie's Defile. "So far," said he, pointing to the entrance, "you may pursue, but no farther; no force can enter here; no white man except myself, or some soldier of the Maroon establishment, has ever gone beyond this. With the greatest difficulty I have penetrated four miles farther, and not ten Maroons have gone so far as that. There are two other ways of getting into the defile, practicable for the Maroons, but not for any one of you. In neither of them can I ascend or descend with my arms, which must be handed to me, step by step, as practised by the Maroons themselves. One of the ways lies to the eastward, and the other to the westward; and they will take care to have both guarded, if they suspect that I am with you; which, from the route you have come to-day, they will. They now see you, and if you advance fifty paces more, they will convince you of it." At this moment a Maroon horn sounded the notes indicating his name, and, as he made no answer, a voice was heard, inquiring if he were among them. "If he is," said the voice, "let him go back, we do not wish to hurt him; but as for the rest of you, come on and try battle, if you choose." But the gentlemen did not choose.

In September the House of Assembly met. Things were looking worse and worse. For five months a handful of negroes and mulattoes had defied the whole force of the island; and they were defending their liberty by precisely the same tactics through which their ancestors had won it. Half a million pounds sterling had been spent within this time, besides the enormous loss incurred by the withdrawal of so many able-bodied men from their regular employments. "Cultivation was suspended," says an eye-witness; "the courts of law had long been shut up; and the island at large seemed more like a garrison under the power of law-martial, than a country of agriculture and commerce,

of civil judicature, industry, and prosperity." Hundreds of the militia had died of fatigue, large numbers had been shot down, the most daring of the British officers had fallen, while the insurgents had been invariably successful, and not one of them was known to have been killed. Captain Craskell, the banished superintendent, gave it to the Assembly as his opinion, that the whole slave population of the island was in sympathy with the Maroons, and would soon be beyond control. More alarming still, there were rumors of French emissaries behind the scenes; and though these were explained away, the vague terror remained. Indeed, the Lieutenant-Governor announced in his message that he had satisfactory evidence that the French Convention was concerned in the revolt. A French prisoner named Murenson had testified that the French agent at Philadelphia (Fauchet) had secretly sent a hundred and fifty emissaries to the island, and threatened to land fifteen hundred negroes. And though Murenson took it all back at last, yet the Assembly was moved to make a new offer of three hundred dollars for killing or taking a Trelawney Maroon, and a hundred and fifty dollars for killing or taking any fugitive slave who had joined them. They also voted five hundred pounds as a gratuity to the Accompong tribe of Maroons, who had thus far kept out of the insurrection; and various prizes and gratuities were also offered by the different parishes, with the same object of self-protection.

The commander-in-chief being among the killed, Colonel Walpole was promoted in his stead, and brevetted as General, by way of incentive. He found a people in despair, a soldiery thoroughly intimidated, and a treasury, not empty, but useless. But the new general had not served against the Maroons for nothing, and was not ashamed to go to school to his opponents. First, he waited for the dry season; then he directed all his efforts towards cutting off his opponents from water; and, most effectual move of

all, he attacked each successive cockpit by dragging up a howitzer, with immense labor, and throwing in shells. Shells were a visitation not dreamed of in Maroon philosophy, and their quaint compliments to their new opponent remain on record. "Damn dat little buckra!" they said; "he cunning more dan dem toder. Dis here da new fashion for fight: him fire big ball arter you, and when big ball 'top, de damn sunting (something) fire arter you again." With which Parthian arrows of rhetoric the mountaineers retreated.

But this did not last long. The Maroons soon learned to keep out of the way of the shells, and the island relapsed into terror again. It was deliberately resolved at last, by a special council convoked for the purpose, "to persuade the rebels to make peace." But as they had not as yet shown themselves very accessible to softer influences, it was thought best to combine as many arguments as possible, and a certain Colonel Quarrell had hit upon a wholly new one. His plan simply was, since men, however well disciplined, had proved powerless against Maroons, to try a Spanish fashion against them, and use dogs. The proposition was met, in some quarters, with the strongest hostility. England, it was said, had always denounced the Spaniards as brutal and dastardly for hunting down the natives of that very soil with hounds,—and should England now follow the humiliating example? On the other side, there were plenty who eagerly quoted all known instances of zoological warfare: all Oriental nations, for instance, used elephants in war, and no doubt would gladly use lions and tigers, also, but for their extreme carnivorousness, and their painful indifference to the distinction between friend and foe;—why not, then, use these dogs, comparatively innocent and gentle creatures? At any rate, "something must be done"; the final argument always used, when a bad or desperate project is to be made palatable. So it was voted at last to send to Havana for an invoice of Spanish dogs,

with their accompanying chasseurs, and the efforts at persuading the Maroons were postponed till the arrival of these additional persuasives. And when Colonel Quarrell finally set sail as commissioner to obtain the new allies, all scruples of conscience vanished in the renewal of public courage and the chorus of popular gratitude; a thing so desirable must be right; thrice were they armed who knew their Quarrell just.

But after the parting notes of gratitude died away in the distance, the commissioner began to discover that he was to have a hard time of it. He sailed for Havana in a schooner manned with Spanish renegadoes, who insisted on fighting everything that came in their way,—first a Spanish schooner, then a French one. He landed at Batabano, struck across the mountains towards Havana, stopped at Besucal to call on the wealthy Marquesa de San Felipe y San Jorge, grand patroness of dogs and chasseurs, and finally was welcomed to Havana by Don Luis de las Casas, who overlooked, for this occasion only, an injunction of his court against admitting foreigners within his government,—“the only accustomed exception being,” as Don Luis courteously assured him, “in favor of foreign traders who came with new negroes.” To be sure, the commissioner had not brought any of these commodities, but then he had come to obtain the means of capturing some, and so might pass for an irregular practitioner of the privileged profession.

Accordingly, Don Guillermo Dawes Quarrell (so ran his passport) found no difficulty in obtaining permission from the governor to buy as many dogs as he desired. When, however, he carelessly hinted at the necessity of taking, also, a few men who should have care of the dogs,—this being, after all, the essential part of his expedition,—Don Luis de las Casas put on instantly a double force of courtesy, and assured him of the entire impossibility of recruiting a single Spaniard for English service. Finally, however, he gave permission and pass-

ports for six chasseurs. Under cover of this, the commissioner lost no time in enlisting forty; he got them safe to Batabano, but at the last moment, learning the state of affairs, they refused to embark on such very irregular authority. When he had persuaded them, at length, the officer of the fort interposed objections. This was not to be borne, so Don Guillermo bribed him and silenced him; a dragoon was, however, sent to report to the governor; Don Guillermo sent a messenger after him and bribed him, too; and thus, at length, after myriad rebuffs, and after being obliged to spend the last evening at a puppet-show, in which the principal figure was a burlesque on his own personal peculiarities, the weary Don Guillermo, with his crew of renegadoes, and his forty chasseurs and their one hundred and four muzzled dogs, set sail for Jamaica.

These new allies were certainly something formidable, if we may trust the pictures and descriptions in Dallas's History. The chasseur was a tall, meagre, swarthy Spaniard or mulatto, lightly clad in cotton shirt and drawers, with broad straw-hat and moccasins of raw hide; his belt sustaining his long, straight, flat sword or *machete*, like an iron bar sharpened at one end; and he wore by the same belt three cotton leashes for his three dogs, sometimes held also by chains. The dogs were a fierce breed, crossed between hound and mastiff, never unmuzzled but for attack, and accompanied by smaller dogs called *finders*. It is no wonder, when these wild and powerful creatures were landed at Montego Bay, that terror ran through the town, doors were everywhere closed and windows crowded, not a negro dared to stir, and the muzzled dogs, infuriated by confinement on shipboard, filled the silent streets with their noisy barking and the rattling of their chains.

How much would have come of all this in actual conflict does not appear. The Maroons had already been persuaded to make peace upon certain conditions and guaranties,—a decision probably accel-

ated by the terrible rumors of the blood-hounds, though they never saw them. It was the declared opinion of the Assembly, confirmed by that of General Walpole, that "nothing could be clearer than that, if they had been off the island, the rebels could not have been induced to surrender." Nevertheless a treaty was at last made, without the direct intervention of the quadrupeds. Again commissioners went up among the mountains to treat with negotiators at first invisible; again were hats and jackets interchanged, not without coy reluctance on the part of the well-dressed Englishmen; and a solemn agreement was effected. The most essential part of the bargain was a guaranty of continued independence, demanded by the suspicious Maroons. General Walpole, however, promptly pledged himself that no such unfair advantage should be taken of them as had occurred with the hostages previously surrendered, who were placed in irons, nor should any attempt be made to remove them from the island. It is painful to add, that this promise was outrageously violated by the Colonial government, to the lasting grief of General Walpole, on the ground that the Maroons had violated the treaty by a slight want of punctuality in complying with its terms, and by remissness in restoring the fugitive slaves who had taken refuge among them. As many of the tribe as surrendered, therefore, were at once placed in confinement, and ultimately shipped from Port Royal to Halifax, to the number of six hundred, on the 6th of June, 1796. For the credit of English honor, we rejoice to know that General Walpole not merely protested against this utter breach of faith, but indignantly declined the sword of honor which the Assembly voted him in its gratitude, and retired from military service forever.

The remaining career of this portion of the Maroons is easily told. They were first dreaded by the inhabitants of Halifax; then welcomed, when seen; and promptly set to work on the citadel, then in process of reconstruction, where the

"Maroon Bastion" still remains,—their only visible memorial. Two commissioners had charge of them, one being the redoubtable Colonel Quarrell, and twenty-five thousand pounds were appropriated for their temporary support. Of course they did not prosper; pensioned colonists never do, for they are not compelled into habits of industry. After their delicious life in the mountains of Jamaica, it seemed rather monotonous to dwell upon that barren soil,—for theirs was such that two previous colonies had deserted it,—and in a climate where winter lasts seven months in the year. They had a school-master, and he was also a preacher; but they did not seem to appreciate that luxury of civilization,—utterly refusing, on grounds of conscience, to forsake polygamy, and, on grounds of personal comfort, to listen to the doctrinal discourses of their pastor, who was an ardent Sandemanian. They smoked their pipes during service-time, and left Old Montagu, who still survived, to lend a vicarious attention to the sermon. One discourse he briefly reported as follows, very much to the point:—"Massa parson say no mus tief, no mus meddle wid somebody wife, no mus quarrel, mus set down softly." So they sat down very softly, and showed an extreme unwillingness to get up again. But, not being naturally an idle race, (at least, in Jamaica the objection lay rather on the other side,) they soon grew tired of this inaction. Distrustful of those about them, suspicious of all attempts to scatter them among the community at large, frozen by the climate, and constantly petitioning for removal to a milder one, they finally wearied out all patience. A long dispute ensued between the authorities of Nova Scotia and Jamaica, as to which was properly responsible for their support; and thus the heroic race, that for a century and a half had sustained themselves in freedom in Jamaica, were reduced to the position of troublesome and impracticable paupers, shuttlecocks between two selfish parishes. So passed their unfortunate lives, until, in 1800, their reduced population was trans-

ported to Sierra Leone, at a cost of six thousand pounds, since which they disappear from history.

It was judged best not to interfere with those bodies of Maroons which had kept aloof from the late outbreak, as the Accompong settlement, and others. They continued to preserve a qualified independence, and retain it even now. In 1835, two years after the abolition of slavery in Jamaica, there were reported sixty families of Maroons as residing at Accompong Town, eighty families at Moore Town, one hundred and ten families at Charles Town, and twenty families at Scott Hall, making two hundred and seventy families in all,—each station being, as of old, under the charge of a superintendent. But there can be little doubt, that, under the influences of freedom, they are rapidly intermingling with the mass of colored population in Jamaica.

The story of the exiled Maroons attracted attention in high quarters, in its time; the wrongs done to them were denounced in Parliament by Sheridan and mourned by Wilberforce; while the employment of bloodhounds against them was vindicated by Dundas, and the whole conduct of the Colonial government defended, through thick and thin, by Bryan Edwards. This thorough partisan even

had the assurance to tell Mr. Wilberforce, in Parliament, that he knew the Maroons, from personal knowledge, to be cannibals, and that, if a missionary were sent among them in Nova Scotia, they would immediately eat him; a charge so absurd that he did not venture to repeat it in his *History of the West Indies*, though his injustice to the Maroons is even there so glaring as to provoke the indignation of the more moderate Dallas. But, in spite of Mr. Edwards, the public indignation ran quite high, in England, against the bloodhounds and their employers, so that the home ministry found it necessary to send a severe reproof to the Colonial government. For a few years the tales of the Maroons thus emerged from mere colonial annals, and found their way into Annual Registers and Parliamentary Debates,—but they have vanished from popular memory now. Their record still retains its interest, however, as that of one of the heroic races of the world; and all the more, because it is with their kindred that this nation has to deal, in solving the tremendous problem of incorporating their liberties with our own. We must remember the story of the Maroons, because we cannot afford to ignore a single historic fact which bears upon a question so momentous.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

MR. BERNARD TRIES HIS HAND.

WHETHER the Student advertised for a school, or whether he fell in with the advertisement of a school-committee, is not certain. At any rate, it was not long before he found himself the head of a large district, or, as it was called by the inhabitants, "deestric" school, in the flourishing inland village of Pequawkett, or, as it is commonly spelt, Pigwacket

Centre. The natives of this place would be surprised, if they should hear that any of the readers of a periodical published in Boston were unacquainted with so remarkable a locality. As, however, some copies of this periodical may be read at a distance from this distinguished metropolis, it may be well to give a few particulars respecting the place, taken from the *Universal Gazetteer*.

"PIGWACKET, sometimes spelt Pequawkett. A post-village and township in — Co.,

State of —, situated in a fine agricultural region, 2 thriving villages, Pigwacket Centre and Smithville, 3 churches, several school-houses, and many handsome private residences. Mink River runs through the town, navigable for small boats after heavy rains. Muddy Pond at N. E. section, well stocked with horned pouts, eels, and shiners. Products, beef, pork, butter, cheese. Manufactures, shoe-pegs, clothes-pins, and tin-ware. Pop. 1373."

The reader may think there is nothing very remarkable implied in this description. If, however, he had read the town-history, by the Rev. Jabez Grubb, he would have learned, that, like the celebrated Little Pedlington, it was distinguished by many *very* remarkable advantages. Thus:—

"The situation of Pigwacket is eminently beautiful, looking down the lovely valley of Mink River, a tributary of the Musquash. The air is salubrious, and many of the inhabitants have attained great age, several having passed the allotted period of 'three-score years and ten' before succumbing to any of the various 'ills that flesh is heir to.' Widow Comfort Leevins died in 1836, *Æt.* LXXXVII. years. Venus, an African, died in 1841, supposed to be C. years old. The people are distinguished for intelligence, as has been frequently remarked by eminent lyceum-lecturers, who have invariably spoken in the highest terms of a Pigwacket audience. There is a public library, containing nearly a hundred volumes, free to all subscribers. The preached word is well attended, there is a flourishing temperance society, and the schools are excellent. It is a residence admirably adapted to refined families who relish the beauties of Nature and the charms of society. The Honorable John Smith, formerly a member of the State Senate, was a native of this town."

That is the way they all talk. After all, it is probably pretty much like other inland New England towns in point of "salubrity,"—that is, gives people their choice of dysentery or fever every autumn, with a season-ticket for consumption, good all the year round. And so of the other pretences. "Pigwacket audience," forsooth! Was there ever an audience anywhere, though there wasn't a pair of eyes in it brighter than pickled oysters, that didn't think it was "distinguished for intelligence"?—"The

preachéd word"! That means the Rev. Jabez Grubb's sermons. "Temperance society"! "Excellent schools"! Ah, that is just what we were talking about.

The truth was, that District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre, had had a good deal of trouble of late with its schoolmasters. The committee had done their best, but there were a number of well-grown and pretty rough young fellows who had got the upperhand of the masters, and meant to keep it. Two dynasties had fallen before the uprising of this fierce democracy. This was a thing that used to be not very uncommon; but in so "intelligent" a community as that of Pigwacket Centre, in an era of public libraries and lyceum-lectures, it was portentous and alarming.

The rebellion began under the ferule of Master Weeks, a slender youth from a country college, under-fed, thin-blooded, sloping-shouldered, knock-kneed, straight-haired, weak-bearded, pale-eyed, wide-pupilled, half-colored; a common type enough in in-door races, not rich enough to pick and choose in their alliances. Nature kills off a good many of this sort in the first teething-time, a few in later childhood, a good many again in early adolescence; but every now and then one runs the gauntlet of her various diseases, or rather forms of one disease, and grows up, as Master Weeks had done.

It was a very foolish thing for him to try to inflict personal punishment on such a lusty young fellow as Abner Briggs, Junior, one of the "hardest customers" in the way of a rough-and-tumble fight that there were anywhere round. No doubt he had been insolent, but it would have been better to overlook it. It pains me to report the events which took place when the master made his rash attempt to maintain his authority. Abner Briggs, Junior, was a great, hulking fellow, who had been bred to butchering, but urged by his parents to attend school, in order to learn the elegant accomplishments of reading and writing, in which he was sadly deficient. He was in the habit of talking and laughing pretty loud in school-

hours, of throwing wads of paper reduced to a pulp by a natural and easy process, of occasional insolence and general negligence. One of the soft, but unpleasant missiles just alluded to, flew by the master's head one morning, and flattened itself against the wall, where it adhered in the form of a convex mass in *alto rilievo*. The master looked round and saw the young butcher's arm in an attitude which pointed to it unequivocally as the source from which the projectile had taken its flight.

Master Weeks turned pale. He must "lick" Abner Briggs, Junior, or abdicate. So he determined to lick Abner Briggs, Junior.

"Come here, Sir!" he said; "you have insulted me and outraged the decency of the schoolroom often enough! Hold out your hand!"

The young fellow grinned and held it out. The master struck at it with his black ruler, with a will in the blow and a snapping of the eyes, as much as to say that he meant to make him smart this time. The young fellow pulled his hand back as the ruler came down, and the master hit himself a vicious blow with it on the right knee. There are things no man can stand. The master caught the refractory youth by the collar and began shaking him, or rather shaking himself against him.

"Le' go o' that are cōat, naow," said the fellow, "or I'll make ye! 'T'll take tew on ye t' handle me, I tell ye, 'n' then ye caänt dew it!"—and the young pupil returned the master's attention by catching hold of *his* collar.

When it comes to that, the *best man*, not exactly in the moral sense, but rather in the material, and more especially the muscular point of view, is very apt to have the best of it, irrespectively of the merits of the case. So it happened now. The unfortunate schoolmaster found himself taking the measure of the sanded floor, amid the general uproar of the school. From that moment his ferule was broken, and the school-committee very soon had a vacancy to fill.

Master Pigeon, the successor of Master Weeks, was of better stature, but loosely put together, and slender-limbed. A dreadfully nervous kind of man he was, walked on tiptoe, started at sudden noises, was distressed when he heard a whisper, had a quick, suspicious look, and was always saying, "Hush!" and putting his hands to his ears. The boys were not long in finding out this nervous weakness, of course. In less than a week a regular system of torments was inaugurated, full of the most diabolical malice and ingenuity. The exercises of the conspirators varied from day to day, but consisted mainly of foot-scraping, solos on the slate-pencil, (making it *screech* on the slate,) falling of heavy books, attacks of coughing, banging of desk-lids, boot-creaking, with sounds as of drawing a cork from time to time, followed by suppressed chuckles.

Master Pigeon grew worse and worse under these inflictions. The rascally boys always had an excuse for any one trick they were caught at. "Couldn' help coughin', Sir." "Slipped out o' m' han', Sir." "Didn' go to, Sir." "Didn' dew 't o' purpose, Sir." And so on,—always the best of reasons for the most outrageous of behavior. The master weighed himself at the grocer's on a platform-balance, some ten days after he began keeping the school. At the end of a week he weighed himself again. He had lost two pounds. At the end of another week he had lost five. He made a little calculation, based on these data, from which he learned that in a certain number of months, going on at this rate, he should come to weigh precisely nothing at all; and as this was a sum in subtraction he did not care to work out in practice, Master Pigeon took to himself wings and left the school-committee in possession of a letter of resignation and a vacant place to fill once more.

This was the school to which Mr. Bernard Langdon found himself appointed as master. He accepted the place conditionally, with the understanding that he should leave it at the end of a month, if he were tired of it.

The advent of Master Langdon to Pigwacket Centre created a much more lively sensation than had attended that of either of his predecessors. Looks go a good ways all the world over, and though there were several good-looking people in the place, and Major Bush was what the natives of the town called a "hahnsome mahn," that is, big, fat, and red, yet the sight of a really elegant young fellow, with the natural air which grows up with carefully-bred young persons, was a novelty. The Brahmin blood which came from his grandfather as well as from his mother, a direct descendant of the old Flynt family, well known by the famous tutor, Henry Flynt, (see *Cat. Harv. Anno 1693*,) had been enlivened and enriched by that of the Wentworths, which had had a good deal of ripe old Madeira and other generous elements mingled with it, so that it ran to gout sometimes in the old folks, and to high spirit, warm complexion, and curly hair in some of the younger ones. The soft curling hair Mr. Bernard had inherited, — something, perhaps, of the high spirit; but that we shall have a chance of finding out by-and-by. But the long sermons and the frugal board of his Brahmin ancestry, with his own habits of study, had told upon his color, which was subdued to something more of delicacy than one would care to see in a young fellow with rough work before him. This, however, made him look more interesting, or, as the young ladies at Major Bush's said, "intérestin."

When Mr. Bernard showed himself at meeting, on the first Sunday after his arrival, it may be supposed that a good many eyes were turned upon the young schoolmaster. There was something heroic in his coming forward so readily to take a place which called for a strong hand, and a prompt, steady will to guide it. In fact, his position was that of a military chieftain on the eve of a battle. Everybody knew everything in Pigwacket Centre; and it was an understood thing that the young rebels meant to put down the new master, if

they could. It was natural that the two prettiest girls in the village, called in the local dialect, as nearly as our limited alphabet will represent it, Alminy Cutterr, and Arvilly Braowne, should feel and express an interest in the good-looking stranger, and that, when their flattering comments were repeated in the hearing of their indigenous admirers, among whom were some of the older "boys" of the school, it should not add to the amiable dispositions of the turbulent youth.

Monday came, and the new schoolmaster was in his chair at the upper end of the schoolhouse, on the raised platform. The rustics looked at his handsome face, thoughtful, peaceful, pleasant, cheerful, but sharply cut round the lips and proudly lighted about the eyes. The ringleader of the mischief-makers, the young butcher who has before figured in this narrative, looked at him stealthily, whenever he got a chance to study him unobserved; for the truth was, he felt uncomfortable, whenever he found the large, dark eyes fixed on his own little, sharp, deep-set, gray ones. But he found means to study him pretty well, — first his face, then his neck and shoulders, the set of his arms, the narrowing at the loins, the make of his legs, and the way he moved. In short, he examined him as he would have examined a steer, to see what he could do and how he would cut up. If he could only have gone to him and felt of his muscles, he would have been entirely satisfied. He was not a very wise youth, but he did know well enough, that, though big arms and legs are very good things, there is something besides size that goes to make a man; and he had heard stories of a fighting-man, called "The Spider," from his attenuated proportions, who was yet a terrible hitter in the ring, and had whipped many a big-limbed fellow in and out of the roped arena.

Nothing could be smoother than the way in which everything went on for the first day or two. The new master was so kind and courteous, he seemed to take everything in such a natural, easy way, that there was no chance to pick a quar-

rel with him. He in the mean time thought it best to watch the boys and young men for a day or two with as little show of authority as possible. It was easy enough to see that he would have occasion for it before long.

The schoolhouse was a grim, old, red, one-story building, perched on a bare rock at the top of a hill,—partly because this was a conspicuous site for the temple of learning, and partly because land is cheap where there is no chance even for rye or buckwheat, and the very sheep find nothing to nibble. About the little porch were carved initials and dates, at various heights, from the stature of nine to that of eighteen. Inside were old unpainted desks,—unpainted, but browned with the umber of human contact,—and hacked by innumerable jack-knives. It was long since the walls had been whitewashed, as might be conjectured by the various traces left upon them, wherever idle hands or sleepy heads could reach them. A curious appearance was noticeable on various higher parts of the wall, namely, a wart-like eruption, as one would be tempted to call it, being in reality a crop of the soft missiles before mentioned, which, adhering in considerable numbers, and hardening after the usual fashion of *papier maché*, formed at last permanent ornaments of the edifice.

The young master's quick eye soon noticed that a particular part of the wall was most favored with these ornamental appendages. Their position pointed sufficiently clearly to the part of the room they came from. In fact, there was a nest of young mutineers just there, which must be broken up by a *coup d'état*. This was easily effected by redistributing the seats and arranging the scholars according to classes, so that a mischievous fellow, charged full of the rebellious imponderable, should find himself between two non-conductors, in the shape of small boys of studious habits. It was managed quietly enough, in such a plausible sort of way that its motive was not thought of. But its effects were soon felt; and then began a system of

correspondence by signs, and the throwing of little scrawls done up in pellets, and announced by preliminary *a'h'ms!* to call the attention of the distant youth addressed. Some of these were incendiary documents, devoting the schoolmaster to the lower divinities, as "a — stuck-up dandy," as "a — purse-proud aristocrat," as "a — sight too big for his, etc.," and holding him up in a variety of equally forcible phrases to the indignation of the youthful community of School District No. 1, Pig-wacket Centre.

Presently the draughtsman of the school set a caricature in circulation, labelled, to prevent mistakes, with the schoolmaster's name. An immense bell-crowned hat, and a long, pointed, swallow-tailed coat showed that the artist had in his mind the conventional dandy, as shown in prints of thirty or forty years ago, rather than any actual human aspect of the time. But it was passed round among the boys and made its laugh, helping of course to undermine the master's authority, as "Punch" or the "Charivari" takes the dignity out of an obnoxious minister. One morning, on going to the schoolroom, Master Langdon found an enlarged copy of this sketch, with its label, pinned on the door. He took it down, smiled a little, put it into his pocket, and entered the schoolroom. An insidious silence prevailed, which looked as if some plot were brewing. The boys were ripe for mischief, but afraid. They had really no fault to find with the master, except that he was dressed like a gentleman, which a certain class of fellows always consider a personal insult to themselves. But the older ones were evidently plotting, and more than once the warning *a'h'm!* was heard, and a dirty little scrap of paper rolled into a wad shot from one seat to another. One of these happened to strike the stove-funnel, and lodged on the master's desk. He was cool enough not to seem to notice it. He secured it, however, and found an opportunity to look at it, without being observed by the boys. It required no *immediate* notice.

He who should have enjoyed the privilege of looking upon Mr. Bernard Langdon the next morning, when his toilet was about half finished, would have had a very pleasant gratuitous exhibition. First he buckled the strap of his trousers pretty tightly. Then he took up a pair of heavy dumb-bells, and swung them for a few minutes; then two great "Indian clubs," with which he enacted all sorts of impossible-looking feats. His limbs were not very large, nor his shoulders remarkably broad; but if you knew as much of the muscles as all persons who look at statues and pictures with a critical eye ought to have learned, — if you knew the *trapezius*, lying diamond-shaped over the back and shoulders like a monk's cowl, — or the *deltoid*, which caps the shoulders like an epaulette, — or the *triceps*, which furnishes the *calf* of the upper arm, — or the hard-knotted *biceps*, — any of the great sculptural landmarks, in fact, — you would have said there was a pretty show of them, beneath the white satiny skin of Mr. Bernard Langdon. And if you had seen him, when he had laid down the Indian clubs, catch hold of a leather strap that hung from the beam of the old-fashioned ceiling, and lift and lower himself over and over again by his left hand alone, you might have thought it a very simple and easy thing to do, until you tried to do it yourself. — Mr. Bernard looked at himself with the eye of an expert. "Pretty well!" he said; — "not so much fallen off as I expected." Then he set up his bolster in a very knowing sort of way, and delivered two or three blows straight as rulers and swift as winks. "That will do," he said. Then, as if determined to make a certainty of his condition, he took a dynamometer from one of the drawers in his old venerated bureau. First he squeezed it with his two hands. Then he placed it on the floor and lifted, steadily, strongly. The springs creaked and cracked; the index swept with a great stride far up into the high figures of the scale; it was a good lift. He was satisfied. He sat down on the edge of his bed and

looked at his cleanly-shaped arms. "If I strike one of those boobies, I am afraid I shall spoil him," he said. Yet this young man, when weighed with his class at the college, could barely turn one hundred and forty-two pounds in the scale, — not a heavy weight, surely; but some of the middle weights, as the present English champion, for instance, seem to be of a far finer quality of muscle than the bulkier fellows.

The master took his breakfast with a good appetite that morning, but was perhaps rather more quiet than usual. After breakfast he went up-stairs and put on a light loose frock, instead of his usual dress-coat, which was a close-fitting and rather stylish one. On his way to school he met Alminy Cutterr, who happened to be walking in the other direction. "Good morning, Miss Cutter," he said; for she and another young lady had been introduced to him, on a former occasion, in the usual phrase of polite society in presenting ladies to gentlemen, — "Mr. Langdon, let me make y' acquainted with Miss Cutterr; — let me make y' acquainted with Miss Braowne." So he said, "Good morning"; to which she replied, "Good mornin', Mr. Langdon. Haow's your haalth?" The answer to this question ought naturally to have been the end of the talk; but Alminy Cutterr lingered and looked as if she had something more on her mind.

A young fellow does not require a great experience to read a simple country-girl's face as if it were a signboard. Alminy was a good soul, with red cheeks and bright eyes, kind-hearted as she could be, and it was out of the question for her to hide her thoughts or feelings like a fine lady. Her bright eyes were moist and her red cheeks paler than their wont, as she said, with her lips quivering, — "Oh, Mr. Langdon, them boys 'll be the death of ye, if ye don't take caär!"

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" said Mr. Bernard. — "Don't think there was anything very odd in that "my dear," at the second interview with a village belle; — some of those woman-tamers call

a girl "My dear," after five minutes' acquaintance, and it sounds all right as *they say it*. But you had better not try it at a venture.

It sounded all right to Alminy, as Mr. Bernard said it.—"I'll tell ye what's the mahtterr," she said, in a frightened voice. "Ahbner's go'n' to ear' his dog, 'n' he'll set him on ye 'z sure 'z y' 'r' alive. 'T's the same cretur that haaf eat up Eben Squires's little Jo, a year come nex' Faast-day."

Now this last statement was undoubtedly overcolored; as little Jo Squires was running about the village,—with an ugly scar on his arm, it is true, where the beast had caught him with his teeth, on the occasion of the child's taking liberties with him, as he had been accustomed to do with a good-tempered Newfoundland dog, who seemed to like being pulled and hauled round by children. After this the creature was commonly muzzled, and, as he was fed on raw meat chiefly, was always ready for a fight,—which he was occasionally indulged in, when anything stout enough to match him could be found in any of the neighboring villages.

Tiger, or, more briefly, Tige, the property of Abner Briggs, Junior, belonged to a species not distinctly named in scientific books, but well known to our country-folks under the name "Yallah dog." They do not use this expression as they would say *black dog* or *white dog*, but with almost as definite a meaning as when they speak of a terrier or a spaniel. A "yallah dog" is a large canine brute, of a dingy old-flannel color, of no particular breed except his own, who hangs round a tavern or a butcher's shop, or trots alongside of a team, looking as if he were disgusted with the world, and the world with him. Our inland population, while they tolerate him, speak of him with contempt. Old —, of Meredith Bridge, used to twit the sun for not shining on cloudy days, swearing, that, if he hung up his "yallah dog," he would make a better show of daylight. A country fellow, abusing a horse of his neighbor's, vowed, that, "if he had such a hoss, he'd

swap him for a 'yallah dog,'—and then shoot the dog."

Tige was an ill-conditioned brute by nature, and art had not improved him by cropping his ears and tail and investing him with a spiked collar. He bore on his person, also, various not ornamental scars, marks of old battles; for Tige had fight in him, as was said before, and as might be guessed by a certain bluntness about the muzzle, with a projection of the lower jaw, which looked as if there might be a bull-dog stripe among the numerous bar-sinisters of his lineage.

It was hardly fair, however, to leave Alminy Cuttarr waiting while this piece of natural history was telling.—As she spoke of little Jo, who had been "haaf eat up" by Tige, she could not contain her sympathies, and began to cry.

"Why, my dear little soul," said Mr. Bernard, "what are you worried about? I used to play with a *bear* when I was a boy; and the bear used to hug me, and I used to kiss him, — so!"

It was too bad of Mr. Bernard, only the second time he had seen Alminy; but her kind feelings had touched him, and that seemed the most natural way of expressing his gratitude. Alminy looked round to see if anybody was near; she saw nobody, so of course it would do no good to "holler." She saw nobody; but a stout young fellow, leading a yellow dog, muzzled, saw *her* through a crack in a pickéd fence, not a great way off the road. Many a year he had been "hang-in' 'raoun'" Alminy, and never did he see any encouraging look, or hear any "Behave, naow!" or "Come, naow, a'n't ye 'shamed?" or other forbidding phrase of acquiescence, such as village belles understand as well as ever did the nymph who fled to the willows in the eclogue we all remember.

No wonder he was furious, when he saw the schoolmaster, who had never seen the girl until within a week, touching with his lips those rosy cheeks which he had never dared to approach. But that was all; it was a sudden impulse; and the master turned away from the young girl,

laughing, and telling her not to fret herself about him,—he would take care of himself.

So Master Langdon walked on toward his schoolhouse, not displeased, perhaps, with his little adventure, nor immensely elated by it; for he was one of the natural class of the sex-subduers, and had had many a smile without asking, which had been denied to the feeble youth who try to win favor by pleading their passion in rhyme, and even to the more formidable approaches of young officers in volunteer companies, considered by many to be quite irresistible to the fair who have once beheld them from their windows in the epaulettes and plumes and sashes of the "Pig-wacket Invincibles," or the "Hackmatack Rangers."

Master Langdon took his seat and began the exercises of his school. The smaller boys recited their lessons well enough, but some of the larger ones were negligent and surly. He noticed one or two of them looking toward the door, as if expecting somebody or something in that direction. At half past nine o'clock, Abner Briggs, Junior, who had not yet shown himself, made his appearance. He was followed by his "yallah dog," without his muzzle, who squatted down very grimly near the door, and gave a wolfish look round the room, as if he were considering which was the plumpest boy to begin with. The young butcher, meanwhile, went to his seat, looking somewhat flushed, except round the lips, which were hardly as red as common, and set pretty sharply.

"Put out that dog, Abner Briggs!"—The master spoke as the captain speaks to the helmsman, when there are rocks foaming at the lips, right under his lee.

Abner Briggs answered as the helmsman answers, when he knows he has a mutinous crew round him that mean to run the ship on the reef, and is one of the mutineers himself. "Put him aout y'rself, 'f ye a'n't afeard on him!"

The master stepped into the aisle. The great cur showed his teeth,—and the devilish instincts of his old wolf-ancestry look-

ed out of his eyes, and flashed from his sharp tusks, and yawned in his wide mouth and deep red gullet.

The movements of animals are so much quicker than those of human beings commonly are, that they avoid blows as easily as one of us steps out of the way of an ox-cart. It must be a very stupid dog that lets himself be run over by a fast driver in his gig; he can jump out of the wheel's way after the tire has already touched him. So, while one is lifting a stick to strike or drawing back his foot to kick, the beast makes his spring, and the blow or the kick comes too late.

It was not so this time. The master was a fencer, and something of a boxer; he had played at single-stick, and was used to watching an adversary's eye and coming down on him without any of those premonitory symptoms by which unpractised persons show long beforehand what mischief they meditate.

"Out with you!" he said, fiercely,—and explained what he meant by a sudden flash of his foot that clashed the yellow dog's white teeth together like the springing of a bear-trap. The cur knew he had found his master at the first word and glance, as low animals on four legs, or a smaller number, always do; and the blow took him so by surprise, that it curled him up in an instant, and he went bundling out of the open schoolhouse-door with a most pitiable yelp, and his stump of a tail shut down as close as his owner ever shut the short, stubbed blade of his jackknife.

It was time for the other cur to find who his master was.

"Follow your dog, Abner Briggs!" said Master Langdon.

The stout butcher-youth looked round, but the rebels were all cowed and sat still.

"I'll go when I'm ready," he said,— "'n' I guess I won't go afore I'm ready."

"You're ready now," said Master Langdon, turning up his cuffs so that the little boys noticed the yellow gleam of a pair of gold sleeve-buttons, once worn by Colonel Percy Wentworth, famous in the Old French War.

Abner Briggs, Junior, did not apparently think he was ready, at any rate; for he rose up in his place, and stood with clenched fists, defiant, as the master strode towards him. The master knew the fellow was really frightened, for all his looks, and that he must have no time to rally. So he caught him suddenly by the collar, and, with one great pull, had him out over his desk and on the open floor. He gave him a sharp fling backwards and stood looking at him.

The rough-and-tumble fighters all *clinch*, as everybody knows; and Abner Briggs, Junior, was one of that kind. He remembered how he had floored Master Weeks, and he had just "spunk" enough left in him to try to repeat his former successful experiment on the new master. He sprang at him, open-handed, to clutch him. So the master had to strike,—once, but very hard, and just in the place to tell. No doubt, the authority that doth hedge a schoolmaster added to the effect of the blow; but the blow was itself a neat one, and did not require to be repeated.

"Now go home," said the master, "and don't let me see you or your dog here again." And he turned his cuffs down again over the gold sleeve-buttons.

This finished the great Pigwacket Centre School rebellion. What could be done with a master who was so pleasant as long as the boys behaved decently, and such a terrible fellow when he got "riled," as they called it? In a week's time, everything was reduced to order, and the school-committee were delighted. The master, however, had received a proposition so much more agreeable and advantageous, that he informed the committee he should leave at the end of his month, having in his eye a sensible and energetic young college-graduate who would be willing and fully competent to take his place.

So, at the expiration of the appointed time, Bernard Langdon, late master of the School District No. 1, Pigwacket Centre, took his departure from that place for another locality, whither we shall follow him, carrying with him the

regrets of the committee, of most of the scholars, and of several young ladies; also two locks of hair, sent unbeknown to payrents, one dark and one warmish auburn, inscribed with the respective initials of Almny Cutterr and Arvilly Braowne.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOTH FLIES INTO THE CANDLE.

THE invitation which Mr. Bernard Langdon had accepted came from the Board of Trustees of the "Apollinean Female Institute," a school for the education of young ladies, situated in the flourishing town of Rockland. This was an establishment on a considerable scale, in which a hundred scholars or thereabouts were taught the ordinary English branches, several of the modern languages, something of Latin, if desired, with a little natural philosophy, metaphysics, and rhetoric, to finish off with in the last year, and music at any time when they would pay for it. At the close of their career in the Institute, they were submitted to a grand public examination, and received diplomas tied in blue ribbons, which proclaimed them with a great flourish of capitals to be graduates of the Apollinean Female Institute.

Rockland was a town of no inconsiderable pretensions. It was ennobled by lying at the foot of a mountain,—called by the working-folks of the place "*the maounting*,"—which sufficiently showed that it was the principal high land of the district in which it was situated. It lay to the south of this, and basked in the sunshine as Italy stretches herself before the Alps. To pass from the town of Tamarack on the north of the mountain to Rockland on the south was like crossing from Coire to Chiavenna.

There is nothing gives glory and grandeur and romance and mystery to a place like the impending presence of a high mountain. Our beautiful Northampton with its fair meadows and noble stream is lovely enough, but owes

its surpassing attraction to those twin summits which brood over it like living presences, looking down into its streets as if they were its tutelary divinities, dressing and undressing their green shrines, robing themselves in jubilant sunshine or in sorrowing clouds, and doing penance in the snowy shroud of winter, as if they had living hearts under their rocky ribs and changed their mood like the children of the soil at their feet, who grow up under their almost parental smiles and frowns. Happy is the child whose first dreams of heaven are blended with the evening glories of Mount Holyoke, when the sun is firing its tree-tops, and gilding the white walls that mark its one human dwelling! If the other and the wilder of the twain has a scowl of terror in its overhanging brows, yet is it a pleasing fear to look upon its savage solitudes through the barred nursery-windows in the heart of the sweet, companionable village.—And how the mountains love their children! The sea is of a facile virtue, and will run to kiss the first comer in any port he visits; but the chaste mountains sit apart, and show their faces only in the midst of their own families.

The Mountain that kept watch to the north of Rockland lay waste and almost inviolate through much of its domain. The catamount still glared from the branches of its old hemlocks on the lesser beasts that strayed beneath him. It was not long since a wolf had wandered down, famished in the winter's dearth, and left a few bones and some tufts of wool of what had been a lamb in the morning. Nay, there were broad-footed tracks in the snow only two years previously, which could not be mistaken;—the black bear alone could have set that plantigrade seal, and little children must come home early from school and play, for he is an indiscriminate feeder when he is hungry, and a little child would not come amiss when other game was wanting.

But these occasional visitors may have been mere wanderers, which, straying along in the woods by day, and perhaps

stalking through the streets of still villages by night, had worked their way along down from the ragged mountain-spurs of higher latitudes. The one feature of The Mountain that shed the brownest horror on its woods was the existence of the terrible region known as Rattlesnake Ledge, and still tenanted by those damnable reptiles, which distil a fiercer venom under our cold northern sky than the cobra himself in the land of tropical spices and poisons.

From the earliest settlement of the place, this fact had been, next to the Indians, the reigning nightmare of the inhabitants. It was easy enough, after a time, to drive away the savages; for "a screeching Indian Divell," as our fathers called him, could not crawl into the crack of a rock to escape from his pursuers. But the venomous population of Rattlesnake Ledge had a Gibraltar for their fortress that might have defied the siege-train dragged to the walls of Sebastopol. In its deep embrasures and its impregnable casemates they reared their families, they met in love or wrath, they twined together in family knots, they hissed defiance in hostile clans, they fed, slept, hybernated, and in due time died in peace. Many a foray had the town's-people made, and many a stuffed skin was shown as a trophy,—nay, there were families where the children's first toy was made from the warning appendage that once vibrated to the wrath of one of these "cruel serpents." Sometimes one of them, coaxed out by a warm sun, would writhe himself down the hillside into the roads, up the walks that led to houses,—worse than this, into the long grass, where the bare-footed mowers would soon pass with their swinging scythes,—more rarely into houses,—and on one memorable occasion, early in the last century, into the meeting-house, where he took a position on the pulpit-stairs,—as is narrated in the "Account of Some Remarkable Providences," etc., where it is suggested that a strong tendency of the Rev. Didymus Bean, the Minister at that time, towards the Armin-

ian Heresy may have had something to do with it, and that the Serpent supposed to have been killed on the Pulpit-Stairs was a false show of the Dæmon's Contrivance, he having come in to listen to a Discourse which was a sweet Savour in his Nostrils, and, of course, not being capable of being killed Himself. Others said, however, that, though there was good Reason to think it was a Dæmon, yet he did come with Intent to bite the Heel of that faithful Servant,—etc.

One Gilson is said to have died of the bite of a rattlesnake in this town early in the present century. After this there was a great snake-hunt, in which very many of these venomous beasts were killed,—one in particular, said to have been as big round as a stout man's arm, and to have had no less than *forty* joints to his rattle,—indicating, according to some, that he had lived forty years, but, if we might put any faith in the Indian tradition, that he had killed forty human beings,—an idle fancy, clearly. This hunt, however, had no permanent effect in keeping down the serpent population. Viviparous creatures are a kind of specie-paying lot, but oviparous ones only give their notes, as it were, for a future brood,—an egg being, so to speak, a promise to pay a young one by-and-by, if nothing happen. Now the domestic habits of the rattlesnake are not studied very closely, for obvious reasons; but it is, no doubt, to all intents and purposes oviparous. Consequently it has large families, and is not easy to kill out.

In the year 184—, a melancholy proof was afforded to the inhabitants of Rockland, that the brood which infested The Mountain was not extirpated. A very interesting young married woman, detained at home at the time by the state of her health, was bitten in the entry of her own house by a rattlesnake which had found its way down from The Mountain. Owing to the almost instant employment of powerful remedies, the bite did not prove immediately fatal; but she died within a few months of the time when she was bitten.

All this seemed to throw a lurid kind

of shadow over The Mountain. Yet, as many years passed without any accident, people grew comparatively careless, and it might rather be said to add a fearful kind of interest to the romantic hillside, that the banded reptiles, which had been the terror of the red men for nobody knows how many thousand years, were there still, with the same poison-bags and spring-teeth at the white men's service, if they meddled with them.

The other natural features of Rockland were such as many of our pleasant country-towns can boast of. A brook came tumbling down the mountain-side and skirted the most thickly settled portion of the village. In the parts of its course where it ran through the woods, the water looked almost as brown as coffee flowing from its urn,—to say like *smoky quartz* would perhaps give a better idea,—but in the open plain it sparkled over the pebbles white as a queen's diamonds. There were huckleberry-pastures on the lower flanks of The Mountain, with plenty of the sweet-scented bayberry mingled with the other bushes. In other fields grew great store of high-bush blackberries. Along the road-side were barberry-bushes, hung all over with bright red coral pendants in autumn and far into the winter. Then there were swamps set thick with dingy-leaved alders, where the three-leaved arum and the skunk's-cabbage grew broad and succulent,—shelving down into black boggy pools here and there, at the edge of which the green frog, stupidest of his tribe, sat waiting to be victimized by boy or snapping-turtle long after the shy and agile leopard-frog had taken the six-foot spring that plumped him into the middle of the pool. And on the neighboring banks the maiden-hair spread its flat disk of embroidered fronds on the wire-like stem that glistened brown and polished as the darkest tortoise-shell, and pale violets, cheated by the cold skies of their hues and perfume, sunned themselves like white-cheeked invalids. Over these rose the old forest-trees,—the maple, scarred with the wounds that had drained away its sweet life-blood,—the

beech, its smooth gray bark mottled so as to look like the body of one of those great snakes of old that used to frighten armies,—always the mark of lovers' knives, as in the days of Musidora and her swain,—the yellow birch, rough as the breast of Silenus in old marbles,—the wild cherry, its little bitter fruit lying unheeded at its foot,—and, soaring over all, the huge, coarse-barked, splintery-limbed, dark-mantled hemlock, in the depths of whose aerial solitudes the crow brooded on her nest unscared, and the gray squirrel lived unharmed till his incisors grew to look like ram's-horns.

Rockland would have been but half a town without its pond; Quinnepeg Pond was the name of it, but the young ladies of the Apollinean Institute were very anxious that it should be called Crystal-line Lake. It was here that the young folks used to sail in summer and skate in winter; here, too, those queer, old, rum-scented, good-for-nothing, lazy, story-telling, half-vagabonds, that sawed a little wood or dug a few potatoes now and then under the pretence of working for their living, used to go and fish through the ice for pickerel every winter. And here those three young people were drowned, a few summers ago, by the upsetting of a sail-boat in a sudden flaw of wind. There is not one of these smiling ponds that has not devoured more youths and maidens than any of those monsters the ancients used to tell such lies about. But it was a pretty pond, and never looked more innocent—so the native "bard" of Rockland said in his elegy—than on the morning when they found Sarah Jane and Ellen Maria floating among the lily-pads.

The Apollinean Institute, or Institoot, as it was more commonly called, was, in the language of its Prospectus, a "first-class Educational Establishment." It employed a considerable corps of instructors to rough out and finish the hundred young lady scholars it sheltered beneath its roof. First, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham, the Principal and the Matron of the school. Silas Peckham was a thorough

Yankee, born on a windy part of the coast, and reared chiefly on salt-fish. Everybody knows the type of Yankee produced by this climate and diet: thin, as if he had been split and dried; with an ashen kind of complexion, like the tint of the food he is made of; and about as sharp, tough, juiceless, and biting to deal with as the other is to the taste. Silas Peckham kept a young ladies' school exactly as he would have kept a hundred head of cattle,—for the simple, unadorned purpose of making just as much money in just as few years as could be safely done. Of course the great problem was, to feed these hundred hungry misses at the cheapest practicable rate, precisely as he would be with the cattle. So that Mr. Peckham gave very little personal attention to the department of instruction, but was always busy with contracts for flour and potatoes, beef and pork, and other nutritive staples, the amount of which required for such an establishment was enough to frighten a quartermaster. Mrs. Peckham was from the West, raised on Indian corn and pork, which give a fuller outline and a more humid temperament, but may perhaps be thought to render people a little coarse-fibred. Her speciality was to look after the feathering, cackling, roosting, rising, and general behavior of these hundred chicks. An honest, ignorant woman, she could not have passed an examination in the youngest class. So this distinguished institution was under the charge of a commissary and a house-keeper, and its real business was feeding girls to grain, roots, and meats, under cover, and making money by it.

Connected with this, however, was the incidental fact, which the public took for the principal one, namely, the business of instruction. Mr. Peckham knew well enough that it was just as well to have good instructors as bad ones, so far as cost was concerned, and a great deal better for the reputation of his feeding-establishment. So he tried to get the best he could without paying too much, and, having got them, to screw all the work

out of them that could possibly be extracted.

There was a master for the English branches, with a young lady assistant. There was another young lady who taught French, of the *ahwahng* and *pahndahng* style, which does not exactly smack of the *asphalte* of the Boulevard *trottoirs*. There was also a German teacher of music, who sometimes helped in French of the *ahfaung* and *bauntaung* style, — so that, between the two, the young ladies could hardly have been mistaken for Parisians, by a Committee of the French Academy. The German teacher also taught a Latin class after his fashion, — *benna*, a ben, *gahboot*, a head, and so forth.

The master for the English branches had lately left the school for private reasons, which need not be here mentioned, — but he had gone, at any rate, and it was his place which had been offered to Mr. Bernard Langdon. The offer came just in season, — as, for various causes, he was willing to leave the place where he had begun his new experience.

It was on a fine morning, that Mr. Bernard, ushered in by Mr. Peckham, made his appearance in the great schoolroom of the Apollinean Institute. A general rustle ran all round the seats when the handsome young man was introduced. The principal carried him to the desk of the young lady English assistant, Miss Darley by name, and introduced him to her.

There was not a great deal of study done that day. The young lady assistant had to point out to the new master the whole routine in which the classes were engaged when their late teacher left, and which had gone on as well as it could since. Then Master Langdon had a great many questions to ask, some relating to his new duties, and some, perhaps, implying a degree of curiosity not very unnatural under the circumstances. The truth is, the general effect of the schoolroom, with its scores of young girls, all their eyes naturally centring on him with fixed or furtive glances, was enough to bewilder

and confuse a young man like Master Langdon, though he was not destitute of self-possession, as we have already seen.

You cannot get together a hundred girls, taking them as they come, from the comfortable and affluent classes, probably anywhere, certainly not in New England, without seeing a good deal of beauty. In fact, we very commonly mean by *beauty* the way young girls look when there is nothing to hinder their looking as Nature meant them to. And the great schoolroom of the Apollinean Institute did really make so pretty a show on the morning when Master Langdon entered it, that he might be pardoned for asking Miss Darley more questions about his scholars than about their lessons.

There were girls of all ages: little creatures, some pallid and delicate-looking, the offspring of invalid parents, — much given to books, not much to mischief, commonly spoken of as particularly good children, and contrasted with another sort, girls of more vigorous organization, who were disposed to laughing and play, and required a strong hand to manage them; — then young growing misses of every shade of Saxon complexion, and here and there one of more Southern hue: blondes, some of them so translucent-looking, that it seemed as if you could see the souls in their bodies, like bubbles in glass, if souls were objects of sight; brunettes, some with rose-red colors, and some with that swarthy hue which often carries with it a heavily-shaded lip, and which with pure outlines and outspoken reliefs gives us some of our handsomest women, — the women whom ornaments of pure gold adorn more than any other *parures*; and again, but only here and there, one with dark hair and gray or blue eyes, a Celtic type, perhaps, but found in our native stock occasionally; rarest of all, a light-haired girl with dark eyes, hazel, brown, or of the color of that mountain-brook spoken of in this chapter, where it ran through shadowy woodlands. With these were to be seen at intervals some of maturer years, full-blown flowers among

the opening buds, with that conscious look upon their faces which so many women wear during the period when they never meet a single man without having his monosyllable ready for him,—tied as they are, poor things! on the rock of expectation, each of them an Andromeda waiting for her Perseus.

“Who is that girl in ringlets,—the fourth in the third row on the right?” said Master Langdon.

“Charlotte Ann Wood,” said Miss Darley;—“writes very pretty poems.”

“Oh!—And the pink one, three seats from her? Looks bright; anything in her?”

“Emma Dean,—day-scholar,—Squire Dean’s daughter,—nice girl,—second medal last year.”

The master asked these two questions in a careless kind of way, and did not

seem to pay any too much attention to the answers.

“And who and what is that,” he said, —“sitting a little apart there,—that strange, wild-looking girl?”

This time he put the real question he wanted answered;—the other two were asked at random, as masks for the third.

The lady-teacher’s face changed;—one would have said she was frightened or troubled. She looked at the girl doubtfully, as if she might hear the master’s question and its answer. But the girl did not look up;—she was winding a gold chain about her wrist, and then uncoiling it, as if in a kind of reverie.

Miss Darley drew close to the master and placed her hand so as to hide her lips. “Don’t look at her as if we were talking about her,” she whispered softly; —“that is Elsie Venner.”

MEXICO.

A CERTAIN immortal fool, who had, like most admitted fools, great wisdom, once said, that the number of truces between the Christians and Saracens in Palestine made an old man of him; for he had known three of them, so that he must be at least one hundred and fifty years old. The saying occurs in a romance, to be sure, but one which is not half so romantic as the best-accredited decade of Titus Livius, and is quite as authentic as most of what Sir Archibald Alison says, when he writes on the United States.

What Palestine and the Crusades were to the witty son of Witless, Mexico and her politics are to moderns, not even excepting the predestined devourers of the Aztec land, who ought to know something of the country they purpose bringing within the full light of civilization through the aid of slaughter and slavery. There are some myriads of

“Americans of the North” yet living, and who entertain not the remotest idea of dying, who remember Mexico as a Spanish dependency quite as submissive to Viceroy Iturrigaray as Cuba is now to Captain-General Serrano; and who have seen her both an Empire and a Republic, and the theatre of more revolutions than England has known since the days of the Octarchy. The mere thought of the changes that have occurred there bewilders the mind; and the inhabitants of orderly countries, whether that order be the consequence of despotism or of constitutionalism, wonder that society should continue to exist in a country where government appears to be unknown.

Less than fifty years cover the time between the appearance of Hidalgo and that of Miramon; and between the dates of the leaderships of the two men, Mex-

ico has had an army of generals, of whom little is now known beyond their names. Hidalgo, Morelos, Mina, Bravo, Iturbide, Guerrero, Bustamante, Victoria, Pedraza, Gomez Farias, Paredes, and Herrera, — such are the names that were once familiar to our countrymen in connection with Mexican affairs. We have now a new race of Mexican chiefs, — Alvarez, Comonfort, Zuloaga, Uruga, Juarez, Vidaurri, Haro y Tamariz, Degollado, and Miramon. Some of these last-named chiefs might, perhaps, be classed with those first named, from years and services; but whatever of political importance they have belongs to the present time; and the most important man of them all, Miramon, is said to be very young, and was not born until many years after the last vestiges of the viceregal rule had been removed. Santa Aña, but for his shifting round so often, — now an absolute ruler, and then an absolute runaway, yet ever contriving to get the better of his antagonists, whether they happen to be clever Mexicans or dull Americans, — might be called the isthmus that connects the first generation of leaders with that which now misleads his country. Santa Aña's public life synchronizes with the independence of Mexico of foreign rule, and his career can hardly be pronounced at an end. It would be of the nature of a newspaper coincidence, were he to know his "last of earth" at the very time when, by all indications, Mexico stands in greater danger of losing her national life than she has known since the day when Barradas was sent to play the part of Cortés, but proved himself not quite equal to that of Narvaez. Santa Aña owed much of his power to his victory over the Spaniards in 1830, though pestilence did half the work to his hand; and perhaps no better evidence of the hatred of the Mexicans for Spanish rule can be adduced, than the hold which he has maintained over their minds, in consequence of the part he took in overthrowing that rule, and in rendering its return impossible.

Provoked by the anarchy which has so long existed in Mexico, American writers, and writers of other countries, have sometimes contrasted the condition of that nation with the order that prevailed there during the Spanish ascendancy, and it is not uncommon to hear Americans say that the worst thing that ever happened to the Mexicans was the overthrow of that ascendancy. They forget that the causes of Mexican anarchy were of Spanish creation, and that it must have exhibited itself, all the same, if Mexico had not achieved her independence. The shock caused by the seizure of the Spanish throne by Napoleon I. led to that war against the Spaniards in Mexico which prematurely broke out in 1810, and which was of the nature of a *Jacquerie*, but which would have been completely successful, had Hidalgo been equal to his position. It had been intended that the blow should be struck against the *Gachupines*, — European Spaniards, or persons of pure Spanish blood, — who were partisans of Spain, whether Spain were ruled by Bourbons or Bonapartes; and it was to have been delivered by the Creoles, who remained faithful to the House of Bourbon. Circumstances caused the Indian races to commence the war, and this was fatal to the original project, as it led to the union of both Spaniards and Creoles against the followers of Hidalgo. The army with which Calleja overthrew the forces of Hidalgo was an army of Creoles. It was composed of the very men who would have been foremost in putting down the Spaniards, if the Indians had remained quiet. From that time dates the disorder of Mexico, which has ever since continued, though at intervals the country has known short periods of comparative repose.

In 1811 Morelos was the most conspicuous of the insurgent chiefs, and the next year he was successful in several engagements; and it was not until the end of 1815 that he fell into the hands of his enemies, by whom he was shot, sharing the fate of Hidalgo.

During the four years that he led the people, efforts were made to settle the controversy on an equitable basis that would have left the King of Spain master of Mexico; but the pride of the Spaniards would not allow them to listen to justice. They acted in Mexico as their ancestors had acted in the Netherlands. It is the chief characteristic of the Spaniard, that, in dealing with foreigners, he always assumes a Roman-like superiority, without possessing the Roman's sense and shrewdness. The treatment of the Capuans by the Romans, as told by Livy in his narrative of the Hannibalian War, might be read as a history of the manner in which the Spaniards ever treat "rebels"; and never did they behave more cruelly than they behaved toward the Mexicans in the last days of the viceroys. This fact is to be borne in mind, when we think of the sanguinary character of Mexican contests; for that character originated in the action of the Spaniards during their struggles with the Patriots. The latter were not faultless, but they often exhibited a generosity and a self-denial that promised much for the future of their country, which promise would have been realized but for the ferocious tone of the warfare of the old governing race. The Spaniards were ultimately beaten, but they left behind them an evil that marred the victory of the Patriots, and which has done much to prevent it from proving useful to those who obtained it at great cost to themselves and their country.

The defeat and death of Morelos proved fatal, for the time, to regular opposition on the part of the Patriots, and it was not until the arrival of Mina in Mexico that they renewed the war in force. This was in April, 1817; and Mina was defeated and put to death in seven months after he landed. At the beginning of 1818, the viceroy Apodaca announced to the home government, "that he would be answerable for the safety of Mexico without a single additional soldier being sent out to reinforce the armies that were in the field." Had he been a wise man,

the event might have justified this boast; but as he was neither wise nor honest, and as he sought to restore the old state of things in all its impurity, his confidence was fatal to the Spanish cause. The Spanish Constitution of 1812 had been proclaimed in Mexico in the autumn of that year, and its existence kept the Liberal cause alive. So long as the Patriots had any power in the field, Apodaca, though an enemy of the Constitution, dared not seek its destruction; but after the overthrow of Mina, when he believed the Patriot party was "crushed out," he plotted against the Constitution, and resolved to restore the system that had existed down to 1812. Not a vestige of Liberalism was to remain. He selected for his chief tool the once famous Agustin de Iturbide, who turned out an edged tool, so sharp, indeed, that he not only cut the viceroy's fingers, but severed forever the connection between Mexico and Spain. Iturbide had eminently distinguished himself in the royal army, and to him it was owing that Morelos had been defeated. He was brave, ambitious, and able, and he possessed a handsome person and elegant manners. He was appointed to head an army in Western Mexico, on condition that he should "pronounce" in favor of the restoration of absolute royal authority. He accepted the command; but on the 24th of February, 1821, he astonished his employer by proclaiming, not the plan upon which they had agreed, but what is known as the *Plan of Iguala*, from the town where the proclamation was made. This plan provided that Mexico should be independent of Spain, and for the erection of the country into a constitutional monarchy, the throne of which should be filled by Ferdinand VII., or by one of his brothers,—or by some person chosen from among reigning families, should the Spanish Bourbons decline the invitation. The monarch was to be called *Emperor*, a title made fashionable and cheap by Bonaparte's example. Perfect equality was established, and all distinction of castes was abolished. Saving that

the Catholic religion was declared the national religion, the twenty-four articles of this Plan were of a liberal character, and leave an impression on the mind highly favorable to their author. Viewing it in the light of thirty-nine years, and seeing that republicanism has not succeeded in Mexico, even a democrat may regret that the Plan of Iguala did not become the constitution of that country.

The simple abolition of Spanish rule would have satisfied the mass of the inhabitants, who cared little for political institutions, but who knew the evils they suffered from the tyranny of a class that did not number above one-eightieth part of the population. For the time, the Plan was successful: the clergy, the military, the people, and the old partisans of independence all supported it; and O'Donoju, who had arrived as successor to Apodaca, recognized Mexican independence. The victors entered the capital September 27, 1821, and established a provisional Junta, which created a regency, with Iturbide for President. On the 24th of February, 1822, a Congress assembled, which contained three parties, the representatives of those which existed in the country:—1. The Bourbonists, who desired that the Plan of Iguala should be adhered to in all its details; 2. The Iturbideans, who wished for a monarchy, with their chief as Emperor; and, 3. The Republicans, who were hostile to monarchical institutions as well as to Spanish rule. It is possible that the first party might have triumphed, had Spain been under the dominion of sagacious men; for the clergy must have preferred it, not only because it was that polity under which they were sure to have most consideration, but because the whole power of Rome might have been brought to bear in its behalf, and that the clergy never would have seriously thought of resisting;—and the influence of the clergy was great over the mass of the people. But the Spanish government would not ratify the treaty made by O'Donoju, or abandon its claim on Mexico. This left but

two factions in the Congress, and their quarrel had a sudden termination, for the moment, in the elevation of Iturbide to the imperial throne, May 18th, 1822. This was the work of a handful of the lowest rabble of the capital, the select few of a vagabondage compared with whom the inhabitants of the Five Points may be counted grave constitutional politicians. The legislature went through the farce of approval, and the people acquiesced,—as they would have done, had he been proclaimed Cham. Had Iturbide understood his trade, he might have reigned long, perhaps have established a dynasty; but he did what nearly every Mexican chief since his time has done, and what, to be just, nearly every revolutionary government has sought to do: he endeavored to establish a tyranny. He dissolved the Congress, substituting a Junta for it, composed of his own adherents. The consequence was revolt in various parts of the empire. Santa Aña, then Governor of Vera Cruz, “pronounced” against the Emperor; and Echavari, who was sent to punish him, played the same part toward Iturbide that Iturbide had played toward Apodaca: he joined the enemies of the imperial government. As Iturbide had triumphed over the viceroy by the aid of men of all parties but that of the old Spaniards, so was he overthrown by a coalition of an equally various character. He gave up the crown, after having worn it not quite ten months, and was allowed to depart, with the promise of an annual pension of twenty-five thousand dollars. Seeking to recover the crown in 1824, he was seized and shot,—a fate of which he could not complain, as he was a man of bloody hand, and, as a royalist leader, had caused prisoners to be butchered by the hundred.

The Republicans were now triumphant, but their conduct showed that they were not much better qualified to rule than were the Imperialists. They made a Federal Constitution,—that which is commonly known as the Constitution of 1824,—which was principally modelled on that

of the United States. This imitation would have been ridiculous, if it had not been mischievous. Between the circumstances of America and those of Mexico there was no resemblance whatever, and hence the polity which is good for the one could be good for nothing to the other. One fact alone ought to have convinced the Mexican Constitutionals of the absurdity of their doings. Their Constitution recognized the Catholic religion as the religion of the state, and absolutely forbade the profession of any other form of faith! In what part of our Constitution they found authority for such a provision as this, no man can say. It has been mentioned, reproachfully, that our Constitution does not even recognize God; yet on a Constitution modelled upon ours Mexican statesmen could graft an Established Church, with a monopoly of religion! Just where imitation would have been more creditable to them than originality, they became original. It has been said, in their defence, that the Church was so powerful that they could not choose but admit its claim. This would be a good defence, had they sought to make a Constitution in accordance with views admitting the validity of an Ecclesiastical Establishment. The charge against them is not, that they sanctioned an Establishment, but that they sought to couple with it a liberal republican Constitution, and thus to reconcile contradictions,—an end not to be attained anywhere, and least of all in a country like Mexico.

The factions that arose in Mexico after the establishment of the Republic were the Federalists and the Centralists, being substantially the same as those which yet exist there. The Federalists have been the true liberals throughout the disturbances and troubles of a generation, and, though not faultless, are better entitled to the name of patriots than are the men by whom they have been opposed. They have been the foes of the priesthood, and have often sought to lessen its power and destroy its influence. If they could have had their will any time during the last

thirty-five years, the priests would have been reduced to a condition of apostolic simplicity, and the Church's vast property been put to uses such as the Apostles would have approved. Guadalupe Victoria would probably have been as little averse to the confiscation of ecclesiastical property as was Thomas Cromwell himself. The fear that a firm and stable federal government would interfere with the privileges of the Church, and would not cease such interference until the change had been made perfect, which implied the Church's political destruction, is one of the chief reasons why no such government has ever had an existence in Mexico. The Church has favored every party and faction that has been opposed to order and liberty. Royalism, centralism, despotism, and even foreign conquest has it preferred to any state of things in which there should be found that due union of liberty and law without which no country can expect to have constitutional freedom. Had it ever been possible to establish a strong central government in Mexico, it is very probable the Church would have been one of its firmest pillars. The character and organization of that institution, its desire to maintain possession of its property, and its aversion to liberty of every kind, would all have united to make such a government worthy of the Church's support, provided it had supported the Church in its turn. The ecclesiastical influence is everywhere observable in the history of Mexico, from the beginning of the struggle for independence. The clergy were supporters of independence, not because they wished for liberty to the country, but that they might monopolize the vast power of their order. They hated the Spaniards as bitterly as they were hated by any other portion of the inhabitants of Mexico. But they never meant that republicanism should obtain the ascendancy in the country. A powerful monarchy, an empire, was what they aimed at; and the government which Iturbide established was one that would have received their aid, could it have brought any power to

the political firm the clergy desired to see in existence. It may be assumed that the clergy would have preferred a Spanish prince as emperor, for they were too sagacious not to know that the best part of royalty is that which is under ground. Kings must be born to their trade to succeed in it; and a brand-new emperor, like Iturbide, unless highly favored by circumstances, or singularly endowed with intellectual qualifications, could be of little service to the clerical party. He fell, as we have seen; but the clerical party remained, and, having continued to flourish, is at this time, it is probable, stronger than it was in 1822. It is owing to this party that the idea has never been altogether abandoned that Mexico should resume monarchical institutions; and every attempt that has been made to favor what in this country is known as consolidation has either been initiated by it or has received its assistance. That we do not misrepresent the so-called clerical party, in attributing to it a desire to see a king in Mexico, is clear from the candid admission of one of its members, who has written at length, and with much ability, in defence of its opinions and actions. "Had it been given to that party which is taxed with being absolutist," he says, "to see such a government in Mexico as the government of Brazil, (not to take examples out of the American continent,) their earnest desires would have been accomplished. It is therefore wrongfully that that party is the object of the curses lavished upon it." This is plain speaking, indeed,—the Brazilian government being one of the strongest monarchies in the world, and deriving its strength from the fact that it seeks the good of its subjects. The blindest republican who ever dreamed it was in the power of institutions to "cause or cure" the ills of humanity must admit, that, if Bourbon rule in Mexico could have produced results similar to those which have proceeded from Braganza rule in Brazil, it would have been the best fortune that the former country could have known, had Don Carlos or Don Francisco de Paula been al-

lowed to wear the imperial crown which was set up in 1822. With less ability than Iturbide, either of those princes would have made a better monarch than that adventurer. It is not so much intellect as influence that makes a sovereign useful, the man being of far less consequence than the institution. Even the case of Napoleon I. affords no exception to this rule; for his dynasty and his empire fell with him, because they lacked the stability which comes from prescription alone. Had Marlborough and Eugene penetrated to Paris, as did Wellington and Blücher a century later, they never would have thought of subverting the Bourbon line; but the Bonaparte line was cut off as of course when its chief was defeated. The first king may have been a fortunate soldier only, but it requires several generations of royalty to give power to a reigning house, as in old times it required several descents to give to a man the flavor of genuine nobility. If it be objected to this, that it is an admission of the power which is claimed for flunkeyism, we can only meet the charge by saying that there is much of the flunkey in man, and that whoso shall endeavor to construct a government without recognizing a truth which is universal, though not great, will find that his structure can better be compared to the Syrian flower than to the Syrian cedar. The age of Model Republics has passed away even from dreams.

We have called the party in Mexico which represents a certain fixed principle the clerical party; but we have done so more for the sake of convenience, and from deference to ordinary usage, than because the words accurately describe the Mexican reactionists. Conservative party would, perhaps, be the better name; and the word *conservative* would not be any more out of place in such a connection, or more perverted from its just meaning, than it is in England and the United States. The clergy form, as it were, the core of this party, and give to it a shape and consistency it could not have without their alliance. Yet, if we

can believe the Mexican already quoted, and who is apparently well acquainted with the subject on which he has sought to enlighten the English mind, the party that is opposed to the Liberals is quite as much in favor of freedom as are the latter, and is utterly hostile to either religious or political despotism. After objecting to the course of those Mexicans who found a political pattern in the United States, and showing the evils that have followed from their awkward imitation, he says, — “No wonder, then, that some men, actuated by the love of their country, convinced of the danger to Mexican nationality from such a state of things, seeing clearly through all these American intrigues, and determined to oppose them by all the means in their power, should have formed long ago, and as soon as the first symptoms of anarchy and the cause of them became apparent, the centre of a party, which, having necessarily to combat the so-called ‘Liberal party,’ or, in other words, the American army, is accused of being a retrograde, absolutist, clerical party, bent on nothing but the reestablishment of the Inquisition and the ‘worst of the worst times.’ Nothing, however, is less true. That party contains in its bosom the most enlightened and the most respectable part of the community, men who have not as yet to learn the advantages and benefits of civil and religious liberty, and who would be happy indeed to see liberty established in their country; but liberty under the law, rational and wise liberty, liberty compatible with order and tranquillity, liberty, in a word, for good purposes,—not that savage, licentious, and tyrannical liberty, the object of which is anarchy, so well answering the private ends of its partisans, and, above all, the iniquitous views of an ambitious neighbor. For the present, no doubt, their object is limited to obtain the triumph over their enemies, who are the enemies of Mexico, and to put down anarchy, as the first and most pressing want of the country, no matter under what form of government or by what means. In pursuance of such

an object, the clergy naturally side with them; and hence, for those who are ignorant of the bottom of things in Mexican affairs, the denomination given to this party of ‘Clerical party’ supported by military despotism; whereas the ‘Anarchical party’ is favored with the name of ‘Liberal Constitutional party.’ It is, however, easy to see that those two parties would be more exactly designated, the one as the *Mexican Party*, the other as the *American Party*.”

If this delineation of the Conservative party be a fair one,—as probably it is, after making allowance for partisan coloring,—it is easy to see, that, while the clergy are with it, they are not of it; and also, that it would be involved in a quarrel with the priesthood in a week after it should have succeeded in its contest with the Liberals. Where, then, would be the restoration of order, of which this Mexican writer has so much to say? The clergy of Mexico are too powerful to become the tools of any political organization. They use politicians and parties,—are not used by them. The Conservative party, therefore, is not the coming party, either for the clergy or for Mexico. It answers the clergy’s purpose of making it a shield against the Liberals, whose palms itch to be at the property of the Church; but it never could become their sword; and it is a sword, and a sharp and pointed one, firmly held, that the clergy desire, and must have, if their end is to be achieved. The defensive is not and cannot be their policy. They must rule or perish. Hence the victory of the Conservatives would be the signal for the opening of a new warfare, and the clergy would seek to found their power solidly on the bodies of the men whom they had used to destroy the Liberals. They have pursued one course for thirty-eight years, and will not be moved from it by any appeals that shall be made to them in the name of order and of law, appeals to which they have been utterly insensible when made by Liberals. Indeed, they will not be able to see any difference between the two parties, but will hate the

Conservatives with most bitterness, because standing more immediately in their way. A combat would be inevitable, with the chance that the American Eagle would descend upon the combatants and swoop them away.

If anarchy were a reason for the formation of a league in Mexico, composed of all the conservative men of the country, it ought to have been formed long ago. Anarchy was organized there with the Republic, and was made much more permanent than Carnot made victory. Unequivocal evidences of its existence became visible before the Constitution was in a condition to be violated; and when that instrument was accepted, it appeared to have been set up in order that politicians and parties might have something definite to disregard. The first President was Guadalupe Victoria, an honest Republican, whose name has become somewhat dimmed by time. With him was associated Nicolas Bravo, as Vice-President. It was while Victoria was President that the masonic parties appeared, known as the Scotch masons and the York masons, or *Escoceses* and *Yorkinos*, which were nothing but clubs of the Centralists and the Federalists. The President was of the *Yorkinos* or Federalists, and the Vice-President was of the other lodge. Bravo and his party were for such changes as should substitute a constitutional monarchy, with a Spanish prince at its head, for the Constitution of 1824. Bravo "pronounced" openly against Victoria,—a proceeding of which the reader can form some idea by supposing Mr. Breckinridge heading a rabble force to expel Mr. Buchanan from Washington, for the purpose of calling in some member of the English royal family to sit on an American throne. Through the aid of Guerrero, a man of ability and integrity, and very popular, the Liberals triumphed in the field; but Congress elected his competitor, Pedraza, President, though the people were mostly for Guerrero. This was a most unfortunate circumstance, and to its occurrence much of the evil

that Mexico has known for thirty years may be directly traced. Instead of submitting to the strictly legal choice of President, made by the members of Congress, the Federalists set the open example of revolting against the action of men who had performed their duties according to the requirements of the Constitution. Guerrero was violently made President. That the other party contemplated the destruction of the Constitution is very probable; but the worst that they, its enemies, could have done against it would have been a trifle in comparison with the demoralizing consequences of the violation of that instrument by its friends. Yet the Presidency of Guerrero will ever have honorable mention in history, for one most excellent reason: Slavery was abolished by him on the anniversary of Mexican independence, 1829, he deeming it proper to signalize that anniversary "by an act of national justice and beneficence." Will the time ever come when the Fourth of July shall have the same double claim to the reverence of mankind?

Guerrero perished by the sword, as he had risen by it. The Vice-President, Bustamente, revolted, and was aided by Santa Aña. His popularity was too great to allow him to be spared, and when he was captured, Guerrero was shot, in 1831. Of the many infamous acts of which Santa Aña has been guilty, the murder of Guerrero is the worst. Possibly it would have ruined him, but for his services against the Spaniards, at about the same time. He was now the chief man in Mexico, and became President in 1833. The next year he dissolved Congress, and established a military government. The Constitution of 1824 was formally abolished in 1835, and a Central Constitution was proclaimed the next year, by which the States were converted into Departments. Santa Aña kept as much aloof from these proceedings as he could, and sought to add to his popularity by attacking Texas, where he reaped a plentiful crop of cypress.

The triumph of the Centralists was the

turning-point in the fortunes of Mexico, as it furnished a plausible pretext for American interference in her affairs, the end of which is rapidly approaching. The Texan revolt had no other justification than that which it derived from the overthrow of the Federal Constitution; but that was ample, and, had it not been for the introduction of slavery into Texas, the judgment of the civilized world would have been entirely in favor of the Texans. In 1844, when our Presidential election was made to turn upon the question of the annexation of Texas to the United States, the grand argument of the annexationists was drawn from the circumstance that the Mexicans had abrogated the Federal Constitution, thereby releasing the Texans from their obligations to Mexico. This was an argument to which Americans, and especially democrats, those sworn foes of consolidation, were prone to lend a favorable ear; and it is certain that it had much weight in promoting the election of Mr. Polk. Had the Texan revolt been one of ambition merely, and not justifiable on political grounds apart from the Slavery question, the decision might have been different, if, indeed, the question had ever been introduced into the politics of this country. The sagacious men who managed the affairs of the Democratic party knew their business too well to attempt the extension of slaveholding territory in the gross and palpable form that is common in these shameless days. But Texas, as an injured party that had valiantly sustained its constitutional rights, was a very different thing from a province that had revolted against Mexico because forbidden by Mexican authority to allow the existence of slavery within its borders. There was much deception in the business, but there was sufficient truth and justice in the argument used to deceive honest men who do not trouble themselves to look beyond the surface of things. For more than twenty years our political controversies have all been colored by the triumph of the Mexican Centralists in

1835-6; and but for that triumph, it is altogether likely that our territory would not have been increased, and that the Slavery question, instead of absorbing the American mind, would have held but a subordinate place in our party debates. It may, perhaps, be deemed worthy of especial mention, that the action of the Centralists of Mexico, destined to affect us so sensibly, was initiated at the same time that the modern phase of the Slavery question was opened in the United States. The same year that saw the Federal Constitution of Mexico abolished saw our government laboring to destroy freedom of the press and the sanctity of the mails, by throwing its influence in favor of the bill to prevent the circulation of "incendiary publications," that is, publications drawn from the writings of Washington and Jefferson; and the same year that witnessed the final effort of Santa Aña to "subdue" Texas to Centralization beheld General Cushing declaring that slavery should not be introduced into the North, thus "agitating" the country, and winning for himself that Abolition support without which his political career must have been cut short in the morning of its existence. Such are the coincidences of history!

From the time of the victory of the Centralists until the commencement of the war with the United States, Mexico was the scene of perpetual disturbances. Mexia, a rash, but honest man, made an attempt to free his country in 1838, but failed, being defeated and executed by Santa Aña, who came from the retirement to which his Texan failure had consigned him, as champion of the government. After some years of apparent anarchy, Santa Aña became Dictator, and in 1843 a new Constitution, more centralizing in its nature than its immediate predecessor, was framed under his direction. At the beginning of 1845 he fell, and became an exile. His successor was General Herrera, who was desirous to avoid war with the United States, on which account he was violently opposed by Paredes, with success, the

latter usurping the Presidency. Aided by our government, Santa Aña returned to Mexico, and infused new vigor into his countrymen. On his return, he avowed himself a Federalist, and recommended a recurrence to the Constitution of 1824, which was proclaimed. Paredes had fallen before a "revolution," and was allowed to proceed to Europe. He was a monarchist, and at that time the friends of monarchy in Mexico had some hopes of success. It is believed that the governments of England and France were desirous of establishing a Mexican monarchy, and their intervention in the affairs of Mexico was feared by our government. Two things, however, prevented their action, if ever they seriously contemplated armed intervention. The first was the rapid success of our armies, coupled as it was with the exhibition of a military spirit and capacity for which European nations had not been prepared by anything in our previous history; and the second was the potato-rot, which brought Great Britain to the verge of famine, and broke up the Tory party. The ill feeling, too, that was created between the English and French governments by the Montpensier marriage, and the discontent of the French people, which led to the Revolution of 1848, were not without their effect on affairs. Had our government resolved to seize all Mexico, it could have done so without encountering European resistance in 1848, when there was not a stable Continental government of the first class west of the Niemen, and when England was too much occupied with home matters, and with the revolutions that were happening all around her, to pay any regard to the course of events in the Occident. But the Polk administration was not equal to the work that was before it; and though members of the Democratic party did think of acting, and men of property in Mexico were anxious for annexation, nothing was done. The American forces left Mexico, and the old routine of weakness and disorder was there resumed. Perhaps it would be better to say it was

continued; for the war had witnessed no intermission of the senseless proceedings of the Mexican politicians. Their contests were waged as bitterly as they had been while the country enjoyed external peace.

Several persons held the Presidential chair after the resignation of Herrera. Organic changes were made. The clergy exhibited the same selfishness that had characterized their action for five-and-twenty years. An Extraordinary Constituent Congress confirmed the readoption of the Constitution of 1824, making such slight changes as were deemed necessary. Santa Aña again became President. Some of the States formed associations for defence, acting independently of the general government. After the loss of the capital, Santa Aña resigned the Presidency, and Peña y Peña succeeded him, followed by Anaya; but the first soon returned to office. Peace was made, and Santa Aña again went into exile. Herrera was chosen President, and for more than two years devoted himself to the work of reformation, with considerable success, though outbreaks and rebellions occurred in many quarters. President Arista also showed himself to be a firm and patriotic chief. But in 1852 a reaction took place, under favor of which Santa Aña returned home and became President for the fifth time, and Arista was banished. The government of Santa Aña was absolute in its character, and much resembled that which Napoleon III. has established in France,—with this difference, that it wanted that strength which is the chief merit of the French imperial system. It encountered opposition of the usual form, from time to time, until it was broken down, in August, 1855, when the President left both office and the country, and has since resided abroad. The new revolution favored Federalism. Alvarez was chosen President, but he was too liberal for the Church party, being so unreasonable as to require that the property of the Church should be taxed. Plots and conspiracies were formed against him,

and it being discovered that the climate of the capital did not agree with him, he resigned, and was succeeded by General Comonfort. Half a dozen leaders "pronounced" against Comonfort, one of them announcing his purpose to establish an Empire. Government made head against these attacks, and seized property belonging to the Church. Some eminent Church officers were banished, for the part they had taken in exciting insurrections. At the close of 1857, Comonfort made himself Dictator; but the very men who urged him to the step became his enemies, and he was deprived of power. Zuloaga, who was one of his advisers and subsequent enemies, succeeded him, being chosen President by a Council of Notables. Comonfort's measures for the confiscation of Church property were repealed. The Constitution of 1857 placed the Presidential power in the hands of the Chief Justice, on the resignation of the President, whence the prominence of Juarez lately, he being Chief Justice when Comonfort resigned. Assembling troops, he encountered Zuloaga, but was defeated. The Juarez "government" then left the country, but shortly after returned. Insurrections broke out in different places, and confusion reigned on all sides. General Robles deposed Zuloaga, and made an honest effort to unite the Liberals and Conservatives; but the Junta which he assembled elected Miramon President, a new man, who had distinguished himself as a leader of the Conservative forces. Miramon reinstated Zuloaga, but accepted the Presidency on the latter's abdication, and has since been the principal personage in Mexico, and, though he has experienced occasional reverses, has far more power than Juarez. At the close of the year 1859, the greater part of Mexico was either disposed to submit to the Miramon government, or cared little for either Miramon or Juarez.

It is impossible to believe that the Juarez government is possessed of much strength; and the gentleman who lately represented the United States in Mex-

ico (Mr. Forsyth) is of opinion that it is powerless. Nevertheless, our government acknowledges that of Juarez, and has made itself a party to the contests in Mexico. In his last Annual Message, President Buchanan devotes much space to Mexican affairs, drawing a deplorable picture thereof, and recommending armed intervention by the United States in behalf of the Liberal party. "I recommend to Congress," says the President, "to pass a law authorizing the President, under such conditions as they may deem expedient, to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future." This force, should Congress respond favorably to the Presidential recommendation, is to act in concert with the Juarez government, and to "restore" it to power. In return for such aid, that government is to indemnify the Americans, and to provide that no more Americans shall be wronged by Mexican governments. Does the President believe this theory of Mexican settlement will be accepted by the world? If yes, then is he a man of marvellous faith, considering the uncommonly excellent opportunities he has had to learn what the political settlements of Mexico really mean. If no, then he has a meaning beneath his words, and that meaning is the conquest of Mexico. We do not charge duplicity upon President Buchanan, but it is vexatious and humiliating to be compelled to choose between such charge and the belief of a degree of simplicity in him that would be astonishing in a yearling politician, and which is astounding in a man who has held high office for well-nigh forty years. Let us suppose that Congress should kindly listen to President Buchanan's recommendation,—that a strong fleet and a great army should be sent to the aid of the Juarez government, and should establish it in the capital of Mexico, and then leave the country and the coasts of "our sister Republic,"—what would follow? Why, exactly what we have seen follow the Peace of 1848. The Juarez

government could not be stronger or more honest than was that of Herrera, or more anxious to effect the rehabilitation of Mexico; yet Herrera's government had to encounter rebellions, and outrages were common during its existence, and afterward, when men of similar views held sway, or what passes for sway in "our sister Republic." So would it be again, should we effect a "restoration" of the Liberals. In a week after our last regiment should have returned home, there would be rebellions for our allies to suppress. If they should succeed in maintaining their power, it would be as the consequence of a violation of their agreement with us; and where, then, would be the "indemnity" for which we are to fight? If they should be overthrown, as probably would be their fate, where would be the "security" for which we are to pay so highly in blood and gold? It is useless to quote the treaty which the Juarez government has just made with our government, as evidence of its liberality and good faith. That treaty is of no more value than would be one between the United States and the ex-king of Delhi. Nothing is more notorious than the liberality of parties that are not in power. There is no stipulation to which they will not assent, and violate, if their interest should be supposed to lie in the direction of perjury. Have we, in the hour of our success, been invariably true to the promises made in the hour of our necessities? A study

of the treaty we made with France in 1778, by the light of after years, would be useful to men who think that a treaty made is an accomplished fact. The people of the United States have to choose between the conquest of Mexico and non-intervention in Mexican affairs. There may be something to be said in favor of conquest, though the President's arguments in that direction—for such they are, disguised though they be—remind us strongly of those which were put forth in justification of the partition of Poland; but the policy of intervention does not bear criticism for one moment. Either it is conquest veiled, or it is a blunder, the chance to commit which is to be purchased at an enormous price; and blunders are to be had for nothing, and without the expenditure of life and money.

We had purposed speaking of the condition of Mexico, the character of her population, and the probable effect of her absorption by the United States; but the length to which our article has been drawn in the statement of preliminary facts—a statement made necessary by the general disregard of Mexican matters by most Americans—warns us to forbear. We may return to the subject, should the action of Congress on the President's recommendation lead to the placing of the Mexican question on the list of those questions that must be decided by the event of the national election of the current year.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Florence Stories. By JACOB ABBOTT.
Florence and John. New York: Shel-
don & Co. 16mo. pp. 252.

Ernest Bracebridge, or Schoolboy Days. By
W. H. G. KINGSTON. Boston: Tick-
nor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 344.

How should a book for children be writ-
ten?

Three rules will suffice. It should be
written clearly and simply; for young
minds will spend little time in difficult in-
vestigation. It should have a good moral.
It should be interesting; or it will gener-
ally be left unread, and thus any other ex-
cellence that it may possess will be use-
less. Some writers seem to have a fourth
rule,—that it should be instructive; but,
really, it is no great matter, if a child should
have some books without wisdom. More-
over, this maxim is eminently perilous in
its practical application, and, indeed, is
seldom followed but at the expense of the
other three.

To these three rules all writers of chil-
dren's books profess to conform; yet a
good book for children is a rarity; for, sim-
ple as the rules are, they are very little
understood. While all admit that the style
should be simple and familiar, some appear
to think that anything simple to them will
be equally simple to their child-readers,
and write as nearly as possible in the style
of "The Rambler." Such a book is "The
Percy Family," whose author is guilty of
an additional impropriety in putting his
ponderous sentences into the mouth of a
child not ten years old. Another and more
numerous class, evidently piquing them-
selves not a little upon avoiding this error,
fall into another by fancying it necessary
to *write down* to their young readers. They
explain everything with a tiresome mi-
nuteness of detail, although any observer
of children ought to know that a child's
mind does not want everything explained.
They think that simplicity demands this
lengthy discussion of every trivial matter.
There is such a thing as a conceited sim-
plicity, and there is a technical simplicity,
that in its barrenness and insipidity is wor-
thy only of a simpleton. In Jacob Ab-

bott's "Juveniles" especially, by means
of this minuteness, a very scanty stock of
ideas is made to go a great way. Does
simplicity require such trash as this?

"The place was known by the name of the
Octagon. The reason why it was called by
this name was, that the principal sitting-room
in the house was built in the form of an octa-
gon, that is, instead of having four sides, as a
room usually has, this room had eight sides.
An octagon is a figure of eight sides.

"A figure of four sides is called a square.
A figure of five sides is called a pentagon, of
six sides a hexagon, of eight sides an octagon.
There might be a figure of seven sides, but it
would not be very easily made, and it would
not be very pretty when it was made, and so
it is seldom used or spoken of. But octagons
and hexagons are very common, for they are
easily made, and they are very regular and
symmetrical in form."

The object of all this is, doubtless, to
impart valuable information. But while
such slipshod writing is singularly unin-
teresting, it may also be censured as inac-
curate. Mr. Abbott seems to think all poly-
gons necessarily regular. Any child can
make a heptagon at once, notwithstanding
Mr. Abbott calls it so difficult. A *regular*
heptagon, indeed, is another matter. Then
what does he mean by saying octagons and
hexagons are very regular? A regular octa-
gon is regular, though an octagon in gen-
eral is no more regular than any other
figure. But Mr. Abbott continues:—

"If you wish to see exactly what the form
of an octagon is, you can make one in this
way. First cut out a piece of paper in the
form of a square. This square will, of course,
have four sides and four corners. Now, if
you cut off the four corners, you will have
four new sides, for at every place where you
cut off a corner you will have a new side.
These four new sides, together with the parts
of the old sides that are left, will make eight
sides, and so you will have an octagon.

"If you wish your octagon to be regular,
you must be careful how much you cut off at
each corner. If you cut off too little, the new
sides which you make will not be so long as
what remains of the old ones. If you cut off
too much, they will be longer. You had bet-
ter cut off a little at first from each corner,

all around, and then compare the new sides with what is left of the old ones. You can then cut off a little more, and so on, until you make your octagon nearly regular.

"There are other much more exact modes of making octagons than this, but I cannot stop to describe them here."

Must we have no more pennyworths of sense to such a monstrous quantity of verbiage than Mr. Abbott gives us here? We would defy any man to parody that. He could teach the penny-a-liners a trick of the trade worth knowing. The great Chrononhotonthologos, crying,

"Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller,
And when he calleth, let him nothing call
But 'Coach! coach! coach! Oh, for a coach,
ye gods!'"

is comparatively a very Spartan for brevity. This may be a cheap way of writing books; but the books are a dear bargain to the buyer.

A book is not necessarily ill adapted to a child because its ideas and expressions are over his head. Some books, that were not written for children and would shock all Mr. Abbott's most dearly cherished ideas, are still excellent reading for them. Walter Scott's poems and novels will please an intelligent child. Cooper's Leatherstocking tales will not be read by the lad of fourteen more eagerly than by his little sister who cannot understand half of them. A child fond of reading can have no more delightful book than the "Faerie Queene," unless it be the "Arabian Nights," which was not written as a "juvenile." There are pages by the score in "Robinson Crusoe" that a child cannot understand,—and it is all the better reading for him on that account. A child has a comfort in unintelligible words that few men can understand. Homer's "Iliad" is good reading, though only a small part may be comprehended. (We are not, however, so much in favor of mystery as to recommend the original Greek.) Do our children of the year 1860 ever read a book called "The Pilgrim's Progress"? Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book" is good for children, though better for adults.

Then look at our second rule. What, after all, constitutes a "good moral"? We say that no book has a good moral which teaches a child that goodness and effemi-

nacy, laziness and virtue, are convertible terms; no book is good that is "goody," no book is moral that moralizes. The intention may be good, but the teaching is not. Have as much as you will of poetical justice, but beware of making your books mere vehicles for conveying maxims of propriety. You cannot so deceive a child. You may talk *at* him, while pretending to tell him a story, but he will soon be shy of you. He has learned by bitter experience too much of the falseness of this world, and has been too often beguiled by sugared pills, to be slow in detecting the sugared pills of your literature,—especially, O Jacob Abbott! when the pills have so little, so very little, sugar.

Our notion of a good moral is a strong, breezy, open-air moral, one that teaches courage, and therefore truth. These are the most important things for a child to know, and a book which teaches these alone is moral enough. And these can be taught without offending the mind of the young reader, however keenly suspicious. But if you wish to teach gentleness and kindness as well, let them be shown in your story by some noisy boy who can climb trees, or some active, merry, hoydenish girl who can run like Atalanta; and don't imply a falsehood by attributing them always to the quiet children.

Mr. Abbott's books have spoiled our children's books, and have done their best to spoil our children, too. There is no fresh, manly life in his stories; anything of the kind is sourly frowned down. Rollo, while strolling along, picturesquely, perhaps, but stupidly, sees A Noisy Boy, and is warned by his insufferable father to keep out of that boy's way. That Noisy Boy infallibly turns out vicious. Is that sound doctrine? Will that teach a child to admire courage and activity? If he is ever able to appreciate the swing and vigor of Macaulay's Lays, it will not be because you trained him on such lyrics as

"In the winter, when 'tis mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer, we must walk,
And improve our time by talk" (!)

but because that Noisy Boy found him out, —and, quarrelling with him, (your boy, marvellous to relate! having provoked the quarrel by some mean trick, in spite of his seraphic training,) gave him a black eye,—

and afterwards, turning out to be the best-hearted Noisy Boy in the world, taught him to climb trees and hunt for birds' nests,—and stopped him when he was going to kill the little birds, (for your pattern boy—poor child! how could he help it?—was as cruel as he was timid,)—and imparted to him the sublime mysteries of base-ball and tag and hockey,—and taught him to swim and row, and to fight bigger boys and leave smaller boys in peace, instructions which he was at first inclined to reverse,—and put him in the way to be an honest, fearless man, when he was in danger of becoming a white-faced and white-livered spooney. And that Noisy Boy himself, perversely declining to verify Mr. Abbott's decorous prophecies, has not turned out badly, after all, but has Reverend before his name and reverence in his heart, and has his theology sound because his lungs are so. No doubt, Tom Jones often turns out badly, but Master Bliff always does,—a fact which Mr. Abbott would do well to note and perpend.

What! Because Rollo is virtuous, shall there be no more mud-cakes and ale? Marry, but there shall! Don't keep a boy out of his share of free movement and free air, and don't keep a girl out. Poor little child! she will be dieted soon enough on "stewed prunes." Children need air and water,—milk and water won't do. They are longing for our common mother earth, in the dear, familiar form of dirt; and it is no matter how much dirt they get on them, if they only have water enough to wash it off. The more they are allowed to eat literal dirt now, the less metaphorical dirt will they eat a few years hence. The great Free-Soil principle is good for their hearts, if not for their clothes; and which is it more important to have clean? Just make up your mind to let the clothes go; and if you can't afford to have your children soil and tear their laced pantalets and plumed hats and open-work stockings, why, take off all those devices of the enemy, and substitute stout cloth and stout boots. What have they to do with open-work stockings?

"Doff them for shame,

And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs."

Believe now, instead of learning by sad experience, that tin trumpets and torn clothes do not necessarily signify deprav-

ity, and that quiet children are not always free from deceit, cruelty, and meanness. The quiet, ideal child, of whom Mr. Abbott thinks so highly, generally proves, in real life, neither more nor less than a prig. He is more likely to die than live; and if he lives, you may wish he had died.

These models not only check a child's spirit, but tend to make him dishonest. Ask a child now what he thinks, and, ten to one, he mentally refers to some eminent exemplar of all the virtues for instructions, and, instead of telling you what he does think, quotes listlessly what he ought to think. So that his mincing affectation is not merely ungraceful, but is a sign of an inward taint, which may prove fatal to the whole character. It is very easy to make a child disingenuous; if he be at all timid, the work is already half done to one's hand. Of course, all children are not bad who are brought up on such books,—one circumstance or another may counteract their hurtful tendency,—but the tendency is no less evident, nor is it a vindication of any system to prove that some are good in its despite.

Again, the popularity of these tame, spiritless books is no conclusive evidence of their merit. The poor children are given nothing else to read, and, of course, they take what they can get as better than nothing. An eager child, fond of reading, will read the shipping intelligence in a newspaper, if there be nothing else at hand. Does that show that he is properly supplied with reading matter? They will read these books; but they would read better books with more pleasure and more profit.

For our third rule, let our children's stories have no lack of incident and adventure. That will redeem any number of faults. Thus, Marryatt's stories, and Mayne Reid's, although in many respects open to censure and ridicule, are very popular, and deserve to be. The books first put into a child's hands are right enough, for they are vivid. Whether the letter A be associated in our infant minds with the impressive moral of "In Adam's fall We sinned all," or gave us a forestate of the Apollo in "A was an Archer, and shot at a Frog,"—in either case, the story is a plainly told incident, (carefully observing the unities,) which the child's fancy can embellish for itself, and the whole has an

additional charm from the gorgeous coloring of an accompanying picture. The vividness is good, and is the only thing that is good. Why, then, should this one merit be omitted, as our children grow a little older? A lifeless moral will not school a child into propriety. If a twig be unreasonably bent, it is very likely to struggle in quite a different direction, especially if in so doing it struggle towards the light. There is much truth in a blundering version of the old Scriptural maxim, "Chain up a child, and away he will go." If you want to do any good by your books, make them interesting.

And with reference to all three rules, remember that they are to be interpreted by the light of common sense, and you will hardly need the following remarks:—

It is alike uncomfortable and useless to a child to be perpetually waylaid by a moral. A child reading "The Pilgrim's Progress" will omit the occasional explanations of the allegory or resolutely ignore their meaning. If you want to keep a poor child on such dry food, don't mistake your own reason for doing so. It may be eminently proper, but if it is very uncomfortable to him. If you want children to enjoy themselves, let them run about freely, and don't put them into a ring, in picturesque attitudes, and then throw bouquets of flowers at them. But, if you will do so, confess it is not for their gratification, but for your own.

If you choose to try the dangerous experiment of writing "instructive" stories, beware of defeating your own object. You write a story rather than a treatise, because information is often more effective when indirectly conveyed. Clearly, then, if you convey your information too directly, you lose all this advantage.

Perfection is as intolerable in these as in any other stories. We all want, especially children, some amiable weaknesses to sympathize with. Thus, in "Ernest Bracebridge," an English story of school-life, the hero is a dreadfully unpleasant boy who is always successful and always right, and we are soon heartily weary of him. Besides, he is a horrible boy for mastery of all the arts and sciences, and delivers brief and epigrammatic discourses, being about twelve years old. However, the book is full of adventure and out-door games, and so far is good.

After all, a child does not need many books. If, however, we are to have them, we may as well have good ones. There is no reason why dulness should be diverted from its legitimate channels into the writing of children's books. Let us disabuse ourselves of the idea that these are the easiest books to write. Let us remember that the alphabet is harder to teach than the Greek Drama, and no longer think that the proper man to write children's books is the man who is able to write nothing else.

The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings, set forth in Sermons. By CHARLES T. BROOKS, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Newport, R. I. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 16mo. pp. 342.

THE name of the author of this volume has long been known as that of an accomplished man of letters. Successive volumes of poetic versions, chiefly from the German, had, by their various merit, gained for him a high rank among our translators, when four years ago, in 1856, by a translation of "Faust," he set himself at the head of living authors in this department of literature. It is little to say of his work, that it is the best of the numerous English renderings of Goethe's tragedy. It is not extravagant to assert that a better translation is scarcely possible. It is a work which combines extraordinary fidelity to the form of the original with true appreciation of its spirit. It is at once literal and free, and displays in its execution the qualities both of exact scholarship and of poetic feeling and capacity.

This work, and the others of a similar kind which preceded it, were the result of the intervals of leisure occurring in the course of their author's professional life as a clergyman. While the wider world has known him only through these volumes, a smaller circle has long known and loved him as the faithful and able preacher and pastor,—as one to whom the most beautiful description ever written of the character of a good parson might be truly applied; for

"A good man he was of religioun,
That was a poure Persone of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,

That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.

And Cristes lore and his apostles' twelve
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve."

And it is in this character that he now comes before us in the volume which is well entitled "The Simplicity of Christ's Teachings."

It is a misfortune that the qualities which distinguish most published sermons are not such as to recommend them on the score of literary merit. The volumes of religious discourses which are worthy to hold a place in literature, when judged by the usual critical standard, are very few. A very large proportion of those which are continually appearing from the press deserve no remembrance, and fortunately have no permanence. They are addressed to a special class of readers,—a class generally neither of highly cultivated taste, nor of acute critical perception. Their writers are rarely men of sufficient talent to win for themselves recognition out of their own narrow set. What in the slang of the day are called "sensation" sermons are no exception to the common rule. Their momentary effect, depending upon exaggeration and extravagance, is no indication of worth. We should no more think of criticizing them in a literary journal, than of criticizing the novels of Mr. Cobb or Mr. Reynolds. Some of the causes of the poverty of thought and of the negligence of style of average sermons are obvious. The very interest and importance of the subjects with which the preacher has to deal often-times serve to deaden rather than to excite the mind of one who takes them up in the formal round of duty. The pretensions of the clergy of many sects, pretensions as readily acknowledged as made, save them from the necessity of intellectual exertion. The frequent recurrence of the necessity of writing, whether they have anything to say or not, leads them into substituting words for thoughts, platitudes for truths. The natural weariness of long-continued solitary professional labor brings mental lassitude and feebleness. The absence of the fear of close and watchful criticism prevents them from bestowing suitable pains upon their composition. These and other causes combine to make the mass of the writing which is deliver-

ed from the pulpit poorer than any other which passes current in the world,—perhaps, indeed, not poorer in an absolute sense, but poorer when compared with the nature of the subjects that it treats. It is by no means, however, to be inferred, that, because a sermon is totally without merit as a work of literature, it is incapable of producing some good in those who listen to it. On the contrary, such is the frame of mind of many who regularly attend church, that they are not unlikely to derive good from a performance which, if weak, may yet be sincere, and which deals with the highest truths, even if it deal with them in an imperfect and unsatisfactory manner. And, indeed, as George Herbert says, good may be got from the worst preaching; for,

"if all want sense,
God takes the text, and preacheth patience."

Unquestionably, however, there is too much preaching in these days; too many sermons are written, and the spirit of Christianity is less effective than if the words concerning it were less numerous.

It is a rare satisfaction, therefore, to find such a volume of sermons as that of Mr. Brooks, which, though not possessing the highest merit in point of style, are the discourses of a thoughtful and cultivated man, with a peculiar spiritual refinement, and with a devout intellect, made clear by its combination with purity of heart and simplicity of faith. The religious questions which are chiefly stirring the minds of men are taken up in them and discussed with what may be called an earnest moderation, with elevation of feeling and insight of spirit.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

THE immediate cause of the republication of these letters is the recent death of Bettina, the child with whom Goethe corresponded. Though this fact, and the beauty of the volume, may quicken the sale of the work, and draw out fresh encomiums on its excellence, it has long since passed the critical crisis and taken its place as one of the most remarkable series of letters which the public have ever been invited to peruse. Something of the marvellous vanish-

es from them, however, when we find that the title, "Correspondence with a Child," is a misnomer; Bettina having been, in truth, twenty-two years of age when she first visited Goethe. Yet while this important circumstance abates much of the wonder with which we once read her thoughts and confessions, they really become all the more valuable as studies in human nature when we learn that they are the exhalations of a heart in full flower, and one upon which the dews of morning should not linger. The poet had reached the age of sixty when this tide of tender sentiment, original ideas, and enthusiastic admiration began to flow in upon him. Their first interview, as Bettina describes it, with singular freedom, in one of the letters to Goethe's mother, will be found a useful key, though perhaps not a complete one, by which to interpret the glowing passion which gushed from her pen. That the poet was pleased with the homage of this sweet, graceful, and affectionate girl, and drew her on to the revealing of her whole nature, is readily perceived. But when we inquire, To what end? we should remember, that, like Parrhasius, Goethe was before all things an artist; and furthermore, the correspondence of time will show that from this crowning knowledge the "Elective Affinities" sprang. It may be that her admiration was for his genius alone; if so, she chose love's language for its wealth of expression. Were it so received, it could not but be regarded as a peerless offering, for she was certainly a kindred spirit. There are many rare thoughts and profound confessions in these letters, which would have commanded the praise of Goethe, had they been written by a rival; and coming, as they did, from a devotee who declared that she drew her inspiration from him alone, they must have filled his soul with incense, of which that burned by the priest in the temple of the gods is only an emblem. To be brief and compendious on this book, it appears to be a heart unveiled. German critics throw some doubts on the literal veracity of the book; but it belongs at any rate to the better class of the *ben trovati*, and among its leaves, the dreamer, the lover, and the poet will find that ambrosial fruit on which Fancy loves to feed, but whose blossoms are so generally blasted by the common air that only the few favored ones have had their

longings for it appeased. In imagination, at least, Bettina partook of this banquet, and had the genius to wreak on words the emotions which swept through her heart.

Sir Rohan's Ghost. A Romance. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Company. 1860. pp. 352.

It is very plain that we have got a new poet,—a tremendous responsibility both for him who will have to learn how to carry the brimming vase of Art from the Pierian spring without squandering a drop, and for us critics who are to reconcile ourselves to what is new in him, and to hold him strictly to that apprenticeship to the old which is the condition of mastery at last.

Criticism in America has reached something like the state of the old Continental currency. There is no honest relation between the promises we make and the specie basis of meaning they profess to represent. "The most extraordinary book of the age" is published every week; "genius" springs up like mullein, wherever the soil is thin enough; the yearly catch of "weird imagination," "thrilling pathos," "splendid description," and "sublime imagery" does not fall short of an ordinary mackerel-crop; and "profound originality" is so plenty that one not in the secret would be apt to take it for commonplace. Now Tithonus, whom, as the oldest inhabitant, we have engaged to oversee the criticism of the "Atlantic," has a prodigiously long memory,—almost as long as one of Dickens's descriptive passages,—he remembers perfectly well all the promising young fellows from Orpheus down, and has made a notch on the stalk of a devil's-apron for every one who ever came to anything that was of more consequence to the world than to himself. His tally has not yet mounted to a baker's dozen. Accordingly, when a young enthusiast rushes to tell Tithonus that a surprising genius has turned up, that venerable and cautious being either puts his hand behind his ear and absconds into an extemporary deafness, or says dryly, "American kind, I suppose?" This coolness of our wary senior is infectious, and we confess ourselves so far disenchanted by it, that, when we go into a library, the lettering on the backs of nine-tenths of the volumes con-

trives to shape itself into a laconic *Hic jacet*.

It is of prime necessity to bring back the currency of criticism to the old hard-money basis. We have been gradually losing all sense of the true relation between words and things,—the surest symptom of intellectual decline. And this looseness of criticism reacts in the most damaging way upon literature by continually debasing the standard, and by confounding all distinction between fame and notoriety. Ought it to be gratifying to the author of "Popular Sovereignty, a Poem in Twelve Cantos," to be called the most remarkable man of the age, when he knows that he shares that preëminence with Mr. Tupper, nay, with half the names in the Directory? Indiscriminate eulogy is the subtlest form of depreciation, for it makes all praise suspicious.

We look upon artistic genius as the rarest and most wayward apparition among mankind. It cannot be predicated upon any of Mr. Buckle's averages. Given the census, you may, perhaps, say so many murders, so many suicides, so many misdirected letters (and men of letters), but not so many geniuses. In this one thing old Mother Nature will be whimsical and womanish. This is a gift that John Bull, or Johnny Crapaud, or Brother Jonathan does not find in his stocking every Christmas. Crude imagination is common enough,—every hypochondriac has a more than Shakspearian allowance of it; fancy is cheap, or nobody would dream; eloquence sits ten deep on every platform. But genius in Art is that supreme organizing and idealizing faculty which, by combining, arranging, modulating, by suppressing the abnormal and perpetuating the essential, apes creation,—which from the shapeless terror or tipsy fancy of the benighted ploughman can conjure the sisters of Fores heath and the court of Titania,—which can make language thunder or coo at will,—which, in short, is the ruler of those qualities any one of which in excess is sure to overmaster the ordinary mind, and which can crystallize helpless vagary into the clearly outlined and imperishable forms of Art.

It is not, therefore, from any grudging incapacity to appreciate new authors, but from a strong feeling that we are to guard the graves of the dead from encroachment,

and their fames from vulgarization, that the "Atlantic" has been and will be sparing in its use of the word *genius*. One may safely predicate power, nicety of thought and language, a clear eye for scenery and character, and grace of poetic conception of a book, without being willing to say that it gives proof of genius. For genius is the *shaping* faculty, the power of using material in the best way, and may not work itself clear of the besetting temptation of personal gifts and of circumstances in a first or even second work. It is something capable of education and accomplishment, and the patience with which it submits itself to this needful schooling and self-abnegation is one of the surest tests of its actual possession. Could even Shakspeare's poems and earlier plays come before us for judgment, we could only say of them, as of Keats's "Endymion," that they showed affluence, but made no sure prophecy of that artistic self-possession without which plenty is but confusion and incumbrance.

So much by way of preface, lest we might seem cold to the very remarkable merits of "Sir Rohan's Ghost," if we treated it as a book worth finding fault with, instead of condemning it to the indifferent limbo of general eulogy. It is our deliberate judgment that no first volume by any author has ever been published in America showing more undoubtful symptoms of genuine poetic power than this. There are passages in it where imagination and language combine in the most artistic completeness, and the first quatrain of the song which Sir Rohan fancies he hears,—

— "In a summer twilight,
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies
Till my love should come to shore,"—

seems to us absolutely perfect in its simplicity and suggestiveness. It has that wayward and seemingly accidental just-right-ness that is so delightful in old ballads. The hesitating cadence of the third line is impregnated with the very mood of the singer, and lingers like the action it pictures. All those passages in the book, too, where the symptoms of Sir Rohan's possession by his diseased memory are handled, where we see all outward nature but as wax to the plastic will of imagination, are to the utmost well-conceived and carried out. It was part of the necessity of the case that the book should be con-
jec-

tural and metaphysical, for it is plain that the author is young and has little experience of the actual. Accordingly, with a true instinct, she (for the newspapers ascribe the authorship of the book to Miss Prescott) calls her story a Romance, thus absolving it from any cumbersome allegiance to fact, and lays the scene of it in England, where she can have old castles, old traditions, old families, old servants, and all the other olds so essential to the young writer, ready to her hand.

We like the book better for being in the main *subjective* (to use the convenient word Mr. Ruskin is so angry with); for a young writer can only follow the German plan of conjuring things up "from the depths of his inward consciousness." The moment our author quits this sure ground, her touch becomes uncertain and her colors inharmonious. Character-painting is unessential to a romance, belonging as it does properly to the novel of actual life, in which the romantic element is equally out of place. Fielding, accordingly, the greatest artist in character since Shakspeare, hardly admits sentiment, and never romance, into his master-pieces. Hawthorne, again, another great master, feeling instinctively the poverty and want of sharp contrast in the externals of our New England life, always shades off the edges of the actual, till, at some indefinable line, they meet and mingle with the supersensual and imaginative.

The author of "Sir Rohan" attempts character in Redruth the butler, and in the villain and heroine of her story. We are inclined to think the villain the best hit of the three, because he is downright scoundrel without a redeeming point, as the Nemesis of the story required him to be, and because he is so far a purely ideal character. But there is no such thing possible as an ideal butler, at least in the sense our author assumes in the cellar-scene. The better poet, the worse butler; and so we are made impatient by his more than Redi-isms about wine, full of fancy as they are in themselves, because they are an impertinence. For the same reason, we for-

give the heroine her rhapsodies about the figures of the Arthur-romances, but cannot pardon her descents into real life and her incursions on what should be the sanctuary of the breakfast-table. The author attributes to her a dash of gypsy blood; and if her style of humorous conversation be a fair type of that of the race in general, we no longer wonder that they are homeless exiles from human society. When will men learn the true nature of a pun,—that it is a play upon ideas, and not upon sounds,—and that a perfect one is as rare as a perfect poem?

In the prose "Edda," the dwarfs tell a monstrous fib, when they pretend that Kvasir, the inventor of poetry, has been suffocated by his own wisdom. Nevertheless, the little fellows showed thereby that they were not short of intelligence; for it is almost always in their own overflow that young poets are drowned. This superabundance seems to us the chief defect in "Sir Rohan's Ghost." The superabundance is all very fine, of the costliest kind; but was Clarence any the better for being done to death in Malmsey instead of water?

This fault we look on as a fault of promise. There is always a chance that luxuriance may be pruned, but none short of a miracle that a broomstick may be made to blossom. There is, however, one absolute, and not relative fault in the book, which we find it harder to forgive, since it is one of instinct rather than of Art. The author seems to us prone to confound the *terrible*, (the only true subject of Art) with the *horrible*. The one rouses moral terror or aversion, the other only physical disgust. This is one of the worst effects of the modern French school upon literature, the inevitable result of its degrading the sensuous into the sensual.

We have found all the fault we could with this volume, because we sincerely think that the author of it is destined for great things, and that she owes it to the rare gift she has been endowed with to do nothing inconsiderately, and by honest self-culture to raise natural qualities to conscious and beneficent powers.

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THE FRENCH CHARACTER.

THE American character is now generally acknowledged to be the most cosmopolitan of modern times; and a native of this country, all things being equal, is likely to form a less prescriptive idea of other nations than the inhabitants of countries whose neighborhood and history unite to bequeathe and perpetuate certain fixed notions. Before the frequent intercourse now existing between Europe and the United States, we derived our impressions of the French people, as well as of Italian skies, from English literature. The probability was that our earliest association with the Gallic race partook largely of the ridiculous. All the extravagant anecdotes of morbid self-love, miserly epicurism, strained courtesy, and frivolous absurdity current used to boast a Frenchman as their hero. It was so in novels, plays, and after-dinner stories. Our first personal acquaintance often confirmed this prejudice; for the chance was that the one specimen of the Grand Nation familiar to our childhood proved a poor *émigré* who gained a precarious livelihood as a dancing-master, cook, teacher, or barber, who was profuse of smiles, shrugs, bows, and compliments, prided himself on *la belle France*, played the fiddle, and took snuff. A more digni-

fied view succeeded, when we read "Télémaque," so long an initiatory text-book in the study of the language, blended as its crystal style was in our imaginations with the pure and noble character of Fénelon. Perhaps the next link in the chain of our estimate was supplied by the bust of Voltaire, whose withered, sneering physiognomy embodies the wit and indifference, the soulless vagabondage that forms the worst side of the national mind. As patriotic sentiment awakened, the disinterested enthusiasm of Lafayette, woven, as it is, into the record of the struggle which gave birth to our republic, yielded another and more attractive element to the fancy portrait. Then, as our reading expanded, came the tragic chronicle of the first French Revolution and the brilliant and dazzling melodrama of Napoleon, the traditions so pathetic and sublime of gifted women, the *tableaux* so exciting to a youthful temper of military glory. And thus, by degrees, we found ourselves bewildered by the most vivid contrasts and apparently irreconcilable traits, until the original idea of a Frenchman expanded to the widest range of associations, from the ingenious devices of a mysterious *cuisine* to the brilliant manœuvres

of the battle-field; infinite female tact, rare philosophic hardihood, inimitable *bon-mots*, exquisite millinery, consummate generalship, holy fortitude, refined profligacy, and intoxicating sentiment,—Ude, Napoleon, Madame Récamier, Pascal, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Rousseau. Casual associations and desultory reading thus predispose us to recognize something half comical and half enchanting in French life; and it depends on accident, when we first visit Paris, which view is confirmed. The society of one of those benign *savans* who attract the sympathy and win the admiration of young students may yield a delightful and noble association to our future reminiscences; or an unmodified experience of cynical hearts joined to scenical manners may leave us nothing to regret, upon our departure, save the material advantages there enjoyed. But whoever knows life in Paris, unrelieved by some consistent and individual purpose, will find it a succession of excitements, temporary, yet varied,—full of the agreeable, yet barren of consecutive interest and satisfactory results,—admirable as a recreative hygiene, deplorable as a permanent resource; their inevitable consequence being a faith in the external, a dependence on the immediate, and a habit of vagrant pleasure-seeking, which must at last cloy and harden the manly soul. For this very reason, however, the scenes, characters, and society there exhibited are prolific of suggestion to the philosophic mind.

In every phase of life, manners, and action, we see a characteristic excellence in detail and process, and an equally remarkable deficiency in grand practical idea and consistent moral sentiment. The French chemists have the art to extract quinine from Peruvian bark and conserve the juices of meats; but one of their most patriotic writers calls attention to the wholly diverse motives addressed by Napoleon and Nelson to their respective followers. "Soldiers," exclaimed the former, "from the summit of those Pyramids forty ages are looking down upon

you." "England," said the latter, "expects every man to do his duty." In Paris, the science of dissection is perfect; in London, that of nutrition;—Dumas has reduced plagiarism to a fine art; Cobbett made common-sense a social lever;—a British merchant or statesman attaches his name to a document in characters of such individuality that the signature is known at a glance; a French official invents a flourish so intricate that the forger's ingenuity is baffled in the attempt to imitate it;—government, on one side of the Channel, employs a taster to detect adulteration in wine whose sensitive palate is a fortune; on the other, the hereditary fame of a brewery is the guaranty of the excellence of ale.

This minute observance of detail has made the French leaders in fashion; it directs invention to the minutiae of dress, and confirms the sway of the conventional, so as to give *la mode* the force of social law to an extent unknown elsewhere. The tyranny and caprice of fashion were as characteristic in Montaigne's day as at present. "I find fault with their especial indiscretion," he says, "in suffering themselves to be so imposed upon and blinded by the authority of the present custom as every month to alter their opinion." "In this country," writes Yorick, "nothing must be spared for the back; and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes."

The superiority of the French in the minor philosophy of life was curiously exemplified during our Revolutionary War. The octogenarians of Rhode Island used to expatiate on the remarkable difference between the troops of France and those of England when quartered among them. The former speedily made a series of little arrangements, and fell naturally into a pleasant routine, making the best of everything, adapting themselves to the ways and prejudices of the inhabitants, and, in a word, becoming assimilated at once to a new mode of life and form of society; their wit, cheer-

fulness, and gallantry are yet proverbial in that region. The English, on the other hand, even when in full possession of the country, made but an awkward use of their privileges, were ill-at-ease, failed to recognize anything genial in the habits and manners even of the Tory families. While the French officers introduced the mysteries of their *cuisine*, and brightened many a rustic household with song, anecdote, dance, and conversation, the English complained of the simple viands, regretted London fogs and beer, and made themselves and their hosts, whether forced or voluntary, uncomfortable. They exhibited no tact or facility in improving the resources at hand, and relied only on brute force to win advantage. We beheld the same contrast recently in the Crimea; while exposure and impatience thinned the ranks of the brave islanders, their Gallic allies constructed roads, dug where they could not build a shelter, and ingeniously prepared various dishes from a meagre larder, fighting off, meantime, *chagrin* and *ennui* with as much alacrity as they did Cossacks.

Finesse characterizes servants not less than courtiers, the cab-driver as well as the notary, the composition of a dish as well as the drift of a comedy. This quality seems a result of the conflict of intelligences in a state of great material civilization; nowhere is it more observable than in Paris life. What bullyism is to the English, shrewdness to the Yankee, and intrigue to the Italian, is *finesse*, which is a union of insight and address, to the French. This normal attribute is another proof how the economy of Gallic life is reduced to an art. It is the expression in manners of Rochefoucauld's maxims, of Richelieu's policy, of Talleyrand's cunning. It is favored by the tendency to minuteness of excellence and love of system before noted. To understand what superior range is afforded to such a principle in France, it is only requisite to consult the memoirs of a celebrated woman, or even an old Guide or Picture of Paris, such as in former days the provincial gentlemen used to study over their break-

fast, in order to learn the *savoir vivre* of the metropolis. Itineraries of other cities merely describe streets, public institutions, the fairs, the courts, and the places of fashionable amusement; one of these curiosities of literature now before us, published less than a century ago, describes, as available resources to the stranger, *Gouvernantes, Émeutes, Rêves Politiques, L'Art de Dîner, Bureaux d'Esprit*,—corresponding to our modern blue-stocking coteries, *femmes de quarante ans*, with their "*deux ressources, la dévotion et le bel esprit*"; *Contre Poisons*,—indispensable in those days of jealousy and assassination; *Pots de Fleurs* form an item of the most limited establishment; emblems, such as *Rubans* and *Bonnets Rouges*, are described as essential to the intelligent conduct of the visitor; and a chapter is devoted to Gallantry, of which a modern author in the same department pensively remarks, "*Cette ancienne galanterie qui vivait d'esprit et d'infidélités est complètement dénaturée.*"

It is curious how municipal, economical, and social life are thus simultaneously daguerreotyped and indicate their mutual and intricate association in the French capital. Its history involves that of churches, congresses, academies, prisons, cemeteries, and police, each of which represents domestic and royal vicissitudes. What other city furnishes such a work as the Duchess D'Abrantes' "*Histoire des Salons de Paris*"? The *salons* of Madame Necker, Polignac, De Beaumont, De Mazarin, Roland, De Genlis, of Condorcet, of Malmaison, of Talleyrand, and of the Hôtel Rambouillet, etc., embrace the career of statesmen and soldiers, the literary celebrities, the schools of philosophy, the revolutions, the court, the wars, diplomacy, and, in a word, the veritable annals of France. Society, according to this lively writer, in the proper acceptation of the term, was born in France in the reign of the Cardinal de Richelieu; and thenceforth, in its history, we trace that of the nation.

Throughout the most salient eras of

this history, therefore, is visible female influence. Cousin has just revived the career of Madame de Longueville, which is identified with the cabals, financial expedients, and war of the Fronde; tournaments, which formed so striking a feature in the diversions of Louis XIV.'s court, owed their revival to the whim of one of his mistresses; Montespan fostered a brood of satirists, and Maintenon one of devotees, while that extraordinary religious controversy which initiated the sect of the Quietists had its origin in the example and agency of Madame Guyon. Even now, although, as a late writer has quaintly observed, "no lady brings her distaff to the council-chamber," the influence of the sex on political opinion, in its operation as a social principle, is recognized. A friend of mine, returning from a dinner-party, described the free and witty sarcasm with which a fair Legitimist assailed the Imperial rule; a week afterwards, meeting her at the same table, she related, that, a few days after her imprudent conversation, she received a courteous invitation from the chief of police. When they were seated alone in his bureau,—“Madame,” said he, “you have position, conversational talent, and wield the pen effectively; are you disposed to exert this influence, henceforth, in behalf of, instead of against the government?” Before her indignant negative was fairly uttered, he opened a drawer that seemed full of Napoleons, and glanced at them and her significantly. Thus Montesquieu's observation continues true:—“The individual who would attempt to judge of the government by the men at the head of affairs, and not by the women who sway those men, would fall into the same error as he who judges of a machine by its outward action, and not by its secret springs”; and the old base system of espionage is revived under the new despotism.

It has become proverbial in France, that the life of woman has three eras,—in youth a coquette, in middle-life a wit, and in age a *dévoté*,—which is but another

mode of expressing that economy of personal gifts, that shrewd use of the most available social power, which distinguishes the Gallic from the Saxon woman, the worldly from the domestic instincts. There only can we imagine a royal favorite admitting her indebtedness to a royal wife. “To her,” wrote Madame de Maintenon of the Queen of Louis, “I owe the King's affection. Picture a sovereign worn out with state affairs, intrigues, and ceremonies, possessed of a *confidante* always the same, always calm, always rational, equally able to instruct and to soothe, with the intelligence of a confessor and the winning gentleness of a woman.” It is peculiar to the sex there to escape outward soil, whatever may be their moral exposure; for one instinctively recognizes a Frenchwoman by her clean boots, even in the muddiest thoroughfare, her spotless muslin cap, kerchief, and collar. She retains also her individuality after marriage better than the fair of other nations, not only in character, but in name, the maiden appellation being joined to her husband's, so that, although a Madame, she keeps the world informed that she was *née* of a family whose title, however modest, she will not drop. The maxims, so prevalent in France, which declare matrimony the tomb of love, are the legitimate result of a superficial theory of life and the mutual independence of the sexes thence arising; accordingly we are assured, “C'est surtout entre mari et femme que l'amour a le moins de chance de succès. Ils vieillirent ensemble comme deux portraits de famille, sans aucune intimité, aucun profit pour l'esprit, et arrivés au dernier relais de leur existence, le souvenir n'avait rien à faire entre eux.”

It is a curious illustration at once of the mobility and the isolation of the French mind, that, while it assimilates elements within its sphere which in other nations are kept comparatively apart, it rejects the process in regard to foreign material. Thus, in no other capital are politics and literature so interwoven with society; the love-affairs of a minister directly influ-

ence his policy; the tone of the *salon* often inspires and moulds the author; the social history of an epoch necessarily includes the genius of its statesmanship and of its letters, because they are identified with the intrigues, the *bon-mots*, and the conversation of the period; more is to be learned at a lady's morning reception or evening *soirée* than in the writer's library or the official's cabinet. On the other hand, how few threads from abroad can be found in this mingled web of civic, literary, and social life! The vicinity of England and the influx of Englishmen have scarcely brought the ideas or the sentiment of that country into nearer recognition at Paris than was the case a century ago. Notwithstanding an occasional outbreak of Anglomania, the best French authors spell English proper names no better, the best French critics appreciate Shakspeare as little, and the majority of Parisians have no less partial and fixed a notion of the characteristics of their insular neighbors, than before the days of journalism and steam. The attempts to represent English manners and character are as gross caricatures now as in the time of Montaigne. However apt at fusion within, the national egotism is as repugnant to assimilation from without as ever. The stock seems incapable of vital grafting, as has been remarkably evidenced in all the colonial experiments of France.

The excellence of the French character, intellectually speaking, consists in routine and detail. How well their authors describe and their artists depict peculiarities! how exact the evolutions of a French regiment, and the statements of a French naturalist! how apt is a Parisian woman in raising gracefully her skirts, throwing on a shawl, or carrying a basket! In loyalty to a method they are unrivalled, in the triumph of individualities weak; their artisans can make a glove fit perfectly, but have yet to learn how to cut out a coat; their authors, like their soldiers, can be marshalled in groups; means are superior to ends; manners, the exponent of Nature in oth-

er lands, there color, modify, and characterize the development of intellect; the subordinate principle in government, in science, and in life, becomes paramount; drawing, the elemental language of Art, is mastered, while the standard of expression remains inadequate; the laws of disease are profoundly studied, while this knowledge bears no proportionate relation to the practical art of healing; the ancient rules of dramatic literature are pedantically followed, while the "pity and terror" they were made to illustrate are unawakened; the programme of republican government is lucidly announced, its watchwords adopted, its philosophy expounded, while its spirit and realization continue in abeyance: and thus everywhere we find a singular disproportion between formula and fact, profession and practice, specific knowledge and its application. The citizen of the world finds no armory like that which the institutions, the taste, and the genius of the French nation afford him, whether he aspire to be a courtier or a chemist, a soldier or a *savant*, a dancer or a doctor; and yet, for complete equipment, he must temper each weapon he there acquires, or it will break in his hand.

In every epoch a word rules or illustrates the dominant spirit: *citoyen* in the Revolution, *moustache* during the Consulate, *victoire* under the Empire, to-day *la Bourse*. "To a Frenchman," says Mrs. Jameson, "the words that express things seem the things themselves, and he pronounces the words *amour*, *grâce*, *sensibilité*, etc., with a relish in his mouth as if he tasted them, as if he possessed them." They talk of "*le sentiment du métier*"; in travelling, Paris is the eternal theme. A sagacious observer has remarked in their language the "short, aphoristic phrase, the frequent absence of the copulative, avoidance of dependent phrases, and disdain of modifying adverbs. *Narveté*, *abandon*, *ennui*, etc., are specific terms of the language, and designate national traits. When Beaumarchais ridiculed a provin-

cial expression, the Dauphiness, we are told, "composed a head-dress expressly to give it a local habitation and a name."

The mania for equality, in the first Revolution, De Tocqueville shows was not so much the result of political aspiration as the fierce protest against those exclusive rights once enjoyed by the nobility, (shown by Arthur Young to have been the primary impulse to revolution,) to hunt, keep pigeons, grind corn, press grapes, etc. For a long period, the man of letters was never combined with the statesman, as in England. In France, speculation in government ran wild, because the thinkers, suddenly raised to influence in affairs, had enjoyed no ordeal of public duty. Hence certain imaginary fruits of liberty were sought, and its absolute worth misunderstood. And now that experience, dearly bought, has modified visionary and moulded practical theories, how much of the normal interest of the French character has evaporated! Even the love of beauty and the love of glory, proverbially its distinctions, are eclipsed by the sullen orb of Imperialism; the Bourse is more attractive than the battle-field, material luxury than artistic distinction.

One of their own philosophers has summed up, with justice, the anomalous elements of the versatile national character:—

"Did there ever appear on the earth another nation so fertile in contrasts, so extreme in its acts,—more under the dominion of feeling, less ruled by principle; always better or worse than was anticipated,—now below the level of humanity, now far above; a people so unchangeable in its leading features that it may be recognized by portraits drawn two or three thousand years ago, and yet so fickle in its daily opinions and tastes that it becomes at last a mystery to itself, and is as much astonished as strangers at the sight of what it has done; naturally fond of home and routine, yet, when once driven forth and forced to adopt new customs, ready to carry principles to any

lengths and to dare anything; indocile by disposition, but better pleased with the arbitrary and even violent rule of a sovereign than with a free and regular government under its chief citizens; now fixed in hostility to subjection of any kind, now so passionately wedded to servitude that nations made to serve cannot vie with it; led by a thread so long as no word of resistance is spoken, wholly ungovernable when the standard of revolt is raised,—thus always deceiving its masters, who fear it too much or too little; never so free that it cannot be subjugated, never so kept down that it cannot break the yoke; qualified for every pursuit, but excelling in nothing but war; more prone to worship chance, force, success, *éclat*, noise, than real glory; endowed with more heroism than virtue, more genius than common sense; better adapted for the conception of grand designs than the accomplishment of great enterprises; the most brilliant and the most dangerous nation of Europe, and the one that is surest to inspire admiration, hatred, terror, or pity, but never indifference?"*

What other social sphere could afford room for the vocation so aptly described in the following sketch of his "ways and means," given in a recent picture of life in Paris by a sycophant of millionnaires, at a period when *interests*, not *rights*, are the watchwords of the nation?—"Mon rôle de familier dans une véritable population d'enrichis me donnait du crédit dans les boudoirs, et mon crédit dans les boudoirs ajoutait à ma faveur près ces pauvres diables de millionnaires, presque tous vieux et blasés, courant toujours en chancelant après un plaisir nouveau. Les marchands de vin me font la cour comme les jolies femmes, pour que je daigne leur indiquer des connaissances assez riches pour payer les bonnes choses le prix qu'elles valent. Mon métier est de tout savoir,—l'anecdote de la cour, le scandale de la ville, le secret des coulisses." And this species of adventurer, we are told, has always the same com-

* De Tocqueville.

mencement to his memoirs,—“*Il vint à Paris en sabots.*”

The numerous avocations of women in the French capital explain, in a measure, their superior tact, efficiency, and force of character. This is especially true of females of the middle class, who have been justly described as remarkable for good sense and appropriate costumes. The participation of women in so many departments of art and industry affects, also, the social tone and the manners. Sterne, long ago, remarked it of the fair shopkeepers. “The genius of a people,” he says, “where nothing but the monarchy is *Salique*, having ceded this department totally to the women, by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes, from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant.”

How distinctly may be read the political vicissitudes of France in her literature,—classic, highly finished, keen, and formal, when a monarch was idolized and authors wrote only for courts and scholars: Bossuet, with his rhetorical graces; La Bruyère, with his gallery of characters, not one of which was moulded among the people; De la Rochefoucauld’s maxims, drawn from the arcana of fashionable life; Racine, whose heroes die with an immaculate couplet and speak the faint echoes of Grecian or Roman sentiment! When politics became common property, and the walls of a prescriptive and conventional system fell, how wild ran speculation and sentiment in the copious and superficial Voltaire and the vague humanities of Rousseau! When an era of military despotism supervened upon the reign of license, how destitute of lettered genius seemed the nation, except when the pensive enthusiasm of Chateaubriand breathed music from American wilds or a London garret, and Madame de Staël gave utterance to her eloquent philosophy in exile at Geneva! “*Napoléon eût voulu*

faire manœuvrer l’esprit humain comme il faisait manœuvrer ses vieux bataillons.”

Yet more emphatic is the reaction of political conditions upon literary development after the Restoration. The tragic horrors and protracted fever of the Revolution, and the passion for military glory exaggerated by the victories of Napoleon, legitimately initiated the intense school, which during the present century has signalized French literature. The *prestige* of the scholar revived, and literary eclipsed warlike fame; but with the revival of letters came the revolutionary spirit before exhibited on the battle-field and in cabinets. For the artificial and elegant was substituted the melodramatic and effective; lyrics from the overwrought heart broke in dreamy sweetness from Lamartine and in simple energy from Béranger; fiction the most elaborate, incongruous, and exciting, here quaintly artistic, there morbidly scientific, revealed the chaos and the earthquakes that laid bare and upheaved life and society in the preceding epochs; the journal became an intellectual gymnasium and Olympic game, where the first minds of the nation sought exercise and glory; the *feuilleton* almost necessitated the novelist to concentrate upon each chapter the amount of interest once diffused through a volume; criticism, from tedious analysis, became a brilliant ordeal; egotism inspired a world of new confessions, political questions a new school of popular writing, the love of effect and the passion for excitement a multitude of dramatic, narrative, and biographical books, wherein the serenity of thought, the tranquil beauty of truth, and the healthful tone of nature were sacrificed, not without dazzling genius, to immediate fame, pecuniary reward, and the delight *d’éprouver une sensation*.

Even in the history of the fine arts, we find the political element guiding the pencil and ruling the fortunes of genius. David was the government painter, and regarded Gros and Girodet as *suspects*. He effected a revolution in Art by going back to severe anatomical principles in

design. There were conspiracies against him in the studios, and war was declared between color and design; the palette and the pencil were in conflict; David, the Napoleon of the former,—Prud'hon, Géricault, Delacroix, and others, leaders in the latter faction. Each party was surrounded by its respective corps of amateurs; and military terms were in vogue in the *atelier* and academy. “*S’il est permis*,” says Delacroix, speaking of his Sardanapalus, “*de comparer les petites choses aux grandes, ce fut mon Waterloo. Je devenais l’abomination de la peinture; il fallait me refuser l’eau et le sel.*” “If you wish to share the favors of the government,” said an official to another artist, “you must change your manner.” From the tyranny of external influences have arisen the incongruities of the French schools of painting, and especially what has been well called “that meretricious breed which continue to depict the Magdalen with the united attractions of Palestine and the Palais Royal.” The large pictures which Gros painted during the Empire were consigned to long obscurity at the Restoration. The lives, too, of many of these cultivators of the arts of peace had a tragic close. Haydon’s fate made a deep impression in England, because it was an exceptional case; while, of the modern painters of France, whose career was far more harmonious and successful than his, Gros drowned himself, Robert cut his throat, Prud’hon died in misery, and Greuze was buried in Potter’s Field. The side of life we naturally associate with tranquillity thus offers, in this dramatic realm, scenes of excitement and pity. It is the same in literature. Witness the fierce struggle between the Romantic and Classic schools,—the early victories of the *enfant sublime*, Victor Hugo. And we must acknowledge that “*les lettres et les arts ont aussi leurs émeutes et leurs révolutions*,” and accept the inference of one of the Parisian literati,—that “*l’esprit a toujours quelque chose de satanique*.” Every revolution is identified with some musical air: when Louis XVIII. first appeared at the theatre, af-

ter his long exile, he was greeted with the “Vive Henri IV.,” and the new constitution of 1830 was ushered in by the “Marseillaise.” The Vaudeville theatre, we are told, during the Revolution and under the Empire, was essentially political. An imaginary resemblance between *la chaste Suzanne* and Marie Antoinette caused the prohibition of that drama; and the interest which Cambacères took in an actress of this establishment led him to give it his official protection.

In the family of nations France is the child of illusions, and excites the sympathy of the magnanimous because her destinies have been marred through the errors of the imagination rather than of the heart. Government, religion, and society—the three great elements of civil life—have nowhere been so modified by the dominion of fancy over fact. Take the history of French republicanism, of Quietism, of court and literary circles; what perspicuity in the expression, and vagueness in the realization of ideas! In each a mania to fascinate, in none a thorough basis of truth; abundance of talent, but no faith; gayety, gallantry, wit, devotion, dreams, and epigrams in perfection, without the solid foundation of principles and the efficient development in practice, either of polity, a social system, or religious belief,—the theory and the sentiment of each being at the same time luxuriant, attractive, and prolific.

The popular writers are eloquent in abstractions, but each seems inspired by a thorough egotism. Descartes, their philosopher, drew all his inferences from consciousness; Madame de Sévigné, the epistolary queen, had for her central motive of all speculation and gossip the love of her daughter; Madame Guyon eliminated her tenets from the ecstasy of self-love; Rochefoucauld derived a set of philosophical maxims from the lessons of mere worldly disappointment; Calvin sought to reform society through the stern bigotry of a private creed; La Bruyère elaborated generic characters from the acute, but narrow observation of artificial society; Boileau established a

classical standard of criticism suggested by personal taste, which ignored the progress of the human mind.

The redeeming grace of the nation is to be found in its wholesome sense of the enjoyable and the available in ordinary life, in its freedom from the discontent which elsewhere is born of avarice and unmitigated materialism. The love of pleasing, the influence of women, and a frivolous temper everywhere and on all occasions signalize them. "Why, people laugh at everything here!" naively exclaimed the young Duchess of Burgundy, on her arrival at the French court.

The amount of commodities taken by French people on a journey, and the cool self-satisfaction with which they are appropriated as occasion demands, give a stranger the most vivid idea of sensual egotism. The *pâté*, the long roll of bread, the sour wine, the lap-dog, the snuff, and the night-cap, which transform the car or carriage into a refectory and boudoir, with the chatter, snoring, and shifting of legs, make an interior scene for the novice, especially on a night-jault, compared to which the humblest of Dutch pictures are refined and elegant.

The intrinsic diversity and the national relations between the French and English are curiously illustrated by their respective history and literature. Compare, for instance, the plays of Shakespeare, which dramatize the long wars of the early kings, with the account given in the journals of the reception of Victoria at Paris and of Louis Napoleon in London; imagine the royal salutation and the official recognition of the once anathematized Napoleon dynasty; General Bonaparte becomes in his tomb Napoleon I. No wonder "Punch" affirmed that the statue of Pitt shook its bronze head and the bones of Castlereagh stirred in protest.

"The English," says a celebrated writer, "like ancient medals, kept more apart, preserve the first sharpness which the fair hand of Nature has given them; they are not so pleasant to feel, but, in return, the legend is so visible, that, at the first look,

you can see whose image and superscription they bear." This is a delicate way of setting forth the superior honesty and bluntness and the inferior smoothness and assimilating instinct of the Anglo-Saxon,—a vital difference, which no alliance or intercourse with his Gallic neighbors can essentially change.

A century ago there were few better tests of popular sentiment in England than the plays in vogue. As indications of the state of the public mind, they were what the ballads are to earlier times, and the daily press is to our own,—generalized casual, but emphatic proofs of the opinions, prejudices, and fancies of the hour. Now a large English colony is domesticated in France; it is but a few hours' trip from London to Paris; newspapers and the telegraph in both capitals make almost simultaneous announcements of news; the soldiers of the two nations fight side by side; the French shopman declares on his sign that English is spoken within; the "Times," porter, and tea are obtainable commodities in Paris; and *fraternité* is the watchword at Dover and Calais. Yet the normal idea which obtains in the conservative brain of a genuine *Anglais*, though doubtless expanded and modified by intercourse and treaties, may be found still in that once popular drama, Foote's "Englishman in Paris." "A Frenchman," says one of the characters, "is a fop. Their taste is trifling, and their politeness pride. What the deuce brings you to Paris, then? Where's the use? It gives Englishmen a true relish for their own domestic happiness, a proper veneration for their national liberties, and an honor for the extended generous commerce of their country. The men there are all puppies, the women painted dolls." Monsieur Ragout and Monsieur Rosbif bandy words; the former is said to "look as if he had not had a piece of beef or pudding in his paunch for twenty years, and had lived wholly on frogs,"—and the latter pines to leap a five-barred gate, and is afraid of being entrapped by "a rich she-Papist." His fair countrywoman is invited by a French marquis to marry

him, with this programme,—“A perpetual residence in this paradise of pleasures; to be the object of universal adoration; to say what you please,—go where you will,—do what you like,—form fashions,—hate your husband, and let him see it,—indulge your gallant,—run in debt, and oblige the poor devil to pay it.”

As a pendant, take the description of one of the last French novels:—“À Paris tout s'oublie, tout se pardonne. Par convenance, par décence, quelquefois par crainte, on s'absente, ou fait un entr'acte : puis le rideau se relève pour le spectacle de nouvelles fautes et de nouvelles folies ; toute la question est de savoir s'y prendre.”

Comedy is native to French genius and appreciation ; it follows the changes of social life with marvellous celerity ; it is the best school of the French language ; and is refined and subdivided, as an art, both in degree and kind, in France more than in any other country. The prolific authors in this department, and the variety and richness of invention they display, as well as the permanent attraction of the Comic Muse, are striking peculiarities of the French theatre. No capital affords the material and the audience requisite for such triumphs like Paris ; and there is always a play of this kind in vogue there, wherein novelty of combination, significance of dialogue, and artistic felicities quite unrivalled elsewhere, are exhibited.

It is quite the reverse with the serious drama. In England this is a form of literature which goes nearest to the normal facts and conditions of human nature ; it teaches the highest and deepest lessons, wins the most profound sympathy, and is remarkable and interesting through its subtle and comprehensive truth to Nature : whereas in France the masters of tragic art are but skilful reproducers of the classical drama. French tragedy is essentially artificial, grafted on the conventionalities of a distant age. It gives scope either to mere elocutionary art or melodramatic invention,—not to the universal and existing passions. There

is but a slender opportunity to identify our sympathies—those of modern civilization—with what is going on. Figures in Roman togas or Grecian mantles rehearse the sentiments of fatalism, the creed of ancient mythology, or Gallic rhetoric in a classic dress ; and these disguises so envelope the love, ambition, despair, hate, or patriotism, that we are always conscious of the theatrical, and it requires the extraordinary gifts of a Rache! to enlist other than artistic interest.

The French have manuals for breathing and composing the features to secure artistic effects ; they offer academic prizes for every conceivable achievement ; their very lamp-posts are designed with taste ; a huckster in the street will exhibit dramatic tact and wonderful mechanical dexterity. “Quand il paraît un homme de génie en France,” says Madame de Staël, “dans quelque carrière que ce soit, il atteint presque toujours à un degré de perfection sans exemple ; car il réunit l'audace qui fait sortir de la route commune au tact du bon goût.” And yet in vast political interests they are victims,—in the more earnest developments of the soul, children. A new artificial lake in the Bois de Boulogne, a grand military reception, news of a victory in some distant corner of the globe, the distribution of eagles to brave survivors,—in a word, an appeal to the love of amusement, of display, and of glory,—quiets the murmur about to rise against interference with human rights or usurpation of the national will. Political interests of the gravest character are treated with flippancy : one writer calls the formation of a new government Talleyrand's table of whist ; and another casually observes that “*tous les gouvernements nouveaux ont leur lune de miel.*”

That great principle of the division of labor, which the English carry into mechanical and commercial affairs, the French also apply to the economy of life and to Art ; but, as these latter interests are more spontaneous and unlimited, the result is often a perfection in detail, and a like deficiency in general

effect. Thus, there are schools of painting in France more distinct and apart than exist elsewhere; usually the followers of such are distinguished for excellence in the mechanical aptitudes of their vocation; the figure is admirably drawn, the costume rightly disposed, and sometimes the degree of finish quite marvellous; but, usually, this superiority is attained at the expense of the sentiment of the picture. French historic Art, like French life, is apt to be extravagant and melodramatic, or over-refined in unimportant particulars; it often lacks moral harmony,—the grand, simple, true reflection of Nature in its nicety. Delaroche, who, of all French painters, rose most above the adventitious, and gave himself to the soul of Art, to pure expression, was, for this very reason, thought by his brother artists to be cold and unattractive. There is one sphere, however, where this exclusiveness of style and partition of labor are productive of the most felicitous results: namely, the minor drama. In England and America the same theatre exhibits opera, melodrama, tragedy, comedy, rope-dancing, and legerdemain; but in Paris, each branch and element of histrionic art has its separate temple, its special corps of actors and authors, nay, its particular class of subjects; hence their unrivalled perfection. Ingenuity, science, and Art are concentrated by thus assigning free and individual scope to the dramatic niceties and phases of life, of history, of genius, and of society. At the Opera Comique you find one kind of musical creation; at the Italiens the lyrical drama of Southern Europe alone; at the Variétés a unique order of comic dialogue; and at the Porte St. Martin yet another species of play. One theatre gives back the identical tone of existing society and current events; another deals with the classical ideas of the past. Satire and song, the horrible and the brilliant, the graceful and the highly artistic, pictorial, elocutionary, pantomimic, tragic, vocal, statuesque, the past and present, all the elements of Art and of life, find representation in the plot, the language,

the sentiment, the costume, the music, and the scenery of the many Parisian theatres.

Yet how much of this superiority is fugitive! how little in the whole dramatic development takes permanent hold upon popular sympathy! Much of its significance is purely local, and of its interest altogether temporary. Scholars and the higher classes can talk eloquently of Corneille and Racine; the beaux and *spirituelle* women of the day can repeat and enjoy the last hit of Scribe, or the new *bon-mot* of the theatre: but contrast these results with the national love and appreciation of Shakspeare,—with the permanent reflection of Spanish life in Lope de Vega,—the patriotic aspirations which the young Italian broods over in the tragedies of Alfieri. The grace of movement, the triumph of tact and ingenuity, the devotion to conventionalism, either pedantry or the genius of the hour, also rules the drama in Paris. With all its brilliancy, entertainment, grace, wit, and popularity,—there exists not a permanently vital and universally recognized type of this greatest department of literature, familiar and endeared alike to peasant and peer, a representative of humanity for all time,—like the bard around whose name and words cluster the Anglo-Saxon hearts and intelligence from generation to generation.

But nowhere do life and the drama so trench upon each other; nowhere is every incident of experience so dramatic. Miss H. M. Williams told the poet Rogers that she had seen “men and women, waiting for admission at the door of the theatre, suddenly leave their station, on the passing of a set of wretches going to be guillotined, and then, having ascertained that none of their relations or friends were among them, very unconcernedly return to the door of the theatre.” A child is born at the Opera Comique during the performance, and it is instantly made an event of sympathy and effect by the audience; a subscription is raised, the child named for the dramatic heroine of the moment, and the

fortunate mother sent home in a carriage, amid the plaudits of the crowd. You are listening to a play; and a copy of the "Entr'acte" is thrust into your hand, containing a minute account of the death of a statesman two squares off whose name fills pages of history, or a battle in the East, where some officer whom you met two months before on the Boulevard has won immortal fame by prodigies of valor. So do the actualities and the pastimes, the real and the imaginary drama, miraculously interfuse at Paris; the comedy of life is patent there, and often the spectator exclaims, "*Arlequin avait bien arrangé les choses, mais Colombine dérange tout !*"

The Parisian females are "unexceptionably shod,"—but the agricultural instruments now in use in the rural districts of France are of a form and mechanism which, to a Yankee farmer, would seem antediluvian; the cooks, gardeners, and other working-people, have annually the most graceful festivals,—but the traveller sees in the fields women so bronzed and wrinkled by toil and exposure that their sex is hardly to be recognized. When the Gothamite passes along Pearl or Broad Street, he beholds the daily spectacle of unemployed carmen reading newspapers;—there may be said to be no such thing as popular literature in France; mental recreation, such as the German and Scotch peasantry enjoy, is unknown there. The Art and letters of the kingdom flourished in her court and were cultivated as an aristocratic element for so long a period, that neither has become domesticated among the lower classes; we find in them the sentiment of military glory, of religion in its superstitious phase, of music perhaps, of rustic festivity,—but not the enjoyments which spring from or are associated with thought and poetic sympathies such as national writers like Burns inspired. An exception comparatively recent may be found in the popular appreciation of Béranger and Souvestre.

There is not a natural object too beautiful or an occasion too solemn to arrest

the French tendency to the theatrical. Even one of their most ardent eulogists remarks,—“All that can be said against the French sublime is this,—that the grandeur is more in the word than in the thing; the French expression professes more than it performs”; and old Montaigne declares that “lying is not a vice among the French, *but a way of speaking.*” Both observations admit too much; and indicate an habitual departure from Nature and simplicity as a national trait. Who but Frenchmen ever delighted in reducing to artificial shapes the graceful forms of vegetable life, or can so far lay aside the sentiment of grief as to engage in rhetorical panegyrics over the fresh graves of departed friends? Compare the high dead wall with its range of flower-pots, the porches undecked by woodbines or jessamine, the formal paths, the proximate kitchen, stables, and ungarnished *salon* of a French villa, with the hedges, meadows, woodlands, and trellised eglantine of an English country-house; and a glance assures us that to the former nation the country is a *dernier ressort*, and not an endeared seclusion. Yet they romance, in their way, on rural subjects: “*À la campagne,*” says one of their poets, “*où chaque feuille qui tombe est une élegie toute faite.*” Through an avenue of scraggy poplars we approach a dilapidated *château*, whose owner is playing dominoes at the *café* of the nearest provincial town, or exhausting the sparse revenues of the estate at the theatres, roulette-tables, or balls of Paris. People leave these for a rural vicinage only to economize, to hide chagrin, or to die. So recognized is this indifference to Nature and inaptitude for rural life in France, that, when we desire to express the opposite of natural tastes, we habitually use the word “Frenchified.” The idea which a Parisian has of a tree is that of a convenient appendage to a lamp. The traveller never sees artificial light reflected from green leaves, without thinking of his evening promenades in the French capital, or a dance in the groves of Montmorency. The old ver-

bal tyranny of the French Academy, the painted wreaths sold at cemetery-gates, the colored plates of fashions, powdered hair, and rouged cheeks, typify and illustrate this irreverent ambition to pervert Nature and create artificial effects; they are but so many forms of the theatrical instinct, and proofs of the ascendancy of meretricious taste. It is this want of loyalty to Nature, and insensibility to her unadulterated charms, which constitute the real barrier between the Gallic mind and that of England and Italy, and which explain the fervent protest of such men as Alfieri and Coleridge. Simplicity and earnestness are the normal traits of efficient character, whether developed in action or Art, in sentiment or reflection; and manufactured verse, vegetation, and complexions indicate a faith in appearances and a divorce from reality, which, in political interests, tend to compromise, to theory, and to acquiescence in a military *régime* and an embellished absolutism.

It is this incompleteness, this comparative untruth, that gives rise to the dissatisfaction we feel in the last analysis of French character. It is delusive. The promise of beauty held out by external taste is unfulfilled; the fascination of manner bears a vastly undue proportion to the substantial kindness and trust which that immediate charm suggests. "Just Heaven!" exclaims Yorick, "for what wise reasons hast thou ordered it, that beggary and urbanity, which are at such variance in other countries, should find a way to be at unity in this?" The bearing of an Englishman seldom awakens expectation of courtesy or entertainment; yet, if vouchsafed, how to be relied on is the friendship! how generous the hospitality! The urbane salutation with which a Frenchman greets the female passenger, as she enters a public conveyance, is not followed by the offer of his seat or a slice of his reeking *pâté*,—while the roughest backwoodsman in America, who never touched his hat or inclined his body to a stranger, will guard a woman from insult, and incommode himself

to promote her comfort, with respectful alacrity. It is so in literature. How often we eagerly follow the clear exposition of a subject in the pages of a French author, to reach an impotent conclusion! or suffer our sympathies to be enlisted by the admirable description of an interior or a character in one of their novels, to find the plot which embodies them an absurd melodrama! Evanescent is the law of Parisian felicities,—selfishness the background of French politeness,—sociability flourishes in an inverse ratio to attachment; we become skeptical almost in proportion as we are attracted. If we ask the way, we are graciously directed; but if we demand the least sacrifice, we must accept volubility for service. Thus the perpetual flowering in manners, in philosophy, in politics, and in economy, is rarely accompanied by fruit in either. To enjoy Paris, we must cease to be in earnest;—to pass the time, and not to wrest from it a blessing or a triumph, is the main object. The badges, the gardens, the smiles, the agreeable phrase, the keen repartee, the tempting dish, the ingenious *vaudeville*, the pretty foot, the elegant chair and becoming curtain, the extravagant gesture, the pointed epigram or alluring formula, must be taken as so many agreeabilities,—not for things performed, but imaginatively promised. The folly of war has been demonstrated to the entire sense of mankind; at best, it is now deemed a painful necessity; yet the most serious phase of life in France is military. Depth and refinement of feeling are lonely growths, and can no more spring up in a gregarious and festal life than trees in quicksands; citizenship is based on consistent acts, not on verbosity; and brilliant accompaniments never reconcile strong hearts to the loss of independence, which some English author has acutely declared the first essential of a gentleman. The civilization of France is an artistic and scientific materialism; the spiritual element is wanting. Paris is the theatre of nations; we must regard it as a continuous spectacle, a boundless museum, a place of diversion, of study,—

not of faith, the deepest want and most sacred birthright of humanity.

The want of directness, the absence of candor, the non-recognition of truth in its broad and deep sense, is, indeed, a characteristic phase of life, of expression, and of manners in France. A lover of his nation confesses that even in "*galantes aventures l'esprit prenait la place du cœur, la fantaisie celle du sentiment.*" Voltaire's creed was, that "*le mensonge n'est un vice que quand il fait du mal; c'est une grande vertu quand il fait du bien.*" "*L'exagération,*" says De Maistre, "*est le mensonge des honnêtes gens.*"

In every aspect the histrionic prevails,—by facility of association and colloquial aptitude in the common intercourse of life,—by the inventive element in dress, furniture, and material arrangements, plastic to the caprice of taste and ingenuity,—by the habits of out-of-door life, giving greater variety and adaptation to manners,—and by a national temperament, susceptible and demonstrative. The current vocabulary suggests a perpetual recourse to the casual, a shifting of the life-scene, a recognition of the temporary and accidental. Such oft-recurring words as *flâneur*, *liaison*, *badinage*, etc., have no exact synonymes in other tongues. All that is done, thought, and felt takes a dramatic expression. Lamartine elaborates a "History of the Restoration" from two reports,—the one monarchical, the other republican,—and, by making the facts picturesque and sentimental, wins countless readers. Comte elaborates a masterly analysis of the sciences, proclaims a fascinating theory of eras or stages in human development; but the positive philosophy, of which all this is but the introduction, to be applied to the individual and society, eludes, at last, direct and complete application. A popular *savant* dies, and students drag the hearse and scatter flowers over the grave; a philosopher lectures, and immediately his disciples form a school, and advocate his system with the ardor of partisans; a disappointed soldier commits suicide by throwing himself from Napoleon's col-

umn, while a *grisette* and her lover make their exit through a last embrace and the fumes of charcoal; a wit seeks revenge with a clever repartee instead of his fists or cane. A lady is the centre of attraction at a reception, and, upon inquiry, we are gravely informed that the charm lies in the fact, that, though now fat and more than forty, as well as married to an old noble, in her youth she was the mistress of a celebrated poet. Notoriety, even when scandalous, is as good a social distinction as birth, fame, or beauty. Rousseau wrote a love-story, and sentiment became the rage. An artisan has a day to spare, and takes his family to a garden or a dance. Human existence, thus embellished, impulsive, and caricatured, becomes a continuous melodrama, with an occasional catastrophe induced by political revolutions. Louis XIV., the most characteristic king France ever had, is a genuine representative of this theatrical instinct and development.

Herein may we find a key to the riddle of governmental vicissitudes in France. People so easily satisfied with illusions, so fertile in superficial expedients, are like children and savages in their sense of what is novel and amusing, and their love of excitement,—and make no such demands upon reality as full-grown men and educated citizens instinctively crave. Their powers, in this regard, have not been disciplined,—their wants but vaguely realized. Accustomed to look out of themselves for a law of action, to consult authority upon every occasion, to defer to official sources for guidance in every detail of municipal and personal affairs,—the lesson of self-dependence, the courage and the knowledge needful for efficiency are wanting. "*Savez-vous,*" asks an epicure, "*ce qui a chassé la gaieté? C'est la politique.*" They rally at the voice of command, submit to interference, and take for granted a prescribed formula, partly because it is troublesome to think, and partly on account of inexperience in assuming responsibility. De Tocqueville has remarked, that, in every

instance of attempted colonization, they have adapted themselves to, instead of elevating savage tribes. They have never gone through the process of state-education by the inevitable claim of personal duty, like the Anglo-Saxons. Hence their need of a master, and the feeling of stability realized among them only under legitimacy and despotism. Shallow reasoners argue from the mere acknowledgment of this state of things that it is an ultimate public blessing when the man appears with wit and will enough to regulate and keep from chaos a society thus destitute of political training. But those who look deeper know that this political inefficiency is but the external manifestation or the latent cause of more serious defects: by impeding healthful development in one way, it occasions a morbid development in another. If citizenship in its most free and active privilege were enjoyed, there would be less devotion to amusement, a more virile national character, and the sanctities of life would have observance. Public spirit and a political career are incentives to manly ambition,

—to an employment of mind and feeling that wins men from trifling pursuits and vain diversion; they are the national basis of private usefulness; to thwart them is to condemn humanity to perpetual childhood,—to render members of a state machines.

The social evils and kinds of crime in France are referable in no small degree to the absence of great motives,—the limited spheres and hopeless routine involved in arbitrary government, unsustained by any elevated sentiment. Such a rule makes literature servile, enterprise mercenary, and manners profligate: all history proves this. It is not, therefore, rational to infer, from the apparent want of ability in the nation to take care of its own affairs, that a military despotism is justifiable; when the truth is equally demonstrated, that such a sway, by indefinitely postponing the chance to acquire the requisite training, keeps down and throws back the national impulse and destiny. The man who thus abuses power is none the less a traitor and a parricide.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

“MR. GEER!”

Mr. Geer was unquestionably asleep.

This certainly did not indicate a sufficiently warm appreciation of Mrs. Geer's social charms; but the enormity of the offence will be greatly modified by a brief review of the attending circumstances. If you will but consider that the crackling of burning wood in a huge Franklin stove is strongly soporific in its tendencies,—that the cushion of a capacious arm-chair, constructed and adjusted as if with a single eye to a delicious dose, nay, to a long succession of doses, is a powerful temptation to a sleepy soul,—that the regular, and, it must be con-

fessed, somewhat monotonous *click, click, click* of Mrs. Geer's knitting-needles only served to measure, without disturbing the silence,—and, lastly, that they had been husband and wife for thirty years,—you will not cease to wonder that Mr. Geer

“was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.”

To most men, an interruption at such a time would have been particularly annoying; but when Mrs. Geer spoke in that way, Mr. Geer, asleep or awake, always made a point of hearing; so he roused himself, and turned his round,

honest face and placid blue eyes on the partner of his bosom, who went on,—

"Mr. Geer, our Ivy will be seventeen, come fall."

"Possible?" replied Mr. Geer. "Who'd 'a' thunk it?"

Mr. Geer, as you may infer, was eminently a free-thinker, or rather, a free-actor, in respect of irregular verbs. In fact, he tyrannized over all parts of speech: wrested nouns and verbs from their original shape, till you could hardly recognize their distorted faces; and committed that next worst sin to murdering one's mother, namely,—murdering one's mother-tongue, with an *abandon* that was absolutely fascinating. Having delivered his opinion thus sententiously, he at once subsided, closed his placid eyes, and retired into his inner world of—thought, perhaps.

"Mr. Geer!"

This time he fairly jumped from his seat, and cast about him scared, blinking eyes.

"Mr. Geer, how can you sleep away your precious time so?"

"Sleep? I—I—am sure, I was never wider awake in my life."

"Well, then, tell me what I said."

"Said? Eh,—eh,—something about Ivy, wasn't it?"

And Mr. Geer nervously twitched up the skirts of his coat, and replaced his awry cushion, and began to think that perhaps, after all, he had been asleep. But Mrs. Geer was too much interested in the subject of her own cogitations to pursue her victory farther; so she answered,—

"Yes, and what is a-going to become of her?"

"Lud, lud! What's the matter?" asked Mr. Geer, wildly.

"Matter? Why, she'll be seventeen, come fall, and doesn't know a thing."

"O Lud! that all? That a'n't nothin'."

And Mr. Geer settled comfortably down into his arm-chair once more. He felt decidedly relieved. Visions of small-pox, cholera, and throat-distemper, the worst evils that he could think of and

dread for his darling, had been conjured up by his wife's words; and when he found the real state of the case, a great burden, which had suddenly fallen on his heart, was as suddenly lifted.

"But I tell you it *is* something," continued Mrs. Geer, energetically. "Ivy is 'most a woman, and has never been ten miles from home in her life, and to no school but our little district"—

"And she's as pairk a gal," interrupted Mr. Geer, "as any you'll find in all the ten miles round, be the other who she will."

"She's well enough in her way," replied Mrs. Geer, in all the humility of motherly pride; "and so much the more reason why she shouldn't be let go so. There's Mr. Dingham sending his great logy girls to Miss Porter's seminary. (I wonder if he expects they'll ever turn out anything.) And here's our Ivy, bright as a button, and you full well able to maintain her like a lady, and have done nothing but turn her out to grass all her life, till she's fairly run wild. I declare it's a shame. She ought to be sent to school to-morrow."

"Nonsense, Sally! nonsense! I a'n't a-goin' to have no such doin's. Sha'n't go off to school. What's the use havin' her, if she can't stay at home with us? Let Mr. Dingham send his gals to Chiny, if he wants to. All the book-larnin' in the world won't make 'em equal to our Ivy with only her own head. I don't want her to go to gettin' up high-falutin' notions. She's all gold now. She don't need no improvin'. Sha'n't budge an inch. Sha'n't stir a step."

"But do consider, Mr. Geer, the child has got to leave us some time. We can't have her always."

"Why can't we?" exclaimed Mr. Geer, almost fiercely.

"Sure enough! Why can't we? There a'n't nobody besides you and me, I suppose, that thinks she's pairk. What's John Herricks and Dan Norris hangin' round for all the time?"

"And they may hang round till the cows come home! Nary hair of Ivy's

head shall they touch,—nary one on em!”

Just at this juncture of affairs, the damsel in question bounded into the room.

“Come here, Ivy,” said the old man; “your mother’s been a-slanderin’ you; says you don’t know nothin’.”

Ivy knelt before him, rested her arms on his knees, and turned upon him a pair of palpably roguish eyes.

“Father, it is an awful slander. I do know a sight.”

“Lud, child, yes! I knew you did. No more you don’t want to marry John Herricks, do you?”

“Oh, Daddy Geer! O—h—h!”

“Nor Dan Norris? nor none of ’em?”

“Never a one, father.”

“Nor don’t you ever think of gettin’ married and slavin’ yourself out for nobody. I’m plenty well able to take care of you, as long as I live. You’ll never live so happy as you do at home; and you’ll break my heart to go away, Ivy.”

“I’ll never go, papa.” (She pronounced it with the accent on the first syllable.)

“Indeed, I never will. I’ll never be married, as long as I live.”

“No more you sha’n’t, good child, good child!”

And again Farmer Geer betook himself to the depths of his arm-chair, with the complacent consciousness of having faithfully discharged his parental duties. “She should not go to school. She would not be married. She had said she would not, and of course she would not.”

“Of course I shall not,” mused Ivy, as she lay in her white bed. “What could put it into poor papa’s head? Marry John Herricks, with his everlasting smirk, and his diddling walk, and take care of all the Herricks’ sisters and mothers and aunts, and the Herricks’ cows and horses and pigs—and—hens—and—and”—

But Ivy had kept her thoughts on her marriage longer than ever before in her life; and ere she had finished the inventory of John Herricks’s personal property and real estate, the blue eyes were closed in the sweet, sound sleep of youth and health.

Mrs. Geer, in her estimate of her daughter’s attainments, was partly right and partly wrong. Ivy had never been “finished” at Mrs. Porter’s seminary, and was consequently in a highly unfinished condition. “Small Latin and less Greek” jostled each other in her head. German and French, Italian and Spanish, were strange tongues to Ivy. She could not dance, nor play, nor draw, nor paint, nor work little dogs on footstools.

What, then, could she do?

Imprimis, she could climb a tree like a squirrel. *Secundo*, she could walk across the great beam in the barn like a year-old kitten. In the pursuit of hens’ eggs she knew no obstacles; from scaffold to scaffold, from haymow to haymow, she leaped defiant. She pulled out the hay from under the very noses of the astonished cows, to see if, perchance, some inexperienced pullet might there have deposited her golden treasure. With all four-footed beasts she was on the best of terms. The matronly and lazy old sheep she unceremoniously hustled aside, to administer consolation and caresses to the timid, quaking lamb in the corner behind. Without saddle or bridle she could

“Ride a black horse
To Banbury Cross.”

(N. B.—I don’t say she actually did. I only say she could; and under sufficiently strong provocation, I have no doubt she would.) She knew where the purple violets and the white innocence first flecked the spring turf, and where the ground-sparrows hid their mottled eggs. All the little waddling, downy goslings, the feeble chickens, and faint-hearted, desponding turkeys, that broke the shell too soon, and shivered miserably because the spring sun was not high enough in the morning to warm them, she fed with pap, and cherished in cotton-wool, and nursed and watched with eager, happy eyes. O blessed Ivy Geer! True Sister of Charity! Thrice blessed stepmother of a brood whose name was Legion!

From the conjugal and filial conversation which I have faithfully reported, a casual observer, particularly if young and

inexperienced, might infer that the question of Miss Ivy's education was definitively settled, and that she was henceforth to remain under the paternal roof. I should, myself, have fallen into the same error, had not a long and intimate acquaintance with the female sex generated and cherished a profound and mournful conviction of the truth of the maxim, that appearances are deceitful. E. g., a woman has set her heart on something, and is refused. She pouts and sulks: that is clouds, and will soon blow over. She scolds, storms, and raves (I speak in a figure; I mean she does something as much like that as a tender, delicate, angelic woman can): that is thunder, and only clears the air. She betakes herself to tears, sobs, and embroidered cambric: that's a shower, and everything will be greener and fresher after it. You may go your ways,—one to his farm, another to his merchandise; the world will not wind up its affairs just yet. But, put the case, she goes on the even tenor of her way unmoved:

“Beware! beware!

Trust her not; she is fooling thee.”

Thus Mrs. Geer, who was a thorough tactician. Like Napoleon, she was never more elated than after a defeat. Before consulting her husband at all, she had contemplated the subject in all its bearings, and had deliberately decided that Ivy was to go to school. The consent of the senior partner of the firm was a secondary matter, which time and judicious management would infallibly secure. Consequently, notwithstanding the unpropitious result of their first colloquy, she the next day commenced preparations for Ivy's departure, as unhesitatingly, as calmly, as assiduously, as if the day of that departure had been fixed.

Mrs. Geer was right. She knew she was, all the time. She had a sublime faith in herself. She felt in her soul the divine afflatus, and pressed forward gloriously to her goal. Mr. Geer had as much firmness, not to say obstinacy, as falls to the lot of most men; but Mrs. Geer had more; and as Launce Outram, hard be-

set, so pathetically moaned, “A woman in the very house has such deused opportunities!” so Farmer Geer grumbled, and squirmed, and remonstrated, and—yielded.

Mrs. Geer was *not* right. She had reckoned without her host. Her affairs were gliding down the very Appian Way of prosperity in a chariot-and-four, with footmen and outriders, when, presto! they turned a sharp and unexpected corner, and over went the whole establishment into a mirier mire than ever bespattered Dr. Slop.

To speak without a parable. When her expected Hegira was announced to Miss Mary Ives Geer, that young lady, to the ill-concealed vexation of her mother, and the not-attempted-to-be-concealed exultation of her father, expressed decided disapprobation of the whole scheme. As she was the chief *dramatis persona*, the very Hamlet of the play, this unlooked-for decision somewhat interfered with Mrs. Geer's plans. All the eloquence of that estimable woman was brought to bear on this one point; but this one point was invincible. Expostulation and entreaty were alike vain. Neither ambition nor pleasure could hold out any allurements to Ivy. Maternal authority was at length hinted at, only hinted at, and the spoiled child declared that she had not had her own will and way for sixteen years to give up quietly in her seventeenth. One last resort, one forlorn hope,—one expedient, which had never failed to overcome her childish stubbornness: “Would she grieve her parents so much as to oppose this their darling wish?” And Ivy burst into tears, and begged to know if she should show her love to her father and mother by going away from them. This drove the nail into her old father's heart, and then the little vixen clenched it by throwing herself into his arms, and sobbing, “Oh, papa! would you turn your Ivy out of doors and break her heart?”

Flimsiest of fallacies! Shallowest of sophists! But she was the only and beloved child of his old age; so the fallacy

passed unchallenged; the strong arms closed around the naughty girl; and the soothing voice murmured, "There, there, Ivy! don't cry, child! Lud! lud! you sha'n't be bothered; no more you sha'n't, lovey!" and the *status quo* was restored.

"It is not in the sea nor in the strife

We feel benumbed and wish to be no more,

But in the after silence on the shore,

When all is lost, except a little life,"

said one who had breasted the stormiest sea and plunged into the fiercest strife. Ivy, who had never read Byron, and therefore could not be suspected of any Byronical affectations, felt it, when, having gained her point, she sat down alone in her own room. When her single self had been pitted against superior numbers, age, experience, and parental authority, all her heroism was roused, and she was adequate to the emergency; but her end gained, the excitement gone, the sense of disobedience alone remaining, and she was thoroughly uncomfortable, nay, miserable.

"Mamma is right; I know I am a little goose," sobbed she. (The words were mental, intangible, unspoken; the sobs physical, palpable, decided.) "I never did know anything, and I never shall,—and I don't care if I don't. I don't see any good in knowing so much. We don't have a great while to stay in the world any way, and I don't see why we can't be let alone and have a good time while we are here, and when we get to heaven we can take a fresh start. Oh, dear! I never shall go to heaven, if I am so bad and vex mamma. But then papa didn't care. But then he would have liked me to go to school. But there, I won't! I won't! I *will not*! I'll study at home. Oh, dear! I wish papa was a great man, and knew everything, and could teach me. Well, he is just as happy, and just as rich, and everybody likes him just as well, as if he knew the whole world full; and why can't I do so, too? Rebecca Dingham, indeed! Mercy! I hope I never shall be like her; I

would rather not know my A B C! What *shall* I do? There's Mr. Brownslow might teach me; he knows enough. But, dear me! he is as busy as he can be, all day long; and Squire Merrill goes out of town every day; and there's Dr. Mix, to be sure, but he smells so strong of paregoric, and I don't believe he knows much, either; and there's nobody else in town that knows any more than anybody else; and there's nothing for it but I must go to school, if I am ever to know anything." (A renewal of sobs, uninterrupted for several minutes.) "There's Mr. Clerron!" (A sudden cessation.) "I suppose he knows more than the whole town tumbled into one; and writes books, and—mercy! there's no end to his knowledge; and he's rich, and does everything he likes, all day long. Oh, if I only *did* know him! I would ask him straight off to teach me. I should be scared to death. I've a great mind to ask him, as it is. I can tell him who I am. He never will know any other way, for he isn't acquainted with anybody. They say he is as proud as Lucifer. If he were ten times prouder, I would rather ask him than go to school. He might just as well do something as not. I am sure, if God had made me him, and him me, I should be glad to help him. I'll go straight to him the first thing to-morrow morning."

Once seeing a possible way out of her difficulties, her sorrow vanished. Not quite so gayly as usual, it is true, did she sing about the house that night; for she was summoning all her powers to prepare an introductory speech to Felix Clerron, Esq., a gentleman and a scholar. Her elocutionary attempts were not quite satisfactory to herself, but she was not to be daunted; and when morning came, she took heart of grace, slung her broad-brimmed hat over her arm, and began her march "over the hills and far away," in search of her—fate.

"And did her mother really let her roam away, alone, on such an errand, to a perfect stranger?"

Humanly speaking, nothing was more unlikely than that Mrs. Geer, a prudent,

modest, and sensible woman, should give her consent to such an—to use the mildest term—unusual undertaking. Nor did she. The fact is, her consent was not asked. She knew nothing whatever of the plan.

“Worse and worse! Did the wilful girl go off without leave? without even informing her parents?”

I am sorry to say she did. In writing a story of real life, one cannot take that liberty with facts which is quite proper, not to say indispensable, in history, science, and belles-lettres generally. Duty compels me to adhere closely to the truth; and for whatever of obloquy may be heaped upon me, or upon my Ivy, I shall find consolation in the words of the illustrious Harrison; or perhaps it was the illustrious Taylor; I am not quite sure, however, that it was not the illustrious Washington:—“Do right, and let the consequences take care of themselves.” I am therefore obliged to say, that Ivy’s departure in pursuit of knowledge was entirely unknown to her respected and beloved parents. But you must remember that she was an only child, and a spoiled child,—spoiled as only stern New England Puritan parents, somewhat advanced in years, can spoil their children. I do not defend Ivy. On the contrary, notwithstanding my regard for her, I hand her over to the reprobation of an enlightened community; and I hereby entreat all young persons into whose hands this memoir may fall to take warning by the fate of poor Ivy, and never enter upon any important undertaking, until they have, to say the least, consulted those who are their natural guides, their warmest friends, and their most experienced counsellors.

While I have been writing this, Ivy Geer, light of heart, fleet of foot, and firm of will, has passed over hill-side, through wood-path, and across meadow-land, and drawn near the domains of Felix Clerron, Esq. Light of heart perhaps I scarcely ought to say. Certainly, that enterprising organ had never before beat so furious a tattoo in Ivy’s breast,

as when she stood, hat in hand, on the steps of the somewhat stately dwelling. To do her justice, she had intended to do the penance of wearing her hat when she should have reached her destination; but in her excitement she quite forgot it. So, as I said, she stood on the door-step, as a royal maiden stood three hundred years before, (not in the same place,) with the “wind blowing her fair hair about her beautiful cheeks.”

There had come to Ivy from the great, gay world a vague rumor, that, instead of knocking at a door, like a Christian, with your own good knuckles, for such case made and provided, modern fashion had introduced “the ringing and the dinging of the bells.” This vague rumor found a local habitation, when Mr. Clerron came down upon the village and established himself, his men and women and horses and cattle; but as Ivy stood on his door-step, looking upward, downward, sidewise, with earnest, peering gaze, no bell, and no sign of bell, was visible; nothing unusual, save a little door-knob at the right-hand side of the door,—a thing which could not be accounted for. After long and serious deliberation, she came to the conclusion that the bell must be inside, and that the knob was a screw attached to it. So she tried to twist it, first one way, then the other; but twist it would not. In despair she betook herself to her fingers and knocked. Nobody came. Twist again. No use. Knock again. Ditto. Then she went down to the gravelled path, selected one of the largest pebbles, took up her station before the door, and began to pound away. In a moment, a gentleman in dressing-gown and smoking-cap, with a cigar between his fingers, came round the corner. Seeing her, he threw away his cigar, lifted his velvet cap, bowed, and, with a polite “allow me,” stepped to the door, pulled the bell, and again passed out of sight. Ivy was not so confused at being detected in her assault and battery on the door of a respectable, peaceable, private gentleman, as not to make the silent reflection, “Pulled the knob, in-

stead of twisting it. How easy it is to do a thing, if you only know how!"

The summons was soon answered by a black gnome, and Ivy was ushered into a large room, which, to her dazzled, sun-weary eyes, seemed delightfully fresh and green-looking. Two minutes more of waiting,—then a step in the hall, a gently opening door, and Ivy felt rather than saw herself in the presence of the formidable Mr. Clerron. A single glance showed her that he was the person who had rung the bell for her, though the gay dressing-gown had been changed for a soberer suit. Mr. Clerron bowed. Ivy, hardly knowing what she did, faltered forth, "I am Ivy Geer." A half-curious, half-sarcastic smile glimmered behind the heavy beard, and gleamed beneath the heavy eyebrows, as he answered, "I am happy to make your acquaintance"; but another glance at the trembling form, the frightened, pale face, and quivering lips, changed the smile into one that was very good-natured, and even kind; and he added, playfully,—

"I am Felix Clerron, very much at your service."

"You write books and are a very learned man," pursued Ivy, hurriedly, never lifting her eyes from the floor, and never ceasing to twirl her hat-strings.

There was no possibility of supposing her guilty of committing a little diplomatic flattery in conveying this succinct bit of information. She made the assertion with the air of one who has a disagreeable piece of business on hand, and is determined to go through with it as soon as possible. He bowed and smiled again; quite unnecessarily,—since, as I have before remarked, Ivy's eyes were steadfastly fixed on the carpet. A slight pause for breath and she pitched ahead again.

"I am very ignorant, and I am growing old. I am almost seventeen. I don't know anything to speak of. Mamma wishes me to go to school. Papa did not, but now he does. I won't go. I would rather be stupid all my life long than leave home. But mamma is vexed, and I want to please her, and I thought,—

Mr. Brownslow is so busy,—and you,—if you have nothing to do,—and know so much,—I thought"—

She stopped short, utterly unable to proceed. Wonderfully different did this affair seem from the one she had planned the preceding evening. My dear Sir, Madam,—have not we, too, sometimes found it an easier thing to fight the battle of life in our own chimney-corner, by the ruddy and genial firelight, than in broad day on the world's great battle-field?

Mr. Clerron, seeing Ivy's confusion, kindly came to her aid. "And you thought my superfluous time and wisdom might be transferred to you, thus making a more equal division of property?"

"If you would be so good,—I,—yes, Sir."

"May I inquire how you propose to effect such an exchange?"

He really did not intend to be anything but kind, but the whole matter presented itself to him in a very ludicrous light; and in endeavoring to preserve proper gravity, he became severe. Ivy, all-unused to the world, still had a secret feeling that he was laughing at her. Tears, that would not be repressed, glistened in her downcast eyes, gathered on the long lashes, dropped silently to the floor. He saw that she was entirely a child, ignorant, artless, and sincere. His better feelings were roused, and he exclaimed, with real earnestness,—

"My dear young lady, I should rejoice to serve you in any way, I beg you to believe."

His words only hastened the catastrophe which seems to be always impending over the weaker sex. Ivy sobbed outright,—a perfect tempest. Felix Clerron looked on with a bachelor's dismay. "What in thunder? Confound the girl!" were his first reflections; but her utter abandonment to sorrow melted his heart again,—not a very susceptible heart either; but men, especially bachelors, are so—*green!* (the word is found in Cowper.)

He sat down by her side, stroked the hair from her burning forehead, as if she

had been six instead of sixteen, and again and again assured her of his willingness to assist her.

"I must go home," whispered Ivy, as soon as she could command, or rather coax her voice.

His hospitality was shocked.

"Indeed you must not, till we have at least had a consultation. Tell me how much you know. What have you studied?"

"Oh, nothing, Sir. I am very stupid."

"Ah! we must begin with the Alphabet, then. Blocks or a primer?"

Ivy smiled through her tears.

"Not quite so bad as that, Sir."

"You do know your letters? Perhaps you can even count, and spell your name; maybe write it. Pray, enlighten me."

Ivy grew calm as he became playful.

"I can cipher pretty well. I have been through Greenleaf's Large."

"House or meadow? And the exact dimensions, if you please."

"Sir?"

"I understood you to say you had traversed Greenleaf's large. You did not designate what."

He was laughing at her now, indeed, but it was open and genial, and she joined.

"My Arithmetic, of course. I supposed everybody knew that. Everybody calls it so."

"Time is short. Yes. We are an abbreviating nation. Do you like Arithmetic?"

"Pretty well, some parts of it. Fractions and Partial Payments. But I can't bear Duodecimals, Position, and such things."

"Positions are occasionally embarrassing. And Grammar?"

"I think it's horrid. It's all 'indicative mood, common noun, third person, singular number, and agrees with John.'"

"*Bravissima!* A comprehensive sketch! *A mulum in parvo!* A bird's-eye view, as one may say,—and not entertaining, certainly. What other branches have you pursued? Drawing, for instance?"

"Oh, no, Sir!"

"Nor Music?"

"No, Sir."

"Good, my dear! excellent! An overruling Providence has saved you and your friends from many a pitfall. Shall we proceed to History? Be so good as to inform me who discovered America."

"I believe Columbus has the credit of it," replied Ivy, demurely.

"Non-committal, I see. Case goes strongly in his favor, but you reserve your judgment till further evidence."

"I think he was a wise and good and enterprising man."

"But are rather skeptical about that San Salvador story. A wise course. Never decide till both sides have been fairly presented. 'He that judgeth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him,' said the wise man. Occasionally his after-judgment is equally discreditable. That is a thousand times worse. Exit Clio. Enter—well!—Geographia. My young friend, what celebrated city has the honor of concentrating the laws, learning, and literature of Massachusetts, to wit, namely, is its capital?"

"Boston, Sir."

"My dear, your Geography has evidently been attended to. You have learned the basis fact. You have discovered the pivot on which the world turns. You have dug down to the ante-diluvian, ante-pyrean granite,—the primitive, unfused stratum of society. The force of learning can no farther go. Armed with that fact, you may march fearlessly forth to do battle with the world, the flesh, and—the—the King of Beasts! Do you think you should like me for a teacher?"

"I can't tell, Sir. I did not like you as anything awhile ago."

"But you like me better now? You think I improve on acquaintance? You detect signs of a moral reformation?"

"No, Sir, I don't like you now. I only don't dislike you so much as I did."

"Spoken like a major-general, or, better still, like a brave little Yankee girl,

as you are. I am an enthusiastic admirer of truth. I foresee we shall get on famously. I was rather premature in sounding the state of your affections, it must be confessed,—but we shall be rare friends by-and-by. On the whole, you are not particularly fond of books?”

“I like some books well enough, but not studying-books,” said Ivy, with a sigh, “and I don’t see any good in them. If it wasn’t for mamma, I never would open one,—never! I would just as soon be a dunce as not; I don’t see anything very horrid in it.”

“An opinion which obtains with a wonderfully large proportion of our population, and is applied in practice with surprising success. There is a distinction, however, my dear young lady, which you must immediately learn to make. The dunce subjective is a very inoffensive animal, contented, happy, and harmless; and, as you justly remark, inspires no horror, but rather an amiable and genial self-complacency. The dunce objective, on the contrary, is of an entirely different species. He is a bore of the first magnitude,—a poisoned arrow, that not only pierces, but inflames,—a dull knife, that not only cuts, but tears,—a cowardly little cur, that snaps occasionally, but snarls unceasingly; whom, which, and that, it becomes the duty of all good citizens to sweep from the face of the earth.”

“What is the difference between them? How shall one know which is which?”

“The dunce subjective is the dunce from his own point of view,—the dunce with his eyes turned inward,—confining his duncehood to the bosom of his family. The dunce objective is the dunce butting against his neighbor’s study-door,—intruding, obtruding, protruding his insipid folly and still more insipid wisdom at all times and seasons. He is a creature utterly devoid of shame. He is like Milton’s angels, in one respect at least: you may thrust him through and through with the two-edged sword of your satire, and at the end he shall be as intact and integral as at the beginning. Am I sufficiently obvious?”

“It is very obvious that I am both, according to your definition.”

“It is very obvious that you are neither, I beg to submit, but a sensible young girl,—with no great quantity of the manufactured article, perhaps, but plenty of raw material, capable of being wrought into fabric of the finest quality.”

“Do you really think I can learn?” asked Ivy, with a bright blush of pleasure.

“Demonstrably certain.”

“As much as if I went to school?”

“My dear miss, as the forest oak, ‘cabined, cribbed, confined’ with multitudes of its fellows, grows stunted, scrubby, and dwarfed, but, brought into the open fields alone, stretches out its arms to the blue heavens and its roots to the kindly earth, so that the birds of the air lodge in the branches thereof, and men sit under its shadow with great delight,—so, in a word, shall you, under my fostering care, flourish like a green bay-tree; that is, if I am to have the honor.”

“Yes, Sir, I mean—I meant—I was thinking as if you were teaching me—I mean were going to teach me.”

“Which I also mean, if time and the favoring gods allow, and your parents continue to wish it.”

“Oh, they won’t care!”

“Won’t care?”

“No, Sir, they will be glad, I think. Papa, at least, will be glad to have me stay at home.”

“Did not they direct you to come to me to-day?”

Ivy blushed deeply, and replied, in a low voice, “No, Sir; I knew mamma would not let me come, if I asked her.”

“And to prevent any sudden temptation to disobedience, and a consequent forfeiture of your peace of mind, you took time by the forelock and came on your own responsibility?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Very ingenious, upon my word! An accomplished casuist! A born Jesuit! But, my dear Miss Geer, I must confess I have not this happy feminine knack of keeping out of the way of temptation. I

should prefer to consult your friends, even at the risk of losing the pleasure of your society."

"Oh, yes, Sir! I don't care, now it is all settled."

And so, over hill-side, along wood-path, and through meadow-land, with light heart and smiling eyes, tripped Ivy back again. To Mrs. Geer shelling peas in the shady porch, and to Mr. Geer fanning himself with his straw hat on the steps beside her, Ivy recounted the story of her adventures. Mrs. Geer was thunderstruck at Ivy's temerity; Mr. Geer was lost in admiration of her pluck. Mrs. Geer termed it a wild-goose chase; Mr. Geer declared Ivy to be as smart as a steel trap. Mrs. Geer vetoed the whole plan; Mr. Geer didn't know. But when at sunset Mr. Clerron rode over, and admired Mr. Geer's orchard, and praised the points of his Durhams, and begged a root of Mrs. Geer's scarlet verberna, and assured them he should be very glad to refresh his own early studies, and also to form an acquaintance with the family,—he knew very few in the village,—and if Mrs. Geer would drive over when Ivy came to recite,—or perhaps they would rather he should come to their house. Oh, no! Mrs. Geer could not think of that. Just as they pleased. Mrs. Simm, the house-keeper, would be very glad of Mrs. Geer's company while Miss Ivy was reciting, in case Mrs. Geer should not wish to listen; and the house and grounds would be shown by Mrs. Simm with great pleasure. By the way, Mrs. Simm was a thrifty and sensible woman, and he was sure they would be mutually pleased.—When, in short, all this and much more had been said, it was decided that Ivy should be regularly installed pupil of Mr. Felix Clerron.

"*Eureka!*" cries the professional novel-reader, that far-sighted and keen-scented hound that snuffs a *dénouement* afar off; and anon there rises before his eyes the vision of poor little Stella drinking in love and learning, especially love, from the divine eyes of the anything but divine Swift,—of Shirley, the lioness, the pan-

theress, the leopardess, the beautiful, fierce creature, sitting, tamed, quiet, meek, by the side of Louis Moore, her tutor and master,—and of all the legends of all the ages wherein Beauty has sat at the feet of Wisdom, and Love has crept in unawares, and spoiled the lesson while as yet half-unlearned;—so he cries, "She is going the way of all heroines. The man and the girl,—they will fall in love, marry, and live happily all the rest of their days."

Of course they will. Is there any reason why they should not? If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

I repeat it, of course they will. You surely cannot suppose I should, in cold blood, sit down to write a story in which nobody was to fall in love or be in love! Sir, scoff as you may, love is the one vital principle in all romance. Not only does your cheek flush and your eye sparkle, till "heart, brain, and soul are all on fire," over the burning words of some Brontëan Pythoness, but when you open the last thrilling work of Maggie Marigold, and are immediately submerged "in a weak, washy, everlasting flood" of insipidity, twaddle, bosh, and heart-rending sorrow, you do not shut the book with a jerk. Why not? Because in the dismal distance you dimly desery two figures swimming, floating, struggling towards each other, and a languid *soupeon* of curiosity detains you till you have ascertained, that, after infinite distress, Adolphus and Miranda have made

"One of the very best matches,
 Both well mated for life:
 She's got a fool for her husband,
 He's got a fool for his wife."

Sir, scoff as you may, love is the one sunbeam of poetry that gilds with a softened splendor the hard, bare outline of many a prosaic life. "Work, work, work, from weary chime to chime"; tramp behind the plough, hammer on the lapstone, beat the anvil, drive the plane, "from morn till dewy eve"; but when the

dewy eve comes, ah! Hesperus gleams soft and golden over the far-off pine-trees, but

"The star that lightens your bosom most,
And gives to your weary feet their speed,
Abides in a cottage beyond the mead."

It is useless to assert that the subject is worn threadbare. Threadbare it may be to you, enervated and *blasé* man of pleasure, worn and hardened man of the world; but it is not for you I write. The fountain which leaps up fresh and living in every new life can never be exhausted till the springs of all life are dry. Tell me, O lover, gazing into those tender eyes uplifted to yours, twining the silken rings around your bronzed finger, pressing reverently the warm lips consecrated to you,—does it abate one jot or tittle of your happiness to know that eyes just as tender, curls just as silken, lips just as red, have stirred the hearts of men for a thousand years?

Love, then, is a *sine qua non* in stories; and if love, why not marriage? What pleasure can a humane and benevolent man find in separating two individuals whose chief, perhaps whose sole happiness, consists in being together? For certain inscrutable reasons, Divine Benevolence permits evil to exist in the world. All who have a taste for misery can find it there in exhaustless quantities. Johns are every day falling in love with Katys, but marrying Isabels, and Isabels the same, *mutatis mutandis*. We submit to it because there is no alternative; and we believe that good shall finally be wrought and wrested from evil. Don't, for heaven's sake, let us in mere wantonness introduce into our novel-world the work of our own hand, an abridged edition, a daguerreotype copy of the world without, of which we know so little and so much. I always do and always shall read the last page of a novel first; and if I perceive there any indications that matters are not coming out "shipshape," my reading invariably terminates with the last page.

For the rest, please to remember that I am not writing about a princess of the

blood, nor of the days of the bold barons, but only the life of a quiet little girl in a quiet little town in the eastern part of Massachusetts; and so far as my experience and observation go, men and women in the eastern part of Massachusetts are not given to thrilling adventures, hairbreadth escapes, wonderful concatenations of circumstances, and blood and thunder generally,—but pursue the even tenor of their way, and of their love, with a sober and delightful equanimity. If you want a plot, go to the "Children of the Abbey," "Consuelo," and myriads of that kin, and help yourself. As for me, I must confess I hate plots. I see no pleasure in stumbling blindfolded through a story, unable to see a yard ahead, fancying every turn to be the last, and the road to go straight on to a glorious goal,—and, lo! we are in a more hopeless labyrinth than ever. I have a sense of restraint. I want to breathe freely, and can't. I want to have leisure to observe the style, the development of character, the author's tone of thought, and not be galloped through on the back of a breathless desire to know "how they are coming out."

But, my dear plot-loving friend, be easy. I will not leave you in the lurch. I am not going to marry my man and woman out of hand. An obstacle, of which I suppose you have never heard,—an obstacle entirely new, fresh, and un-hackneyed, will arise; so, I pray you, let patience have her perfect work.

Wonderful was the new world opened to Ivy Geer. It was as if a corse, cold, inert, lifeless, had suddenly sprung up, warm, invigorated, informed with a spirit which led her own spell-bound. Grammar,—Grammar, which had been a synonyme for all that was dry, irksome, useless,—a beating of the wind, the crackling of thorns under a pot,—Grammar even assumed for her a charm, a wonder, a glory. She saw how the great and wise had shrined in fitting words their purity, and wisdom, and sorrow, and suffering, and penitence; and how, as this generation passed away, and another came forth which knew not God, the

golden casket became dim, and the memory of its priceless gem faded away; but how, at the touch of a mighty wand, the obedient lid flew back, and the long-hidden thought "sprang full-statured in an hour." She saw how love and beauty and freedom lay floating vaguely and aimlessly in a million minds till the poet came and crystallized them into clear-cut, prismatic words, tinged for each with the color of his own fancy, and wrought into a perfect mosaic, not for an age, but for all time. Led by a strong hand, she trod with reverent awe down the dim aisles of the Past, and saw how the soul of man, bound in its prison-house, had ever struggled to voice itself in words. Roaming in the dense forest with the stern and bloody Druid,—bounding over the waves with the fierce pirates who supplanted them, and in whose blue eyes and beneath whose fair locks gleamed indeed the ferocity of the savage, but lurked also, though unseen and unknown, the tender chivalry of the English gentleman,—gazing admiringly on the barbaric splendor of the cloth-of-gold, whereon trod regally, to the sound of harp and viol, the beauty and bravery of the old Norman nobility, she delighted to see how the mother-tongue, our dear mother-tongue, had laid all the nations under contribution to enrich her treasury,—gathering from one its strength, from another its stateliness, from a third its harmony, till the harsh, crude, rugged dialect of a barbarous horde became worthy to embody, as it does, the love, the wisdom, and the faith of half a world.

So Grammar taught Ivy to reverence language.

History, in the light of a guiding mind, ceased to be a bare record of slaughter and crime. Before her eyes filed, in a statelier pageant than they knew, the long procession of "simple great ones gone for ever and ever by," and the countless lesser ones whose names are quenched in the darkness of a night that shall know no dawn. She saw the "great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change"; but amid all the change,

the confusion, the chaos, she saw the finger of God ever pointing, and heard the sublime monotone of the Divine voice ever saying to the children of men, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And Ivy thought she saw, and rejoiced in the thought, that, even when this warning was unheeded,—when on the brow of the mournful Earth "Ichabod, Ichabod," was forever engraven,—when the First Man with his own hand put from him the cup of innocence, and went forth from the happy garden, sin-stained and fallen, the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint,—even then she saw within him the divine spark, the leaven of life, which had power to vitalize and vivify what Crime had smitten with death. Though sea and land teemed with strange perils, though night and day pursued him with mysterious terrors, though the now unfriendly elements combined to check his career, still, with unswerving purpose, undaunted courage, she saw him march constantly forward. Spirits of evil could not drive from his heart the prescience of greatness; and his soul dwelt calmly under the foreshadow of a mighty future.

And as Ivy looked, she saw how the children of men became a great nation, and possessed the land far and wide. They delved into the bosom of the pleased earth, and brought forth the piled-up treasures of uncounted cycles. They unfolded the book of the skies, and sought to read the records thereon. They plunged into the unknown and terrible ocean, and decked their own brows with the gems they plucked from hers. And when conquered Nature had laid her hoards at their feet, their restless longings would not be satisfied. Brave young spirits, with the dew of their youth fresh upon them, set out in quest of a land beyond their ken. Over the mountains, across the seas, through the forests, there came to the ear of the dreaming girl the measured tramp of marching men, the softer footfalls of loving women, the pattering of the feet of little children. Many a day and many a night she saw them wander on towards the setting sun, till the Unseen

Hand led them to a fair and fruitful country that opened its bounteous arms in welcome. Broad rivers, green fields, laughing valleys wooed them to plant their household gods,—and the foundations of Europe were laid. Here were sown the seeds of those heroic virtues which have since leaped into luxuriant life,—seeds of that irresistible power which fastened its grasp on Nature and forced her to unfold the secret of her creation,—seeds of that far-reaching wisdom which in the light of the unveiled past has read the story of the unseen future.

And still under Ivy's eye they grouped themselves. Some gathered on the pleasant hills of the sunny South, and the beauty of earth and sea and sky passed into their souls forever. They caught the evanescent gleam, the passing shadow, and on unseemly canvas limned it for all time in forms of unuttered and unutterable loveliness. They shaped into glowing life the phantoms of grace that were always flitting before their enchanted eyes, and poured into inanimate marble their rapt and passionate souls. They struck the lyre to wild and stirring songs whose tremulous echoes still linger along the corridors of Time. Some sought the ice-bound North, and grappled with dangers by field and flood. They hunted the wild dragon to his mountain-fastnesses, and fought him at bay, and never quailed. Death, in its most fearful forms, they met with grim delight, and chanted the glories of the Valhalla waiting for heroes who should forever quaff the "foaming, pure, and shining mead" from skulls of foes in battle slain. Some crossed the sea, and on

"that pale, that white-faced shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's swelling tide,"

they reared a sinewy and stalwart race, whose "morning drum-beat encircles the world."

And History taught Ivy to reverence man.

But there was one respect in which Ivy was both pupil and teacher. Never a word of Botany had fallen upon her ears; but through all the unconscious bliss

of infancy, childhood, and girlhood, for sixteen happy years, she had lived among the flowers, and she knew their dear faces and their wild-wood names. She loved them with an almost human love. They were to her companions and friends. She knew their likings and dislikings, their joys and sorrows,—who among them chose the darkest nooks of the old woods, and who bloomed only to the brightest sunlight,—who sent their roots deep down among the mosses by the brook, and who smiled only on the southern hill-side. Around each she wove a web of beautiful individuality, and more than one had received from her a new christening. It is true, that, when she came to study from a book, she made wry faces over the long, barbarous, Latin names which completely disguised her favorites, and in her heart deemed a great many of the definitions quite superfluous; but she had strong faith in her teacher, and when the technical was laid aside for the real, then, indeed, "her foot was on her native heath, and her name was MacGregor." A wild and merry chase she led her grave instructor. Morning, noon, or night, she was always ready. Under the blue sky, breathing the pure air, treading the green turf familiar from her infancy, she could not be otherwise than happy; but when was superadded to this the companionship of a mind vigorous, cultivated, and refined, she enjoyed it with a keen and intense delight. Nowhere else did her soul so entirely unfold to the genial light of this new sun which had suddenly mounted above her horizon. Nowhere else did the freshness and fulness and splendor of life dilate her whole being with a fine ecstasy.

And what was the end of all this? Just what you would have supposed. She had led a life of simple, unbounded love and trust,—a buoyant, elastic gladness,—a dream of sunshine. No gray cloud had ever lowered in her sky, no thunderbolt smitten her joys, no winter rain chilled her warmth. Only the white fleeciness of morning mist had flitted sometimes over her summer-sky, deepening

ing the blue. Little cooling drops had fluttered down through the leafiness, only to span her with a rainbow in the glory of the setting sun. But the time had come. From the deep fountains of her heart the stone was to be rolled away. The secret chord was to be smitten by a master-hand, — a chord which, once stirred, may never cease to quiver.

At first Ivy worshipped very far off. Her friend was to her the embodiment of all knowledge and goodness and greatness. She marvelled to see him so at home in what was to her so strange. Every word that fell from his lips was an oracle. She secretly contrasted him with all the men she had ever met, to the utter discomfiture of the latter. Washington, the Apostle Paul, and Peter Parley were the only men of the past or present whom she considered at all worthy to be compared with him; and in fact, if these three men and Felix Clerron had all stood before her, and offered each a different opinion on any given subject, I have scarcely a doubt as to whose would have commended itself to her as combining the soundest practical wisdom and the highest Christian benevolence.

So the summer passed on, and her shyness wore off,—and their intimacy became less and less that of teacher and pupil, and more and more that of friend and friend. With the sudden awakening of her intellectual nature, there woke also another power, of whose existence she had never dreamed. It was natural, that, in ranging the fields of thought so lately opened to her, she should often revert to him whose hand had unbarred the gates; she was therefore not startled that the image of Felix Clerron was with her when she sat down and when she rose up, when she went out and when she came in. She ceased, indeed, to think *of* him. She thought *him*. She lived him. Her soul fed on his life. And so—and so—by a pleasant and flowery path, there came into Ivy's heart the old, old pain.

Now the thing was on this wise:—

One morning, when she went to recite, she did not find Mr. Clerron in the libra-

ry, where he usually awaited her. After spending a few moments in looking over her lessons, she rose and was about to pass to the door to ring, when Mrs. Simm looked in, and, seeing Ivy, informed her that Mr. Clerron was in the garden, and desired her to come out. Ivy immediately followed Mrs. Simm into the garden. On the south side of the house was a piazza two stories high. Along the pillars which supported it a trellis-work had been constructed, reaching several feet above the roof of the piazza. About this climbed a vigorous grape-vine, which not only completely screened nearly the whole front of the piazza, but, reaching the top of the trellis, shot across, by the aid of a few pieces of fine wire, and overran a part of the roof of the house. Thus the roof of the piazza was the floor of a beautiful apartment, whose walls and ceiling were broad, rustling, green leaves, among which drooped now innumerable heavy clusters of rich purple grapes.

From behind this leafy wall a well-known voice cried, "Hail to thee, my twining vine!" Ivy turned and looked up, with the uncertain, inquiring smile we often wear when conscious that, though unseeing, we are not unseen; and presently two hands parted the leaves far enough for a very sunshiny smile to gleam down on the upturned face.

"Oh, I wish I could come up there!" cried Ivy, clasping her hands with childish eagerness.

"The wish is father to the deed."

"May I?"

"Be sure you may."

"But how shall I get in?"

"Are you afraid to come up the ladder?"

"No, I don't mean that; but how shall I get in where you are, after I am up?"

"Oh, never fear! I'll draw you in safely enough."

"Lorful heart! Miss Ivy, what are you going to do?" cried Mrs. Simm, in terror.

Ivy was already on the third round of the ladder, but she stopped and answered, hesitatingly,—

"He said I might."

"He said you might, yes," continued Mrs. Simm,—talking to Ivy, but at Mr. Clerron, with whom she hardly dared to remonstrate in a more direct way. "And if he said you might throw yourself down Vineyard Cliff, it don't follow that you are bound to do it. He goes into all sorts of hap-hazard scrapes himself, but you can't follow him."

"But it looks so nice up there," pleaded Ivy, "and I have been twice as high at home. I don't mind it at all."

"If your father chooses to let you run the risk of your life, it's none of my look-out, but I a'n't going to have you breaking your neck right under my nose. If you want to get up there, I'll show you the way in the house, and you can step right out of the window. Just wait till I've told Ellen about the dinner."

As Mrs. Simm disappeared, Mr. Clerron said softly to Ivy, "Come!"—and in a moment Ivy bounded up the ladder and through an opening in the vine, and stood by his side.

"I'm ready now, Miss Ivy," said Mrs. Simm, reappearing. "Miss Ivy! Where is the child?"

A merry laugh greeted her.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing!" cried the good-natured old housekeeper, "you'll never die in your bed."

"Not for a good while, I hope," answered Mr. Clerron.

Then he made Ivy sit down by him, and took from the great basket the finest cluster of grapes.

"Is that reward enough for coming?"

"Coming into so beautiful a place as this is like what you read yesterday about poetry to Coleridge, 'its own exceeding great reward.'"

"And you don't want the grapes?"

"I don't know that I have any intrinsic objection to them as a free gift. It was only the principle that I opposed."

"Very well, we will go shares, then. You may have half for the free gift, and I will have half for the principle. Little tendrils, you look as fresh as the morning."

"Don't I always?"

"I should say there was a *little* more dew than usual. Stand up and let me survey you, if perchance I may discover the cause."

Ivy rose, made a profound curtsy, and then turned slowly around, after the manner of the revolving fashion-figures in a milliner's window.

"I don't know," continued Mr. Clerron, when Ivy, after a couple of revolutions, resumed her seat. "You seem to be the same. I think it must be the frock."

"I don't wear a frock. I don't think it would improve my style of beauty, if I did. Papa wears one sometimes."

"And what kind of a frock, pray, does 'papa' wear?"

"Oh, a horrid blue thing. Comes about down to his knees. Made of some kind of woollen stuff. Horrid!"

"And what name do you give to that white thing with blue sprigs in it?"

"This?"

"Yes."

"This is a dress."

"No. This, and your collar, and hat, and shoes, and sash are your dress. This is a frock."

Ivy shook her head doubtfully.

"You know a great deal, I know."

"So you informed me once before."

"Oh, don't mention that!" said Ivy, blushing, and quickly added, "Do you know I have discovered the reason why you like me this morning?"

"And every morning."

"Sir?"

"Go on. What is the reason?"

"It is because I clear-starched and ironed it myself with my own-dony hands; and that, you know, is the reason it looks nicer than usual."

"Ah, me! I wish I wore dresses."

"You can, if you choose, I suppose. There is no one to hinder you."

"Simpleton! that is not what you were intended to say. You should have asked the cause of so singular a wish, and then I had a pretty little speech all ready for you,—a veritable compliment."

"It is well I did not ask, then. Mama does not approve of compliments, and perhaps it would have made me vain."

"Incorrigible! Why did you not ask me what the speech was, and thus give me an opportunity to relieve myself. Why, a body might die of a plethora of flattery, if he had nobody but you to discharge it against."

"He must take care, then, that the supply does not exceed the demand."

"Political economy, upon my word! What shall we have next?"

"Domestic, I suppose you would like. Men generally, indeed, prefer it to the other, I am told."

"Ah, Ivy, Ivy! little you know about men, my child!"

He leaned back in his seat and was silent for some minutes. Ivy did not care to interrupt his thinking. Presently he said,—

"Ivy, how old are you?"

"I shall be seventeen the last day of this month."

A short pause.

"And then eighteen."

"And then nineteen."

"And then twenty. In three years you will be twenty."

"Horrid old, isn't it?"

He turned his head, and looked down upon her with what Ivy thought a curious kind of smile, but only said,—

"You must not say 'horrid' so much."

By-and-by Ivy grew rather tired of sitting silent and watching the rustle of the leaves, which hid every other prospect; she turned her face a little so that she could look at him. He sat with folded arms, looking straight ahead; and she thought his face wore a troubled expression. She felt as if she would like very much to smooth out the wrinkles in his forehead and run her fingers through his hair, as she sometimes did for her father. She had a great mind to ask him if she should; then she reflected that it might make him nervous. Then she wondered if he had forgotten her lessons, and how long they were to sit there. Determined,

at length, to have a change of some kind, she said, softly,—

"Mr. Clerron!"

He roused himself suddenly, and stood up.

"I thought, perhaps, you had a headache."

"No, Ivy. But this is not climbing the hill of science, is it?"

"Not so much as it is climbing the piazza."

"Suppose we take a vacation to-day, and investigate the state of the atmosphere?"

"Yes, Sir, I am ready."

Ivy did not fully understand the nature of his proposition; but if he had proposed to "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes," she would have said and acted, "Yes, Sir, I am ready," just the same.

He took up the basket of grapes which he had gathered, and led the way through the window, down-stairs. Ivy waited for him at the hall-door, while he carried the grapes to Mrs. Simm; then he joined her again and proposed to walk through the woods a little while, before Ivy went home.

"You must know, my docile pupil, that I am going to the city to-morrow, on business, to be gone a week or two. So, as you must perforce take a vacation then, why, we may as well begin to vacate to-day, and enjoy it."

"I am sorry you are going away."

"You are? That is almost enough to pay me for going. Why are you sorry?"

"Because I shall not see you for a week; and I have become so used to you, that somehow I don't seem to know what to do with a day without you; and then the cars may run off the track and kill you or hurt you, or you may get the small-pox, or a great many things may happen."

"And suppose some of these terrible things should happen,—the last, for instance,—what would you do?"

"I? I should advise you to send for the doctor at once."

Mr. Clerron laughed.

"So you would not come and nurse

me, and take care of me, and get me well again?"

"No, because I should then be in danger of taking it myself and giving it to papa and mamma; besides, they would not let me, I am quite sure."

"So you love your papa and mamma better than"——

He stopped abruptly. Ivy finished for him.

"Better than words can tell. Papa particularly. Mamma, somehow, seems strong of herself, and don't depend upon me; but papa,—oh, you don't know how he is to me! I think, if I should die, he would die of grief. I have, I cannot help having, a kind of pity for him, he loves me so."

"Do you always pity people, when they love you very much?"

"Oh, no! of course not. Besides, nobody loves me enough to be pitied, except papa.—Isn't it pleasant here? How very green it is! It looks just like summer. Oh, Mr. Clerron, did you see the clouds this morning?"

"There were none when I arose."

"Why, yes, Sir, there was a great heap of them at sunrise."

"I am not prepared to contradict you."

"Perhaps you were not up at sunrise."

"I have an impression to that effect."

He smiled so comically, that Ivy could not help saying, though she was half afraid he might not be pleased,—

"I wonder whether you are an early riser."

"Yes, my dear, I consider myself tolerably early. I believe I have been up every morning but one, this week, by nine o'clock."

Ivy was horror-struck. Her country ideas of "early to bed and early to rise" received a great shock, as her looks plainly showed. He laughed gayly at her amazed face.

"You don't seem to appreciate me, Miss Geer."

"Nine o'clock!" repeated Ivy, slowly,—“every morning but one!” and it is Tuesday to-day."

"Yes, but you know yesterday was a

dark, cloudy day, and excellent for sleeping."

"But, Mr. Clerron, then you are not more than fairly up when I come. And when do you write?"

"Always in the evening."

"But the evenings are so short,—or have been."

"Mine are not particularly so. From six to three is about long enough for one sitting."

"I should think so. And you must be so tired!"

"Not so tired as you think. You, now, rising at five or six, and running round all day, become so tired that you have to go to bed by nine; of course you have no time for reflection and meditation. I, on the contrary, take life easily,—write in the night, when everything is still and quiet,—take my sleep when all the noise of the world's waking-up is going on,—and after creation is fairly settled for the day, I rise leisurely, breakfast leisurely, take a smoke leisurely, and leisurely wait the coming of my little pupil."

"Mr. Clerron!"

"Well!"

"May I tell you another thing I don't like in you? a bad habit?"

"As many as you please, provided you won't require me to reform."

"What is the use of telling it, then?"

"But it may be a relief to you. You will have the satisfaction arising from doing your duty. We shall ventilate our opinions, and perhaps come to a better understanding. Go on."

"Well, Sir, I wish you did not smoke so much."

"I don't smoke very much, little Ivy."

"I wish you would not at all. Mamma thinks it is very injurious, and wrong, even. And papa says cigars are bad things."

"Some of them are outrageous. But, my dear, granting your father and mother and yourself to be right, don't you see I am doing more to extirpate the evil than you, with all your principle? I exterminate, destroy, and ruin them at the rate of three a day; while you, I venture

to say, never lifted a finger or lighted a spark against them."

"Now, Sir, that is only a way of slipping round the question. And I really wish you did not. Before I knew you, I thought it was almost as bad to smoke as it was to steal. I know, however, now, that it cannot be; still" —

"Feminine logic."

"I have not studied Logic yet; still, as I was going to say, Sir, I don't like to think of you as being in a kind of subjection to anything."

"Ivy, seriously, I am not in subjection to a cigar. I often don't smoke for months together. To prove it, I promise you I won't smoke for the next two months."

"Oh, I am so glad! Oh, I am so much obliged to you! And you are not in the least vexed that I spoke to you about it?"

"Not in the least."

"I was afraid you would be. And one thing more, Sir, I have been afraid of, the last few days. You know when I first knew you, or before I knew you, I supposed you did nothing but walk round and enjoy yourself all day. But now I know you do work very hard; and I have feared that you could not well spare two hours every day for me,—particularly in the morning, which are almost always considered the best. But if you like to write in the evening, you would just as soon I would come in the morning?"

"Certainly."

"But if two hours are too much, I hope you won't, at any time, hesitate to tell me. I have no claim on a moment,—only" —

"My dear Ivy Geer, pupil and friend, be so good as to understand, henceforth, that you cannot possibly come into my house at any time when you are not wanted; nor stay any longer than I want

you; nor say anything that will not please me;—well, I am not quite sure about that;—but, at least, remember that I am always glad to see you, and teach you, and have you with me; and that I can never hope to do you as much good as you do me every day of your blessed life."

"Oh, Mr. Clerron!" exclaimed Ivy, with a great gush of gratitude and happiness; "do I, can I, do *you* any good?"

"You do and can, my tendril! You supply an element that was wanting in my life. You make every day beautiful to me. The flutter of your robes among these trees brings sunshine into my heart. Every morning I walk in my garden as soon as I am, as you say, fairly up, till I see you turn into the lane; and every day I watch you till you disappear. You are fresh and truthful and natural, and you give me new life. And now, my dear little trembling benefactor, because we are nearly through the woods, I can go no farther with you; and because I am going away to-morrow, not to see you again for a week, and because I hope you will be a little lonesome while I am gone, why, I think I must let you—kiss me!"

Ivy had been looking intently into his face, with an expression, at first, of the most beaming, tearful delight, then gradually changing into waiting wonder; but when his sentence finally closed, she stood still, scarcely able to comprehend. He placed his hands on her temples, and, smiling involuntarily at her blushes and embarrassment, half in sport and half in tenderness, bent her head a little back, kissed brow, cheeks, and lips, whispered softly, "Go now! God bless you for ever and ever, my darling!" and, turning, walked hastily down the winding path. As for Ivy, she went home in a dream, blind and stunned with a great joy.

[To be continued.]

"IMPLORA PACE."

No more Joy-roses ! their perfume
 To this dull pain brings short surcease :
 But tell me, if ye know, where bloom
 The golden lily-bells of Peace.

Leap, winnowing all the air of light,
 Ye wild wraiths of the waterfall !
 But for that fabled fountain's sight,
 That giveth sleep, I'd give you all.

Bound, gay barks, o'er the bounding main !
 Shake all your white wings to the breeze !
 My joy was erst the hurricane,
 The plunging of the purple seas ;

My hope to find the mystic marge
 Of all strange lands, the strange world o'er :
 But bear me now to yon still barge,
 Calm cradled by a tideless shore !

Wild birds, that cleave the crystal deeps
 With May-time matins loud and long,
 Oh, not for you my sick heart weeps !
 Its pulses time not to your song !

But know ye where she hides her nest,
 Beneath what balmy dropping eaves,
 The Dove that bears on her white breast
 The sacred green of olive-leaves ?

Not when the Spring doth rosy rise
 From white foam of the Northern snows ;
 Not when 'neath passion-throbbing skies
 The fire-pulsed June in beauty glows :

But when amid the templed hills,
 Deep drained from every purple vine,
 Soft for her dying lips distils
 The Summer's sacramental wine ;

While all her woodland priests put on
 Their vestures dipped in sacrifice,
 And, as 'twere golden bells far swung,
 A rhythmic silence holds the skies ;

What time the Day-spring softly wells
 From Night's dark caverns, till it sets
 In long, melodious, tidal swells,
 Toward the wide flood-gates of the West ;—

Oh, open then my dungeon door!
 Let Nature lead me, blind of eyes,
 If haply I may *feel* once more
 The pillars of the steadfast skies ;

If haply there may fall for me
 Some strange assurance in my fears,—
 As he who heard on Galilee,
 That stormy night in wondrous years,

The "It is I," and o'er the foam
 Of what seemed phantom-haunted seas,
 Saw glory of the kingdom come,
 The footsteps of the Prince of Peace !

THE PROGRESS OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

" Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

PSALMS, xix. 4.

AMONG the impossibilities enumerated to convince Job of his ignorance and weakness, the Almighty asks,—

" Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, Here we are?"

At the present day, every people in Christendom can respond in the affirmative.

The lines of electric telegraph are increasing so rapidly, that the length in actual use cannot be estimated at any moment with accuracy. At the commencement of 1848, it was stated that the length in operation in this country was about 3000 miles. At the end of 1850, the lines in operation, or in progress, in the United States, amounted to 22,000. In 1853, the total number of miles of wire in America amounted to 26,375.

It is but fifteen years since the first line of electric telegraph was constructed in this country; and at the present time there are not less than 50,000 miles in successful operation on this continent, having over 1400 stations, and employing upwards of 10,000 operators and clerks.

The number of messages passing over

all the lines in this country annually is estimated at upwards of 5,000,000, producing a revenue of \$2,000,000; in addition to which, the press pays \$200,000 for public despatches.

In Europe there are lines rivalling those in America. The electric wire extends under the English Channel, the German Ocean, the Black and Red Seas, and the Mediterranean; it passes from crag to crag on the Alps, and runs through Italy, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Russia.

India, Australia, Cuba, Mexico, and several of the South American States have also their lines; and the wires uniting the Pacific and Atlantic States will shortly meet at the passes of the Rocky Mountains.

The electric telegraph, which has made such rapid strides, is yet in its infancy. The effect of its future extension, and of new applications, cannot be estimated, when, as a means of intercourse at least, its network shall spread through every village, bringing all parts of our republic into the closest and most intimate relations of friendship and interest. In con-

nection with the railroad and steamboat, it has already achieved one important national result. It has made possible, on this continent, a wide-spread, yet closely linked, empire of States, such as our fathers never imagined. The highest office of the electric telegraph, in the future, is thus to be the promotion of unity, peace, and good-will among men.

In Europe, Great Britain and Ireland have the greatest number of miles of electric telegraph,—namely, 40,000. France has 26,000; Belgium, 1600; Germany, 35,000; Switzerland, 2000; Spain and Portugal, 1200; Italy, 6600; Turkey and Greece, 500; Russia, 12,000; Denmark and Sweden, 2000.

In Italy, Sardinia has the largest share of lines, having about 1200 miles; and in Germany, after Austria and Prussia, the largest share belongs to Bavaria, which has 1050. Saxony has 400 miles; Württemberg, 195.

The distance between stations on lines of Continental telegraph is from ten to twelve miles on the average, and the number of them is about 3800.

In France the use of the electric telegraph has rapidly increased within the last few years. In 1851, the number of despatches transmitted was 9014, which produced 76,723 francs. In 1858, there were 463,973 despatches transmitted, producing 3,516,634 francs. During the last four years, that is to say, since all the chief towns in France have been in electric communication with Paris, and consequently with each other, there have been sent by private individuals 1,492,420 despatches, which have produced 12,528,591 francs. Out of the 97,728 despatches exchanged during the last three months of 1858, 23,728 were with Paris, and 15,409 with the thirty most important towns of France. These 15,409 despatches are divided, as to their object or nature, as follows:—Private and family affairs, 3102; journals, 523; commerce and manufactures, 6132; Bourse affairs, 5253; sundry affairs, 399.

In Australia, the electric telegraph is in constant use, affording a remunerating

revenue, and the amount of business has forced on the government the necessity of additional wires.

Cuba has six hundred miles of wire in operation. Messages can be transmitted only in Spanish, and the closest surveillance is maintained by the government officials over all despatches offered for transmission. From the fact that no less than a dozen errors occurred in a despatch transmitted by a Boston gentleman from Cardenas to Havana, we judge that the telegraphic apparatus, invented by our liberty-loving American, Professor House, rebels at such petty tyranny.

Several hundred miles of electric telegraph have been constructed in Mexico; but the unfortunate condition of the country for the last few years has precluded the possibility of maintaining it in working order, and it has, like everything else in the land of Montezuma, gone to decay.

The English and Dutch governments have come to an understanding upon a system of cables which will unite India and Australia, and eventually be extended to China. The arrangements between the governments are:—That the Indian and Imperial governments shall connect India with Singapore; that the Dutch government shall connect Singapore with the southeast point of Java; that the Australian governments shall connect their continent with Java. The cable for the Singapore-Java section was to have been laid during the last month; the Indian-Singapore section is to be laid this spring; and the connection with Australia will, it is believed, be completed in the course of next year.

The Red Sea and India Telegraph Company have announced the arrangements under which they are prepared to transmit messages for the public between Alexandria and Aden. Messages for Australia and China will be forwarded by post from Aden. It is considered probable that a direct communication with Alexandria will be established through Constantinople in the course of

a few weeks, and then the news from India will reach London in ten or eleven days.

A late European steamer brings a report that two Russian engineers have proceeded to Peking, China, to make preparations for a telegraphic connection between that place and the Russian territory.

There is reason to believe that arrangements will soon be made at St. Petersburg, through private companies and government subsidies, for completing the line of telegraph from Novgorod to the mouth of the Amoor, and thence across the straits to Russian America. In the mean time, a company has already been formed and incorporated in Canada, under the name of the Transmundane Telegraphic Company, which will afford important aid in continuing the proposed line through British America. The plan is, to carry the wires from the mouth of the Amoor across Behring's Strait, to and through Russian and British America. From Victoria a branch will be extended to San Francisco, and another to Canada. The line from San Francisco to Missouri is under way, and Mr. Collins, who is engaged in the Russian and Canadian enterprise, thinks that by the time it is in operation he shall have extended his line to San Francisco.

This is unquestionably the most feasible route for telegraphic communication between America and Europe; and, though the longest by several thousand miles, it would afford the most rapid means of communication, owing to the great superiority of aerial over subaqueous lines.

No limit has yet been found to aerial telegraphing; for, by inserting transferers into the more extended circuits, renewed energy can be attained, and lines of several thousands of miles in length can be worked, if properly insulated, as surely as those of a hundred. The lines between New York and New Orleans are frequently connected together by means of transferers, and direct communication is had over a distance of more than two

thousand miles. No perceptible retardation of the current takes place; on the contrary, the lines so connected work as successfully as when divided into shorter circuits.

This is not the case with subaqueous lines. The employment of submarine, as well as of subterranean conductors, occasions a small retardation in the velocity of the transmitted electricity. This retardation is not due to the length of the path which the electric current has to traverse, since it does not take place with a conductor equally long, insulated in the air. It arises, as Faraday has demonstrated, from a static reaction, which is determined by the introduction of a current into a conductor well insulated, but surrounded outside its insulating coating by a conducting body, such as sea-water or moist ground, or even simply by the metallic envelope of iron wires placed in communication with the ground. When this conductor is presented to one of the poles of a battery, the other pole of which communicates with the ground, it becomes charged with static electricity, like the coating of a Leyden jar,—electricity which is capable of giving rise to a discharge current, even after the voltaic current has ceased to be transmitted.

Professor Wheatstone experimented upon the cable intended to unite La Spezia, upon the coast of Piedmont, with the Island of Corsica. It was one hundred and ten miles in length, and contained six copper wires one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, individually insulated, and each covered with a coating of gutta-percha one-twelfth of an inch in thickness. The cable was coiled in a dry pit in the yard, with its two ends accessible. The ends of the different wires could be united, so as to make of all these wires merely one wire six hundred and sixty miles in length, through which the electric current could circulate in the same direction. This current was itself furnished by an insulated battery formed of one hundred and forty-four Wheatstone's pairs, equal to fifty of Grove's.

In the first series of experiments, it was proved, that, if one of the ends of the long wire, whose other end remained insulated, were made to communicate with one of the poles of the battery, the wire became charged with the electricity of that pole, which, so long as it existed, gave rise to a current which was made evident by a galvanometer: but, in order to obtain this result, the second pole of the battery must communicate with the ground, or with another long wire similar to the first.

In a second series of experiments, Professor Wheatstone interposed three galvanometers in the middle and at the ends of the circuit, determining in this manner the progress of the current by the order which they followed in their deviation. If the two poles of the battery were connected by the long conductor of six hundred and sixty miles, the precaution having been taken to divide it into two portions of equal length, it was observed, on connecting the two free extremities of these two portions in order to close the circuit, that the galvanometer placed in the middle was the first to be deflected, whilst the galvanometers placed in the vicinity of the poles were not deflected until later.

By a third series of experiments, Wheatstone, with the galvanometer, has shown that a continuous current may be maintained in the circuit of the long wire of an electric cable, of which one of the ends is insulated, whilst the other communicates with one of the poles of a battery whose other pole is connected with the ground. This current is due to the uniform and continual dispersion of the statical electricity with which the wire is charged along its whole length, as would happen to any other conducting body placed in an insulating medium.

It was owing to the retardation from this cause that communication through the Atlantic Cable was so exceedingly slow and difficult, and not, as many suppose, because the cable was defective. It is true that there was a fault in the cable, discovered by Varley, before it left

Queenstown; but it was not of so serious a character as to offer any substantial obstacle to the passage of the electric current.

As everything pertaining to the actual operation of the Atlantic Cable has been studiously withheld from the public, until it has come to be seriously doubted whether any despatches were ever transmitted through it, we presume it will not be out of place here to give the actual *modus operandi* of this great wonder and mystery.

The only instrument which could be used successfully in signalling through the Atlantic Cable was one of peculiar construction, by Professor Thompson, called the marine galvanometer. In this instrument momentum and inertia are almost wholly avoided by the use of a needle weighing only one and a half grains, combined with a mirror reflecting a ray of light, which indicates deflections with great accuracy. By these means a gradually increasing or decreasing current is at each instant indicated at its due strength. Thus, when this galvanometer is placed as the receiving instrument at the end of a long submarine cable, the movement of the spot of light, consequent on the completion of a circuit through the battery, cable, and earth, can be so observed as to furnish a curve representing very accurately the arrival of an electric current. Lines representing successive signals at various speeds can also be obtained, and, by means of a metronome, dots, dashes, successive *A*-s, etc., can be sent with nearly perfect regularity by an ordinary Morse key, and the corresponding changes in the current at the receiving end of the cable accurately observed. The strength of the battery employed was found to have no influence on the results; curves given by batteries of different strengths could be made to coincide by simply drawing them to scales proportionate to the strengths of the two currents. It was also found that the same curve represented the gradual increase of intensity due to the arrival of a current and the gradual decrease due to the ceasing of that current.

The possible speed of signalling was found to be very nearly proportional to the squares of the lengths spoken through. Thus, a speed which gave fifteen dots per minute in a length of 2191 nautical miles reproduced all the effects given by a speed of thirty dots in a length of 1500. At these speeds, with ordinary Morse signals, speaking would be barely possible. In the Red Sea, a speed of from seven to eight words per minute was attained in a length of 750 nautical miles. Mechanical senders, and attention to the proportion of the various contacts, would materially increase the speed at which signals of any kind could be transmitted. The best trained hand cannot equal the accuracy of mechanism, and the slightest irregularity causes the current to rise or fall quite beyond the limits required for distinct signals. No important difference was observed between signals sent by alternate reverse currents and those sent by the more usual method. The amount of oscillation, and the consequent distinctness of signalling, were nearly the same in the two cases. An advantage in the first signals sent is, however, obtained by the use of Messrs. Sieman's and Halske's submarine key, by which the cable is put to earth immediately on signalling being interrupted, and the wire thus kept at a potential half-way between the potentials of the poles of two counter-acting batteries employed, and the first signals become legible, which, with the ordinary key, would be employed in charging the wire.

A system of arbitrary characters, similar to those used upon the Morse telegraph, was employed, and the letter to be indicated was determined by the number of oscillations of the needle, as well as by the length of time during which the needle remained in one place. The operator, who watched the reflection of the deflected needle in the mirror, had a key, communicating with a local instrument in the office, in his hand, which he pressed down or raised, as the needle was deflected; and another operator occupied himself in deciphering

the characters thus produced upon the paper. As the operator at Trinity Bay had no means of arresting the operations at Valentia, and *vice versâ*, and as the fastest rate of speed over the cable could not exceed three words per minute, it will not surprise the reader that the operators were nearly two days in transmitting the Queen's despatch.

However, notwithstanding all the difficulties in the way, there were transmitted from Ireland to Newfoundland, through the Atlantic Cable, between the 10th of August and the 1st of September, 97 messages, containing 1102 words; and from Newfoundland to Ireland, 269 messages and 2840 words, making a total of 366 messages, containing 3942 words. Among these were the message from the Queen to the President of the United States, and his reply; the one announcing the safety of the steamer Europa, her mails and passengers, after her collision with the Arabia; and two messages for Her Majesty's War-Office, which last effected a very large saving to the revenue of the English government.

In Liverpool, £150,000 have already been subscribed to the project of completing or relaying the Atlantic Cable.

A contract has been recently made by the English government for a cable to be laid from Falmouth to Gibraltar, 1200 miles, which is to be ready in June next. This will be succeeded by one from Gibraltar to Malta and Alexandria, thus giving England an independent line, free from Continental difficulties.

Steamers were to have left Liverpool at the end of the last month, with the remainder of the cable to connect Kurra-chee with Aden. The cable to connect Alexandria with England is now to be laid through the islands of Rhodes and Scio to Constantinople, and not by way of Candia, as previously intended; it is expected to be laid this season. Hellanijah, one of the Kuria-Muria Islands, has been decided on as a station for the Red Sea Telegraph.

The new electric cable between Malta and the opposite coast of Sicily at Alga

Grande is safely laid. Two previous attempts had been made; but, in consequence of the late strong winds, nothing could be done. The shore end on the Malta side had been laid down and connected with the company's offices before the expedition started; the outer end, about one mile off the Marsamuscetto harbor, into which the cable has been taken, being buoyed ready to complete the communication from shore to shore the moment the cable was submerged. The operation of paying out the cable was completed without the least accident. The mid-portion of the cable is of great strength, being able to sustain a strain of ten or twelve tons without parting, and the shore ends are of nearly double that strength. The depth of water throughout is within eighty fathoms; so that, if any accident should ever occur, it may be remedied without much difficulty.

A great change in the rates to Sicily and the Italian States will result from the completion of this new line, a reduction in some cases of seventy-five per cent. being made,—a great boon to the English merchants. Messages in French, English, or Italian will be transmitted, and we must congratulate the company upon their success in inducing the Neapolitan government to make this concession, and upon the exceedingly low tariff proposed.

Mr. De Santy is the electrician of this company. He will be remembered by the reader as the mysterious operator at Trinity Bay, from whom an occasional vague and exceedingly brief despatch was received in relation to the working of the cable. Nothing really satisfactory could ever be obtained, and, when visited by some officers connected with the United States Coast Survey, he would not permit them to enter the office or examine the apparatus. His name was published in the daily journals with several different varieties of spelling, and for this reason, and in consequence of his extreme reticence, one of them perpetrated the following:—

"Thou operator, silent, glum,
Why wilt thou act so naughty?
Do tell us *what* your name is,—come:
De Santy, or De Sauty?"

"Don't think to humbug any more,
Shut up there in your shanty,—
But solve the problem, once for all,—
De Sauty, or De Santy?"

Electric telegraphy in the Ottoman Empire has within a few months had a remarkable development. Several lines are already in course of construction. A direct line from Varna to Toultscha, passing by Baltschik. A line from Toultscha to Odessa, passing by Reni and joining the Russian telegraph at Ismail. The subaqueous cable from Toultscha to Reni, on the Danube, is the sixth in the Ottoman Empire. This line, which will place Constantinople in direct communication with Odessa, will not only have the advantage of increasing and accelerating the communications, but will very considerably reduce their cost.

There is also to be a line from Rodosto to Enos and Salonica; and from Salonica to Monastir, Valona, and Scutari in Albania. The line from Salonica to Monastir and Valona will be joined by a submarine cable crossing the Adriatic to Otranto, and carried on to Naples. It will have the effect of placing Southern Italy in communication with Constantinople, and also of reducing the cost of messages. A convention to this effect has been signed by a delegate of the Neapolitan government and the director-general of the telegraphic lines of the Ottoman Empire, touching this line to Naples. The ratification of the two governments will shortly be given to this convention.

A line from Scutari in Albania to Bar-Bournon, and thence to Castellastua, passing round the Montenegrin territory by a submarine cable. This line is already laid, and will begin working immediately on the completion of the Austrian lines to the point where it ends.

A line from Constantinople to Bagdad. Three sections of this are being simultaneously laid down. The first from Constan-

tinople to Ismid, Angora, Yuzgat, and Siyas: the works on this have been already carried to Sabanja, between Ismid and Angora. The second section, from Siyas to Moussoul: the works on this line are in a state of favorable preparation, and the line will be actively gone on with. The third section, from Bagdad to Moussoul: for this also the preparations have been made, and the works will begin when the season opens, the materials being all ready along the line. From Bagdad this line will extend to Bassora, to join a submarine cable to be carried thence to British India.

A projected line from Constantinople to Smyrna. For this, two routes are thought of: one, the shortest, but most difficult, would run from Constantinople to the Dardanelles, Adramyti, and Smyrna; the other, the longest, but offering fewest difficulties, would pass from Constantinople by Muhalitch, Berlick-Hissar, and Maneesa, to Smyrna.

A line from Mostar to Bosna-Serai. Mostar is already connected with the Austrian telegraphs at Metcovich.

Other lines have been in the mean time completed and extended, and will soon be opened to the public. Thus, a third and fourth wire are being laid on the line from Constantinople to Rodosto; from the latter point three wires have been carried to Gallipoli and the Dardanelles, two of which are for messages from Gallipoli to the Dardanelles, and the third is to join the submarine cable connecting Constantinople, Candia, Syra, and the Piræus. The communications between Constantinople and Candia would already have begun but for an accident to the engineer. Those with Syra and the Piræus will begin as soon as the ratification of the convention entered into between the Ottoman and Greek governments on this subject shall have taken place. The laying of the cable between Candia and Alexandria, which has not yet succeeded, will be resumed this spring.

Thus, after the completion of these lines, Constantinople will be in commu-

nication with nearly all the chief provinces and towns of the empire, with Africa, and with Europe, by five different channels,—by the Principalities, by Odesa, by Servia, by Dalmatia, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. With such a development of the system, it will be imperatively necessary to increase the telegraphic working-staff. Already the number of despatches arriving every day renders the service very difficult, and occasions much confusion and many grievous mistakes. Nothing is easier than to remedy all this by increasing the number of the *employés*.

The great distinguishing feature of the telegraphs used in Great Britain is, that they are of the class known as oscillating telegraphs,—that is, telegraphs in which the letters are denoted by the number of motions to the right or left of a needle or indicator. Those of France are of the class called dial telegraphs, in which an index, or needle, is carried around the face of a dial, around the circumference of which are placed the letters of the alphabet; any particular letter being designated by the brief stopping of the needle. A similar system has been used in Prussia; but, recently, the American, or recording instrument of Professor Morse, has been introduced into this, as well as every other European country; and even in England, the national prejudice is gradually giving way, and our American system is being introduced.

In America none but recording instruments have ever been used. Of these we have many kinds, but only five are in operation at present, namely:—The electro-magnetic timing instrument of Professor Morse; the electro-magnetic step-by-step printing of Mr. House; the electro-magnetic synchronous printing of Mr. Hughes; the electro-chemical rhythmic of Mr. Bain; and the combination-printing, combining the essential parts of the Hughes instrument with portions of the House. The Morse apparatus is, however, most generally used in this country and every other. Out of the two hun-

dred and fifty thousand miles of electric telegraph now in operation or in the course of construction in the world, at least two hundred thousand give the preference to it.

Although the Morse apparatus is a recording one, yet, for the last six years, the operators in this country have discontinued the use of the paper, and confined themselves to reading by the ear, which they do with the greatest facility. By this means a great saving is made in the expense of working the telegraph, and far greater correctness insured; as the ear is found much more reliable in comprehending the clicks of the instrument, than the eye in deciphering the arbitrary alphabet of dots and lines.

The rapidity of the several instruments in use may be given as follows:—Cooke and Wheatstone's needle telegraph of Great Britain, 900 words per hour; Froment's dial telegraph, of France, 1200; Bregnet's dial telegraph, also French, 1000; Sieman's dial telegraph, formerly used upon the Prussian lines, 900; Bain's chemical, in use between Liverpool and Manchester, and formerly to a considerable extent in the United States, 1500; the Morse telegraph, in use all over the world, 1500; the House printing, used in the United States to a limited extent, and in Cuba, 2800; Hughes's and the combination instruments, 2000. The three last systems are American inventions; thus it will be seen, that to our country is due the credit of inventing the most rapid and the most universally used telegraphic systems.

But though we surpass all other nations in the value of our electric apparatus, we are far behind many, and indeed most countries, in the construction of our

lines. This does not arise from want of knowledge or of means, but from the custom which obtains to a great extent among all classes and professions in this country, of providing something which will answer for a time, instead of securing a permanent success.

“But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance,”—

especially in building lines of electric telegraph, where the best are always the cheapest.

When Shakspeare made Puck promise to “put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,” he undoubtedly supposed he would thereby accomplish a remarkable feat; but when the great Russo-American line *viâ* Behring's Strait and the Amoor is completed, and the Atlantic Cable is again in operation, we can put an electric girdle round about the earth before Puck could have time to spread his wings!

In view of what must actually take place at no distant day,—the girdling of the earth by the electric wires,—a singular question arises:—If we send a current of electricity east, it will lose twenty-four hours in going round the globe; if we send one west, it will gain twenty-four, or, in other words, will get back to the starting-place twenty-four hours before it sets out. Now, if we send a current half-way round the world, it will get there twelve hours in advance of, or twelve hours behind our time, according as we send it east or west; the question which naturally suggests itself, therefore, is, What is the time at the antipodes? is it *yesterday* or *to-morrow*?

LOVE AND SELF-LOVE.

"FRIENDLESS, when you are gone? But, Jean, you surely do not mean that Effie has no claim on any human creature, beyond the universal one of common charity?" I said, as she ceased, and lay panting on her pillows, with her sunken eyes fixed eagerly upon my own.

"Ay, Sir, I do; for her grandfather has never by word or deed acknowledged her, or paid the least heed to the letter her poor mother sent him from her dying bed seven years ago. He is a lone old man, and this child is the last of his name; yet he will not see her, and cares little whether she be dead or living. It's a bitter shame, Sir, and the memory of it will rise up before him when he comes to lie where I am lying now."

"And you have kept the girl safe in the shelter of your honest home all these years? Heaven will remember that, and in the great record of good deeds will set the name of Adam Lyndsay far below that of poor Jean Burns," I said, pressing the thin hand that had succored the orphan in her need.

But Jean took no honor to herself for that charity, and answered simply to my words of commendation.

"Sir, her mother was my foster-child; and when she left that stern old man for love of Walter Home, I went, too, for love of her. Ah, dear heart! she had sore need of me in the weary wanderings which ended only when she lay down by her dead husband's side, and left her bairn to me. Then I came here to cherish her among kind souls where I was born; and here she has grown up, an innocent young thing, safe from the wicked world, the comfort of my life, and the one thing I grieve at leaving when the time that is drawing very near shall come."

"Would not an appeal to Mr. Lyndsay reach him now, think you? Might not Effie go to him herself? Surely, the

sight of such a winsome creature would touch his heart, however hard."

But Jean rose up in her bed, crying, almost fiercely,—

"No, Sir! no! My child shall never go to beg a shelter in that hard man's house. I know too well the cold looks, the cruel words, that would sting her high spirit and try her heart, as they did her mother's. No, Sir,—rather than that, she shall go with Lady Gower."

"Lady Gower? What has she to do with Effie, Jean?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"She will take Effie as her maid, Sir. A hard life for my child! but what can I do?" And Jean's keen glance seemed, trying to read mine.

"A waiting-maid? Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated, as a vision of that haughty lady and her three wild sons swept through my mind.

I rose, paced the room in silence for a little time, then took a sudden resolution, and, turning to the bed, exclaimed,—

"Jean, I will adopt Effie. I am old enough to be her father; and she shall never feel the want of one, if you will give her to my care."

To my surprise, Jean's eager face wore a look of disappointment as she listened, and with a sigh replied,—

"That's a kind thought, Sir, and a generous one; but it cannot be as you wish. You may be twice her age, but still too young for that. How could Effie look into that face of yours, so bonnie, Sir, for all it is so grave, and, seeing never a wrinkle on the forehead, nor a white hair among the black, how could she call you father? No, it will not do, though so kindly meant. Your friends would laugh at you, Sir, and idle tongues might speak ill of my bairn."

"Then what can I do, Jean?" I asked, regretfully.

"Make her your wife, Sir."

I turned sharply and stared at the woman, as her abrupt reply reached my ear.

Though trembling for the consequences of her boldly spoken wish, Jean did not shrink from my astonished gaze; and when I saw the wistfulness of that wan face, the smile died on my lips, checked by the tender courage which had prompted the utterance of her dying hope.

"My good Jean, you forget that Effie is a child, and I a moody, solitary man, with no gifts to win a wife or make home happy."

"Effie is sixteen, Sir,—a fair, good lassie for her years; and you—ah, Sir, *you* may call yourself unfit for wife and home, but the poorest, saddest creature in this place knows that the man whose hand is always open, whose heart is always pitiful, is not the one to live alone, but to win and to deserve a happy home and a true wife. Oh, Sir, forgive me, if I have been too bold; but my time is short, and I love my child so well, I cannot leave the desire of my heart unspoken, for it is my last."

As the words fell brokenly from her lips, and tears streamed down her pallid cheek, a great pity took possession of me, the old longing to find some solace for my solitary life returned again, and peace seemed to smile on me from little Effie's eyes.

"Jean," I said, "give me till to-morrow to consider this new thought. I fear it cannot be; but I have learned to love the child too well to see her thrust out from the shelter of your home to walk through this evil world alone. I will consider your proposal, and endeavor to devise some future for the child which shall set your heart at rest. But before you urge this further, let me tell you that I am not what you think me. I am a cold, selfish man, often gloomy, often stern,—a most unfit guardian for a tender creature like this little girl. The deeds of mine which you call kind are not true charities; it frets me to see pain, and I desire my ease above all earthly things. You are grateful for the little I have done for you, and deceive yourself regarding my true worth; but of one thing you may rest assured,—I am an honest

man, who holds his name too high to stain it with a false word or a dishonorable deed."

"I do believe you, Sir," Jean answered, eagerly. "And if I left the child to you, I could die this night in peace. Indeed, Sir, I never should have dared to speak of this, but for the belief that you loved the girl. What else could I think, when you came so often and were so kind to us?"

"I cannot blame you, Jean; it was my usual forgetfulness of others which so misled you. I was tired of the world, and came hither to find peace in solitude. Effie cheered me with her winsome ways, and I learned to look on her as the blithe spirit whose artless wiles won me to forget a bitter past and a regretful present." I paused; and then added, with a smile, "But, in our wise schemes, we have overlooked one point: Effie does not love me, and may decline the future you desire me to offer her."

A vivid hope lit those dim eyes, as Jean met my smile with one far brighter, and joyfully replied,—

"She *does* love you, Sir; for you have given her the greatest happiness she has ever known. Last night she sat looking silently into the fire there with a strange gloom on her bonnie face, and, when I asked what she was dreaming of, she turned to me with a look of pain and fear, as if dismayed at some great loss, but she only said, 'He is going, Jean! What shall I do?'"

"Poor child! she will miss her friend and teacher, when I'm gone; and I shall miss the only human creature that has seemed to care for me for years," I sighed,—adding, as I paused upon the threshold of the door, "Say nothing of this to Effie till I come to-morrow, Jean."

I went away, and far out on the lonely moor sat down to think. Like a weird magician, Memory led me back into the past, calling up the hopes and passions buried there. My childhood,—fatherless and motherless, but not unhappy; for no wish was ungratified, no idle whim denied. My boyhood,—with no shadows

over it but those my own wayward will called up. My manhood,—when the great joy of my life arose, my love for Agnes, a midsummer dream of bloom and bliss, so short-lived and so sweet! I felt again the pang that wrung my heart when she coldly gave me back the pledge I thought so sacred and so sure, and the music of her marriage-bells tolled the knell of my lost love. I seemed to hear them still wafted across the purple moor through the silence of those fifteen years.

My life looked gray and joyless as the wide waste lying hushed around me, unblest with the verdure of a single hope, a single love; and as I looked down the coming years, my way seemed very solitary, very dark.

Suddenly a lark soared upward from the heath, cleaving the silence with its jubilant song. The sleeping echoes woke, the dun moor seemed to smile, and the blithe music fell like dew upon my gloomy spirit, wakening a new desire.

“What this bird is to the moor might little Effie be to me,” I thought within myself, longing to possess the cheerful spirit which had power to gladden me.

“Yes,” I mused, “the old home will seem more solitary now than ever; and if I cannot win the lark’s song without a golden fetter, I will give it one, and while it sings for love of me it shall not know a want or fear.”

Heaven help me! I forgot the poor return I made my lark for the sweet liberty it lost.

All that night I pondered the altered future Jean had laid before me, and the longer I looked the fairer it seemed to grow. Wealth I cared nothing for; the world’s opinion I defied; ambition had departed, and passion I believed lay dead;—then why should I deny myself the consolation which seemed offered to me? I would accept it; and as I resolved, the dawn looked in at me, fresh and fair as little Effie’s face.

I met Jean with a smile, and, as she read its significance aright, there shone a sudden peace upon her countenance, more touching than her grateful words.

Effie came singing from the burn-side, as unconscious of the change which awaited her as the flowers gathered in her plaid and crowning her bright hair.

I drew her to my side, and in the simplest words asked her if she would go with me when Jean’s long guardianship was ended. Joy, sorrow, and surprise stirred the sweet composure of her face, and quickened the tranquil beating of her heart. But as I ceased, joy conquered grief and wonder; for she clapped her hands like a glad child, exclaiming,—

“Go with you, Sir? Oh, if you knew how I long to see the home you have so often pictured to me, you would never doubt my willingness to go.”

“But, Effie, you do not understand. Are you willing to go with me as my wife?” I said,—with a secret sense of something like remorse, as I uttered that word, which once meant so much to me, and now seemed such an empty title to bestow on her.

The flowers dropped from the loosened plaid, as Effie looked with a startled glance into my face; the color left her cheeks, and the smile died on her lips, but a timid joy lit her eye, as she softly echoed my last words,—

“Your wife? It sounds very solemn, though so sweet. Ah, Sir, I am not wise or good enough for that!”

A child’s humility breathed in her speech, but something of a woman’s fervor shone in her uplifted countenance, and sounded in the sudden tremor of her voice.

“Effie, I want you as you are,” I said,—“no wiser, dear,—no better. I want your innocent affection to appease the hunger of an empty heart, your blithe companionship to cheer my solitary home. Be still a child to me, and let me give you the protection of my name.”

Effie turned to her old friend, and, laying her young face on the pillow close beside the worn one grown so dear to her, asked, in a tone half pleading, half regretful,—

“Dear Jean, shall I go so far away

from you and the home you gave me when I had no other?"

"My bairn, I shall not be here, and it will never seem like home with old Jean gone. It is the last wish I shall ever know, to see you safe with this good gentleman who loves my child. Go, dear heart, and be happy; and Heaven bless and keep you both!"

Jean held her fast a moment, and then, with a whispered prayer, put her gently away. Effie came to me, saying, with a look more eloquent than her meek words,—

"Sir, I will be your wife, and love you very truly all my life."

I drew the little creature to my breast, and felt a tender pride in knowing she was mine. Something in the shy caress those soft arms gave touched my cold nature with a generous warmth, and the innocence of that confiding heart was an appeal to all that made my manhood worth possessing.

Swiftly those few weeks passed, and when old Jean was laid to her last sleep, little Effie wept her grief away upon her husband's bosom, and soon learned to smile in her new English home. Its gloom departed when she came, and for a while it was a very happy place. My bitter moods seemed banished by the magic of the gentle presence that made sunshine there, and I was conscious of a fresh grace added to the life so wearisome before.

I should have been a father to the child, watchful, wise, and tender; but old Jean was right,—I was too young to feel a father's calm affection or to know a father's patient care. I should have been her teacher, striving to cultivate the nature given to my care, and fit it for the trials Heaven sends to all. I should have been a friend, if nothing more, and given her those innocent delights that make youth beautiful and its memory sweet.

I was a master, content to give little, while receiving all she could bestow.

Forgetting her loneliness, I fell back into my old way of life. I shunned the world, because its gayeties had lost their

zest. I did not care to travel, for home now possessed a charm it never had before. I knew there was an eager face that always brightened when I came, light feet that flew to welcome me, and hands that loved to minister to every want of mine. Even when I sat engrossed among my books, there was a pleasant consciousness that I was the possessor of a household sprite whom a look could summon and a gesture banish. I loved her as I loved a picture or a flower,—a little better than my horse and hound,—but far less than I loved my most unworthy self.

And she,—always so blithe when I was by, so diligent in studying my desires, so full of simple arts to win my love and prove her gratitude,—she never asked for any boon, and seemed content to live alone with me in that still place, so utterly unlike the home she had left. I had not learned to read that true heart then. I saw those happy eyes grow wistful when I went, leaving her alone; I missed the roses from her cheek, faded for want of gentler care; and when the buoyant spirit which had been her chiefest charm departed, I fancied, in my blindness, that she pined for the free air of the Highlands, and tried to win it back by transient tenderness and costly gifts. But I had robbed my lark of heaven's sunshine, and it could not sing.

I met Agnes again. She was a widow, and to my eye seemed fairer than when I saw her last, and far more kind. Some soft regret seemed shining on me from those lustrous eyes, as if she hoped to win my pardon for that early wrong. I never could forget the deed that darkened my best years, but the old charm stole over me at times, and, turning from the meek child at my feet, I owned the power of the stately woman whose smile seemed a command.

I meant no wrong to Effie, but, looking on her as a child, I forgot the higher claim I had given her as a wife, and, walking blindly on my selfish way, I crushed the little flower I should have cherished in my breast.

"Effie, my old friend Agnes Vaughan is coming here to-day; so make yourself fair, that you may do honor to my choice; for she desires to see you, and I wish my Scotch harebell to look lovely to this English rose," I said, half playfully, half earnestly, as we stood together looking out across the flowery lawn, one summer day.

"Do you like me to be pretty, Sir?" she answered, with a flush of pleasure on her upturned face. "I will try to make myself fair with the gifts you are always heaping on me; but even then I fear I shall not do you honor, nor please your friend, I am so small and young."

A careless reply was on my lips, but, seeing what a long way down the little figure was, I drew it nearer, saying, with a smile, which I knew would make an answering one,—

"Dear, there must be the bud before the flower; so never grieve, for your youth keeps my spirit young. To me you may be a child forever; but you must learn to be a stately little Madam Ventnor to my friends."

She laughed a gayer laugh than I had heard for many a day, and soon departed, intent on keeping well the promise she had given. An hour later, as I sat busied among my books, a little figure glided in, and stood before me with its jewelled arms demurely folded on its breast. It was Effie, as I had never seen her before. Some new freak possessed her, for with her girlish dress she seemed to have laid her girlhood by. The brown locks were gathered up, wreathing the small head like a coronet; aerial lace and silken vesture shimmered in the light, and became her well. She looked and moved a fairy queen, stately and small.

I watched her in a silent maze, for the face with its shy blushes and downcast eyes did not seem the childish one turned frankly to my own an hour ago. With a sigh I looked up at Agnes's picture, the sole ornament of that room, and when I withdrew my gaze the blooming vision had departed. I should have followed it to make my peace, but I fell into a fit of

bitter musing, and forgot it till Agnes's voice sounded at my door.

She came with a brother, and seemed eager to see my young wife; but Effie did not appear, and I excused her absence as a girlish freak, smiling at it with them, while I chafed inwardly at her neglect, forgetting that I might have been the cause.

Pacing down the garden paths with Agnes at my side, our steps were arrested by a sudden sight of Effie fast asleep among the flowers. She looked a flower herself, lying with her flushed cheek pillowed on her arm, sunshine glittering on the ripples of her hair, and the changeful lustre of her dainty dress. Tears moistened her long lashes, but her lips smiled, as if in the blissful land of dreams she had found some solace for her grief.

"A 'Sleeping Beauty' worthy the awakening of any prince!" whispered Alfred Vaughan, pausing with admiring eyes.

A slight frown swept over Agnes's face, but vanished as she said, with that low-toned laugh that never seemed unmusical before,—

"We must pardon Mrs. Ventnor's seeming rudeness, if she welcomes us with graceful scenes like this. A child-wife's whims are often prettier than the world's formal ways; so do not chide her, Basil, when she wakes."

I was a proud man then, touched easily by trivial things. Agnes's pitying manner stung me, and the tone in which I wakened Effie was far harsher than it should have been. She sprang up; and with a gentle dignity most new to me received her guests, and played the part of hostess with a grace that well atoned for her offence.

Agnes watched her silently as she went before us with young Vaughan, and even I, ruffled as my temper was, felt a certain pride in the loving creature who for my sake conquered her timidity and strove to do me honor. But neither by look nor word did I show my satisfaction, for Agnes demanded the constant service of lips and eyes, and I was only too ready to

devote them to the woman who still felt her power and dared to show it.

All that day I was beside her, forgetful in many ways of the gentle courtesies I owed the child whom I had made my wife. I did not see the wrong then, but others did, and the deference I failed to show she could ask of them.

In the evening, as I stood near Agnes while she sang the songs we both remembered well, my eye fell on a mirror that confronted me, and in it I saw Effie bending forward with a look that startled me. Some strong emotion controlled her, for with lips apart and eager eyes she gazed keenly at the countenances she believed unconscious of her scrutiny.

Agnes caught the vision that had arrested the half-uttered compliment upon my lips, and, turning, looked at Effie with a smile just touched with scorn.

The color rose vividly to Effie's cheek, but her eyes did not fall,—they sought my face, and rested there. A half-smile crossed my lips; with a sudden impulse I beckoned, and she came with such an altered countenance I fancied that I had not seen aright.

At my desire she sang the ballads she so loved, and in her girlish voice there was an undertone of deeper melody than when I heard them first among her native hills; for the child's heart was ripening fast into the woman's.

Agnes went, at length, and I heard Effie's sigh of relief when we were left alone, but only bid her "go and rest," while I paced to and fro, still murmuring the refrain of Agnes's song.

The Vaughans came often, and we went often to them in the summer-home they had chosen near us on the river-bank. I followed my own wayward will, and Effie's wistful eyes grew sadder as the weeks went by.

One sultry evening, as we strolled together on the balcony, I was seized with a sudden longing to hear Agnes sing, and bid Effie come with me for a moonlight voyage down the river.

She had been very silent all the evening, with a pensive shadow on her face

and rare smiles on her lips. But as I spoke, she paused abruptly, and, clenching her small hands, turned upon me with defiant eyes,—crying, almost fiercely,—

"No, I will not go to listen to that woman's songs. I hate her! yes, more than I can tell! for, till she came, I thought you loved me; but now you think of her alone, and chide me when I look unhappy. You treat me like a child; but I am not one. Oh, Sir, be more kind, for I have only you to love!"—and as her voice died in that sad appeal, she clasped her hands before her face with such a burst of tears that I had no words to answer her.

Disturbed by the sudden passion of the hitherto meek girl, I sat down on the wide steps of the balcony and essayed to draw her to my knee, hoping she would weep this grief away as she had often done a lesser sorrow. But she resisted my caress, and, standing erect before me, checked her tears, saying, in a voice still trembling with resentment and reproach,—

"You promised Jean to be kind to me, and you are cruel; for when I ask for love, you give me jewels, books, or flowers, as you would give a pettish child a toy, and go away as if you were weary of me. Oh, it is not right, Sir! and I cannot, no, I will not bear it!"

If she had spared reproaches, deserved though they were, and humbly pleaded to be loved, I should have been more just and gentle; but her indignant words, the sharper for their truth, roused the despotic spirit of the man, and made me sternest when I should have been most kind.

"Effie," I said, looking coldly up into her troubled face, "I have given you the right to be thus frank with me; but before you exercise that right, let me tell you what may silence your reproaches and teach you to know me better. I desired to adopt you as my child; Jean would not consent to that, but bid me marry you, and so give you a home, and win for myself a companion who should make

that home less solitary. I could protect you in no other way, and I married you. I meant it kindly, Effie; for I pitied you,—ay, and loved you, too, as I hoped I had fully proved.”

“You have, Sir,—oh, you have! But I hoped I might in time be more to you than a dear child,” sighed Effie, while softer tears flowed as she spoke.

“Effie, I told Jean I was a hard, cold man,”—and I was one as those words passed my lips. “I told her I was unfitted to make a wife happy. But she said you would be content with what I could offer; and so I gave you all I had to bestow. It was not enough; yet I cannot make it more. Forgive me, child, and try to bear your disappointments as I have learned to bear mine.”

Effie bent suddenly, saying, with a look of anguish, “Do you regret that I am your wife, Sir?”

“Heaven knows I do, for I cannot make you happy,” I answered, mournfully.

“Let me go away where I can never grieve or trouble you again! I will,—indeed, I will,—for anything is easier to bear than this. Oh, Jean, why did you leave me when you went?”—and with that despairing cry Effie stretched her arms into the empty air, as if seeking that lost friend.

My anger melted, and I tried to soothe her, saying gently, as I laid her tear-wet cheek to mine,—

“My child, death alone must part us two. We will be patient with each other, and so may learn to be happy yet.”

A long silence fell upon us both. My thoughts were busy with the thought of what a different home mine might have been, if Agnes had been true; and Effie—God only knows how sharp a conflict passed in that young heart! I could not guess it till the bitter sequel of that hour came.

A timid hand upon my own aroused me, and, looking down, I met such an altered face, it touched me like a mute reproach. All the passion had died out, and a great patience seemed to have

arisen there. It looked so meek and wan, I bent and kissed it; but no smile answered me as Effie humbly said,—

“Forgive me, Sir, and tell me how I can make you happier. For I am truly grateful for all you have done for me, and will try to be a docile child to you.”

“Be happy yourself, Effie, and I shall be content. I am too grave and old to be a fit companion for you, dear. You shall have gay faces and young friends to make this quiet place more cheerful. I should have thought of that before. Dance, sing, be merry, Effie, and never let your life be darkened by Basil Ventnor’s changeful moods.”

“And you?” she whispered, looking up.

“I will sit among my books, or seek alone the few friends I care to see, and never mar your gayety with my gloomy presence, dear. We must begin at once to go our separate ways; for, with so many years between us, we can never find the same paths pleasant very long. Let me be a father to you, and a friend,—I cannot be a lover, child.”

Effie rose and went silently away; but soon came again, wrapped in her mantle, saying, as she looked down at me, with something of her former cheerfulness,—

“I am good now. Come and row me down the river. It is too beautiful a night to be spent in tears and naughtiness.”

“No, Effie, you shall never go to Mrs. Vaughan’s again, if you dislike her so. No friendship of mine need be shared by you, if it gives you pain.”

“Nothing shall pain me any more,” she answered, with a patient sigh. “I will be your merry girl again, and try to love Agnes for your sake. Ah! do come, *father*, or I shall not feel forgiven.”

Smiling at her April moods, I obeyed the small hands clasped about my own, and through the fragrant linden walk went musing to the river-side.

Silently we floated down, and at the lower landing-place found Alfred Vaughan just mooring his own boat. By him

I sent a message to his sister, while we waited for her at the shore.

Effie stood above me on the sloping bank, and as Agnes entered the green vista of the flowery path, she turned and clung to me with sudden fervor, kissed me passionately, and then stole silently into the boat.

The moonlight turned the waves to silver, and in its magic rays the face of my first love grew young again. She sat before me with water-lilies in her shining hair, singing as she sang of old, while the dash of falling oars kept time to her low song. As we neared the ruined bridge, whose single arch still cast its heavy shadow far across the stream, Agnes bent toward me, softly saying,—

“Basil, you remember this?”

How could I forget that happy night, long years ago, when she and I went floating down the same bright stream, two happy lovers just betrothed? As she spoke, it all came back more beautiful than ever, and I forgot the silent figure sitting there behind me. I hope Agnes had forgotten, too; for, cruel as she was to me, I never wished to think her hard enough to hate that gentle child.

“I remember, Agnes,” I said, with a regretful sigh. “My voyage has been a lonely one since then.”

“Are you not happy, Basil?” she asked, with a tender pity thrilling her low voice.

“Happy?” I echoed, bitterly,—“how can I be happy, remembering what might have been?”

Agnes bowed her head upon her hands, and silently the boat shot into the black shadow of the arch. A sudden eddy seemed to sway us slightly from our course, and the waves dashed sullenly against the gloomy walls; a moment more and we glided into calmer waters and unbroken light. I looked up from my task to speak, but the words were frozen on my lips by a cry from Agnes, who, wild-eyed and pale, seemed pointing to some phantom which I could not see. I turned,—the phantom was Effie’s empty seat. The shining stream grew

dark before me, and a great pang of remorse wrung my heart as that sight met my eyes.

“Effie!” I cried, with a cry that rent the stillness of the night, and sent the name ringing down the river. But nothing answered me, and the waves rippled softly as they hurried by. Far over the wide stream went my despairing glance, and saw nothing but the lilies swaying as they slept, and the black arch where my child went down.

Agnes lay trembling at my feet, but I never heeded her,—for Jean’s dead voice sounded in my ear, demanding the life confided to my care. I listened, benumbed with guilty fear, and, as if summoned by that weird cry, there came a white flash through the waves, and Effie’s face rose up before me.

Pallid and wild with the agony of that swift plunge, it confronted me. No cry for help parted the pale lips, but those wide eyes were luminous with a love whose fire that deathful river could not quench.

Like one in an awful dream, I gazed till the ripples closed above it. One instant the terror held me,—the next I was far down in those waves, so silver fair above, so black and terrible below. A brief, blind struggle passed before I grasped a tress of that long hair, then an arm, and then the white shape, with a clutch like death. As the dividing waters gave us to the light again, Agnes flung herself far over the boat-side and drew my lifeless burden in; I followed, and we laid it down, a piteous sight for human eyes to look upon. Of that swift voyage home I can remember nothing but the still face on Agnes’s breast, the sight of which nerved my dizzy brain and made my muscles iron.

For many weeks there was a darkened chamber in my house, and anxious figures gliding to and fro, wan with long vigils and the fear of death. I often crept in to look upon the little figure lying there, to watch the feverish roses blooming on the wasted cheek, the fitful fire burning in the unconscious eyes, to hear

the broken words so full of pathos to my ear, and then to steal away and struggle to forget.

My bird fluttered on the threshold of its cage, but Love lured it back, for its gentle mission was not yet fulfilled.

The *child* Effie lay dead beneath the ripples of the river, but the *woman* rose up from that bed of suffering like one consecrated to life's high duties by the bitter baptism of that dark hour.

Slender and pale, with serious eyes and quiet steps, she moved through the home which once echoed to the glad voice and dancing feet of that vanished shape. A sweet sobriety shaded her young face, and a meek smile sat upon her lips, but the old blithesomeness was gone.

She never claimed her childish place upon my knee, never tried the winsome wiles that used to chase away my gloom, never came to pour her innocent delights and griefs into my ear, or bless me with the frank affection which grew very precious when I found it lost.

Docile as ever, and eager to gratify my lightest wish, she left no wifely duty unfulfilled. Always near me, if I breathed her name, but vanishing when I grew silent, as if her task were done. Always smiling a cheerful farewell when I went, a quiet welcome when I came. I missed the April face that once watched me go, the warm embrace that greeted me again, and at my heart the sense of loss grew daily deeper as I felt the growing change.

Effie remembered the words I had spoken on that mournful night; remembered that our paths must lie apart,—that her husband was a friend, and nothing more. She treasured every careless hint I had given, and followed it most faithfully. She gathered gay, young friends about her, went out into the brilliant world, and I believed she was content.

If I had ever felt she was a burden to the selfish freedom I desired, I was punished now, for I had lost a blessing which no common pleasure could replace. I sat alone, and no blithe voice made music

in the silence of my room, no bright looks swept my shoulder, and no soft caress assured me that I was beloved.

I looked for my household sprite in girlish garb, with its free hair and sunny eyes, but found only a fair woman, graceful in rich attire, crowned with my gifts, and standing afar off among her blooming peers. I could not guess the solitude of that true heart, nor see the captive spirit gazing at me from those steadfast eyes.

No word of the cause of that despairing deed passed Effie's lips, and I had no need to ask it. Agnes was silent, and soon left us, but her brother was a frequent guest. Effie liked his gay companionship, but I denied her nothing,—nothing but the one desire of her life.

So that first year passed; and though the ease and liberty I coveted were undisturbed, I was not satisfied. Solitude grew irksome, and study ceased to charm. I tried old pleasures, but they had lost their zest,—renewed old friendships, but they wearied me. I forgot Agnes, and ceased to think her fair. I looked at Effie, and sighed for my lost youth.

My little wife grew very beautiful to me, for she was blooming fast into a gracious womanhood. I felt a secret pride in knowing she was mine, and watched her as I fancied a fond brother might, glad that she was so good, so fair, so much beloved. I ceased to mourn the plaything I had lost, and something akin to reverence mingled with the deepening admiration of the man.

Gay guests had filled the house with festal light and sound one winter's night, and when the last bright figure had vanished from the threshold of the door, I still stood there, looking over the snow-shrouded lawn, hoping to cool the fever of my blood, and ease the restless pain that haunted me.

I shut out the keen air and wintry sky, at length, and silently ascended to the deserted rooms above. But in the soft gloom of a vestibule my steps were stayed. Two figures, in a flowery alcove, fixed my eye. The light streamed full

upon them, and the fragrant stillness of the air was hardly stirred by their low tones.

Effie was there, sunk on a low couch, her face bowed upon her hands; and at her side, speaking with impassioned voice and ardent eyes, leaned Alfred Vaughan.

The sight struck me like a blow, and the sharp anguish of that moment proved how deeply I had learned to love.

"Effie, it is a sinful tie that binds you to that man; he does not love you, and it should be broken,—for this slavery will wear away the life now grown so dear to me."

The words, hot with indignant passion, smote me like a wintry blast, but not so coldly as the broken voice that answered them:—

"He said death alone must part us two, and, remembering that, I cannot listen to another love."

Like a guilty ghost I stole away, and in the darkness of my solitary room struggled with my bitter grief, my new-born love. I never blamed my wife,—that wife who had heard the tender name so seldom, she could scarce feel it hers. I had fettered her free heart, forgetting it would one day cease to be a child's. I bade her look upon me as a father; she had learned the lesson well; and now what right had I to reproach her for listening to a lover's voice, when her husband's was so cold? What mattered it that slowly, almost unconsciously, I had learned to love her with the passion of a youth, the power of a man? I had alienated that fond nature from my own, and now it was too late.

Heaven only knows the bitterness of that hour;—I cannot tell it. But through the darkness of my anguish and remorse that newly kindled love burned like a blessed fire, and, while it tortured, purified. By its light I saw the error of my life: self-love was written on the actions of the past, and I knew that my punishment was very just. With a child's repentant tears, I confessed it to my Father, and He solaced me, showed me the path

to tread, and made me nobler for the blessedness and pain of that still hour.

Dawn found me an altered man; for in natures like mine the rain of a great sorrow melts the ice of years, and their hidden strength blooms in a late harvest of patience, self-denial, and humility. I resolved to break the tie which bound poor Effie to a joyless fate; and gratitude for a selfish deed, which wore the guise of charity, should no longer mar her peace. I would atone for the wrong I had done her, the suffering she had endured; and she should never know that I had guessed her tender secret, nor learn the love which made my sacrifice so bitter, yet so just.

Alfred came no more; and as I watched the growing pallor of her cheek, her patient efforts to be cheerful and serene, I honored that meek creature for her constancy to what she deemed the duty of her life.

I did not tell her my resolve at once, for I could not give her up so soon. It was a weak delay, but I had not learned the beauty of a perfect self-forgetfulness; and though I clung to my purpose steadfastly, my heart still cherished a desperate hope that I might be spared this loss.

In the midst of this secret conflict, there came a letter from old Adam Lyndsay, asking to see his daughter's child; for life was waning slowly, and he desired to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven when the last hour came. The letter was to me, and, as I read it, I saw a way whereby I might be spared the hard task of telling Effie she was to be free. I feared my new-found strength would desert me, and my courage fail, when, looking on the woman who was dearer to me than my life, I tried to give her back the liberty whose worth she had learned to know.

Effie should go, and I would write the words I dared not speak. She would be in her mother's home, free to show her joy at her release, and smile upon the lover she had banished.

I went to tell her; for it was I who sought her now, who watched for her coming and sighed at her departing

steps,—I who waited for her smile and followed her with wistful eyes. The child's slighted affection was atoned for now by my unseen devotion to the woman.

I gave the letter, and she read it silently.

"Will you go, love?" I asked, as she folded it.

"Yes,—the old man has no one to care for him but me, and it is so beautiful to be loved."

A sudden smile touched her lips, and a soft dew shone in the shadowy eyes, which seemed looking into other and tenderer ones than mine. She could not know how sadly I echoed those words, nor how I longed to tell her of another man who sighed to be forgiven.

"You must gather roses for these pale cheeks among the breezy moorlands, dear. They are not so blooming as they were a year ago. Jean would reproach me for my want of care," I said, trying to speak cheerfully, though each word seemed a farewell.

"Poor Jean! how long it seems since she kissed them last!" sighed Effie, musing sadly, as she turned her wedding-ring.

My heart ached to see how thin the hand had grown, and how easily that little fetter would fall off when I set my captive lark at liberty.

I looked till I dared look no longer, and then rose, saying,—

"You will write often, Effie, for I shall miss you very much."

She cast a quick look into my face, asking, hurriedly,—

"Am I to go alone?"

"Dear, I have much to do and cannot go; but you need fear nothing; I shall send Ralph and Mrs. Prior with you, and the journey is soon over. When will you go?"

It was the first time she had left me since I took her from Jean's arms, and I longed to keep her always near me; but, remembering the task I had to do, I felt that I must seem cold till she knew all.

"Soon,—very soon,—to-morrow;—let me go to-morrow, Sir. I long to be away!" she cried, some swift emotion banishing

the calmness of her usual manner, as she rose, with eager eyes and a gesture full of longing.

"You shall go, Effie," was all I could say; and with no word of thanks, she hastened away, leaving me so calm without, so desolate within.

The same eagerness possessed her all that day; and the next she went away, clinging to me at the last as she had clung that night upon the river-bank, as if her grateful heart reproached her for the joy she felt at leaving my unhappy home.

A few days passed, bringing me the comfort of a few sweet lines from Effie, signed "Your child." That sight reminded me, that, if I would do an honest deed, it should be generously done. I read again the little missive she had sent, and then I wrote the letter which might be my last;—with no hint of my love, beyond the expression of sincerest regard and never-ceasing interest in her happiness; no hint of Alfred Vaughan; for I would not wound her pride, nor let her dream that any eye had seen the passion she so silently surrendered, with no reproach to me and no shadow on the name I had given into her keeping. Heaven knows what it cost me, and Heaven, through the suffering of that hour, granted me an humbler spirit and a better life.

It went, and I waited for my fate as one might wait for pardon or for doom. It came at length,—a short, sad letter, full of meek obedience to my will, of penitence for faults I never knew, and grateful prayers for my peace.

My last hope died then, and for many days I dwelt alone, living over all that happy year with painful vividness. I dreamed again of those fair days, and woke to curse the selfish blindness which had hidden my best blessing from me till it was forever lost.

How long I should have mourned thus unavailing I cannot tell. A more sudden, but far less grievous loss befell me. My fortune was nearly swept away in the general ruin of a most disastrous year.

This event roused me from my despair and made me strong again,—for I must hoard what could be saved, for Effie's sake. She had known a cruel want with me, and she must never know another while she bore my name. I looked my misfortune in the face and ceased to feel it one; for the diminished fortune was still ample for my darling's dower, and now what need had I of any but the simplest home?

Before another month was gone, I was in the quiet place henceforth to be mine alone, and nothing now remained for me to do but to dissolve the bond that made my Effie mine. Sitting over the dim embers of my solitary hearth, I thought of this, and, looking round the silent room, whose only ornaments were the things made sacred by her use, the utter desolation struck so heavily upon my heart, that I bowed my head upon my folded arms, and yielded to the tender longing that could not be repressed.

The bitter paroxysm passed, and, raising my eyes, the clearer for that stormy rain, I beheld Effie standing like an answer to my spirit's cry.

With a great start, I regarded her, saying, at length, in a voice that sounded cold, for my heart leaped up to meet her, and yet must not speak,—

"Effie, why are you here?"

Wraith-like and pale, she stood before me, with no sign of emotion but the slight tremor of her frame, and answered my greeting with a sad humility:—

"I came because I promised to cleave to you through health and sickness, poverty and wealth, and I must keep that vow till you absolve me from it. Forgive me, but I knew misfortune had befallen you, and, remembering all you had done for me, came, hoping I might comfort when other friends deserted you."

"Grateful to the last!" I sighed, low to myself, and, though deeply touched, replied with the hard-won calmness that made my speech so brief;—

"You owe me nothing, Effie, and I most earnestly desired to spare you this."

Some sudden hope seemed born of my

regretful words, for, with an eager glance, she cried,—

"Was it that desire which prompted you to part from me? Did you think I should shrink from sharing poverty with you who gave me all I own?"

"No, dear,—ah, no!" I said, "I knew your grateful spirit far too well for that. It was because I could not make your happiness, and yet had robbed you of the right to seek it with some younger and some better man."

"Basil, what man? Tell me; for no doubt shall stand between us now!"

She grasped my arm, and her rapid words were a command.

I only answered, "Alfred Vaughan."

Effie covered up her face, crying, as she sank down at my feet,—

"Oh, my fear! my fear! Why was I blind so long?"

I felt her grief to my heart's core; for my own anguish made me pitiful, and my love made me strong. I lifted up that drooping head and laid it down where it might never rest again, saying, gently, cheerily, and with a most sincere forgetfulness of self,—

"My wife, I never cherished a harsh thought of you, never uttered a reproach when your affections turned from a cold, neglectful guardian, to find a tenderer resting-place. I saw your struggles, dear, your patient grief, your silent sacrifice, and honored you more truly than I can tell. Effie, I robbed you of your liberty, but I will restore it, making such poor reparation as I can for this long year of pain; and when I see you blest in a happier home, my keen remorse will be appeased."

As I ceased, Effie rose erect and stood before me, transformed from a timid girl into an earnest woman. Some dormant power and passion woke; she turned on me a countenance aglow with feeling, soul in the eye, heart on the lips, and in her voice an energy that held me mute.

"I feared to speak before," she said, "but now I dare anything, for I have heard you call me 'wife,' and seen that in your face which gives me hope. Bas-

il, the grief you saw was not for the loss of any love but yours; the conflict you beheld was the daily struggle to subdue my longing spirit to your will; and the sacrifice you honor but the renunciation of all hope. I stood between you and the woman whom you loved, and asked of death to free me from that cruel lot. You gave me back my life, but you withheld the gift that made it worth possessing. You desired to be freed from the affection which only wearied you, and I tried to conquer it; but it would not die. Let me speak now, and then I will be still forever! Must our ways lie apart? Can I never be more to you than now? Oh, Basil! oh, my husband! I have loved you very truly from the first! Shall I never know the blessedness of a return?"

Words could not answer that appeal. I gathered my life's happiness close to my breast, and in the silence of a full heart felt that God was very good to me.

Soon all my pain and passion were confessed. Fast and fervently the tale was told; and as the truth dawned on that patient wife, a tender peace transfigured her uplifted countenance, until to me it seemed an angel's face.

"I am a poor man now," I said, still holding that frail creature fast, fearing to see her vanish, as her semblance had

so often done in the long vigils I had kept,—“a poor man, Effie, and yet very rich, for I have my treasure back again. But I am wiser than when we parted; for I have learned that love is better than a world of wealth, and victory over self a nobler conquest than a continent. Dear, I have no home but this. Can you be happy here, with no fortune but the little store set apart for you, and the knowledge that no want shall touch you while I live?"

And as I spoke, I sighed, remembering all I might have done, and dreading poverty for her alone.

But with a gesture, soft, yet solemn, Effie laid her hands upon my head, as if endowing me with blessing and with gift, and answered, with her steadfast eyes on mine,—

“You gave me your home when I was homeless; let me give it back, and with it a proud wife. I, too, am rich; for that old man is gone and left me all. Take it, Basil, and give me a little love.”

I gave not little, but a long life of devotion for the good gift God had bestowed on me,—finding in it a household spirit the daily benediction of whose presence banished sorrow, selfishness, and gloom, and, through the influence of happy human love, led me to a truer faith in the Divine.

TO THE MUSE.

WHITHER? albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,
Fleet Beckoner, more shy than wind!
I haunt the pine-dark solitudes,
With soft, brown silence carpeted,
And think to snare thee in the woods:
Peace I o'ertake, but thou art fled!
I find the rock where thou didst rest,
The moss thy skimming foot hath prest;

All Nature with thy parting thrills,
 Like branches after birds new-flown;
 Thy passage hill and hollow fills
 With hints of virtue not their own;
 In dimples still the water slips
 Where thou hast dipped thy finger-tips;
 Just, just beyond, forever burn
 Gleams of a grace without return;
 Upon thy shade I plant my foot,
 And through my frame strange raptures shoot;
 All of thee but thyself I grasp;
 I seem to fold thy luring shape,
 And vague air to my bosom clasp,
 Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!

One mask and then another drops,
 And thou art secret as before.
 Sometimes with flooded ear I list
 And hear thee, wondrous organist,
 Through mighty continental stops
 A thunder of strange music pour;—
 Through pipes of earth and air and stone
 Thy inspiration deep is blown;
 Through mountains, forests, open downs,
 Lakes, railroads, prairies, states, and towns,
 Thy gathering fugue goes rolling on,
 From Maine to utmost Oregon;
 The factory-wheels a rhythmus hum;
 From brawling parties concords come;—
 All this I hear, or seem to hear;
 But when, enchanted, I draw near
 To fix in notes the various theme,
 Life seems a whiff of kitchen-steam,
 History a Swiss street-singer's thrum,
 And I, that would have fashioned words
 To mate that music's rich accords,
 By rash approaches startle thee,
 Thou mutablest Perversity!
 The world drones on its old *tum-tum*,
 But thou hast slipped from it and me,
 And all thine organ-pipes left dumb.

Not wearied yet, I still must seek,
 And hope for luck next day, next week.
 I go to see the great man ride,
 Ship-like, the swelling human tide
 That floods to bear him into port,
 Trophied from senate-hall or court:
 Thy magnetism, I feel it there,
 Thy rhythmic presence fleet and rare,
 Making the mob a moment fine
 With glimpses of their own Divine,

As in their demigod they see
 Their swart ideal soaring free ;
 'Tis thou that bear'st the fire about,
 Which, like the springing of a mine,
 Sends up to heaven the street-long shout :
 Full well I know that thou wast here ;
 That was thy breath that thrilled mine ear ;
 But vainly, in the stress and whirl,
 I dive for thee, the moment's pearl.

Through every shape thou well canst run,
 Proteus, 'twixt rise and set of sun,
 Well pleased with logger-camps in Maine
 As where Milan's pale Duomo lies
 A stranded glacier on the plain,
 Its peaks and pinnacles of ice
 Melted in many a quaint device,
 And sees, across the city's din,
 Afar its silent Alpine kin ;
 I track thee over carpets deep
 To Wealth's and Beauty's inmost keep ;
 Across the sand of bar-room floors,
 'Mid the stale reek of boosing boors ;
 Where drowse the hayfield's fragrant heats,
 Or the flail-heart of Autumn beats ;
 I dog thee through the market's throngs,
 To where the sea with myriad tongues
 Laps the green fringes of the pier,
 And the tall ships that eastward steer
 Curtsy their farewells to the town,
 O'er the curved distance lessening down ;—
 I follow allwhere for thy sake, —
 Touch thy robe's hem, but ne'er o'ertake, —
 Find where, scarce yet unmoving, lies,
 Warm from thy limbs, their last disguise, —
 But thou another mask hast donned,
 And lurest still, just, just, beyond !

But here a voice, I know not whence,
 Thrills clearly through mine inward sense,
 Saying, " See where she sits at home,
 While thou in search of her dost roam !
 All summer long her ancient wheel
 Whirls humming by the open door,
 Or, when the hickory's social zeal
 Sets the wide chimney in a roar,
 Close-nestled by the tinkling hearth,
 It modulates the household mirth
 With that sweet, serious undertone
 Of Duty, music all her own ;
 Still, as of old, she sits and spins
 Our hopes, our sorrows, and our sins ;

With equal care she twines the fates
Of cottages and mighty states ;
She spins the earth, the air, the sea,
The maiden's unschooled fancy free,
The boy's first love, the man's first grief,
The budding and the fall o' the leaf ;
The piping west-wind's snowy care
For her their cloudy fleeces spare,
Or from the thorns of evil times
She can glean wool to twist her rhymes ;
Morning and noon and eve supply
To her their fairest tints for dye,
But ever through her twirling thread
There spires one strand of warmest red,
Tinged from the homestead's genial heart,
The stamp and warrant of her art ;
With this Time's sickle she outwears,
And blunts the Sisters' baffled shears.

“ Harass her not ; thy heat and stir
The greater coyness breed in her :
Yet thou may'st find, ere Age's frost,
Thy long apprenticeship not lost,
Learning at last that Stygian Fate
Supples for him that knows to wait.
The Muse is womanish, nor deigns
Her love to him who pules and plains ;
With proud, averted face she stands
To him who woos with empty hands.
Make thyself free of manhood's guild ;
Pull down thy barns and greater build ;
The wood, the mountain, and the plain
Wave breast-deep with the poet's grain ;
Pluck thou the sunset's fruit of gold ;
Glean from the heavens and ocean old ;
From fireside lone and trampling street
Let thy life garner daily wheat ;
The epic of a man rehearse,
Be something better than thy verse,
Make thyself rich, and then the Muse
Shall court thy precious interviews,
Shall take thy head upon her knee,
And such enchantment lilt to thee,
That thou shalt hear the lifeblood flow
From farthest stars to grass-blades low,
And find the Listener's science still
Transcends the Singer's deepest skill ! ”

SCREW-PROPULSION :

ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.

THE earliest conception of an auxiliary motive power in navigation is contemporaneous with the first use of the wind; the name of the inventor, "unrecorded in the patent-office," is lost in the lapse of ages. The first motor was, undoubtedly, the hand; next followed the paddle, the scull, and the oar; sails were an after-thought, introduced to play the secondary part of an auxiliary.

Scarce was man in possession of this means of *impressing* the wind, and resting his weary oar, than, scorning longer confinement to the coast, he boldly ventured upon the conquest of the main. Under the same impulse, the tiny skiff, in which he hardly dared to quit the river's bank, was enlarged, and made fit companion of his distant emprise. These footprints of the infant steps of navigation may all still be traced among the maritime tribes of the Pacific.

From that period sails became the chief motor, and the paddle and the sweep auxiliaries,—which position they still hold to some extent, even in vessels of considerable burden. But as the proportions of naval architecture enlarged, these puny instruments were thrown aside; although the importance and necessity of some such auxiliary in the ordinary exigencies of marine life have always been felt and it has long been earnestly sought.

From the first successful application of steam to navigation—by Fulton, in 1803—it was supposed to be the simplest thing in the world to provide ships with an auxiliary motor; but the result has shown the fallacy of this conception.

For more than twenty years steam-navigation has advanced with giant strides, overstepping several times the limits which science had assigned it; but the paddle-wheel, by which the agency of steam has been applied, forms so bad an alliance with canvas, and supplies so indifferently

the requirements of a man-of-war, that it has been impossible by this intermediary to render steam the efficient coadjutor of sails; and it is for this reason that steam so speedily took rank as a primary motor upon the ocean; for, in all the successful marine applications of steam by means of the paddle, steam is the dominant power, and sails the accessory, or almost superfluous auxiliary. It is the screw alone, in some of its modifications, which offers the means of a successful and economical adaptation of steam to ships of war or of commerce; for it is susceptible of a more complete protection than the paddle, and of an easy and advantageous combination with canvas.

The screw-propeller, in fact, has assumed so important a part in all naval enterprise, that it may not be without interest to trace briefly its rise and progress to the consideration it now commands, and to review, in general terms, the various experiments by which the screw-frigate has been brought to its present high state of efficiency, excelling, for purposes of war, all other kinds of vessels.

As early as 1804, John Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, engaged in experiments to devise some means of driving a vessel through the water by applying the motive power at the stern, and with a screw-propeller and a defective boiler attained for short distances a speed of seven knots; and it is surprising, that, with the genius and determination so characteristic of his race, he should have abandoned the path on which he appears to have so fairly entered.

Within the last half-century numerous attempts of a similar character have been made in Europe and America; but although many of the contrivances for this purpose were exceedingly ingenious, and the success of some of the experiments sufficient, one would suppose, to excite

the interest of the public and encourage perseverance in the undertaking, yet in no instance were they followed by any practical and useful results until the year 1836, when both Captain Ericsson and Mr. F. P. Smith so fully demonstrated the speed and safety with which vessels could be moved by the screw-propeller, as to convince every intelligent and unprejudiced mind of the importance of their inventions, and immediately to attract the attention of the principal naval powers of the world.

Captain Ericsson is a native of Sweden, but for some years previous to 1836 he had resided in England, where he had become known as an engineer and mechanician of distinguished ability.

In July, 1836, he took out a patent in England for his method of propelling vessels; and during that year the results of his experiments with a small boat were so satisfactory, that in the following year he built a vessel forty-five feet long, with eight feet beam, and drawing three feet of water, called the *Francis B. Ogden*, in compliment to the gentleman then consul of the United States at Liverpool, who was the first person to appreciate the merits of his invention, and to encourage him in his efforts to perfect it. This vessel was tried upon the Thames in April, 1837, and succeeded admirably. She made ten knots an hour, and towed the American ship *Toronto* at the rate of four and a half knots an hour; and in the following summer, Sir Charles Adam, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Sir William Symonds, the Surveyor of the Navy, and several other scientific gentlemen and officers of rank, were towed by her in the Admiralty barge at the speed of ten miles an hour.

Notwithstanding this demonstration of the powers of his vessel, Captain Ericsson did not succeed in exciting the interest of any of the persons who witnessed the performance; and it seems almost incredible that no one of them had the intelligence to perceive or the magnanimity to admit the importance of his invention. But, fortunately for Ericsson and the rep-

utation of our country, he soon after met with Captain Stockton, of the United States navy, who at once took the deepest interest in his plans. The result of one experiment with Ericsson's steamer was sufficient to convince a man of Stockton's sagacity of the immense advantages which the new motor might confer upon the commerce and upon the navy of his country, and forthwith he ordered an iron steamer to be built and fitted with Ericsson's propeller. This vessel was named the *Stockton*, and was launched in July, 1838, and, after being thoroughly tested and her success demonstrated, she was sent under sail to the United States in April of the next year, and was soon after followed by Captain Ericsson; when, in consequence of the representations of Captain Stockton, the government ordered the *Princeton* to be built under Ericsson's superintendence, and to be fitted with his propeller.

The *Princeton*, of 673 tons, was launched in April, 1842, and her propeller, of six blades, of thirty-five feet pitch, and of fourteen feet diameter, was driven by a semi-cylinder engine of two hundred and fifty horse-power, and all her machinery placed *below* the water-line. Her smoke-stack was so arranged that the upper parts could be let into the lower, so as not to be visible above the rail; and as the anthracite coal which she used evolved no smoke, she could not, at a short distance, be distinguished from a sailing-ship.

Her best speed under steam alone, *at sea*, was 8.6, and under sail alone, 10.1 knots; her mean performance under steam and sail, 8.226; and considering the imperfect form of boiler employed, and the small amount of fuel consumed, it may be doubted if this has since been much excelled. She worked and steered well under canvas or steam alone, or under both combined; was dry and weatherly, but pitched heavily, and was rather deficient in stability.*

* For a particular account of the *Princeton*, by B. F. Isherwood, U. S. N., see *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for June, 1853.

Taking everything into consideration, the *Princeton* was a most successful experiment, and, in her day, the most efficient man-of-war of her class. By her construction the government of the United States had placed itself far in advance of all the world in the path of naval improvement, and it is deeply to be regretted that it did not avail itself of the advantage thus gained; that it did not immediately order the construction of other vessels, in which successively the few defects of the *Princeton* might have been corrected; that it did not persist in that path of improvement into which it had fortunately been directed, instead of suffering our great naval rivals to outstrip us in the race, and compel us at last to resort to them for instruction in that science the very rudiments of which they had learned from us.

The success of the *Princeton* was followed by the general adoption in America of the screw-propeller. When Ericsson left England, he confided his interests to Count Rosen, who, in 1843, placed an Ericsson propeller in the French frigate *Pomone*, and soon afterwards the British Admiralty determined to place it in the *Amphion*. Not only was the performance of these vessels highly satisfactory, but they were the first ships in the navies of Europe in which the great desideratum was secured of placing the machinery below the load-line. Ericsson's propeller having been the first introduced into France, it was generally adopted; but afterwards, in consequence of the accounts of Smith's screw received from England, it underwent various modifications.

Such was the result of Ericsson's labors; it now remains to relate the success of Smith. The efforts of either had been sufficient to have secured to navigation the inestimable advantages of screw-propulsion, but their rivalry probably hastened the solution of the problem.

In May, 1836, Mr. F. P. Smith, a farmer of Hendon, in England, took out a

patent for his screw-propeller, and exhibited some experiments with it attached to a model boat, and in the following autumn built a boat of six tons' burden, of ten horse-power, and fitted with a wooden-screw. This vessel was kept running upon the Thames for nearly a year, and her performance was so satisfactory, that Mr. Smith determined to try her qualities at sea; and in the course of the year 1837, he visited in her several ports on the coast of England, and proved that she worked well in strong winds and rough water.

These trials attracted much attention, and at last awakened the interest of the Admiralty, who requested Mr. Smith to try his propeller on a larger vessel, and the *Archimedes*, of ninety horse-power and 237 tons, built for this purpose, was launched in October, 1838, and made her experimental trip in 1839. It was thought that her performance would be satisfactory, if she could make four or five knots an hour; but she made nearly ten! In May, 1839, she went from Gravesend to Portsmouth, a distance of one hundred and ninety miles, and made the run in twenty hours.

In April, 1840, Captain Chappel, R. N., and Mr. Lloyd, Chief Engineer of Woolwich Dockyard, were appointed by the Admiralty to try a series of experiments with her at Dover. The numerous trials made under the superintendence of these officers fully proved the efficiency of the new propeller, and their report was entirely favorable.

The *Archimedes* next circumnavigated Great Britain under command of Captain Chappel, visiting all the principal ports: she afterwards went to Oporto, Antwerp, and other places, and everywhere excited the admiration of engineers and seamen.

Up to this period, the British engineers were nearly unanimous in the opinion that the use of the screw involved a great loss of power, and they had concluded that it could not be adopted; but it was impossible any longer to resist the impressions made on the public by the dem-

onstrations which had been given both by Smith and Ericsson; and although the engineers were still unwilling to admit the screw to a comparison with the paddle, it was evident that their first conclusions regarding it were erroneous, and thereafter it was viewed by them with less disdain and spoken of more hopefully. One of the great objections by engineers to the use of the screw was their inability, at the time of its introduction, to construct properly a screw engine,—that is to say, a direct-acting horizontal engine, working at a speed of from sixty to one hundred revolutions per minute,—all their experience having been in paddle-wheel engines, working from ten to fifteen revolutions per minute. The peculiar mechanical details required in the screw engine, the necessity for accurate counterbalancing, etc., were then unknown, and had to be learned from a long succession of expensive failures. In England, the first machines applied to the screw were paddle-wheel engines, working it by gearing; there were consequently lost all the advantages of the reduced cost, bulk, and weight of the screw engine proper, including, for war purposes, the important feature of its being placed below the water-line. At first, the screw had not only to contend with physical difficulties, but to struggle against nearly universal prejudice; many inventors had succumbed to these obstacles, and therefore too much applause cannot be bestowed upon those who, unsustained by public sympathy, and in defiance of a prevailing skepticism, maintained their faith and courage unshaken, and gallantly persisted in their efforts, until crowned with a world-wide success.

Ericsson, before interesting himself with the screw, was, as has been seen, an engineer and mechanic of distinguished ability; whereas Smith, in commencing his new vocation, had all to acquire but his first conception. Ericsson could rely upon the fertility of his own genius, was his own draughtsman, and designed his own engines, accommodating them to the new propeller by dispensing with

gearing, and adapting them to a speed of from thirty to forty revolutions,—a great and bold advance for an initiative step. Smith, on the contrary, not being an engineer, had to intrust the execution of his plans to others, whose knowledge of construction was in the routine of paddle-wheel engines; and this accounts for the fact, that all the earliest British screw-steamers were driven by gearing. This want of mechanical resources on the part of Smith added to the difficulties of his career; but his resolution and perseverance rose superior to all obstacles, and carried him to the goal in triumph. Briefly, then, these were the respective merits of Smith and Ericsson, in the introduction of screw-propulsion; and it is much to their honor, that, throughout their career, no narrow-spirited jealousies dimmed the lustre of a noble rivalry.

Such was the origin of the new motor,—the mighty engine by which armadas are marshalled in battle-array, the burdens of commerce borne to distant marts, the impatient emigrant transferred to the promised land, and by which the breathings of affection, the pangs of distress, and the sighs of love are wafted to far-off continents.

In consequence of the success of the *Archimedes*, the Admiralty ordered the *Rattler* to be fitted with a screw, and it was no small satisfaction to find that her double-cylinder engines could be easily adapted to the new propeller. She is of 888 tons, and two hundred horse-power, and was launched in the spring of 1843, being the first screw-vessel in the British navy.

In the course of the two succeeding years, she was tried with a great many different screws, and numerous experiments were made to discover the length, diameter, pitch, and number of blades of the screw, most effective in all the various conditions of wind and sea. A screw of two blades, each equal to one-sixth part of a convolution, and of a uniform pitch, was, on the whole, found to be the most efficient, and this is the screw now

adopted in most of the ships of all classes in the British navy.*

A propeller of very different construction, which had given great results in a ship of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, and was afterwards exhibited in the docks at Southampton, here claims a passing notice. This propeller is so constructed as to enable the engineer to regulate the speed of the piston; for the *pitch of the screw can be increased or diminished at pleasure*. Thus, with a fair wind, by increasing the pitch, without increasing the revolutions, the full power of the engine is effectually exerted in driving the ship, instead of consuming fuel in driving the engine to no purpose; and with a head-wind, by diminishing the pitch, the engines are made to do their utmost duty; and when the ship is under canvas only, the blades of the propeller may be placed in line with the stern-post, and thus offer little resistance. Another advantage claimed for this propeller (known as Griffith's) is, that, in the event of breaking a blade, it may be readily replaced by "tipping the ship"; which method merits careful consideration by engineers, as does especially every new propeller which promises a more perfect alliance with canvas.

To resume the narrative,—the speed of the Rattler was afterwards tested by a trial with the Aleto, a paddle-wheel steamer of equal power, built from the same moulds; and the result was so favorable, that the Admiralty ordered the construction or conversion of *twenty-three* vessels as screw-steamers, and thus was laid the foundation of the present formidable steam-navy of England.

The superiority which has been asserted for the Princeton was established during the Mexican War by her perform-

ance before Vera Cruz as a blockading ship of unprecedented efficiency, which, having been displayed under the admiring observation of a British squadron, tended more than any other single event to confirm the Admiralty in the conclusions to be drawn from the experiments just related, and to decide them in the adoption of the screw as the best auxiliary of sail, the best mechanical motor upon the ocean. Thus did England, in embracing at once the practical demonstration of the Princeton, display that forecast by which she won her ascendancy at sea, and the vigilance with which she maintains it; whilst our own government awaited, in unbecoming hesitation, the results which England's more extended trials with the screw might develop.

This cautious policy, rather than the bold and liberal course which the maritime genius of the country demands, condemned us for long years to inaction, until, at length, the absolute necessity for the renewal of a portion of our naval force produced the "Minnesota" class of frigates. Although they developed little that was absolutely new, they are very far from being imitations; but in model, capacity, equipment, and above all in their armament, they have challenged admiration throughout the world, and called from a distinguished British admiral in command the significant declaration, that, until he had seen them, he had never realized his ideal of a perfect man-of-war.

A leading idea in the conception of these ships was to reduce the number of gun-decks from two and three to a single deck, and, consequently, the space in which shells could be lodged. This is a consideration which must, it is believed, sooner or later govern in naval construction; although France and England, long accustomed to measure the power of ships by the number of gun-decks, may be more slow in following our lead in this respect than in imitating the increased calibre of our ordnance.

The new classes of steamers prepar-

* A series of experiments with the screw were made on board the Dwarf in 1845, and on board the Minx in 1847 and 1848, but the results did not materially differ from those previously obtained. In the Rattler, Dwarf, and Minx twenty-nine different propellers were tried.

ing for sea, of which the *Hartford* and *Iroquois* are types, promise to be most efficient ships, and to reflect much credit upon our naval authorities for their bold, yet judicious departure from traditions which had long hampered the administration of this important branch of the public service. Although the reflection is seldom made, it is nevertheless true, that much of the reputation enjoyed and of the influence exercised by the United States is due to the efficiency of her navy; and if these are to remain undiminished, then it is of the utmost consequence that the national ships should always represent the highest advancement of nautico-military science.

The efficiency of the screw having been demonstrated, it was seen that the next requirement for a war-steamer was to place her machinery below the water-line; and hence arose a demand for an entirely new description of engines, which it was clear would make a great change in all the labors of the engineer and machinist. Such change it was evident would greatly enhance the risk of failure, and therefore it was determined by the Admiralty to insure success in this very difficult task by enlisting all the best talent of the country. Accordingly, for the twenty-three ships an equal number of screw engines were ordered; and as with the constructors, so with the engineers, each was required to comply with certain conditions, yet each was permitted to put forth his own individuality, and each has illustrated his views of what was required by a distinct plan of engine.

The wise and liberal action of the British Admiralty, which faltered at no expense, and made trial of every improvement in machinery that gave assurance of good performance and promised in any way to increase the efficiency of the fleet, produced no less than fourteen distinct varieties of the screw engine. Among them all, Penn's horizontal trunk-engine appears to be the favorite, and had performed so well in the *Encounter* of fourteen guns, the *Arrogant* of forty-six, the *Impérieuse* of fifty, and the *Aga-*

memnon of ninety, that two years ago it had been placed, in about equal proportions of two hundred, four hundred, six hundred, and eight hundred horse-power, on board of forty ships and many smaller vessels of the British navy; it had fulfilled all the promises made for it, without in any instance requiring repairs. These engines comply with all the conditions reasonably demanded in the machinery of a man-of-war; they lie very low, and the fewness and accessibility of their parts leave scarcely anything to be desired;—a lighter, more compact, or more simple combination has yet to be conceived.*

In all the ships above referred to the connection of the engines is direct, and many of them are driven at rates varying from fifty to seventy-five revolutions. This point is dwelt upon because it is observed that many engineers find difficulty in freeing themselves from early impressions made by long-stroke engines, express apprehensions at fifty and sixty revolutions, and stand ready to obviate the difficulty by gearing,—which it is hoped may not henceforth be adopted in our national ships. Geared engines are much heavier than those of direct connection, and occupy more space,—a great consideration in ships where room for fuel is in such demand, besides making it more difficult to place them below the water-line,—a consideration which in men-of-war should be regarded of paramount importance, as the engines of a war-steamer should be as secure from shot as her magazine. Experience has shown that the apprehensions entertained from the quick stroke of direct engines were without foundation; and that, in auxiliary ships, with a properly modelled propeller, there will be no necessity for a very high speed of piston.

The form of engine generally adopted with great success in the later screw-ships

* "Its large amount of friction" is an objection often speciously urged against the trunk-engine, although the friction diagram shows it to be actually less in this than in most other engines.

of the United States navy is the "horizontal direct action," with the connecting-rod returning from a cross-head towards the cylinder; these engines make from sixty to eighty revolutions per minute. The steam-valve is a packed slide with but little lap, and the expansion-valve is an adjustable slide working on the back of the steam-valve. The boilers are of the vertical water-tube type, with the tubes above the furnaces, and are supplied with fresh water by tubular surface-condensers, which, together with the air-pumps, are placed opposite the cylinders.

While the vessels ordered by the Admiralty were on the stocks, it was suggested by Mr. Lloyd that the model of their after-bodies was not that most favorable to speed,—that they were too "full," and that a "finer run" would be preferable. To settle this question, the Dwarf, a vessel of fine run, was taken into dock, and her after-body filled out by three separate layers of planking, so as to give it the form and proportions of the vessels then building. These layers of planking could be removed in succession, and the effects of a fuller or finer run upon the speed of the vessel easily ascertained. A trial was then made, and the result proved the correctness of Mr. Lloyd's opinion; the removal of the different layers of planking increasing the speed from 3.75 to 5.75, to 9, and finally to 11 knots. A trial between the Rifleman and the Sharpshooter, vessels of four hundred and eighty tons and two hundred horse-power, and the Minx and Teaser, of three hundred tons and one hundred horse-power, gave similar results,—the speed in each trial being twenty-four per cent. in favor of the finer run.

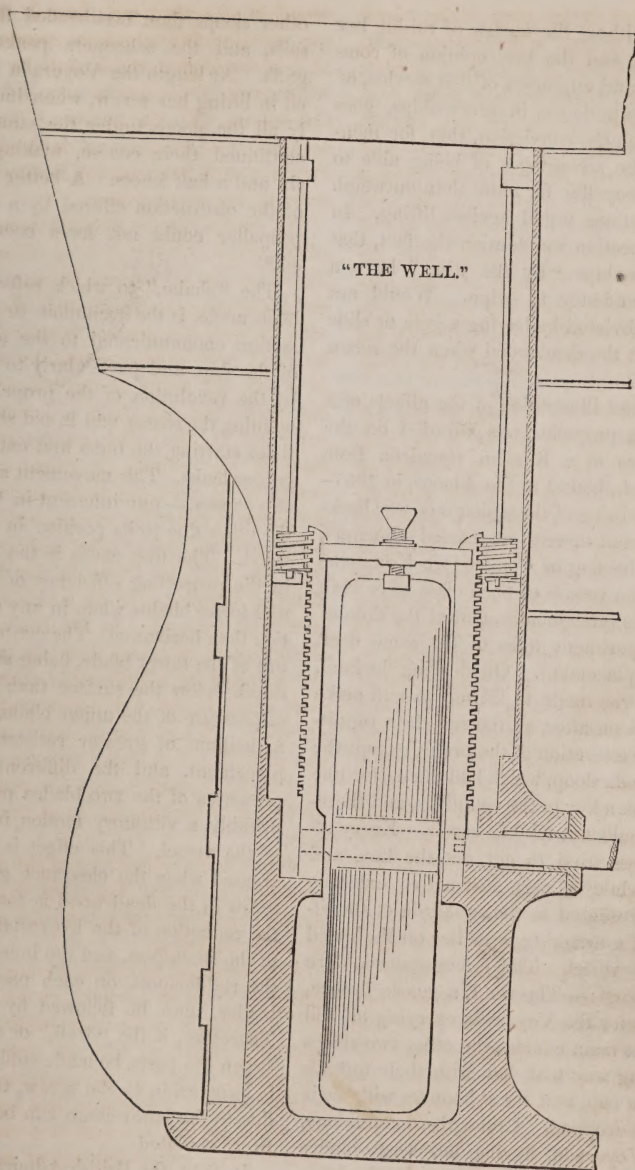
Although great efficiency and economy had now been attained, there was still an important defect to be remedied, namely, the impediment to speed and to evolution under sail presented by the dragging propeller; which was accomplished by the invention of the "trunk" or "well," into which the propeller can be

raised at pleasure; and there is no longer anything to prevent the construction of a screw-frigate which shall be fit to accompany, under canvas only, a fleet of fast sailers, with the assurance that she may arrive at the point of destination in company with her consorts, having in reserve all her steam-power.

The mechanism by which the emersion of the screw is effected is as follows:—There are two stern-posts; between these, and connecting them with each other and with the keel, is a massive metallic frame, in which rests another frame, or *châssis*, in which the screw is suspended; near the water-line, the deck and wales are extended to the after stern-post, and through an opening or trunk in this overhanging stern the frame suspending the screw is raised by worms, working in a rack secured to the frame, and operated from the deck, as shown in the accompanying drawing,—or by a tackle, as is now most common. In the British ship *Agamemnon*, of ninety guns, the propeller is raised by a hydrostatic pump,—a neat arrangement, but liable to get out of order. When it is desirable to raise the propeller, the blades are first placed in a vertical position, and the operation of lifting is performed in a few minutes.

The relative advantages of the propeller fitted to lift, and that which is permanently fixed, have long been the subject of much discussion.

For merchant steamers, having an established route to perform, on which the aid of steam is in constant demand, it is generally conceded that the position of the screw should be permanent. The construction of the ship is then less costly, while greater strength is preserved; and as these vessels are out of port but for short intervals, should repairs be needed, they have access to the docks. But for men-of-war the case is widely different. Having frequently to keep the sea for long periods, much under canvas, and often far distant from a dock-yard, they should be provided with the means of lifting the screw to repair or to clear it,



MODE OF LIFTING SCREW.

or to be relieved from the impediment it offers to sailing and to evolution, and also from the injurious "shake" occasioned by a dragging propeller.

On the other hand, the construction of a trunk or well impairs the solidity of the stern, renders it much more vulnerable,

and weakens its defences, while it opposes to speed the very considerable resistance of the after stern-post.* Nevertheless, no modern ship of the British

* Might not a metallic stern-post, combining strength, lightness, and little resistance, be introduced?

navy is without the means of raising her propeller, and the best opinion of commanders and engineers of that service, of longest experience in screw-ships, goes to establish the conviction, that, for men-of-war, the advantages of being able to lift the propeller far more than outweigh the objections urged against lifting. In this connection we mention the fact, that all screw-ships "by the wind" have a strong tendency to gripe. Would not this be obviated by having a gate or slide to fill out the dead-wood when the screw is lifted?

The best illustration of the effects of a dragging propeller was afforded on the departure of a Russian squadron from Cronstadt, bound to the Amoor, in 1857-'58, consisting of three sloops of war bark-rigged, and three three-masted schooners, under the flag of Commodore Kouznetsoff. The vessels of each class were built from the same moulds, and at the time of the experiment were of the same draft and displacement. On clearing the land, signal was made to lift screws and make sail. Soon after, all the squadron reported the execution of the order, except the *Voyerada* sloop, which had the misfortune to break a key in the couplings, and therefore could not lift her screw. Every effort was tried to get out the key, and meanwhile a very instructive example was presented to the squadron of the effect of a dragging propeller on the speed of the vessel. The circumstances were as follows:—The wind, a gentle breeze, right aft; the *Voyerada* carrying all sail but the main course; the other two sloops holding way with her with their topsails on the cap, and the schooners with their peaks dropped. Under these conditions, the *Voyerada*, having her screw-blades fixed horizontally, could scarcely keep her position, running two and a half and three knots. The *Voyerada* next succeeded in getting her screw vertical, when, without any change in the wind, the speed increased to four and a half knots. The

other sloops then mastheaded their topsails, and the schooners peaked their gaffs. At length the *Voyerada* succeeded in lifting her screw, when immediately all the sloops under the same canvas continued their course, making six to six and a half knots. A better example of the obstruction offered by a dragging propeller could not have been afforded.*

The "shake," to which reference has been made, is the tremulous or vibratory motion communicated to the after-body of the ship, and particularly to the stern, by the revolution of the propeller, often opening the seams, and in old ships sometimes starting the butts and causing dangerous leaks. This movement arises from two causes,—one inherent in the screw, the other due to its position in the dead-wood. The first cause is the difference in the propelling efficiency of the upper and lower blades when in any other position than horizontal. The centre of pressure of the lower blade, being at a greater depth below the surface than the centre of pressure of the upper blade, acts upon a medium of greater resistance to displacement, and the differential of the pressures of the two blades produces inevitably a vibratory motion in the stern of the vessel. This effect is greatly increased when the clearance given to the screw in the dead-wood is too small; for the reduction of the hydrostatic pressure at the stern-post, and the increase of it at the rudder-post, on each passage of the blades, must be followed by concussion. Therefore, if the "well," or distance between the posts, be made sufficiently long in proportion to the screw, the "shake" due to the latter cause can be almost entirely obviated.

In 1851, the British Admiralty selected three auxiliary screw-ships, of different classes and qualities, for an experimental cruise, namely:—

* *Russian Nautical Magazine*, No. XLI., December, 1857.

	Guns.	Horse Power.	Screw.	Speed.	Days' Fuel.	Sail Equipment.
The Arrogant	46	360	2 blades	9 knots	8 days	Ship full rig
The Dauntless	24	580	"	11 "	11 "	" light "
The Encounter	14	360	"	10½ "	6 "	Barque

They were ordered to pass round the Azores, each ship holding her course, and using sail or steam, or both, as was deemed most advantageous. An officer was sent on board each ship to keep a record of her performance, and to note the time when and the position where, the coal being entirely consumed, the contest ended. In this trial, the Arrogant was found superior to the Dauntless, and both of them far excelled the Encounter; indeed, no very different result was expected, the object of the trial being to ascertain their relative as well as positive value. These ships afterwards formed a part of the experimental squadron stationed at Lisbon in the same year, which was composed of the finest ships in the British navy.

It was believed by many officers, that a fast-sailing frigate, in a reefed-topsail breeze, would be able to get away from any screw-ship; but in a trial that took place between the *Arethusa* and the *Encounter*, and the *Phaëton* and *Arrogant*, under circumstances the most favorable to the sail-ships, it was found that the screw-ships, using both steam and sail, had decidedly the superiority,—and that in fresh gales, with one, two, or three reefs in the topsails, either “by the wind,” or “going free,” the *Phaëton* and the *Arethusa*, the fastest sail-frigates in the navy, were always beaten by the *Arrogant*. This result operated powerfully in removing the repugnance to steam existing among all classes of seamen; and the vast superiority of well-organized screw-ships for the purposes of war is now so apparent, as to render them the most important and indispensable part of every navy.

While the English were engaged in the trials here related, their rivals on the op-

posite coast were not indifferent spectators. The French were nearly as soon in the field of modern screw experiment as their neighbors; and did the limits of this paper permit, it would be instructive, as well as interesting, to trace the ingenious and persevering steps by which they also approached the solution of that difficult problem, the construction of a screw-man-of-war.

The first result of their efforts, *La Pomone*, screw-frigate, was shown to the world in 1844, and after careful inspection, (in 1853,) it is affirmed, such was the perfection of her general organization, that she has hardly been excelled by any of her younger sisters.

The most complete course of experiments ever made, perhaps, with the new motor, was that carried out by *MM.* Bourgois and Moll, of the French navy, in 1847 and '48, which they verified by a second series in 1849. These experiments were instituted to ascertain the relative efficiency of all varieties of the screw-propeller, upon vessels of different models and dimensions, and under all the varying conditions of wind and sea, in order to determine the propeller best adapted to each particular description of ship.*

Necessarily brief as is the notice of Gallic ingenuity and skill, the acknowledgment must be made, that, for the invention of the trunk or well, with its attendant advantages, navigation is indebted to Commander Labrousse, of the French navy; and for a novel arrangement of the screw-propeller, which has not attracted all the notice it deserves, obligations are due to M. Allix, a distin-

* For a most interesting and instructive memoir upon these experiments, the reader is referred to that admirable work, by Captain E. Paris, of the French navy, *L'Hélice Propulsive*.

guished engineer of that service; and the propeller more recently introduced by M. Mangin, of the same corps, if it performs all that is claimed for it, namely, that it does away with the "shake," will be of great value.

In concluding this recognition of the contributions by France to screw-propulsion, it is desired to submit a few general observations on the French navy; for, although upon every sea the tri-color waves over ships proudly comparing with those under any other flag, it is nevertheless too commonly believed that the docks of France are crowded and her navy-list swollen with hulks which are but the mouldering mementos of the vast armaments hastily created during the Consulate and the Empire; an illusion most hazardous to our interests abroad and our security at home.

At the period of the *coup d'état* of 1851, a Committee of Inquiry, composed of the most experienced and intelligent officers and distinguished legislators, had visited all departments of the navy, and made the most careful investigations into every branch of the service. Upon the evidence thus obtained, a report was submitted, providing for the improvement of the condition of the officers and seamen, and the increase, renewal, and remodelling of the *matériel*, — in fine, for the correction of every abuse, the remedy of every evil, and the development of all good existing in the navy. This report, stamped on every page with patriotism and intelligence, commanded, even in the midst of revolution, the support of all parties, the adhesion of every faction; and has since, through all changes in the Ministry of the Marine, formed the basis of the action of that department.

Under these auspices, France has in the last seven years organized the means of promptly putting to sea a numerous fleet, composed of the most modern and most powerful steamers, manned by efficient crews, commanded by skilful officers; and now worthily maintains a position as a naval power second only to

that of Great Britain. At this moment, whilst the British fleet includes but thirty-six screw line-of-battle ships, mounting 3,400 guns, and propelled by 19,759 horse-power, that of France may boast of forty such ships, mounting 3,700 guns, propelled by 27,500 horse-power; and while England has but thirty-eight screw frigates, France has forty-two.

In thus briefly summing up the forces of our ocean rivals, we cannot avoid making some reflections suggested by the unpreparedness of this country to meet any sudden burst of hostility. This not only involves the risk of national humiliation, but paralyzes our diplomacy; since it deprives us of that influence among the nations, which otherwise — from the breadth of our territory, the value of our products, the activity of our industry, the importance of our commerce, and the extent of our maritime resources — we of right should hold.

No country is more interested than the United States in the maintenance of peace; yet, even on the principle of economy, we may argue in favor of a degree of preparation for war; for that calamity may best be averted by taking from foreign powers the temptation to interfere with us: all history showing that the justice and friendship of military states are but slender guaranties for the peace of a nation unprepared for attack.

It is vain to talk of husbanding financial resources for war, without other preparation. When once embarked in hostilities, and in a position to maintain our ground, large finances, judiciously used, will ultimately command success; but no accumulation of funds can provide a timely remedy for that weakness which cannot resist the first blow.

The national safety should no longer be left to chance, but be established on a basis of certainty. A navy cannot be manufactured nor a fortress built to meet an emergency, but should be kept ready-made.

In considering the auxiliary screw-frigate under the views already offered,

and in determining the canvas with which she should be supplied, it will be well to refer, as the best guide, to the fastest sail-ships,—the class which presents the greatest similarity in form to that demanded in screw-ships. In these ships the great length of deck offers every facility for the most advantageous spread of canvas; consequently the centre of effort may be kept low, and the requisite power and stability combined.

Intimately connected with her sailing-power is another branch of the equipment of a screw-ship, which requires the most earnest, patient, and intelligent consideration. Prepared to endure all the wear and tear of a sail-ship, she should at the same time be ready for transmutation into a steam-ship; namely, when, for any urgent service, her best powers of steaming are required, she should be able to divest herself speedily of yards and top-masts, and, the special service completed, resume all her perfection as a sail-ship.

It would be out of place here to enter into details of equipment. In naval affairs nothing is improvised, and a satisfactory conclusion upon these points can be arrived at only through long experiment, and perhaps frequent disappointment. Yet it is not doubted that the same ship may exhibit a handy and efficient rig, develop a high velocity under canvas, and, without great power, a sufficient speed under steam.

In our navy, away from our own coast, sail must of necessity be the rule, and steam the reserve or special power; and without abandonment of our anti-colonial policy—with the depots of our rivals upon every sea, yet not a ton of coal upon which we can rely—we should not dare to send abroad a single ship which, whenever she gets up her anchor, must needs also get up her steam.

Fortunately, in the creation of a steam-fleet, the United States will not have to encounter tedious and costly experiments, nor to incur the risk of failure.* The

* The constructors and engineers of the navy are unsurpassed in professional art or science, and when conjoined with naval offi-

best form of hull, model of propeller, and plan of engine are already so well established, that it is not easy to fall into error; that which is most to be guarded against is the popular demand, the prevailing mania for high speed,—for which single advantage there is such a proneness to sacrifice every other warlike quality. That measure of speed or power which will enable a ship to stem the currents of rivers, to enter or leave a port in the face of a moderate gale, or to meet the dangers of a lee-shore, should, it is conceived by many, be sufficient; and for these exigencies a ship, which, with four months' supplies on board, can in calm weather and smooth water make nine to ten knots under steam, has ample power. This moderate rate is far below the popular mark; but, in considering this important question, it should not be forgotten, that, unlike the paddle, the screw will always coöperate with sail,—and that, if a ship would go far under steam, she must be content to go gently. The natural law regulating the speed of a ship is, that the power requisite to propel her varies as the cube of the velocity.

Let it be distinctly understood what power is here meant. As the power applied to the propulsion of a vessel is only that which acts upon her in the direction of the keel,—and as, of the gross indicated power developed by her engine, one portion is absorbed in working the organs of its mechanism, another in overcoming the friction of the load, while still other proportions are expended in the slip of the propeller and in the friction of its surfaces on the water,—only that portion of the gross power which remains is applied to propulsion; and it is this remainder which varies in the ratio of the cube of the speed.

Hence a steamer, that with five hundred — who should always determine the warlike essentials of ships—they are capable of producing a steam-fleet that would meet the requirements of all reasonable conditions. We venture to say, that the failures with which they have been charged would be found, on investigation, to be solely attributable to undue extraneous influences.

dred horse-power can make eight knots per hour, will require rather more than one thousand horse-power to drive her at the speed of ten knots,—the law being thus modified by the increased resistance consequent upon the greater weight of the large engines; and thus a limit to speed is imposed, depending upon the weight of machinery which, relative to her dimensions, a ship can carry. A ship, that at the rate of ten knots under steam may run twelve hundred miles, can, at the speed of eight knots, and with the expenditure of rather less fuel, run the distance of eighteen hundred miles; and therefore it is, many contend, that a man-of-war for distant service should not be laden with large engines, whose full power can rarely be wanted, and which monopolize so great a space and displacement as to render it impossible to carry fuel for their proper development.

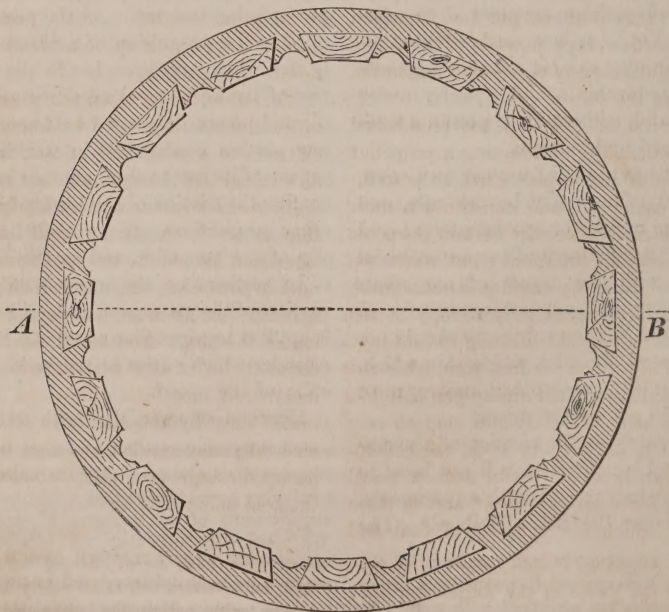
It is true, that, with large power of engine, the vessel may command, so long as her coals last, the advantage of high speed, and her large cylinders will enable her, by working the steam very expansively, to use her fuel with great econ-

omy; but there still remains the disadvantage of the increased first cost of the machinery, and its greater weight and bulk to be permanently carried, whether used or not, and which, by increasing the displacement of the vessel, proportionally diminishes her speed.

The last great improvement in connection with the screw remains to be noticed, namely, lining the “bushings” and “bearings” with *lignum-vitæ*,—the invention of Mr. Penn, of Greenwich, near London.

The *lignum-vitæ* is introduced in the manner shown in the drawing. In connection therewith, it must be said, that the length and diameter of bearings has been increased far beyond the proportions of former years. The “brasses” are bored out about three-sixteenths of an inch larger than the shaft; then the recesses are slotted out for the reception of the wooden strips. If care be taken with this part of the operation, any number of strips can be supplied ready fitted, and to put in a set of spare strips becomes a short and simple operation.

Strange as it appears, these wooden



bearings are far more durable than those of metal, and in some ships they have endured for years without any perceptible wear in those parts which, previously to this invention, had occasioned so much trouble and expense. But for this important discovery, it is thought by some of the most competent engineers that they would have been compelled to abandon the use of the screw in heavy ships.

The *Napoléon*, the type of the new steam-ships of the line in the French navy, is a good illustration of a first-class, full-powered steamer.

Her dimensions are as follows:—

	FT.	IN.
Length extreme.....	262	6.40
Length at load-line.....	234	0.94
Beam.....	53	8.38
Height between decks.....	6	8.72
Height of lower port sill.....	7	2.63
Depth of hold.....	26	9.34
Deep-load draft.....	25	3
Immersed cross section, sq. ft.	1063.48	
Displacement.....	tons 5050	
Diameter of cylinders.....	8	2.45
Length of stroke.....	5	3.06
Diameter of propeller....(4 bladed)	19	0.70
Pitch " "..... (mean)	27	11

She has eight boilers, each having five furnaces, consuming, at full speed, (12.14 knots,) 143 tons of coal per day, for which she stows five days' supply. The boilers and engines occupy eighty-two feet in the length of the ship.

The trial of this ship has established the practicability of adapting a propeller to a ship of the largest class, so as to insure great speed, and constitute a most effective man-of-war for certain purposes and in certain situations; but when the great weight of the engines is considered, and the large space they occupy in the vessel,—thereby diminishing the stowage of supplies,—and further, that, after the coal is exhausted, the ninety-gun ship has but the sail of a sixty-gun ship to rely upon, it is not easy to avoid the conclusion, that, however useful such a vessel may be for short passages,* and in those seas in which her supplies of coal and

provisions may be constantly replenished, her sphere of action must be very limited, and she could not be relied upon for the long cruises and various services on which an ordinary line-of-battle ship is employed.

A ship constructed on the plan of the *Napoléon*, for the sake of gaining a speed of twelve knots per hour for the distance of about two thousand two hundred miles, is compelled to sacrifice a great part of her efficiency in several most important particulars.

In time of war, at short distances from port, for the defence of bays or harbors or the Florida channel, for the speedy transport of troops to an adjacent coast, or to force a blockade, such a vessel would undoubtedly be a most valuable addition to our navy; but her employment must necessarily be confined to such circumstances and such situations; for should she unluckily fall in with an enemy's squadron, with her coal expended, or her machinery rendered useless by any of the numerous accidents to which steam-machinery is so constantly exposed, with her comparatively light rig, and want of stability in consequence of losing so great a weight of coals, she would hardly prove a very formidable opponent.

Therefore, while admitting the importance and necessity of providing for special service a small class of fast, full-powered steamers, it is submitted that the auxiliary screw-steamer is the description of ship to which the largest and best consideration should be devoted; for to the nation possessing the most efficient fleet of such vessels must belong the dominion of the sea. And while their cost is counted, let it at the same time be remembered that their value can be estimated only by the character of the service they may render, and that their capacity for aggression abroad makes them the best defence at home.

Having briefly referred to the various views entertained in regard to the steam-power with which the navy should be

* For debarking a regiment or two of Zouaves on the shores of the Adriatic or upon the coast of Ireland.

furnished, it will be seen that a difference of opinion on this important subject may most reasonably be entertained.

None can doubt the advantages of celerity to a man-of-war, yet many believe it would be too dearly purchased by the sacrifice of space to such an extent as would require supplies to be often replenished; as this necessity would in war confine the operations of the navy to our own shores.

On the other hand, it is admitted, that, without high speed, a ship of war cannot exercise many of her most important functions,—that she can neither choose an engagement, protect a convoy, nor enforce a blockade.

The best experience affirms the policy of giving to our cruisers as large steam-power as is consistent with a due development of all other warlike qualities; for what would avail the superior armament of a ship, if the option of fighting or flying remain with her adversary, which must be the case when the latter commands higher speed? The introduction of improved ordnance, throwing heavy shells with great precision at long ranges, gives increased importance to celerity; for in any future fleet-fight, victory should belong to that flag having at command a steam-squadron of superior speed, which may thereby be concentrated upon any point without having been long under fire.

May not the command of a maximum speed of thirteen knots be obtained from the machinery now employed for a maximum speed of ten knots? It evidently may, and with great economy, too, by the simple introduction of artificial draft, and the use of steam of higher pressure, when requiring the highest speed. At present, in our men-of-war, the boilers are proportioned for natural draft, burning about twelve pounds of coal per square foot of grate per hour, and for a steam-pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch. If, then, the boilers be proportioned to burn at the maximum, with blowers, say twenty-two pounds of coal to the square foot of grate, and to gen-

erate steam of forty pounds to the square inch, we shall double the power developed by the machinery, and consequently derive from it the same speed that could be attained without blowers from double the machinery; while the natural draft and the usual pressure of fifteen pounds would give sufficient speed for ordinary service. The inconvenience of the higher pressure with blowers could well be endured for the short and occasional periods during which they would be required.

To create a perfect screw-frigate, a ship with sail-power complete, and efficient for any service that may be required, the endeavor should be made—by getting rid of every dispensable article of weight or bulk, and without reducing supplies below three months' provisions and six weeks' water—to find space and displacement for an engine of sufficient force to drive her thirteen knots an hour, together with at least ten days' full consumption of fuel; and this, it is believed, might be successfully accomplished in ships of the dimensions of the *Wabash*, beginning with a judicious reduction of spare spars, spare sails, and spare gear, and by the addition of blowers to their present machinery: a subject which should immediately receive the earnest consideration of a commission of the most intelligent officers.

Having fixed upon the proportions of hull and spars, the form of propeller, and the plan of engine, a cautious discrimination should be exercised in multiplying the types of either. Besides economy, many other advantages would flow from a judicious regard to similarity in build; as it would permit us to relieve our ships of many of the spare spars with which they are incumbered, and we should probably not again hear of suspending the operations of a frigate thousands of miles away, until a crank or rod could be sent to her; because, when ships of the same class are cruising together, by a careful distribution of spare spars and machinery among them, it is hardly probable that damage would be sustained, or loss of spars or "break down" occur,

which might not be remedied by the resources of the squadron.

On the other hand, this system must not be carried to a Chinese extreme, lest we follow too long a false direction,—thus losing the advantage of improvements constantly being made. For such

is the change in all things pertaining to maritime war, that neither model of hull, plan of engine, nor mould of ordnance is best, unless of the latest creation. True progress will be most judiciously sought in not departing too suddenly and widely from the established order.

WHITE MICE.

A GREAT many circumstances led me to decide on leaving the convenient boarding-house of Mrs. Silvernail: a house correctly described as containing several “modern improvements”: improperly, as being “in the immediate vicinity of all the places of public amusement.” For, as the Central Park of New York is a place of public amusement, so likewise is Barnum’s Museum; and these two places being at a distance of about five miles from each other, how could any one house be in the immediate vicinity of both? But it was not upon this incompatibility that any of my objections were founded.

If I have a prejudice, it is against being talked *at* instead of *to*. Now Mrs. Silvernail, who, like the katydid of the poplar-tree, if small, was shrill, had a way of conveying instructions to her boarders by means of parables ostensibly directed at Catharine, the tall Irish serving-maid, but in reality meant for the ear of the obnoxious boarder who had lately transgressed some important statute of the house, made and provided to meet a case or cases.

A landing-place on the stairs was usually the platform selected for the delivery of a monologue, in which Catharine was always assumed to be the person addressed; although I have known instances in which that “excellent wench” was, at the time of being so conferred with, in the grocery at the corner, about half a block distant, as I could see from the

window where I sat and viewed her protracting her doorway dalliance with Jeremiah Tomaters, the grocer’s efficient young man.

“Catharine,” my landlady would say in a loudish whisper, close by a malefactor’s chamber-door, and probably when Catharine was yet far down the street,—“Catharine, who let the water in the bathroom run over just now? If the slippers he left behind him a’n’t Mr. Jennings’s, I declare! Boarders must be warned an’ watched, elseways we shall hev all in the house afloat, ’cepting the stoves an’ flat-irons, by-’n’-by. Somebody at Mrs. Moyler’s acted so, and the house was like a roarin’ sea, with the baby adrift in his little cradle, and the roaches a-swimmin’ round. Oh, dear!”

Now Mr. Jennings was the serious boarder, who lodged in the room just over mine: a man who, from general indications, had never had a bath in his life; certainly he had never troubled the waters in that house. I was the supposed delinquent, and at me the parable was levelled.

“Catharine, whose pass-key was that you found in the door? It’s a mussy we wasn’t all a-murdered and a-plundered in cold blood, by the light o’ the moon! Mr. Jennings’s night-key it must have been, to be sure! Boarders must be warned and watched. When Mrs. Toyler’s nephew’s night-key was found in the door of Number Forty-Seven, the boarders all went off at daylight in an omni-

bus, takin' away custom and character from the house forever."

Now Mr. Jennings, the serious boarder, was always in bed and asleep long before latch-key time came round; and even supposing he ever *had* let himself in by means of that mischievous little convenience, he would as soon have thought of taking the door up to bed with him as of leaving the key in it. The parable was intended for the hearing of a young man who occupied the room opposite mine, and who, being connected with clubs, came home nobody ever knew when or in what condition, but had red eyes o' mornings and a general odor of the convivial kind.

Then, again, Mrs. Silvernail had a way of being always about the doors of the rooms, and a faculty, as I thought, of hovering near several of them at one and the same moment. There are men who will turn the least promising circumstance to advantage,—even that of being listened at through a keyhole, while they discourse to themselves about affairs connected with their most cherished and secret designs. One Captain Dunnitt, who lived in the house before I came, adroitly made his account of this eavesdropping propensity of the landlady, by settling his weekly bill with a silver-mounted pistol, instead of the dollars justly due. He had been a tragedian as well as a captain, and was saturated with Shakspeare and other bards to a far greater amount than with money; and when his week came round, he used to stride up and down his room with much gnashing of teeth and other stage indications of distress, finally settling down into a chair before the table, on which he would place and replace a packet of letters and a wisp of unromantic-looking hair. Then he would take the little silver pistol from his breast, and, after the usual soliloquy of "To be or not to be," or something equally to the purpose, would point it at his temples just as the landlady came bursting into the room, begging him for all sakes not to "ruin the character of her second-best room, and the walls newly painted at

that!" Remorse would then double up the manly form of Captain Dunnitt, who would fall on his knees before the landlady,—“his benefactress! his better angel!”—and then arrangements would be entered into by which he was not to commit suicide for the present, but could avail himself of the landlady's indulgence and wait for “that remittance,” which was always coming, but which never came.

But there were more serious objections, even than a landlady of shrill parables and an inquiring turn of mind, to my prolonging the delights of a residence at the first-class boarding-house of Mrs. Silvernail. Not the least of these was the fact of its *being* a boarding-house,—a community. In such communities, from the inevitable intercourse over the social board, your circle of acquaintance is always liable to be extended rather than improved. In them there is no escape from the disinterested offers of those who would be your perpetual friends. I am still under lasting obligations to a man who, at a boarding-house in which I sojourned for but three days, forced on me a pipeful of an extremely choice and luxurious kind of tobacco, to dilate on the properties of which he came and smoked about a quarter of a pound of it in my room that very evening, and far on into the morning light. His goodness is the more impressed upon my memory, because, on the same occasion, he drank the greater part of the contents of a large willow-bound bottle of old St. Croix rum, which I had just received from a friend who had imported it direct. Then, in boarding-house communities, one's magnetism is as much at fault as that of a ship sailing up a river whose rock-bound shores are impregnated with iron elements. I knew a man who was over-magnetized to the extent of matrimony by the lady of the house,—a widow, and a shrew. He hated, or at least professed to hate her, and had ridiculous stories about her to no end; but she married him, and he still lives. Another, of a rather unsociable turn, rejected the proffered civilities of all his fellow-board-

ers who ever came to offer him rations of curious tobacco or to assist him in performing a libation of old and valuable Hollands. The only one of the party to whom he ever "cottoned" was the latest comer, a smoothed-out, blandulose kind of man, who smoked up all his cunning cigars, made sad havoc among his Hollanders of gin, departed from that house in an unexpected manner and his friend's best trousers, in the pockets of which he had bestowed that friend's rarest gems and gold, and is now serving out a term allotted to him in the State Prison, in recognition of the remarkable abilities displayed by him in the character of what the police call a "confidence man."

And yet there are more objectionable boarding-house acquaintances than people who insist upon sharing with you their friendship, be they "confidence men" or not. I suppose we may allow, in these advanced times, that it is something like magnetism which decides the question of affinity and its reverse. But, in granting this, I will take the liberty of observing that external and palpable facts have a considerable effect in directing the currents of magnetism. For example, and to adopt the language of scientific men, the insignificant circumstance of a person habituating himself to the partial deglutition of his knife, while partaking of food, may produce antipathetic emotions on the part of others, whom prejudice or superstition has led to regard the knife as an article designed for cutting only. This kind of outrage I allude to merely for the purpose of illustrating a case. In first-class boarding-houses, like that of Mrs. Silvernail, such rusticities have long since become traditional, and of the things that have passed away; and, indeed, so particular was that lady with regard to her knives, that, had a boarder swallowed even a part of one, he would undoubtedly have heard the deed alluded to through the keyhole of his chamber-door on the following day, in the form of a parable having for its hero the justified Mr. Jennings, our serious young man.

If external and palpable circumstances, then, are admitted to have a decided effect upon streams of magnetism, I suppose we may assume that they have also a certain power of determining impressions by themselves, without the intervention of any of the more subtle agencies whatever. The granting of this postulate will put me on quite easy terms with regard to the very positive objection entertained by me towards a certain Mr. Désolé Arcubus, who, by provision of an immutable Medo-Persic edict promulgated by Mrs. Silvernail, occupied the chair next mine at the first-rate table of that rigid expounder of boarding-house law.

Mr. Désolé Arcubus, a young man of some three or four and twenty, had no special nationality about him from which one could guess how he came by his rather uncommon names. He was reputed to be learned, particularly in the modern languages; had a profusion of long, wild hair of a greenish-drab hue, which matched his complexion exactly,—this prevalent tint being infused also into the *cornea* or "white" of his eye,—and, in physical proportions, was of weedy and unwholesome growth. He was not a young man of cheerful disposition. On the contrary, his deportment at table, where alone his fellow-boarders had any opportunity of observing him, was such as to induce a very general belief that his mind must have been affected by some terrible calamity; and his presence, indeed, was looked upon as undesirable by many of the guests, whose health had begun to suffer seriously from the manner in which Arcubus used to groan between his instalments of food. Sometimes, in the interval between the soup and the solids, he would lean his elbows upon the table, and, burying his face in his hands, so that his long, sad hair swept the board, would abandon himself for a brief space to private despondency, until the boiled leg of mutton, brought with it a necessity for renewed action.

Nor was the social feeling of distrust of this unhappy young man allayed when the party learned, through a boarder of

detective instincts, that Mr. Désolé Arcubus was an enthusiast in scientific pursuits, and that the "romance of a poor young man," as shadowed out by him, was no romance at all, but an unpleasant reality. Toxicology was the branch of science to which Mr. Arcubus had for some time past been devoting his mind. For fourteen hours a day he worked assiduously in the laboratory of an eminent analytical chemist, whose practice in connection with the coroner was of a flourishing and increasing kind, owing to the growing taste for suicide, and the preference given to poisons over any other means for accomplishing that irrevocable wrong. In this chamber of horrors,—a court of which the tests were the stern, incorruptible ordinances of Nature,—he had already gone steadily through a course which gave him a mastery over the secrets of the relative poisons, with which he laughed secretly now, and played as securely as a child might with a dog-rose of whose thorns he had been made aware. But of late, his haggard features, and the start with which he would wake into life when a guest haply plucked a flower from the bouquets on the table, or when the handmaiden came round to him with a dish of leguminous vegetables, could readily have been traced by a clairvoyant to associations connected with the ghastly belladonna and with the deadly bean of St. Ignatius the Martyr. For Mr. Arcubus had now arrived at the investigation of the positive poisons,—a fact which might have revealed itself to the man of science by the general narcotico-acrid expression into which he had settled down bodily; while the most casual observer might have gathered from his incoherent contributions to the table-talk that some noxious drug was envenoming the cup of his life.

He had a way of thinking aloud, and, as his thoughts always ran on the subject of his studies, the expression of them sometimes dovetailed curiously with the general conversation.

"Miss Rockefeller will not come down to dinner, poor thing!" said Mrs. Silvernail, in her choicest table-manner. "She has

lost her beautiful Angola kitten. It slipped into the glass globe, this morning, among the gold-fishes, and was drowned."

"Digested in water, several of its constituents are dissolved," said Mr. Arcubus, in a husky voice, looking wildly at the picture on his plate.

"You have a *spécialité* for puddings, I perceive, Madam," remarked a smiling old gentleman, a new-comer, addressing himself to the hostess; "may I ask now of what this very excellent one is composed?"

"Sulphate of lime, potash, oil, resin, extractive matter, gluten, *et cetera, et cetera*," put in Mr. Arcubus, still following out his train of thought.

"During the process of evaporation, a black substance is precipitated," continued he; and at that very moment, the small colored boy, running to pour out some water for the wild boarder, who had just arrived in an excited condition from a rowing match, caught his foot in the carpet, and came to the floor with a crash.

"Black oxide of Mercury, called *Ethiops per se*," pursued Mr. Arcubus, grappling with his tangled hair.

"Do just try a drop or two of this Hollands of mine in that iced water; it is positively dangerous to drink it so," said an attentive boarder to Mrs. Silvernail, who certainly *did* look warm.

"Absorbs oxygen readily, when brought to a red heat," said Mr. Arcubus, abstractedly, as he pulled at his long fingers and made their joints crack.

"Who is the tall lady who dined here yesterday with Miss Rocket, and talked so enthusiastically about woman's rights?" inquired the serious boarder of Mrs. Silvernail.

"Prepared by deflagration in a crucible, one part of nitre with two of powdered tartar," proceeded Mr. Arcubus.

"What do you think of that sample of mixed tobacco I gave you to try?" asked the wild boarder of another, whom Mrs. Silvernail used to speak of with fear and doubt.

"When heated, it readily sublimes in the form of a dense white vapor," said Mr. Arcubus, confidently, "disagreeably affecting the nose and eyes."

"I hope you are not going to bring another dog into the house, Mr. Pug-lock," remonstrated Mrs. Silvernail, addressing the wild boarder, to whose conversation she had been lending a sharp ear. "Re'lly now, I must restrict the number of dogs; we have three here already, I believe."

"There is a strong analogy between the virus injected into wounds made by the teeth of a rabid dog and that found in the poison-apparatus of venomous snakes," brought in Mr. Arcubus, diving his fork truculently into a ripe tomato.

This last observation of Mr. Arcubus, together with the fact that the blade of his knife had manifestly turned black, while all the other blades at table were as bright as silver, decided me. I packed up my portmanteau and writing-case that evening, and, having settled with my wondering landlady, to whom I accounted for my sudden departure by pleading expediency as to important affairs, took leave of that estimable widow, and drove away to a distant hotel, from which I sallied forth early next morning to look for lodgings,—furnished lodgings for single gentlemen, without board,—for against boarding-houses I had set my face forever.

A peculiar feature of life in lodgings in New York, as in other large cities, is the incomparable solitude attainable in that blessed state of deliverance from promiscuous "board." One may dwell for a twelvemonth in lodgings for single gentlemen, without incurring the obligation of knowing by sight, or even by name, the lodger who occupies the very room opposite to his, on the same landing. Fifty lodgers may have successively lived in those "apartments" during the twelve months, on the same terms of perfect isolation from one who would rather mind his own business than make any inquiries regarding theirs. And so it is, that, of all the stage-pieces which

have achieved popularity in our day, none is more faithful to the facts than the often-repeated one of "Box and Cox"; yet, but for the exigencies of the drama, which, of course, has for its principal object the development of a plot, there would have been no necessity whatever for bringing Box on a footing of acquaintance with Cox,—still less for attributing to either of them an idea of his landlady's name.

For several months I lived contentedly in the house selected by me, up one pair of stairs, in a room looking out into a busy street,—a street so narrow, that the trees at one side of it, whenever a reviving breeze brought with it a subject for greeting and congratulation, shook hands in quite a friendly manner with those at the other. To illustrate the isolation of a residence in these lodgings, I may as well state, that, during all the time of my sojourn there, I never arrived at the knowledge of my landlady's name. It was not graven upon the house-door, and, as a knowledge of it was of no immediate consequence to any of my occupations, nor likely to be, I never asked about it from the old woman who kept the rooms in order, and to whom I seldom spoke, except upon the weekly occasion of handing to her the amount due to the landlady, with whom I never had any interview after the day I agreed with her for the lodgings. I believe there was a landlord,—if that be the proper term to apply to a man who is the husband of a landlady, and nothing else. From my window I once observed a man who might have been the landlord, a man of subdued appearance, accompanying the lady of the house to church. Subsequently, as I came in one evening rather earlier than usual, the same person was leaning against the railings by the hall-door, smoking a cigar. He greeted me as I passed in, addressing me in an interrogative manner with one word, the only one I ever heard him utter,—

"Owasyerelthbin?"

To which, as I supposed him to be a foreigner, unacquainted with the English

tongue, I replied at random in the only word of German of which I happen to be master,—

“Yaw!”

- And this was the only communication I ever had with people of the house, excepting occasional conversations with the dust-colored old woman who cleaned the windows and swept the floors; while, with regard to a dozen or two of lodgers who succeeded each other from time to time in the other disposable rooms of the house, I never saw one of them, nor was acquainted with them otherwise than by footstep,—and that rather infelicitously at one time, in the case of something which went either upon crutches or wooden legs, and which occupied the room immediately over mine. This was in charming contrast with life at Mrs. Silvernail's, in its freedom from parables, and from the uncared-for society of Miss Rocket's guests; likewise from that of the serious and vicious boarders, and above all of the poisonous young man.

A day came for cleaning my windows, and, as it rained heavily, I could not give the old woman a clear stage by going out for a couple of hours, but told her to clean away and be as lively as she could, while I sat there and wrote. Lodgers, she told me, as she polished up the brightening panes, came and went week after week, so fast that she forgot one when another came, and never knew any of their names. She had an eye for character, though, and told me the peculiarities of some of them in a quaint way, nailing her sentences, now and then, with odd, hard words, put in independently of the general text.

“And who lives in the room just under mine? Somebody who raises plants, I see,—unless the green things on the balcony belong to the house.”

“A gentleman as keeps emself quite to emself. Lonesome and friendless, I reckon, for he looks but poorly. Plants out queer sasses in boxes all the time, and some of 'em on the balcoany itself. Guess he makes kinder tea of 'em, or root-drink. Decoctifies.”

“And who in the room opposite, on this floor?”

“Empty now. Two dark-featured little gentlemen had it for a fortnight,—Jews, I reckon,—and as like one another as two spots of dirt on this 'ere pane of glass. Spoke a hard-biled kind of tongue, and was furriners, I guess. Polyanders.”

The vacant room would just suit De Vonville, who had arrived a few days before from abroad. I told him of it, and he came in the next day, bag and baggage, a portion of which latter was curious and uncommon.

De Vonville, with whom I had lived in lodgings two or three years previously, was a Belgian and a *savant*, and a man of rare companionable qualities besides. Professionally, I believe, he called himself a naturalist. He had already roamed over the greater part of America, North and South, investigating the mysteries of Nature, especially of the animal kingdom, and contributing, as he went, many specimens of rare animals to the principal collections of Europe. His latest adventures took him through Africa and the East, whence he brought to New York a number of living creatures of many species, all of which, however, he had shipped for Havre before I met him, with the exception of two or three of the least disreputable kinds, which he meant to keep about him as pets. The most valued of these treasures were a small animal called a Mangouste, and a cage containing a family of white mice.

These white mice were greatly prized by De Vonville, on account of the rare manner in which they were marked, their paws and muzzles being of a perfect jet black. They were quite tame and familiar; but, on the approach of a cat, or any other cause for alarm, the whole family would concentrate their energies in a very remarkable way into one piercing squeak.

The Mangouste, an animal somewhat resembling a ferret, but more nearly allied to the Nilotic ichneumon of Egypt, was a marvellously lithe and active little creature, perfectly tame, and coming as

readily as a dog to his name, "Mungo," except when overfed, when he would sleep sometimes for hours, rolled up at the bottom of his cage, or in some dark corner of the room. There were personal reminiscences connected with Mungo which rendered him particularly valuable to De Vonville, whom he had often saved from the stings of the noxious vermin to be encountered by those who dwell in tents. His instinct was for creeping things, though he looked as if he could have dined contentedly on a brace of white mice. One piece of mischief he committed, during the few days he was allowed to run about the rooms: he gnawed holes at the bottom of all the doors, through which he could let himself in and out. He used to lie in the sun, on my table, as I sat reading; and was generally companionable and trustworthy, notwithstanding his insidious look.

Seeing the interest I took in his small menagerie, De Vonville begged me to undertake the superintendence of it, on his being called away for a brief tour to Baltimore and elsewhere, in pursuance of an engagement to deliver a course of traveller's tales. Numerous were the directions I had from him as to the diet and general treatment most congenial to the constitutions of white mice; and there was implicit confidence expressed, that, for safety, the Mangouste should be kept strictly confined to his cage. There were parrots to be looked after, also, including an extremely vituperative old macaw, any verbal communication with whom laid the advancing party open to all manner of insult and oburgation.

The very first day of my menagerial experience, the Mangouste got out of his cage while I was feeding him, and glided away into dark nooks and garrets unknown. I failed of recovering him by a stalking process among the giddy passes of the upper stairs; nor did he return that day to my often-repeated call; for I vociferated at intervals throughout the day the word "Mungo!" in a manner that must have led the mysterious inhabitants of that silent house to the con-

clusion that I was a spiritual medium, inviting revelations from the shade of the mighty Park.

A hot, clammy night. No balmy essences arise from the kennels of this hollow street in which I live; whatever comes from that quarter must be malarious, if anything. The windows are thrown open as far as they were made to be thrown, and I get as far out of one of them as I safely can, by tilting my chair back, and extending my legs out into that undefined everywhere called the wide, wide world. The only newspaper within reach of my hand is one I have already looked over, but I glance at it again, reading backwards from the end an account of a terrible poisoning case lately brought to light in England, which I had already read forwards from the beginning. Throwing it away from me in disgust, I reach out my other hand for a book. The one I lay hold of is "Laurel-Water," the melancholy drama of Sir Theodosius Boughton by insidious poisoner killed. I dashed it away, backwards, over my head, and, turning off the gas, abandoned myself to the strange influences that breathed hotly upon me from the clammy vegetation festering in the ropy night-air.

Why do civic wood-rangers choose the ailantus-tree for a bouquet-holder to the close-pent inhabitants of towns? Nothing can be more graceful, certainly, than the ellipses arched by the boughs from its taper stem. Few contrivances more umbrageous than the combination of its long, feathery foliations into its perfection of a parasol. But there are times in the dank, hot nights of midsummer, when the ailantus is but a diluted upas-antiar of Macassar, tainting, albeit with no deadly essence, the muggy air that rocks its slumbering branches and rolls away thence along the parapets and in at the windows of the sleepers. Dead-horse chestnut it might reasonably be called, because of its heavy, carrion smell, which, under the influences of a July night, is but too perceptible to the dwellers of streets where it abides.

The tree at my window was an ailantus, of stately dimensions, and bounteous in a proportionate enormity of smell; yet it had never before affected me so much as on this night, when I lay dozing in the ghastly gloom. Sleep must have overcome me, for I had a troublous dream or vision of which Poison was the predominant nightmare,—a dream and slumber broken by the convulsive sensation which roused me up as I endeavored in imagination to swallow at one draught the contents of a metal tankard of half-and-half—half laurel-water, and half decoction of henbane—handed to me on a leaden salver by a demon-waiter, with a sprig of hemlock in the third buttonhole of his coat. This Lethean influence could hardly be that of the ailantus-tree alone. What of the plants on the balcony beneath,—the strange, rooty coilers which the mysterious planter sedulously fosters at the glooming of dusk, with a weird watering-pot held forth in a fawn-colored hand?

In a particular condition of the nerves,—say, when a man feels “shaky,”—it takes but little to convince him that anything which may possibly not be all right is to a moral certainty all wrong. To sleep another night in that room, with the windows open,—and who would shut his windows in July?—directly exposed to the exhalations of a rising forest of upas-antiars of Macassar, nurtured by the unwholesome hand of a mysterious vegetarian for purposes unavowed, was no longer to be thought of. De Vonville’s room, which was at the back of the house, and had no fuming ailantus by its windows on which to browse nightmares of skunkish flavor, afforded a better climate for a night’s rest, notwithstanding the singular ideas which these travelled men, especially naturalists, have of comfort, in a civilized sense. He invariably slept on the floor, converting his room, indeed, into the general semblance of a tent, by divesting it of all the appliances dear to a Christian gentleman, and one who loves to repose as such. Yet there was comparative freshness in that

tent-like apartment, as I entered it that night, shutting the door of mine after me, to prevent ailantus and upas-antiar from following in my wake. The little beasts were all sleeping tranquilly in their cages, and the birds on their perches rested quietly, too,—excepting the old macaw, who cursed me in his sleep, as I lit up the gas. But the Mangouste had not returned, nor did I quite regret his absence for the present; because, although highly approving of the culture of four-footed beasts, be they large or small, I have a prejudice against having my jugular vein breathed, at midnight, by small animals of the weasel tribe,—an act of which Mungo, probably, would have been incapable. His relations *will* do such things, however, and newspapers recording appalling instances of it may be found.

Shutting the door, I turned the gas down to a mere spark, and stretched my weary limbs on the mat which served the travelled man for a bed, drawing over me a gauze-like fabric, which, I suppose, answers in tropical countries all the purposes of the more voluminous “bed-clothes” of ours. Sleep soon came upon me,—a heavy, but unquiet sleep, in which the same influences haunted me as those I felt when slumbering at the window. The malaria from the trees was there, and the planter of the balcony watering henbane and hellebore with boiling aquafortis; likewise the demon-waiter, with his leaden salver and poisoned tankard, wearing an ophidian smile on his features and a fresh sprig of hemlock in his third buttonhole.

How long I slept thus I know not. Once I had a vague sense of the Mangouste gliding across me, but it was only part of a dream; and it was still night, black and awful, when I started up in good earnest, at a piercing shriek from the united family of white mice, whose cage stood upon a low stand, about two yards to the right of where I lay.

The sound which followed this was one which the man is not likely to forget who has once heard it,—whether beneath his foot, as he steps upon the moss-grown

log in the rank cedar-swamp, or under his hand, when about to grasp with it a ledge of the rocks among which he is clambering, unknowing of the serpent's dens. With clenched teeth, and hair that rustled like the sedge-grass, I rose and woke up the obedient gas, which flashed tremulously on the scales of an enormous rattlesnake coiled round the mice's cage, tightening his folds as he whizzed his infernal warning, and darting out his lightning tongue with baffled fury at the trembling group in the middle of the cage. This I saw by the first flash. Grasping a sword from among the weapons with which the walls were studded, I made a pass to sever the monster; but the Mangouste was quicker than I, as he darted upon the coils of the serpent, which, in a moment, fell heavily to the floor, a writhing, headless mass.

In the heavy dreams which haunted me during the sleep from which I had just been roused, I had a vision of the planter of the balcony with a snake coiled round his naked arm. 'Who so dull as to require an interpreter for such plain speakings? Rushing down-stairs, I burst open the door of that person's room with one kick, and there, in the middle of the floor, half-dressed and bending over a censer of red-hot charcoal, knelt Mr. Désolé Arcubus, the poison-man of Mrs. Silvernail's boarding-house. His features were collapsed and livid, and he held his left arm, which was much swollen and discolored, close over the red-hot coals, basting it wildly, the while, with ladlefuls of some hot liquid, while he crammed into his mouth, at intervals, a handful of herb-fodder of some kind from a salad-bowl on the floor beside him. He was rapidly growing faint and sinking, but indicated his wishes by signs, and one of several strangers who now entered the room continued the fomenting treatment, while another ran for medical assistance.

There was an open letter on the table, which I had no hesitation in reading, when I saw at a glance that it threw

light on the matter. The following is an exact copy of it:—

"Hollow Rock ——— County. N. Y.

17 Jewly. 18—

MR. HARKABUS

dear Sir.

a cording to promis i send the sneak by Xpress. He is the Largest and wust Sneak we have ketched in these parts. Bit a cow wich died in 2.40 likeways her calf of fright. Hope the sneak weed grewed up strong and harty. By eting and drinking of that wede the greatest sneak has no power. Smeling of it a loan will cure a small sneak ader or the like. I go in upon the dens tomorrowh and if we find any Pufing Aders will Xpres them to you per Xpress.

Yr. oblgd. servt.

SILENUS CLUCK."

Here was the whole story in a nutshell. For his experiments in septic poisons, Mr. Arcubus had hired this apartment, with its convenient balcony for the cultivation of his antidotes. Having prepared his decoctions, he had this night caused himself to be bitten by the snake, which, disgusted probably at its services being then rudely dispensed with, had followed its guiding instinct up to the room where the animals were, making its way through the holes nibbled by the Mangouste underneath the doors. A cold shudder seized me when I guessed the reality of the sense of something gliding over me in the night. The hunger of the reptile had steered him straight to the cage of the mice, whose cry of agony at the presence of the great enemy of mouse-kind had fortunately roused me from my lethargy,—for the rattle of the snake is but a drowsy sound, and will not awaken the sleeper. How the Mangouste came to appear on the scene at the nick of time, I know not. He might have come in at the open window, or possibly had been sleeping, since I missed him, among the trappings and traveller's gear with which the room was lumbered.

And these were the delights of lodg-

ings,—of lodgings without board! And who could see the end of it all?—for, if snake-poison lurked on the stairs, probably hydrophobia was tied up in the cupboard. Brief time I expended in making my arrangements to quit, having first seen Mr. Arcubus carted away to a hospital, where by skilful treatment he slowly recovered. For the Mangouste and the mice, the parrots and the blasphemous macaw, I engaged temporary board and lodging with a bird-and-rabbit man in the neighborhood, telegraphing De Vonville that I had departed from lodgings forever,—lodgings for single gentlemen, without board.

But, on leaving the house, I did not forget the dust-colored old woman, whose last words to me, as I tipped her with a gratuity, were oracular:—"Forty long

years and more have I lived in lodgin'-houses and never before seen a sar-pint. It behooves all on us, now, to be watchful for what may be coming next, and wakeful. Circumspectangular."

I live in a hotel now, a very noisy life, and fearfully expensive. "But what do you wish, my friend?" as the French say, in their peculiar idiom. Believing in the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped the Nilotic ichneumon, I have privately canonized his cousin, the Mangouste, by the style and title of St. Mun-go; and if ever surplus funds are discovered to my credit in any solvent bank, at present unknown to me, I will certainly devote a moiety of them to the foundation of a neat row of alms-cages, for the reception of decayed members of the family of White Mice.

FOR CHRISTIE'S SAKE.

UPON us falls the shadow of night,
 And darkened is our day:
 My love will greet the morning light
 Four hundred miles away.
 God love her, torn so swift and far
 From hearts so like to break!
 And God love all who are good to her,
 For Christie's sake!

I know, whatever spot of ground
 In any land we tread,
 I know the Eternal Arms are round,
 That heaven is overhead;
 And faith the mourning heart will heal,
 But many fears will make
 Our spirits faint, our fond hearts kneel,
 For Christie's sake.

Good bye, dear! be they kind to you,
 As though you were their ain!
 My daisy opens to the dew,
 But shuts against the rain.

Never will new moon glad our eyes
But offerings we shall make
To old God Wish, and prayers will rise
For Christie's sake.

Four years ago we struck our tent ;
O'er homeless babes we yearned ;
Our all — three darlings — with us went,
But only two returned !
While life yet bleeds into her grave,
Love ventures one more stake ;
Hush, hush, poor hearts ! if big, be brave,
For Christie's sake !

Like crown to most ambitious brows
Was Christie to us given,
To make our home a holy house
And nursery of heaven.
Oh, softer was her bed of rest
Than lily's on the lake !
Peace filled so deep each billowy breast,
For Christie's sake !

To music played by harps and hands
Invisible were we drawn
O'er charmed seas, through faëry lands,
Under a clearer dawn :
We entered our new world of love
With blessings in our wake,
While prospering heavens smiled above,
For Christie's sake.

We gazed with proud eyes luminous
On such a gift of grace, —
All heaven narrowed down to us
In one dear little face !
And many a pang we felt, dear wife,
With hurt of heart and ache
All shut within like clasping knife,
For Christie's sake.

I would no tears might e'er run down
Her patient face, beside
Such happy pearls of heart as crown
Young mother, new-made bride !
For 'tis a face that, looking up
To passing heaven, might make
An angel stop, a blessing drop,
For Christie's sake.

If Love in that child's heart of hers
Should breathe and break its calm,

With trouble sweet as that which stirs
The brooding buds of balm,—
Listening at ear of peeping pearl,
Glistening in eyes that shake
Their sweet dew down,—God bless our girl,
For Christie's sake!

But, Father, if our babe must mourn,
Be merciful and kind!
And if our gentle lamb be shorn,
Attemper thou the wind!
Across the Deluge guide our Dove,
And to thy bosom take
With arm of love, and shield above,
For Christie's sake!

We have had sorrows many and strange:
Poor Christie! when I'm gone,
Some of my words will weirdly change,
If she read sadly on!
Lightnings, from what was dark of old,
With meanings strange will break
Of sorrows hid or dimly told,
For Christie's sake.

Wife, we should still try hard to win
The best for our dear child,
And keep a resting-place within,
When all without grows wild:
As on the winter graves the snow
Falls softly, flake by flake,
Our love should whitely clothe our woe,
For Christie's sake.

For one will wake at midnight drear
From out a dream of death,
And find no dear head pillowed near,
No sound of peaceful breath!
May no weak wailing words arise,
No bitter thoughts awake
To see the tears in Memory's eyes:
For Christie's sake!

And There, where many crownless kings
Of earth a crown shall wear,
The martyrs who have borne the pangs
Their palm at last shall bear,—
When with our lily pure of sin
Our heavenward way we take,
There may we walk with welcome in,
For Christie's sake!

THE NURSERY BLARNEY-STONE.

WHERE is it kept? We have often longed for a sight of that precious bit of aërolite, that talismanic moon-stone and bewildering boulder, to which the lips of all devoted to infantile education must be religiously pressed.

In vain have we searched in the closet, where the headless dolls and tailless horses, the collapsed drum and the torn primer, are put away. We have privately climbed to the summit of the clothes-press, we have surreptitiously invaded the nurse's own private work-basket, lured by disappointing lumps of wax and fragments of rhubarb-root; but we did not find it. We believe in its existence none the less. Real as the coronation-stone of the Scottish kings now in Westminster Abbey, as the Caaba at Mecca, as the loadstone mountain against which dear old Sinbad was wrecked, as the meteor which fell into the State of Connecticut and the volcanic island which rose out of the Straits of Messina, as the rock of Plymouth, or the philosopher's stone, — yet we have sought in vain for it, and only know of it as of the Great Carbuncle, by the light it sheds.

"Pray, my good Sir," ask legions of fond parents, "what do you mean? Is it Dalby's Carminative, Daffy's Elixir, Brown's Syrup of Squills, or White's Magnetic Mixture? Is it of the soothing or the coercing system? a substitute for lollipops or for birch? rock candy or rock the cradle?"

"Look" not "into your heart," responds our Muse, but into your nursery, and write!

We invite a general review of all infantry divisions. We may be, for aught you know, Mrs. Ellis *incog.*, warning the mothers of America, as of yore the Cornelias of England. What is the Nursery Blarney-Stone? You have none in your own airy and southern-exposed first-pair-back, (*Nov-Anglicè*, "the keeping-room chamber,") where you daily water

and rake your young olive-sprouts? upon your word of honor, Madam, you have not? You never tell nursery-tales of ghosts or fairies; you have conscientiously stripped from the dark closet every vestige of a legend; you have permitted juvenile inspection of the chimney, to prove that Santa Claus could not descend its sooty flue without grievous nigritude of the anticipated doll's frock, and have logically appealed to Miss Bran Beeswax's satin silveriness in proof of the non-existence of the saint beloved of Christmas-tide. Nay, more, you tell us you have actually invited inspection of the overnight process of filling the stockings, (you brute!) and you appropriately label each gift, "From Papa," "From Uncle Edward," "From Sister Kate," "From dear Mamma," lest a figment of the supernatural untruth should linger in the infantile brain. The "Arabian Nights" (and "Arabian Days") "Entertainments" are on your *Index Expurgatorius*. You have banned Bluebeard, and treated Red Ridinghood as no better than the Bonnet Rouge of domestic Jacobinism.

You are a model mother, with whom even the late Mr. Gradgrind might be satisfied. "Truth, crushed to earth" by the whole race of nurses of the good old time, rises again triumphant at your hearth-stone. Then answer us, — Why did you tell your little ones to-night, as the sparrows were making an unusually loquacious preparation for their dormitories, that the little birds were singing their evening hymns, and exhort, thereupon, your unwilling nestlings to a rival performance of the verses of Dr. Watts? You ought to be prepared to explain, also, for the benefit of any sucking Socrates, why it is that these feathered choristers have their "revival seasons," and are terrible backsliders during the moulting period. When you looked out of the nursery-window, into the poultry-yard,

and heard the noisy confabulation of the motherly hens and pert pullets, you should be prepared to state upon what theological principles it is that psalmody is not the wont of the Gallinaceæ. Are the Biddies given over to a reprobate mind, because you don't happen to like their vocalization? Is it only the Piccolomini and Linds of the feathered kingdom who have a right to practise sacred music?

And how about that other stupendous fiction of the harvest-moon? Tell us, since you are voluntarily in the confessional, tell us why you kept back that explanation of its dependence on the Precession of the Equinoxes, which, at Professor Cram's finishing examination, in your school-girl days, you so glibly recited before your admiring papa and mamma? Do you really believe that the solar and stellar system was arranged to accommodate "the reapers reaping early" of the little island of Great Britain?

We think you said angels! When little Isabel Montgomery, with her long, sunny curls, and sweet, blue eyes, was taken away, you made a very touching application of her decease, to illustrate what all good people were to become in the unknown world. How did you get out of the scrape which followed the remark of your downright eldest, remembering also the departure of a good-natured, obese, elderly neighbor,—“Then I thpothe Mithter Thimmonth ith a big angel”? So he probably is; but Simmons's two hundred pounds of earthliness did not suit your sentimentality quite as readily as the little fairy who always wore such clean pantalets and never tore her pretty white frocks in a game of romps. Is beatification dependent upon the platform-balance? and what amount of flesh will turn the scale in favor of the *Avvocato del Diavolo*?

Once upon a time, a little boy was allowed to ramble in the woods. Being an adventurous little boy, he saw and coveted, and also conquered, (in the good old English sense of the word,) a pretty bird's-nest and its contents, to wit, sev-

eral shiny, speckled eggs. He brought them home for triumphant display. He set them out upon the drawing-room table, and called a family conclave to admire and exult. What was the surprise and grief of the infant Catiline, to find himself received, not with applause, but horror! He was accused of robbery, was threatened with Solomonic penalties, was finally condemned to penance at a side-table upon dry bread and water, while his innocent brothers and sisters were regaling upon chickens and custards. He was edified over his scanty meal by melting descriptions of the mother-bird returning to the desolated home, of her positive sorrow and her probable pining to death. And the same little boy, looking out through the prison-bars of the nursery-window, saw his mother take by the hand his weeping sister (much cast down by the fraternal wickedness) and lead her to the nest of another mother-bird, and then and there encourage her to perform the same act of spoliation. True, the eggs were not speckled and small, but of a very pretty white, and quite a handful for the juvenile fingers. But the bereaved “parient” was not slender and active,—in fact, was rather a tame, confiding, dumpy and dull, pepper-and-salt-colored dame. Her complaints were not touching, but rather ludicrous,—so much so, indeed, as to suggest to the human hen-bird that “Biddy was laughing to think what a nice breakfast little Carrie would have off her nice eggs!” The young Trenck, from aloft beholding, could not but stumble upon certain “glittering generalities,” as, that “eggs was eggs,” and that the return of them on the fowl's part, in consideration of an advance of corn, was not altogether a voluntary barter,—quite, in short, after the pattern of Coolie apprenticeship. And thus the high moral lesson of the morning was sadly shaken. Of course this boy did not belong to any of the model mammas, for whom we are writing.

A large fragment of the Nursery Blarney-Stone has been made over, to have and to hold, to the writers of the Chil-

dren's Astor-Place Library. We yawn over poetical justice in novels, and only tolerate it as an amusing absurdity in genteel comedy, for the sake of getting the curtain rapidly down over the benedictory guardian and the virtue-rewarded fair, who are impatient themselves to be off to a very different distribution of cakes and ale. We know that the hero and the heroine walk complacently away in the company of the dejected villain to wash off their rouge and burnt cork, and experience the practical domestic felicity which is ordered for them on the same principles as for us who sit in the pit and applaud. If it were not so, and if we did not know it to be so, and if we did not know that they know that we know it, we should perhaps feel very differently.

Why must we, then, be conscientiously constrained to mark out such a very different plan for our children at home? Why is the life of little boys and girls in books always pictured on the foot-lights pattern? We remember that we were of those good little boys and girls,—quite as good as that one who saved his pennies for the missionary-box, or that other who hemmed a tiny pocket-handkerchief against the nasal needs of a forlorn infant in Burmah; but we don't remember ever (then or since) to have encountered any of those delightful (and strong-minded) mothers or those sensible and always well-informed fathers of whom we read. Neither in our own particularly pleasant home, nor in any where we went, (at three, p. m., to take an early tea with preparatory barmecidal rehearsals on doll's china,) did we ever meet them. Perhaps they were the progenitors of the authors of the books. Mr. Thackeray has introduced us to sundry gentlemen and ladies bearing a faint likeness to them; but he also permitted us to behold Lady Beckie Crawley *née* Sharpe boxing little Rawdon's ears, and to meet Mrs. Hobson Newcome at one of her delightful "at homes," where Runmun Loll, of East Indian origin, was the lion of the evening.

We couldn't get through five pages of

Hannah More, on a wet day, at the dreariest railway-station, when the expected train was telegraphed as "not due under two hours." What have the innocent heirs of our name done, that Hannah should continue under numberless *noms-de-plume* to cater for them?

We know there must have been a large lump of the Blarney-Stone, conglomerate probably, kept in the desk of our reverend instructor in the ways of syntax and the dismal paths of numbers. We have a lively recollection of the countless tables of foreign coins which we committed to memory, and of the provoking additions and subtractions we underwent to reduce to dollars and cents of the Federal denomination the fortunes of a score of Rothschilds. But when, under the shadow of the Drachenfels, we attempted to reimburse the Teutonic waiter for a cup of *café noir*, we were ignominiously constrained to hold forth a handful of coin and to await the white-jacketed and bearded one's pleasure, as he helped himself.

We have a strong impression that we should never have attained to our present proud position of being allowed to write for (and be printed in) the "Atlantic Monthly," without much previous polish, through the companionship of the fairer sex. Why was it made a crime worthy of Draconian sternness to address our she-comrades in the pleasant paths of learning? Why did we behold the severe Magister Morum himself, in utter forgetfulness of his own rule, mingle in the mazy dance on an evening occasion, at which we were allowed to sit up? Did the girls of a larger growth lose their dangerous qualities on arriving at belle-hood? Why were our primary *billets-doux* confiscated, and our offending palms, like Cranmer's, visited with the first penalty, though we had been obliged to walk blushing the gauntlet of fifty pairs of maiden eyes and deliver to the "female principal" of the girls' school across the entry notes which we have since but too much reason to conclude bore no reference to the affairs of the school-realm?

There is a bit of the Blarney-Stone (always of the nursery formation) which we are sure is discoverable to the true geologic eye in the underpinning of the Fifth Congregational Society's house of worship,—then called a meeting-house, now, we believe, styled a church. For all sermons therein delivered were supposed to be for our personal edification; albeit we were not, by reason of our tender years, specifically exposed to the heresies of Origen or Pelagius. It must have been on some afternoon when we were absent, then, that Dr. Baxter delivered the discourse of which we found a commentary written on the fly-leaf of the hymn-book in our pew,—“Terribly tedious this P. M., isn't he?” We have always felt that a great opportunity was lost to us. We should doubtless have been permitted to indulge unchecked in the solution of that lost mystery of our boyhood, as to the exact number of little brass rods in the front of the gallery, to scratch our initials with a pin upon the pew-side, or, propped by the paternal arm, to sweetly slumber till nineteenthly's close. No such sermon was ever pronounced in our hearing. Oh, golden time of youth! precious season thus lost! We intend yet revisiting that ancient and time-worn edifice, and, borrowing the keys of the sexton, we mean to revel in all and sundry those delights of “boyhood's breezy hour” from which we were debarred by that untimely absence. Like the old gentleman who visited nightly Van Amburg's exhibition of the head-in-the-lion's-mouth feat, in the moral certainty that a single absence would fall inevitably upon the one night when Leo would vary the programme by decapitation,—so we lost the one afternoon when that dull discourse diversified the pious eloquence of Jotham Baxter, D. D., disciple of Dr. Hopkins and believer in Cotton Mather. Many a refreshing slumber has sealed our eyes under subsequent outpourings of divinity, but never with that entire sense of permissible indulgence which then would certainly have been ours. Why was it—except for the Blarney-Stone—

that we were always checked in any Sabba'day notes and queries of what we had noticed in the sanctuary? Why was it wicked and deserving of a double infliction of catechism (Assembly's) for us to have seen that Bob Jones had a new jacket, and that he took five marbles and a jack-knife (in aggravating display) out of its pockets, while our mother and sisters were enabled, without let or hindrance to the most absorbing devotion, to chronicle every bonnet and ribbon within the walls of the temple?

Certainly, the family-physician carried—as well he might—a bit of the precious rock in his waistcoat-pocket; for all our subsequent experience of *materia medica* has never revealed to us the then patent fact, that all our bodily ailments were the consequence of those particular sports which damaged clothes and disturbed the quiet of the household. Surely, the connection between the measles and sailing on the millpond was about as obvious as that between Macedon and Monmouth; and whooping-cough must have had a very long road to travel, if it originated in our nutting frolic, when we returned home with a ghastly gash in our trousers-knee.

The Blarney-Stone got into our “Manual of History”; for either it or the “Boston Centinel” must have made some egregious mistakes as to the character of some famous men who nursed our country's fortunes. So, too, did the author of “Familiar Letters on Public Characters”; for he was anything but an indorser of the History-Book, with its wood-cuts (after Trumbull and West) of the death of General Wolfe, exclaiming, “They run who run the French then I die happy,” and of General Warren at the Battle of Bunker's Hill, with its amazing portraits of the first six Presidents, and the death of Tecumseh. Nay, we have found hard work to reconcile our faith, as per History-Book, in the loveliness of those gentlemen whom stress of weather and a treacherous pilot put ashore upon Plymouth beach, (where they luckily found a rock to step upon,) with a cer-

tain sweet pastoral called "Evangeline." We found ourselves, just after reading the proceedings of the Plymouth Monument Association, the other day, pondering over the possible fate of the Dutch colony of the Mannahattoes, supposing that the Mayflower had made (as was purposed) the Highlands of Neversink instead of Shankpainter Hill at the end of Cape Cod. It was a perilous meditation, for we found our belief in Plutarch's Lives, the Charter Oak, and the existence of the Maelström all sliding away from under us. "Think," we said, "if New York had been Boston, how it would have fared with the good Knickerbockers!"

Who was our geographer? Why did he insist upon our believing that all French men and women passed their time in mutual bows and "curchies," and that all Italians were on their knees to fat priests, clean and rosy-looking? Why did he palm upon us that outrageous fiction of three kings (like those of Cologne) sitting in full ermine robes, with gold crowns on their heads, all alone in a sort of summer-parlor, where the heat must have been at 80° in the shade, engaged in disparting Poland? We have seen, say, a million of Frenchmen, and nearly the same of Italians, since then, with a dozen or so of kings and emperors,—but never the faintest likeness to those deluding pictures. We learned at the same time, by painful rote, the population of various capital cities; but we cannot find in any statistic-book gazetteer, neither in McCulloch nor in Worcester, any of the old, familiar numbers. Also in that same Wonder-Book of Malte-Brun, edited by Pietro il Parlatore, we recall a sketch of a boy running for life down a slope of at least 45°, just before a snowball some five hundred times as big as the one our school-boys unitedly rolled up in the back-yard. It was a snowball, round, symmetrical, just such a magnified copy of the backyard one as might be expected to follow a boy in dreams after too much Johnny-cake for supper. And that was an avalanche. We have stood since then under

the shadow of the Jungfrau, on the Wengern Alp, at the selfsame spot where Byron beheld the fall of so many. We had the noble lord's luck, (as most people have,) and saw dozens, but not one big snowball.

We believe there has been reform since that day. Thanks to the London "Illustrated News" and the "Penny Magazine," juster ideas visit the ingenious youth of the present age. But we solemnly declare that we grew up in the belief that the President of the United States was daily ushered to his carriage by a long array of bareheaded and bowing menials, and that his official dress was a cocked hat and knee-breeches. We furthermore make affidavit that we supposed all the nobility of Europe to be in the habit of driving four-in-hand over wooden-legged beggars. And we also depose and say, that we had no other idea of royalty than as continually clad in coronation-robcs, with six peers in the same, with huge wigs, as attendants. All this upon the faith of that same Malte-Brun, *à la P. P.* Wasn't this a pretty dish to set before—not a king—but a young republican, who fancied himself the equal of kings? And lastly, upon the same authority, we held that "the horrible custom of eating human flesh does not belong exclusively to any nation." We have seen, we repeat, men and cities. We have dined at the Rocher de Cancale, the Maison Dorée, at Delmonico's, at German Gasthouses, at Italian Trattorias, at "Joe's" in London, the Trosachs Inn in the Highlands, and upon all peculiar and national dishes, from the *sardines au gratin* of Naples to the *sauer kraut* of Berlin, from the "one fish-ball" of Boston to the hog and hominy of Virginia,—but never yet upon any *carte* did we encounter "Cold Missionary" or "*Enfans en potage Fijien*."

Where, we repeat, is the Nursery Blarney-Stone? or rather, where is it not?

The gentle reader (prepared to corroborate with many a juvenile reminiscence) must by this time be prepared for

our moral; and it is very briefly this:—Is it not time to consider the budding brain as entitled to fair play? We, the dear middle-aged people, must surely remember that it has taken us much toil and trouble to unlearn many things. We know, that, when we pen anything for our coevals, it is with due attention to such facts as we can command,—that we have a wholesome fear of criticism,—that, if we make blunders in our seamanship, even though professedly land-lubbers, some awful Knickerbocker stands by with the *Marine Dictionary* in hand to pounce upon us. But for the poor little innocents at home any cast-off rags of knowledge are good enough. We hand down to them the worn-out platitudes of history which we have carefully eschewed. We humbug their inexperience with the same nursery fables beneath whose leonine hide our matured vision detects the ass's ears.

We have been writing lightly enough, but with a purpose. For, absurd as may seem the fictions we have sported with, are they not types of many other far more serious ones which we cram down the throats of our rising generation, long after we ourselves have begun to disbelieve them? There is a conventional teaching which we decorously administer, and leave our pupils to disavow it when they can. History is still taught in our public and private schools, seasoned with all the exploded blunders of the past. Men grow up to full manhood with ideas of foreign lands as ridiculous and unfounded as the pictures over which we have been amusing ourselves just now in our old Geography. Young America is ignorant enough, Heaven knows, of a great deal he ought to learn; but what shall we say of our persistently cramming

him with what he ought not to learn? No exploding process is strong enough, it would seem, to blow away the countless pretty stories with which juvenile histories are embroidered. Niebuhr and Arnold have forever finished Romulus and Remus and the Livian legends, for maturer beliefs; but childhood goes on in the same track. Lord Macaulay's *Romance of English History* has been riddled by the acute reviewers; but he will be abridged for the use of schools, and not a fiction about William Penn, or John of Marlborough, or Grahame of Claverhouse, be left out.

Can you plant a garden with weeds and then pull them up again in secure trust that no lurking burdocks and Canada thistle shall remain? Dear model mothers and prudent papas, be not afraid of wholesome fiction, as such, duly labelled and left uncorked. It will be far better to administer plenty of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Sinbad" and "Arabian Nights," good ringing old ballads with a healthy sentiment at bottom of manly honor and womanly affection, fairy stories and ancient legends, than all the mince-meat histories and biographies that nurse-wise have been chewed soft for the use of tender gums. Let us all, for the benefit of ourselves, keep clear of cant; but if cant we must, why let it be for those who will cant back again, laughing in their sleeves the while, and not for the dear little faces so solemnly upturned to ours, whose honest blue eyes (black or green, if you please, as you take your tea) confidently meet ours.

American education, especially home education, is wanting not in quantity so much as quality; in that it is fearfully lacking, and we, the educators, are the ones to blame for it.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DESCRIPTIVE
CHAPTER.

It was a comfort to get to a place with something like society, with residences which had pretensions to elegance, with people of some breeding, with a newspaper, and "stores" to advertise in it, and with two or three churches to keep each other alive by wholesome agitation. Rockland was such a place.

Some of the natural features of the town have been described already. The Mountain, of course, was what gave it its character, and redeemed it from wearing the commonplace expression which belongs to ordinary country-villages. Beautiful, wild, invested with the mystery which belongs to untrodden spaces, and with enough of terror to give it dignity, it had yet closer relations with the town over which it brooded than the passing stranger knew of. Thus, it made a local climate by cutting off the northern winds and holding the sun's heat like a garden-wall. Peach-trees, which, on the northern side of the mountain, hardly ever came to fruit, ripened abundant crops in Rockland.

But there was still another relation between the mountain and the town at its foot, which strangers were not likely to hear alluded to, and which was oftener thought of than spoken of by its inhabitants. Those high-impending forests,—*"hangers,"* as White of Selborne would have called them,—sloping far upward and backward into the distance, had always an air of menace blended with their wild beauty. It seemed as if some heaven-scaling Titan had thrown his shaggy robe over the bare, precipitous flanks of the rocky summit, and it might at any moment slide like a garment flung carelessly on the nearest chance-support, and, so sliding, crush the village out of being,

as the Rossberg when it tumbled over on the valley of Goldau.

Persons have been known to remove from the place, after a short residence in it, because they were haunted day and night by the thought of this awful green wall piled up into the air over their heads. They would lie awake of nights, thinking they heard the muffled snapping of roots, as if a thousand acres of the mountain-side were tugging to break away, like the snow from a house-roof, and a hundred thousand trees were clinging with all their fibres to hold back the soil just ready to peel away and crash down with all its rocks and forest-growths. And yet, by one of those strange contradictions we are constantly finding in human nature, there were natives of the town who would come back thirty or forty years after leaving it, just to nestle under this same threatening mountain-side, as old men sun themselves against southward-facing walls. The old dreams and legends of danger added to the attraction. If the mountain should ever slide, they had a kind of feeling as if they ought to be there. It was a fascination like that which the rattlesnake is said to exert.

This comparison naturally suggests the recollection of that other source of danger which was an element in the everyday life of the Rockland people. The folks in some of the neighboring towns had a joke against them, that a Rocklander couldn't hear a bean-pod rattle without saying, "The Lord have mercy on us!" It is very true, that many a nervous old lady has had a terrible start, caused by some mischievous young rogue's giving a sudden shake to one of these noisy vegetable products in her immediate vicinity. Yet, strangely enough, many persons missed the excitement of the possibility of a fatal bite in other regions, where there were nothing but black and green and striped snakes, mean ophid-

ians, having the spite of the nobler serpent without his venom,—poor crawling creatures, whom Nature would not trust with a poison-bag. Many natives of Rockland did unquestionably experience a certain gratification in this infinitesimal sense of danger. It was noted that the old people retained their hearing longer than in other places. Some said it was the softened climate, but others believed it was owing to the habit of keeping their ears open whenever they were walking through the grass or in the woods. At any rate, a slight sense of danger is often an agreeable stimulus. People sip their *crème de noyau* with a peculiar tremulous pleasure, because there is a bare possibility that it may contain prussic acid enough to knock them over; in which case they will lie as dead as if a thunder-cloud had emptied itself into the earth through their brain and marrow.

But Rockland had other features which helped to give it a special character. First of all, there was one grand street which was its chief glory. Elm Street it was called, naturally enough, for its elms made a long, pointed-arched gallery of it through most of its extent. No natural Gothic arch compares, for a moment, with that formed by two American elms, where their lofty jets of foliage shoot across each other's ascending curves, to intermingle their showery flakes of green. When one looks through a long double row of these, as in that lovely avenue which the poets of Yale remember so well,—

"Oh, could the vista of my life but now as bright appear

As when I first through Temple Street looked down thine espalier!"—

he beholds a temple not built with hands, fairer than any minster, with all its clustered stems and flowering capitals, that ever grew in stone.

Nobody knows New England who is not on terms of intimacy with one of its elms. The elm comes nearer to having a soul than any other vegetable creature among us. It loves man as man loves it. It is modest and patient. It has a small flake of a seed which blows in every-

where and makes arrangements for coming up by-and-by. So, in spring, one finds a crop of baby-elms among his carrots and parsnips, very weak and small compared to those succulent vegetables. The baby-elms die, most of them, slain, unrecognized or unheeded, by hand or hoe, as meekly as Herod's innocents. One of them gets overlooked, perhaps, until it has established a kind of right to stay. Three generations of carrot and parsnip-consumers have passed away, yourself among them, and now let your great-grandson look for the baby-elm. Twenty-two feet of clean girth, three hundred and sixty feet in the line that bounds its leafy circle, it covers the boy with such a canopy as neither glossy-leaved oak nor insect-haunted linden ever lifted into the summer skies.

Elm Street was the pride of Rockland, but not only on account of its Gothic-arched vista. In this street were most of the great houses, or "mansion-houses," as it was usual to call them. Along this street, also, the more nicely kept and neatly painted dwellings were chiefly congregated. It was the correct thing for a Rockland dignitary to have a house in Elm Street.

A New England "mansion-house" is naturally square, with dormer windows projecting from the roof, which has a balustrade with turned posts round it. It shows a good breadth of front-yard before its door, as its owner shows a respectable expanse of clean shirt-front. It has a lateral margin beyond its stables and offices, as its master wears his white wristbands showing beyond his coat-cuffs. It may not have what can properly be called grounds, but it must have elbow-room, at any rate. Without it, it is like a man who is always tight-buttoned for want of any linen to show. The mansion-house which has had to button itself up tight in fences, for want of green or gravel margin, will be advertising for boarders presently. The old English pattern of the New England mansion-house, only on a somewhat grander scale, is Sir Thomas Abney's place, where dear, good Dr.

Watts said prayers for the family, and wrote those blessed hymns of his that sing us into consciousness in our cradles, and come back to us in sweet, single verses, between the moments of wandering and of stupor, when we lie dying, and sound over us when we can no longer hear them, bringing grateful tears to the hot, aching eyes beneath the thick, black veils, and carrying the holy calm with them which filled the good man's heart, as he prayed and sung under the shelter of the old English mansion-house.

Next to the mansion-houses, came the two-story, trim, white-painted, "genteel" houses, which, being more gossipy and less nicely bred, crowded close up to the street, instead of standing back from it with arms akimbo, like the mansion-houses. Their little front-yards were very commonly full of lilac and syringa and other bushes, which were allowed to smother the lower story almost to the exclusion of light and air, so that, what with small windows and small window-panes, and the darkness made by these choking growths of shrubbery, the front parlors of some of these houses were the most tomb-like, melancholy places that could be found anywhere among the abodes of the living. Their garnishing was apt to assist this impression. Large-patterned carpets, which always look discontented in little rooms, hair-cloth furniture, black and shiny as beetles' wing-cases, and centre-tables, with a sullen oil-lamp of the kind called astral by our imaginative ancestors, in the centre,—these things were inevitable. In set piles round the lamp was ranged the current literature of the day, in the form of Temperance Documents, unbound numbers of one of the Unknown Public's Magazines with worn-out steel engravings and high-colored fashion-plates, the Poems of a distinguished British author whom it is unnecessary to mention, a volume of sermons, or a novel or two, or both, according to the tastes of the family, and the Good Book, which is always itself in the cheapest and commonest company. The father of the family with his hand in the

breast of his coat, the mother of the same in a wide-bordered cap, sometimes a print of the Last Supper, by no means Morghen's, or the Father of his Country, or the old General, or the Defender of the Constitution, or an unknown clergyman with an open book before him,—these were the usual ornaments of the walls, the first two a matter of rigor, the others according to politics and other tendencies.

This intermediate class of houses, wherever one finds them in New England towns, are very apt to be cheerless and unsatisfactory. They have neither the luxury of the mansion-house nor the comfort of the farm-house. They are rarely kept at an agreeable temperature. The mansion-house has large fireplaces and generous chimneys, and is open to the sunshine. The farm-house makes no pretensions, but it has a good warm kitchen, at any rate, and one can be comfortable there with the rest of the family, without fear and without reproach. These lesser country-houses of genteel aspirations are much given to patent subterfuges of one kind and another to get heat without combustion. "The chilly parlor and the slippery hair-cloth seat take the life out of the warmest welcome. If one would make these places wholesome, happy, and cheerful, the first precept would be,—The dearest fuel, plenty of it, and let half the heat go up the chimney. If you can't afford this, don't try to live in a "genteel" fashion, but stick to the ways of the honest farm-house.

There were a good many comfortable farm-houses scattered about Rockland. The best of them were something of the following pattern, which is too often superseded of late by a more pretentious, but infinitely less pleasing kind of rustic architecture. A little back from the road, seated directly on the green sod, rose a plain wooden building, two stories in front, with a long roof sloping backwards to within a few feet of the ground. This, like the "mansion-house," is copied from an old English pattern. Cottages of this model may be seen in Lancashire, for instance, always with the same honest,

homely look, as if their roofs acknowledged their relationship to the soil out of which they sprung. The walls were unpainted, but turned by the slow action of sun and air and rain to a quiet dove- or slate-color. An old broken mill-stone at the door,—a well-sweep pointing like a finger to the heavens, which the shining round of water beneath looked up at like a dark unsleeping eye,—a single large elm a little at one side,—a barn twice as big as the house,—a cattle-yard, with

“The white horns tossing above the wall,”—

some fields, in pasture or in crops, with low stone walls round them,—a row of beehives,—a garden-patch, with roots, and currant-bushes, and many-hued hollyhocks, and swollen-stemmed, globe-headed, seedling onions, and marigolds, and flower-de-luces, and lady's-delights, and peonies, crowding in together, with southernwood in the borders, and woodbine and hops and morning-glories climbing as they got a chance,—these were the features by which the Rockland-born children remembered the farm-house, when they had grown to be men. Such are the recollections that come over poor sailor-boys crawling out on reeling yards to reef topsails as their vessels stagger round the stormy Cape; and such are the flitting images that make the eyes of old country-born merchants look dim and dreamy, as they sit in their city palaces, warm with the after-dinner flush of the red wave out of which Memory arises, as Aphrodite arose from the green waves of the ocean.

Two meeting-houses stood on two eminences, facing each other, and looking like a couple of fighting-cocks with their necks straight up in the air,—as if they would flap their roofs, the next thing, and crow out of their upstretched steeples, and peck at each other's glass eyes with their sharp-pointed weathercocks.

The first was a good pattern of the real old-fashioned New England meeting-house. It was a large barn with windows, fronted by a square tower crowned with a kind of wooden bell inverted and raised on legs, out of which rose a

slender spire with the sharp-billed weathercock at its summit. Inside, tall, square pews with flapping seats, and a gallery running round three sides of the building. On the fourth side the pulpit, with a huge, dusty sounding-board hanging over it. Here preached the Reverend Pierrepont Honeywood, D. D., successor, after a number of generations, to the office and the parsonage of the Reverend Didymus Bean, before mentioned, but not suspected of any of his alleged heresies. He held to the old faith of the Puritans, and occasionally delivered a discourse which was considered by the hard-headed theologians of his parish to have settled the whole matter fully and finally, so that now there was a good logical basis laid down for the Millennium, which might begin at once upon the platform of his demonstrations. Yet the Reverend Dr. Honeywood was fonder of preaching plain, practical sermons about the duties of life, and showing his Christianity in abundant good works among his people. It was noticed by some few of his flock, not without comment, that the great majority of his texts came from the Gospels, and this more and more as he became interested in various benevolent enterprises which brought him into relations with ministers and kind-hearted laymen of other denominations. The truth is, that he was a man of a very warm, open, and exceedingly *human* disposition, and, although bred by a clerical father, whose motto was “*Sit anima mea cum Puritanis*,” he exercised his human faculties in the harness of his ancient faith with such freedom that the straps of it got so loose they did not interfere greatly with the circulation of the warm blood through his system. Once in a while he seemed to think it necessary to come out with a grand doctrinal sermon, and then he would lapse away for a while into preaching on men's duties to each other and to society, and hit hard, perhaps, at some of the actual vices of the time and place, and insist with such tenderness and eloquence on the great depth and breadth of true Christian love

and charity, that his oldest deacon shook his head, and wished he had shown as much interest when he was preaching, three Sabbaths back, on Predestination, or in his discourse against the Sabellians. But he was sound in the faith; no doubt of that. Did he not preside at the council held in the town of Tamarack, on the other side of the mountain, which expelled its clergyman for maintaining heretical doctrines? As presiding officer, he did not vote, to be sure, but there was no doubt that he was all right; he had some of the Edwards blood in him, and that couldn't very well let him go wrong.

The meeting-house on the other and opposite summit was of a more modern style, considered by many a great improvement on the old New England model, so that it is not uncommon for a country parish to pull down its old meeting-house, which has been preached in for a hundred years or so, and put up one of these more elegant edifices. The new building was in what may be called the florid shingle-Gothic manner. Its pinnacles and crockets and other ornaments were, like the body of the building, all of pine wood,—an admirable material, as it is very soft and easily worked, and can be painted of any color desired. Inside, the walls were stuccoed in imitation of stone,—first a dark-brown square, then two light-brown squares, then another dark-brown square, and so on, to represent the accidental differences of shade always noticeable in the real stones of which walls are built. To be sure, the architect could not help getting his party-colored squares in almost as regular rhythmical order as those of a chess-board; but nobody can avoid doing things in a systematic and serial way; indeed, people who wish to plant trees in natural clumps know very well that they cannot keep from making regular lines and symmetrical figures, unless by some trick or other, as that one of throwing up into the air a peck of potatoes and sticking in a tree wherever a potato happens to fall. The pews of this meeting-house were the usual oblong ones, where people sit close to-

gether with a ledge before them to support their hymn-books, liable only to occasional contact with the back of the next pew's heads or bonnets, and a place running under the seat of that pew where hats could be deposited,—always at the risk of the owner, in case of injury by boots or crickets.

In this meeting-house preached the Reverend Chauncy Fairweather, a divine of the "Liberal" school, as it is commonly called, bred at that famous college which used to be thought, twenty or thirty years ago, to have the monopoly of training young men in the milder forms of heresy. His ministrations were attended with decency, but not followed with enthusiasm. "The beauty of virtue" got to be an old story at last. "The moral dignity of human nature" ceased to excite a thrill of satisfaction, after some hundred repetitions. It grew to be a dull business, this preaching against stealing and intemperance, while he knew very well that the thieves were prowling round orchards and empty houses, instead of being there to hear the sermon, and that the drunkards, being rarely church-goers, get little good by the statistics and eloquent appeals of the preacher. Every now and then, however, the Reverend Mr. Fairweather let off a polemic discourse against his neighbor opposite, which waked his people up a little; but it was a languid congregation, at best,—very apt to stay away from meeting in the afternoon, and not at all given to extra evening services. The minister, unlike his rival of the other side of the way, was a down-hearted and timid kind of man. He went on preaching as he had been taught to preach, but he had misgivings at times. There was a little Roman Catholic church at the foot of the hill where his own was placed, which he always had to pass on Sundays. He could never look on the thronging multitudes that crowded its pews and aisles or knelt bare-headed on its steps, without a longing to get in among them and go down on his knees and enjoy that luxury of devotional contact which makes a worshipping throng

as different from the same numbers praying apart as a bed of coals is from a trail of scattered cinders.

"Oh, if I could but huddle in with those poor laborers and working-women!" he would say to himself. "If I could but breathe that atmosphere, stifling though it be, yet made holy by ancient litanies, and cloudy with the smoke of hallowed incense, for one hour, instead of droning over these moral precepts to my half-sleeping congregation!" The intellectual isolation of his sect preyed upon him; for, of all the terrible things to natures like his, the most terrible is to belong to a minority. No person that looked at his thin and sallow cheek, his sunken and sad eye, his tremulous lip, his contracted forehead, or who heard his querulous, though not unmusical voice, could fail to see that his life was an uneasy one, that he was engaged in some inward conflict. His dark, melancholic aspect contrasted with his seemingly cheerful creed, and was all the more striking, as the worthy Dr. Honeywood, professing a belief which made him a passenger on board a shipwrecked planet, was yet a most good-humored and companionable gentleman, whose laugh on week-days did one as much good to listen to as the best sermon he ever delivered on a Sunday.

A few miles from Rockland was a pretty little Episcopal church, with a roof like a wedge of cheese, a square tower, a stained window, and a trained rector, who read the service with such ventral depth of utterance and rrrreduplication of the rrrresonant letter, that his own mother would not have known him for her son, if the good woman had not ironed his surplice and put it on with her own hands.

There were two public-houses in the place: one dignified with the name of the Mountain House, somewhat frequented by city-people in the summer months, large-fronted, three-storied, balconied, boasting a distinct ladies'-drawing-room, and spreading a *table d'hôte* of some pretensions; the other, "Pollard's Tahvern," in the common speech,—a two-story build-

ing, with a bar-room, once famous, where there was a great smell of hay and boots and pipes and all other bucolic-flavored elements,—where games of checkers were played on the back of the bellows with red and white kernels of corn, or with beans and coffee,—where a man slept in a box-settle at night, to wake up early passengers,—where teamsters came in, with wooden-handled whips and coarse frocks, reinforcing the bucolic flavor of the atmosphere, and middle-aged male gossips, sometimes including the squire of the neighboring law-office, gathered to exchange a question or two about the news, and then fall into that solemn state of suspended animation which the temperance bar-rooms of modern days produce on human beings, as the Grotta del Cane does on dogs in the well-known experiments related by travellers. This bar-room used to be famous for drinking and story-telling, and sometimes fighting, in old times. That was when there were rows of decanters on the shelf behind the bar, and a hissing vessel of hot water ready, to make punch, and three or four *loggerheads* (long irons clubbed at the end) were always lying in the fire in the cold season, waiting to be plunged into sputtering and foaming mugs of flip,—a goodly compound, speaking according to the flesh, made with beer and sugar, and a certain suspicion of strong waters, over which a little nutmeg being grated, and in it the hot iron being then allowed to sizzle, there results a peculiar singed aroma, which the wise regard as a warning to remove themselves at once out of the reach of temptation.

But the bar of Pollard's Tahvern no longer presented its old attractions, and the loggerheads had long disappeared from the fire. In place of the decanters, were boxes containing "lozengers," as they were commonly called, sticks of candy in jars, cigars in tumblers, a few lemons, grown hard-skinned and marvelously shrunken by long exposure, but still feebly suggestive of possible lemonade,—the whole ornamented by festoons of yellow and blue cut fly-paper. On

the front shelf of the bar stood a large German-silver pitcher of water, and scattered about were ill-conditioned lamps, with wicks that always wanted picking, which burned red and smoked a good deal, and were apt to go out without any obvious cause, leaving strong reminiscences of the whale-fishery in the circumambient air.

The common school-houses of Rockland were dwarfed by the grandeur of the Apollinean Institute. The master passed one of them, in a walk he was taking, soon after his arrival at Rockland. He looked in at the rows of desks and recalled his late experiences. He could not help laughing, as he thought how neatly he had knocked the young butcher off his pins.

"A little *science* is a dangerous thing,'

as well as a little 'learning,'" he said to himself; "only it's dangerous to the fellow you try it on." And he cut him a good stick and began climbing the side of The Mountain to get a look at that famous Rattlesnake Ledge.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUNBEAM AND THE SHADOW.

THE virtue of the world is not mainly in its leaders. In the midst of the multitude which follows there is often something better than in the one that goes before. Old generals wanted to take Toulon, but one of their young colonels showed them how. The junior counsel has been known not unfrequently to make a better argument than his senior fellow,—if, indeed, he did not make both their arguments. Good ministers will tell you they have parishioners who beat them in the practice of the virtues. A great establishment, got up on commercial principles, like the Apollinean Institute, might yet be well carried on, if it happened to get good teachers. And when Master Langdon came to see its management, he recognized that there must be fidelity and intelligence somewhere among the instructors. It was only necessary to look for a moment at the

fair, open forehead, the still, tranquil eye of gentle, habitual authority, the sweet gravity that lay upon the lips, to hear the clear answers to the pupils' questions, to notice how every request had the force without the form of a command, and the young man could not doubt that the good genius of the school stood before him in the person of Helen Darley.

It was the old story. A poor country-clergyman dies and leaves a widow and a daughter. In Old England the daughter would have eaten the bitter bread of a governess in some rich family. In New England she must keep a school. So, rising from one sphere to another, she at length finds herself the *prima donna* in the department of instruction in Mr. Silas Peckham's educational establishment.

What a miserable thing it is to be poor! She was dependent, frail, sensitive, conscientious. She was in the power of a hard, grasping, thin-blooded, tough-fibred, trading educator, who neither knew nor cared for a tender woman's sensibilities, but who paid her and meant to have his money's worth out of her brains, and as much more than his money's worth as he could get. She was consequently, in plain English, overworked, and an overworked woman is always a sad sight,—sadder a great deal than an overworked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache,—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples,—sometimes letting her work with half her brain while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces,—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown,—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical,—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones,—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure,—that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

The poor teacher's work had, of course, been doubled since the departure of Mr. Langdon's predecessor. Nobody knows what the weariness of instruction is, as soon as the teacher's faculties begin to be overtasked, but those who have tried it. The *relays* of fresh pupils, each new set with its exhausting powers in full action, coming one after another, take out all the reserved forces and faculties of resistance from the subject of their draining process.

The day's work was over, and it was late in the evening, when she sat down, tired and faint, with a great bundle of girls' themes or compositions to read over before she could rest her weary head on the pillow of her narrow trundle-bed, and forget for a while the treadmill stair of labor she was daily climbing.

How she dreaded this most forlorn of all a teacher's tasks! She was conscientious in her duties and would insist on reading every sentence,—there was no saying where she might find faults of grammar or bad spelling. There might have been twenty or thirty of these themes in the bundle before her. Of course she knew pretty well the leading sentiments they could contain: that beauty was subject to the accidents of time; that wealth was inconstant, and existence uncertain; that virtue was its own reward; that youth exhaled, like the dew-drop from the flower, ere the sun had reached its meridian; that life was o'er-shadowed with trials; that the lessons of virtue instilled by our beloved teachers were to be our guides through all our future career. The imagery employed consisted principally of roses, lilies, birds, clouds, and brooks, with the celebrated comparison of wayward genius to a meteor. Who does not know the small, slanted, Italian hand of these girls'-compositions,—their stringing together of the good old traditional copy-book phrases, their occasional gushes of sentiment, their profound estimates of the world, sounding to the old folks that read them as the experience of a bantam-pullet's last-hatched young one with the chips of its shell on

its head would sound to a Mother Cary's chicken, who knew the great ocean with all its typhoons and tornadoes? Yet every now and then one is liable to be surprised with strange clairvoyant flashes, that can hardly be explained, except by the mysterious inspiration which every now and then seizes a young girl and exalts her intelligence, just as hysteria in other instances exalts the sensibility,—a little something of that which made Joan of Arc, and the Burney girl who prophesied "Evelina," and the Davidson sisters. In the midst of these commonplace exercises which Miss Darley read over so carefully were two or three that had something of individual flavor about them, and here and there there was an image or an epithet which showed the footprint of a passionate nature, as a fallen scarlet feather marks the path the wild flamingo has trodden.

The young lady teacher read them with a certain indifference of manner, as one reads proofs,—noting defects of detail, but not commonly arrested by the matters treated of. Even Miss Charlotte Ann Wood's poem, beginning

"How sweet at evening's balmy hour,"

did not excite her. She marked the inevitable false rhyme of Cockney and Yankee beginners, *morn* and *dawn*, and tossed the verses on the pile of those she had finished. She was looking over some of the last of them in a rather listless way,—for the poor thing was getting sleepy in spite of herself,—when she came to one which seemed to rouse her attention, and lifted her drooping lids. She looked at it a moment before she would touch it. Then she took hold of it by one corner and slid it off from the rest. One would have said she was afraid of it, or had some undefined antipathy which made it hateful to her. Such odd fancies are common enough in young persons in her nervous state. Many of these young people will jump up twenty times a day and run to dabble the tips of their fingers in water, after touching the most inoffensive objects.

This composition was written in a sin-

gular, sharp-pointed, long, slender hand, on a kind of wavy, ribbed paper. There was something strangely suggestive about the look of it,—but exactly of what, Miss Darley either could not or did not try to think. The subject of the paper was *The Mountain*,—the composition being a sort of descriptive rhapsody. It showed a startling familiarity with some of the savage scenery of the region. One would have said that the writer must have threaded its wildest solitudes by the light of the moon and stars as well as by day. As the teacher read on, her color changed, and a kind of tremulous agitation came over her. There were hints in this strange paper she did not know what to make of. There was something in its descriptions and imagery that recalled,—Miss Darley could not say what,—but it made her frightfully nervous. Still she could not help reading, till she came to one passage which so agitated her that the tired and over-wearied girl's self-control left her entirely. She sobbed once or twice, then laughed convulsively, and flung herself on the bed, where she worked out a set hysteric spasm as she best might, without anybody to rub her hands and see that she did not hurt herself. By-and-by she got quiet, rose and went to her book-case, took down a volume of Coleridge and read a short time, and so to bed, to sleep and wake from time to time with a sudden start out of uneasy dreams.

Perhaps it is of no great consequence what it was in the composition which set her off into this nervous paroxysm. She was in such a state that almost any slight agitation would have brought on the attack, and it was the accident of her transient excitability, very probably, which made a trifling cause the seeming occasion of so much disturbance. The theme was signed, in the same peculiar, sharp, slender hand, *E. Venner*, and was, of course, written by that wild-looking girl who had excited the master's curiosity and prompted his question, as before mentioned.

The next morning the lady-teacher look-

ed pale and wearied, naturally enough, but she was in her place at the usual hour, and Master Langdon in his own. The girls had not yet entered the school-room.

"You have been ill, I am afraid," said Mr. Bernard.

"I was not well yesterday," she answered. "I had a worry and a kind of fright. It is so dreadful to have the charge of all these young souls and bodies! Every young girl ought to walk, locked close, arm in arm, between two guardian angels. Sometimes I faint almost with the thought of all that I ought to do, and of my own weakness and wants. —Tell me, are there not natures born so out of parallel with the lines of natural law that nothing short of a miracle can bring them right?"

Mr. Bernard had speculated somewhat, as all thoughtful persons of his profession are forced to do, on the innate organic tendencies with which individuals, families, and races are born. He replied, therefore, with a smile, as one to whom the question suggested a very familiar class of facts.

"Why, of course. Each of us is only the footing-up of a double column of figures that goes back to the first pair. Every unit tells,—and some of them are *plus*, and some *minus*. If the columns don't add up right, it is commonly because we can't make out all the figures. I don't mean to say that something may not be added by Nature to make up for losses and keep the race to its average, but we are mainly nothing but the answer to a long sum in addition and subtraction. No doubt there are people born with impulses at every possible angle to the parallels of Nature, as you call them. If they happen to cut these at right angles, of course they are beyond the reach of common influences. Slight obliquities are what we have most to do with in education. Penitentiaries and insane asylums take care of most of the right-angle cases.—I am afraid I have put it too much like a professor, and I am only a student, you know. Pray, what set you

to asking me this? Any strange cases among the scholars?"

The meek teacher's blue eyes met the luminous glance that came with the question. She, too, was of gentle blood,—not meaning by that that she was of any noted lineage, but that she came of a cultivated stock, never rich, but long trained to intellectual callings. A thousand decencies, amenities, reticences, graces, which no one thinks of until he misses them, are the traditional right of those who spring from such families. And when two persons of this exceptional breeding meet in the midst of the common multitude, they seek each other's company at once by the natural law of elective affinity. It is wonderful how men and women know their peers. If two stranger queens, sole survivors of two shipwrecked vessels, were cast, half-naked, on a rock together, each would at once address the other as "Our Royal Sister."

Helen Darley looked into the dark eyes of Bernard Langdon glittering with the light which flashed from them with his question. Not as those foolish, innocent country-girls of the small village did she look into them, to be fascinated and bewildered, but to sound them with a calm, steadfast purpose. "A gentleman," she said to herself, as she read his expression and his features with a woman's rapid, but exhausting glance. "A lady," he said to himself, as he met her questioning look,—so brief, so quiet, yet so assured, as of one whom necessity had taught to read faces quickly without offence, as children read the faces of parents, as wives read the faces of hard-souled husbands. All this was but a few seconds' work, and yet the main point was settled. If there had been any vulgar curiosity or coarseness of any kind lurking in his expression, she would have detected it. If she had not lifted her eyes to his face so softly and kept them there so calmly and withdrawn them so quietly, he would not have said to himself, "She is a lady," for that word meant a good deal to the descendant of the courtly Wentworths and the scholarly Langdons.

"There are strange people everywhere, Mr. Langdon," she said, "and I don't think our school-room is an exception. I am glad you believe in the force of transmitted tendencies. It would break my heart, if I did not think that there are faults beyond the reach of everything but God's special grace. I should die, if I thought that my negligence or incapacity was alone responsible for the errors and sins of those I have charge of. Yet there are mysteries I do not know how to account for." She looked all round the school-room, and then said, in a whisper, "Mr. Langdon, we had a girl that *stole*, in the school, not long ago. Worse than that, we had a girl that tried to set us on fire. Children of good people, both of them. And we have a girl now that frightens me so" —

The door opened, and three misses came in to take their seats: three types, as it happened, of certain classes, into which it would not have been difficult to distribute the greater number of the girls in the school.—*Hannah Martin*. Fourteen years and three months old. Short-necked, thick-waisted, round-cheeked, smooth, vacant forehead, large, dull eyes. Looks good-natured, with little other expression. Three buns in her bag, and a large apple. Has a habit of attacking her provisions in school-hours.—*Rosa Milburn*. Sixteen. Brunette, with a rareripe flush in her cheeks. Color comes and goes easily. Eyes wandering, apt to be downcast. Moody at times. Said to be passionate, if irritated. Finished in high relief. Carries shoulders well back and walks well, as if proud of her woman's life, with a slight rocking movement, being one of the wide-flanged pattern, but seems restless,—a hard girl to look after. Has a romance in her pocket, which she means to read in school-time.—*Charlotte Ann Wood*. Fifteen. The poetess before mentioned. Long, light ringlets, pallid complexion, blue eyes. Delicate child, half unfolded. Gentle, but languid and despondent. Does not go much with the other girls, but reads a good deal, especially poetry, underscoring favorite

passages. Writes a great many verses, very fast, not very correctly; full of the usual human sentiments, expressed in the accustomed phrases. Undervitalized. Sensibilities not covered with their normal integuments. A negative condition, often confounded with genius, and sometimes running into it. Young people that *fall* out of line through weakness of the active faculties are often confounded with those that *step* out of it through strength of the intellectual ones.

The girls kept coming in, one after another, or in pairs or groups, until the school-room was nearly full. Then there was a little pause, and a light step was heard in the passage. The lady-teacher's eyes turned to the door, and the master's followed them in the same direction.

A girl of about seventeen entered. She was tall and slender, but rounded, with a peculiar undulation of movement, such as one sometimes sees in perfectly untutored country-girls, whom Nature, the queen of graces, has taken in hand, but more commonly in connection with the very highest breeding of the most thoroughly trained society. She was a splendid scowling beauty, black-browed, with a flash of white teeth that was always like a surprise when her lips parted. She wore a checkered dress, of a curious pattern, and a camel's-hair scarf twisted a little fantastically about her. She went to her seat, which she had moved a short distance apart from the rest, and, sitting down, began playing listlessly with her gold chain, as was a common habit with her, coiling it and uncoiling it about her slender wrist, and braiding it in with her long, delicate fingers. Presently she looked up. Black, piercing eyes, not large,—a low forehead, as low as that of Clytie in the Townley bust,—black hair, twisted in heavy braids,—a face that one could not help looking at for its beauty, yet that one wanted to look away from for something in its expression, and could not for those diamond eyes. They were fixed on the lady-teacher now. The latter turned her own away, and let them

wander over the other scholars. But they could not help coming back again for a single glance at the wild beauty. The diamond eyes were on her still. She turned the leaves of several of her books, as if in search of some passage, and, when she thought she had waited long enough to be safe, once more stole a quick look at the dark girl. The diamond eyes were still upon her. She put her kerchief to her forehead, which had grown slightly moist; she sighed once, almost shivered, for she felt cold; then, following some ill-defined impulse, which she could not resist, she left her place and went to the young girl's desk.

"What do you want of me, *Elsie Venner*?" It was a strange question to put, for the girl had not signified that she wished the teacher to come to her.

"Nothing," she said. "I thought I could make you come." The girl spoke in a low tone, a kind of half-whisper. She did not lisp, yet her articulation of one or two consonants was not absolutely perfect.

"Where did you get that flower, *Elsie*?" said Miss Darley. It was a rare alpine flower, which was found only in one spot among the rocks of The Mountain.

"Where it grew," said *Elsie Venner*. "Take it." The teacher could not refuse her. The girl's finger-tips touched hers as she took it. How cold they were for a girl of such an organization!

The teacher went back to her seat. She made an excuse for quitting the school-room soon afterwards. The first thing she did was to fling the flower into her fireplace and rake the ashes over it. The second was to wash the tips of her fingers, as if she had been another *Lady Macbeth*. A poor, overtaken, nervous creature,—we must not think too much of her fancies.

After school was done, she finished the talk with the master which had been so suddenly interrupted. There were things spoken of which may prove interesting by-and-by, but there are other matters we must first attend to.

IS THE RELIGIOUS WANT OF THE AGE MET?

To answer this question intelligently, we must first glance at the characteristics of the age. It is an age of remarkable activity. There have been industrious men in other days; there have been nations of whom it might be truly said, They were an industrious people, they lost no time in idleness: but their rate of speed was low. Such a people could hardly be deemed enterprising. They might continue uncomplainingly in their accustomed round of labors, but would lack impulse to attempt anything new. Circumstances did not compel them to unwonted efforts, and their capabilities lay dormant. The world was wide, the population comparatively sparse, and the means of subsistence not difficult of attainment.

Our age is very unlike to that. People begin to crowd one another. There is competition. The more active and ingenious will have the advantage; they do have the advantage; and this fact is a constant stimulus. It has been operating for thirty years past with ever-increasing power. We seem to be approaching a climax,—a point beyond which flesh and blood cannot go. The enterprise of the more active spirits of our day is astounding; we begin to ask, Will they stop at anything? What will they not undertake? There are a great many unsuccessful attempts; but these are not necessarily observed, they pass quietly into obscurity, while we hasten to observe the successes, which are wonderful, and so numerous as to keep us ever on tiptoe, looking for new wonders. Having seen the railways, the magnetic telegraph, and Hoe's press, in full operation, and having been brought to accept these as a common measure of time and motion, we find ourselves indisposed for older usages. We find our age an age of daring and of doing. We are ready to discard the word *impossible* from our vocabulary; we deny that anything is the less probable because

of being unprecedented. For doing new things we look about for new means,—being full charged with the belief that for all worthy or desirable ends there must be adequate and available means. In this regard, it is an age of unprecedented faith, of expectation of success; and we all know the natural and necessary influence of such an expectation. Sanguine expectation lights up the fires of genius; invention is quickened for the attainment of the highest speed and the greatest momentum. In no former age has there been anything to compare in rapidity and power of movement with the every-day achievements of this age. The relation of books to men, and the sphere assigned to books, are materially modified by the characteristics of the age. Books, as books, are no longer a charm to conjure with. The few really superior books have a wider and greater influence than ever before; while the great mass of common books have less, and pass more easily into oblivion. Good books may and must help us; but books cannot make us men of the nineteenth century, and a power in it. A thorough knowledge of the world within us, as it stands related to the world without us, is something quite different from mere book-knowledge. This is an element of influence not only not confined to the bookmen, but often possessed in a transcendent degree by those whose devotion to books is altogether subordinate to other avocations. Our common-school education may be said to bring the entire people upon a common plane. We are no longer the esoteric and the exoteric; we understand our rights in the common fund of sense and truth very well. We are not very patient with those who affect to know better than ourselves what we want and what we ought to desire. Most men are exceedingly in earnest, and determined to be heard in their own cause, and well able to make themselves understood. Scribes and Pharisees compass-

ing sea and land to make one proselyte are a good and bad type of our activity in the pursuit of our own ends. Innumerable and infinitely varied are the shifts employed to secure attention, to effect the sale of merchandise, and to increase income. Nor are the learned professions much behind the men of merchandise. The contest of life thickens. Competition for the fruits of labor waxes continually more fierce. Mother Earth is too moderate in her labors; the ranks of the producers suffer from desertion; the plough is forsaken; the patient ox is contemned; silence, seclusion, and meditation are a memory of the past. The world's axis is changed; there is more heat in the North. The world has advanced, in our age, from a speed of five miles an hour, to twenty or thirty, or more.

Whatever may be thought of the advantages and disadvantages accruing from these movements, there can be no question of the fact, that they have greatly affected the position and the relations of speakers and hearers. The million have been driven to do so much for themselves, that they are in no little danger of jumping to the conclusion, that they no longer need teachers of religion. A conclusion so fraught with mischief to the race will not be arrested by a pertinacious adhesion to modes of preaching which men under the old-time training could be made to endure, but which latter-day contrasts have rendered intolerable.

It is just here, if anywhere, that a special backwardness on the part of the clergy to meet the religious wants of the age may, without injustice or unkindness, be alleged. It comes about very naturally; the training of the clergy is not in harmony with the exigencies of the position they are intended to occupy. The endeavors of the preparatory schools are not to be depreciated. It is scarcely possible to say too much of the fundamental importance of thoroughness and of minute accuracy in the rudiments of learning. But that extreme zeal in this behalf has produced an unnatural divorce of the practical from the critical, it is

vain to deny. The devotion to the latter, which is inaugurated in the preparatory school, is by the college inflamed to the utmost, and the young man reaches his climax when he receives the appointment of valedictorian; that is his end; he reaches it, and we may say it is the death of him. He may, indeed, enter the theological seminary, industriously resolved on more of the same supremacy; but, in most instances, the great practical ends of a Christ-like life of doing good have been already lost from his view, and the ways and means by which alone such ends can be reached have become offensive to him. The student, as he delights in calling himself, has become greatly more interested in knowledge than in the people for whom he is to use his knowledge. A certain unknown God, an idol, in short, quite unsuspected, whose name is *Critical Dignity*, is installed in his heart, in the place of the Son of God. And the man endures the trials of his ministerial life under the mistaken impression that he is a martyr for Christ. He compels himself to be satisfied with a measure of attention to his utterances, which would content no sane and sensible man in any other department of teaching. He will tell you that it is one of the inevitable infelicities of his vocation, that to nothing are men such unwilling listeners as to religious truth; than which nothing can be more untrue; for to nothing are men so prepared to listen as to religious truth, properly presented.

In order to a more generally happy and successful prosecution of the duties of a minister of Christ, a preliminary fact requires to be considered. That a man is found or finds himself in any calling is no evidence whatever that he is fitted for that calling. This is just as true of the ministry as of any other vocation. Every man-of-business knows this. The clergy seem to us behind the age in being astonishingly blind to it. Men-of-business know that only a very small fraction of their number can ever attain eminent success. They know, that, in a term of twenty years, ninety-seven men in a

hundred fail. Here and there one develops a remarkable talent for the specific business in which he is engaged. The ninety-and-nine discover that they have a weary contest to maintain with manifold contingencies and combinations which no foresight can preclude.

The application of this general truth to their profession the clergy are backward to perceive. The consequences of this backwardness are very hurtful to their interests. Because of this, we have an indefinite amount of puerile and undignified complaint from disappointed men, of disingenuous misrepresentation from incompetent men, who have entered upon labors they were never fitted to accomplish. Such men undertake their labors in ways that want and must want the Divine sanction; and they are tempted to ward off a just verdict of unsuitableness and of incompetency by bringing many and grievous charges against their flocks. "A mania for church-extending"; "a hankering for architectural splendor"; "or for discursive and satirical preaching"; "or for something florid or profound": these and the like imputations have been put forward, as a screen, by many an unsuccessful preacher, who failed,—simply failed,—not in selling horns or hides, shirtings or sugars,—but failed to recommend Christ and his gospel,—failed for want of head, or heart, or industry, or all three.

The man who embarks his all in hardware, drugs, or law, runs the risk of failure. If his neighbor can rise earlier, walk faster, talk faster, work harder, and hold on longer, he will get the avails that might suffice for both. This unalterable fact every business-man accepts.

Do you inquire, To what good purpose do you thrust the possibility of failure upon the attention of the candidate for the ministry? Would you utterly discourage those who are already more alive to the perils of their undertaking than we could wish them?

We answer, It is no kindness to encourage men to enter a ministry whose inexorable requirements and whose inci-

dental possibilities they may not look in the face. It is no kindness to represent to them that the qualities which they possess *ought* to engage attention; and that their talents will command respect, or else it will be the fault of the people.

Men go into business in the face of a possibility of failure through uncontrollable circumstances; not in defiance of an ascertainable, insufferable incompetency. They toil on, accepting adversity with such equanimity as God gives them, so long as they are permitted to believe that their misfortunes are not chargeable upon their incapacity or self-indulgence. But when it is made apparent that they are not in their proper sphere, they think it no shame to say so, to withdraw, and to apply their energies to something suited to their tastes and capabilities. And so it should be with the ministry; but as things now are, with the conceptions of the ministry now entertained, pride interposes to forbid the rectification of the most serious mistakes. It is a question of dignity and of scholarship; whereas it should be a question of love to God and man, and of real ability and conscious power to bring them together,—to reconcile man to God.

Our age is an age of great devotion to secular affairs,—of men who are great in the conduct of such affairs,—in every department in life. To counterbalance this, our ministry must be filled with an equally earnest devotion to God and salvation. In real ability our ministers ought to be not a whit behind. But ability is not necessarily scholarship; though it may, and as far as possible should, include that, and a great deal more. Let it be fully understood, once for all, that we have no disparaging remark to make of scholarship; a man must be foolish beyond expression, who pretends to argue that the highest scholarship is less than a most important and almost indispensable auxiliary to the minister of Christ. All our concern in the matter, just here, is, that it shall be fully understood that piety and real ability make the minister of Christ, and not scholarship; in

the words of Augustine, "the heart makes the minister";—but we may safely assume that he meant the heart of a really able man; otherwise we can accord but a qualified respect to this remark.

The prevailing impression among the ministry appears to be, that the man who cannot write "an able doctrinal discourse" is but an inferior man, fit only to preach in an inferior place; and that it would be a great gain to the Church, if scholarship were only so general that the standard of the universities could be applied, and only Phi-Beta-Kappa men allowed to enter the ministry. No doubt, those who incline to this view are quite honest, and not unkindly in it. But those who think this grievously misunderstand the necessities of the age in which we live. Reading men know where to find better reading than can possibly be furnished by any man who is bound to write two sermons weekly, or even one sermon a week; and to train any corps of young men in the expectation that any considerable fraction of them will be able to win and to maintain a commanding influence in their parishes mainly by the weekly production of learned discourses is to do them the greatest injury, by cherishing expectations which never can be realized. Why do our educated men of other professions so seldom and so reluctantly contribute to the addresses in our religious assemblies? Precisely because they understand the difficulty of meeting the popular expectation which is created by the prevailing theory; a theory which demands that sermons, and not only that sermons, but also that all religious addresses, should be chiefly characterized as learned, acute, scholastic even. An Irish preacher is reported in an Edinburgh paper as saying lately, that "he had been led to think of his own preaching and of that of his brethren. He saw very few sermons in the New Testament shaped after the forms and fashion in which they had been accustomed to shape theirs. He was not aware of a sermon there, in which they had a little motto selected, upon which a disquisition upon a particular subject was

hung. The sort of sermons which the people in his locality were desirous to hear were sermons delivered on a large portion of the Word of God, carrying through the ideas as the Spirit of God had done." And it is, in part at least, because of the prevailing disregard of this most reasonable desire, that parishes so soon weary of their ministers.

It need not discourage ministers to accept the fact that there will be failures in the ministry,—and a great many failures among those who rely for their success mainly upon the weekly production of learned disquisitions. Discouragement is not in accepting a fact that accords with all just theories of truth, but in adopting a theory which is sure to be invalidated by the almost universal experience of men in, as well as out of, the ministry. A right-minded minister *may* have many falls in struggling up his Hill of Difficulty; but the Lord will lift him up, and will save him from adding to the temperate grief proper to any measure of short-coming the intolerable poignancy that comes of cheating by false pretences,—of assuming to do what he knows or should know that he cannot do, namely, produce any considerable number of great sermons.

Let it, then, be frankly owned, that men, very good men, very capable men, have failed in the ministry. A. failed, because he did not study; B., because he did not visit his people; C., because he could not talk; D., because he was too grave; E., because he was too frivolous; F. could not, or would not, control his temper; G. alienated by exacting more than he received; and all of them because of not having what Scougal calls "the life of God in the soul of man."

It is not worth while for any man to go into the ministry who cannot relish the Apostle's invitation, running thus:—"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." If that seem not reasonable, ay, and exceedingly inviting too, better let

it alone. All men cannot do all things. Better raise extraordinary potatoes than hammer out insignificant ideas. You do not see the connection? you were a Phi-Beta-Kappa man in college, and know that you can write better than many a man in a metropolitan pulpit? Very likely; but we of the few go to church to be made better men, and not by fine writing, but by significant ideas, which may come in a homely garb, so they be only pervaded with affectionate piety, but which can come to us only from one who has laid all ambitious self-seeking on the altar of God. There is a power of persuasion in every minister who follows God as a dear child, and who walks in love, as Christ loved us, which the hardest heart cannot long resist,—which will win the congregation, however an individual here and there may be able to harden himself against it. You think that the great power of the pulpit is in high doctrine, presented with metaphysical precision and acuteness. We have no disparagement to offer of your doctrinal knowledge, nor of your ability to state it with metaphysical precision and hair-splitting acuteness. But we know, from much experience, that there is a divine truth, and a fervor and power in imparting it, with which God inspires the man who is wholly devoted to Him, in comparison with which the higher achievements of the man who lacks these are trumpery and rubbish. Many, *many* men have failed in the ministry, are failing in the ministry every day, because their principal reliance has been upon what they deem their thorough mastery of the soundest theories of doctrine and of duty. They were confident they could administer to minds and hearts diseased the certain specific laid down in the book, admeasured to the twentieth part of a scruple. Confident in their theoretical acquisitions, they could not comprehend the indispensable necessity of a large experience in actual cases of mental malady. And for the want of such experience, it was absolutely impossible that they should be *en rapport* with the souls they honestly desired to benefit.

Can you heal a heart-ache with a syllogism? There is no dispensing with the precept and prescription,—“Weep with those that weep!” “Be of the same mind one toward another!”

Theories of doctrine and of practice are not without their value; but the minister who is merely or chiefly a theorist, whether in doctrines or in measures, is an adventurer; and the chances against him are as many as the chances against the precise similarity of any two cases presented to his attention,—as many as the chances against the education of any two men of fifty years being precisely alike, in every particular and in all their results. The soul's problems are not to be solved by theories. Such was not the practice of the Great Physician; “*surely, He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*” Theories shirk that. “*In all their affliction, He was afflicted; in His love and in His pity, He redeemed them.*” And precisely in this way his ministers are now to follow up his practice. Our age is growing less and less tolerant of formality,—less and less willing to accept metaphysical disquisition in place of a warm-hearted, loving, fervent expansion of the Word of God, recommended to the understanding and to the sensibility by lively illustrations of spiritual truth, derived from all the experience of life, from all observation, from all analogies in the natural world,—in short, from every manner of illumination, from the heavens above, from the earth beneath, and from the waters which are under the earth. God is surely everywhere, and hath made all things, and all to testify of Him; and the innumerable voices all agree together.

And when this is both understood and felt, what rules shall be given to guide and control the construction and the delivery of discourses? Shall we say, The people must be brought back to the old-time endurance—ay, *endurance*, that is the word—of long-drawn, laborious ratiocinations, wherein the truth is diligently pursued for its own sake, with an ultimate reference, indeed, to the needs

and uses of the hearer, but so remote as rarely to be noticed, except by that very small fraction of any customary congregation who may chance to have an interest in such doings,—some of whom watch the clergyman as they would the entomologist, running down a truth that he may impale it, and add one more specimen to his well-ordered collection of common and of uncommon bugs? Our neighbors in the South do better than this; for they hunt with the lasso, and never throw the noose except to capture something which can be harnessed to the wheels of common life.

No, the people are not going back to the endurance of any such misery. They have found out that still-born rhetoric is by no means the one thing needful, and care far less for the *art* of speech than for the *nature* of a holy heart. They want a man to speak less of what he believes and more of what he feels. The expectation of bringing the people again to endure prolonged metaphysical discriminations, spun out of commonplace minds, cobwebs to cloak their own nakedness and universal inaptitude, if indulged, is absurdly indulged. The whole Church is sick of such trifling. She knows well that it has made her most unsavory to those who might have found their way into the temples of God, or kept their places there, but for the memory of an immense amount of wearisome readings from the pulpit,—too often a vocabulary of words seldom or never found out of sermons,—a manner of speech which, when tried by the sure test of natural, animated conversation, must be pronounced absurd and abominable. It is a wonder of wonders, that, in spite of such drawbacks, an individual here and there has been reclaimed from worldliness to the love and service of God.

The student-habits of the clergy most naturally lead them to prefer the formal statement, the studied elaboration of ideas, which their own training cannot but render facile and dear to them. And there is here and there a man who, in virtue of extraordinary genius, can infuse new

life into worn-out phrases,—a man or two who can for a moment or for an hour, by the very weight and excellence of their thoughts, and because they truly and deeply feel them, arrest the age, and challenge and secure attention, in spite of all the infelicities of an antiquated style and an unearthly delivery. But in this age, more than ever before, we are summoned to surrender our scholastic preferences and esoteric honors to the exigencies of the million. And the men of this generation have, without much conference, come with great unanimity to the determination that they will not long endure, either in or out of the pulpit, speakers who are dull and unaffecting, whether from want of words, ideas, or method and wisdom in the arrangement of them, or lack of sympathies,—and especially that they will not endure dull declamation from the pulpit.

If any man really wish to know how he is preaching, let him imagine himself conversing earnestly with an intelligent and highly gifted, but uneducated man or woman, in his own parlor, or with his younger children. Would any but an idiot keep on talking, when, with half an eye, he might discern *TEDIOUS*, wrought by himself, upon the uncalledous sensibilities of his hearers?

How long ought a sermon to be? As long as you can read in the eye of seven-eighths of your audience, *Pray, go on*. If you cannot read that, you have mistaken your vocation; you were never called to the ministry. The secret of the persuasive power of our favorite orators is in their constant recognition of the ebb and flow of the sensibilities they are acting upon. Their speech is, in effect, an actual conversation, in which they are speaking for as well as to the audience; and the interlocutors are made almost as palpably such as at the "Breakfast-Table" of our dramatic "Autocrat." In contrast with this, the dull preacher, falling below the dignity and the privilege of his office, addresses himself, not to living men, but to an imaginary sensibility to abstract truth. The effect of this is

obvious and inevitable; it converts hearers into doubters as to whether in fact there be any such thing as a religion worth recommending or possessing, and preachers into complainers of the people as indifferent and insensible to the truth,—a libel which ought to render them liable to fine and punishment. God's truth, *fairly presented*, is never a matter of indifference or of insensibility to an intelligent, nor even to an unintelligent audience. However an individual here and there may contrive to withdraw himself from the sphere of its influence, truth can no more lose her power than the sun can lose his heat.

The people, under the quickening influences characteristic of our age, are awaking to the consciousness, that, on the

day which should be the best of all the week, they have been defrauded of their right, in having solemn dulness palmed upon them, in place of living, earnest, animated truth. Let not ministers, unwisely overlooking this undeniable fact, defame the people, by alleging a growing facility in dissolving the pastoral relation,—a disregard of solemn contracts,—a willingness to dismiss excellent, godly, and devoted men, without other reason than the indisposition to retain them. Be it known to all such, that capable men in every department of life were never in such request as at this very hour; and never, since the world began, was there an audience so large and so attentive to truth, well wrought and fitted to its purpose, as now.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Ludwig van Beethoven. Leben und Schaffen. Herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1859. pp. 379, 339.

FIRST NOTICE.

BEETHOVEN died March 26, 1827, and thirty years passed away without any satisfactory biography of him. The notices and anecdotes of Seyfried, (1832,) Wegeler, and Ries, (1838,) the somewhat more extended sketch by Schindler, (1840, second edition 1845,) and what in various forms, often of very doubtful veracity, appeared from time to time in periodical publications, musical and other, remained the only sources of information respecting the great master, and the history of his works, available to the public, even the German public. Wegeler's "Notizen" are indispensable for the early history of the composer; Schindler's "Biographie," for that of his later years. Careful scrutiny has failed to detect any important error in the statements of the former, or in those of the latter, where he professedly speaks

from personal knowledge. Schindler is one of the best-abused men in Germany,—perhaps has given sufficient occasion for it,—but we must bear this testimony to the value of his work, unsatisfactory as it is. Seyfried and Ries give little more than personal reminiscences of a period ending some twenty-five or thirty years before they wrote. The one is always careless; the other died too suddenly to give his hastily written anecdotes revision. Both must be corrected (as they may easily be, but have not yet been) by contemporaneous authorities. Their errors are constantly repeated in the biographical articles upon Beethoven which we find in the Encyclopædias, with one exception, the article in the "New American," published by the Appletons.

A life of Beethoven, founded upon a careful digest of these writers, combined with the materials scattered through other publications,—even though no original researches were made,—was still a desideratum, when the very remarkable work upon Mozart, by the Russian, Alexander

Oulibichef, appeared, and aroused a singular excitement in the German musical circles through the real or supposed injustice towards Beethoven into which the hero-worship of the author had led him. We had hopes that now some one of the great master's countrymen would give us something worthy of him; but the excitement expended itself in pamphlets and articles in periodicals, in which as little was done for Beethoven's history as was effected against the views of Oulibichef.

Another Russian, however, Wilhelm von Lenz, came to the rescue in two works,—“Beethoven et ses trois Styles,” (2 vols. 8vo, St. Petersburg, 1852,) and “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” (2 vols. 12mo, Cassel, 1855). A very feeble champion, this Herr von Lenz. The first of his two works—in French, rather of the Stratford-at-Bow order,—consists principally of an “Analyse des Sonates de Piano” of Beethoven, in which these works are indeed much talked about, but not analyzed. The author, an amateur, has plenty of zeal, but, unluckily, neither the musical knowledge nor the critical skill for his self-imposed task. We mention this book only because the second volume closes with a “Catalogue critique, chronologique et anecdotique,” in which the author has, with great industry and care, and for the first time, brought together the principal historical notices of Beethoven's works, scattered through the pages of the books above noticed and the fifty quarto volumes of the “*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.”

The first volume of “Beethoven, eine Kunststudie” is a “*Leben des Meisters*,” a mere sketch, made up from the same works as the “*Catalogue*,” with a very few additions from other sources. As a biographer, Lenz fails as signally as in his capacity of critic. Much original matter, from one living so far away, was not to be expected; but he has made no commendable use of the printed authorities which he had at hand. His style is bombastic and feeble; there is neither a logical nor a chronological progress to his narrative; moreover, he is not always trustworthy, even in matters personal to himself;—at all events, a very interesting account of a meeting between him and Mendelssohn, at the house of Moscheles in London,—apropos of nothing,—has called out a letter

from the latter in a Leipzig musical journal, in which the whole story is declared to be without foundation. In our references to Lenz, we shall consider his “*Catalogue*” and his “*Leben des Meisters*” as complements to each other, and forming a single work.

Lenz's “Beethoven et ses trois Styles” was avowedly directed against Oulibichef, and called out a reply from that gentleman, with the title, “Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs,” (8vo. Paris and Leipzig, 1857,) in which poor Lenz is annihilated, but which makes no pretensions to biographical value. It contains, indeed, a sketch of the master's life; it is but a sketch, so highly colored, such a mere painting of Beethoven as he existed in the author's fancy,—not in real life,—as to convey a most false idea of him and of his fortunes. The introduction is an admirable sketch of the progress of music during the first twenty-five years of the present century,—a supplement to his famous view of modern music in his work upon Mozart. His analyses of such of Beethoven's works as met his approbation are masterly and unrivalled, save by certain articles from the pens of Hoffmann and our own writer Dwight. With the later works of the composer Oulibichef had no sympathy. Haydn and Mozart had given him his standards of perfection. We can forgive Beethoven, when at times he rises above all forms and rules in seeking new means of expression; Oulibichef could not.

But it is not endless discussions of Beethoven's works which the public—at all events, our public—demands. We wish his biography,—the history of his life. What has been given us does but whet the appetite. We wish to have the many original sources, still sealed to us, explored, and the results of this labor honestly given us. None of the writers above-mentioned have been in a position to do this, and their publications are but materials for the use of the true biographer, when he shall appear.

It was therefore with a pleasure as great as it was unexpected, that we saw, some months since, the announcement of the volumes named at the head of this article. They now lie before us. We have given them a very careful examination, and shall now endeavor to do them full justice, granting them much more space than has

yet been accorded to them in any German publication which has come under our notice, because out of Germany the reputation of the author is far greater than at home,—whether upon the old principle, that the “prophet is not without honor,” etc., we hope hereafter to make clear.

Some particulars respecting Dr. Marx may find place here, as proving that from no man, perhaps, have we the right to expect so much, in a biography of Beethoven, as from him. We draw them mostly from Schilling’s “*Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaft*,” Vol. IV., Stuttgart, 1841,—a work which deserves to be better known in our country. It is worthy of note, that in this work, of which Mozart fills eight pages, Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Beethoven seven to seven and a half each, Gluck six and a quarter, Meyerbeer four, and Weber four and a half, Marx, eighteen years since, occupied five.

Adolph Bernhard Marx was born at Halle, Nov. 17, 1799, and, like so many of the distinguished musicians of recent times, is of Jewish descent. He studied at the University of his native city, choosing the law for his profession, but making music the occupation of his leisure hours,—the well-known contrapuntist, Türk, being his instructor in musical theory and composition. “He [Türk] soon saw whom he had before him, and told Marx at once that he was born to be a musician.”*

Soon after finishing his legal studies, Marx removed to Berlin, as the place where he could best enjoy the means of artistic culture. “For one quite without fortune, merely to live in a strange city demands great strength of character; but to go farther and fit one’s self for a career and for a position in the future, which even under the best auspices is of very difficult attainment, and, beside all this, to have others dependent upon him for the necessities of life,—what a burden to bear! By a very intellectual system of instruction in singing and in composition, and, at a later period, (1824–31,) by editing the ‘*Berliner Allgemeine Musikzeitung*,’ and several theoretical and practical musical works, he earned the means of subsistence. Never was a periodical more conscientiously edited. It was for

Marx like an official station, and his seven years upon that paper were in fact a preparation for the position of Public Teacher, to which in 1830 he was appointed, in the University at Berlin, after having declined a judicial position offered to him, with a fair salary, in one of the provinces. Honorably has he since that period filled his station, however great the pains which have been taken in various quarters that it should not be said of him, ‘*Virtus post nummos!*’”*

“The diploma of Doctor of Music Marx received from the University at Marburg; and thereupon (?) obtained the greatest applause for a course of lectures, in part strictly scientific for the musician, and in part upon the history of music, its philosophy, etc.; also, as Music-Director of the University, he has brought (1841) the academic choir into such a flourishing state, both as to numbers and skill, as to be adequate to the most difficult music.”†

Again we read,—“We remember, that, some time since, Fetis, at Paris, pointed out Marx as the one who had introduced the philosophy of Kant into music.” Were this so, so much the more credit to Marx, who, at that time, we are informed, had never studied the works of the philosopher of Königsberg, and his basing music upon the Kantian philosophy is therefore but a proof of the profundity of his genius.

From the same article we extract the following list of his productions:—1. A work on Singing, in three parts; the second and third of which “contain throughout admirable and novel remarks.” 2. “*Maigruss*” (Maygreeting). “This pamphlet, humorous and delicate, yet powerfully written,” calls attention to certain novel views of its author in regard to music. 3. Articles in the “*Cäcilia*,” a musical periodical. 4. Essay on Handel’s works. 5. A work on Composition. 6. Several biographies and other articles in Schilling’s *Encyclopædia*,—“indeed, all the articles signed A. B. M.” 7. Editions of several of Bach’s and Handel’s works. To these we may now add his extensive treatise upon Musical Science, in four volumes, his “*Music in the Nineteenth Century*,” and the work which is now before us.

Of musical compositions we find the

* Article in Schilling.

* Article in Schilling.

† Ibid.

following noticed:—1. Music to Goethe's "Jery und Bätely,"—which, in theatrical parlance, was shockingly *damned*;—but then "its author had made many enemies as editor of the 'Musikalische Zeitung,'" and the singers and actors embraced this opportunity of revenge. 2. Music to the melodrama, "Die Rache wartet," (Vengeance waits,) by Willibald Alexis, the scenes of which are laid in Poland at the time of Napoleon's fatal Russian expedition. "This background was the theme of the music, which consisted of little more than the overture and *entr'actes*, but was held by musicians of note to be both grand and profound. The character of the campaign of 1812, especially, was given in the overture with terrible truth of expression. Still, however, the work *did not succeed*." 3. "Undine's Greeting," text by Fouqué, with a festive symphony, composed on occasion of the marriage of the present Prince Regent of Prussia. This was also *damned*,—but then, it was badly executed! 4. Symphony,— "The Fall of Warsaw,"—still manuscript. "The music paints most touchingly the rash, superficial, chivalrous character of the Poles, their love of freedom amid the thunder of cannon, their terrible fall in the bloody defeat, their solitary condition on strange soil, the awful judgment that fell upon that people." We are sorry to add, that the Berlin orchestras will not play this work,—preferring Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. 5. A Choral and Organ Book,— "one of Marx's most interesting works." 6. "Nahib,"—a series of songs, the music of which "is gentle, tender, and full of Oriental feeling." 7. "John the Baptist," an oratorio,—twice performed by the University choir in one of the churches of Berlin. "A great charm is found in the peculiar sharpness of characterization which distinguishes this music. The solos and choruses, being held throughout in spirited declamation,—the music not being aggregated in conventional tone-masses, but developed vigorously after the sense of the text,—are distinguished from those in the works of recent composers." Unfortunately for Marx, the public preferred the solos and choruses of such recent composers as Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann to his. A few songs and hymns completed the list of his works at that time.

"At present," (1841,) says our authority, "Marx is laboring upon an oratorio, 'Moses,' for which he long since made studies, and which in its profound conception of character will have but few equals."

The "Moses" was long since finished, and was performed in several places; but the public has not proved alive to its merits, and it fares no better than did Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in its nonage.

We have perhaps quoted somewhat too largely from the article in Schilling; but have thought so much necessary to give the reader the basis of the great reputation which Marx has, particularly in England and the United States;—for, singular as the fact may appear, we are unable to recall the name of any young composer who has appeared and gained any considerable degree of success, since Marx began to teach, whom he can claim as his pupil. Most of the younger generation are from the schools of Hauptmann, Haupt, Dehn, the Schneiders, and the Vienna and Prague professors. Marx's reputation, then, is that of an author,—a writer upon music.

There is one fact, however, worthy of mention in regard to the article from which we have quoted, which, while it exhibits the modesty of Marx,—modesty, the ornament of true greatness,—may (or may not) add weight to the extracts we have made from it,—namely, that the article was written for Schilling by Marx himself.

We have, then, a man of three-score years, whose youth and early manhood fell in the period of Beethoven's greatest efforts and fame; a musician by profession, and composer, but, through "the opposition of singers and musicians and the scandalous journalism" of Berlin, forced from the path of composition into that of the science and literature of the art; for thirty years lecturer on the history and philosophy of music; professor of the art in the first of German universities, a position, both social and professional, which gives him command of all the sources of information; dweller in a city which possesses one of the finest musical libraries in the world, that, too, in which the bulk of the Beethoven papers are preserved,—a city, moreover, in which more than in any other the more profound works of the master are studied and publicly performed.

Certainly, from no man living have we the right to expect so much, as biographer of Beethoven, as from this man.

We have no extravagant ideas of the value of the so-called Conversation-Books of Beethoven. We are aware that they seldom contain anything from the hand of the master himself, — being made up, of course, of what people had to say to him; but one hundred and thirty-eight such books — though in many cases but a sheet or two of foolscap doubled together, generally filled with mere lead-pencil scribbling, now by his brother, now by the nephew, then by Schindler or the old housekeeper, upon money matters and domestic arrangements, but often by artists, poets, and literary men, not only of Vienna, but in some cases even from England, and in one from America — must contain a great mass of matter, which places one amidst those by whom the master was surrounded, makes one to “know his goings-out and his comings-in,” and occasionally facts of high importance in the study of his character, and the circumstances in which he spent his last years. For some twelve years these books have been in Berlin and at the disposal of Marx. The numerous files of musical periodicals and the mass of musical biography and recent musical history preserved in the Royal Library must be of inestimable value to the writer on Beethoven, — a value which Marx must fully appreciate, both from his former labors as editor, and his more recent ones as contributor of biographical articles to Schilling's *Encyclopædia*.

As we take up this new life of Beethoven, then, the measure of our expectations is the reputation of the author, plus the means, the materials, at his command. And certainly the first impression made by these two goodly volumes is a very favorable one; for, making due allowance for the music scattered through them with not too lavish a hand, by way of examples, we have still some six hundred solid pages of reading matter, — space enough in which to answer many a vexed question, clear up many a dark point, give us the results of widely extended researches, and place Beethoven the Man and the Composer before us in “*Leben und Schaffen*,” — in his life and his labors.

In the first cursory glance through the

work, we were struck by an apparent disproportion of space allotted to different topics, and have taken some pains to examine to how great an extent this disproportion really exists. We find that in the first volume, four works, — the First, Second, and Third Symphonies and the opera “*Leonore*” or “*Fidelio*” occupy 136 of the 375 pages; in the second, that the other five Symphonies and the “*Missa Solemnis*” fill out 123 of the 330 pages. Bearing in mind that the works of Beethoven which have *Opus* numbers — not to speak of the others — amount to 137, and that, in some cases, three and even six compositions, so important as the Rasoumowsky Quartetts, for instance, are included in a single *Opus*, the disproportion really appears very great. We notice, moreover, that just those works which are most familiar to the public, which have for thirty years or more been subjects of never-ending discussion, and which one would naturally suppose might be dismissed in fewest words, — that these are the works which occupy so much space. What is there so new to be said of the “*Heroic Symphony*” that fifty pages should be allotted to it, while the ballet “*Prometheus*,” still strange to nearly every reader, should be dismissed in three?

We find it also somewhat remarkable that Marx thinks it necessary to give his own notions of musical form to the extent of nineteen pages, (Vol. I. pp. 79 *et seq.*) preparatory to his discussion of the greater works of the master, and yet is able to condense the history of Beethoven's first twenty-two years — the period, in our view, the most important in making him what he was — in sixteen! We have not space to follow this out farther, and only add, that, were this work a mere catch-penny affair by an unknown writer, we should suspect him of “drawing out the thread of his verbosity” on topics where materials are plenty and talk is easy, in preference to the labor of original research on points less known.

In reading the work carefully, two points strike us in relation to his printed authorities: first, that the list of those quoted by Lenz in his “*Catalogue*” and “*Leben des Meisters*” comprises nearly all those cited by Marx; the principal additions being the works of Lenz, Oulibichef, and A. B. Marx, — the latter of

which he exhibits great skill in finding and making opportunities to advertise;—and secondly, that, where the Russian writer, through haste, carelessness, or the want of means to verify facts and correct errors, falls into mistakes, the Berlin Professor generally agrees with him. As it is impossible to suppose that a gentleman who for nearly thirty years “writes himself, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,” Extraordinary Professor of a great German University, should simply adopt the labors of an obscure Russian writer without acknowledgment, we can only suppose these resemblances to be coincidences. These coincidences are, nevertheless, so numerous, that we may say in general, what Lenz knew of the history of the man Beethoven and his works is known to Marx,—what was unknown to the former is equally unknown to the latter. Marx, however, occasionally quotes passages from Schindler, Wegeler, and Ries at length, to which Lenz only gives references. We will note a few of the coincidences between the two writers.

Here is the first sentence of the biography:—

“Ludwig van Beethoven was born to his father, a singer in the chapel of the *Elector Max Franz*, Archbishop of Cologne, Dec. 17, 1770.” (Marx, Vol. I. p. 4.) Beethoven was fourteen years old when this Elector came to Bonn. Max Franz is confounded with Max Friedrich,—a singular mistake, since Wegeler writes the name in full. It may, however, be a typographical error, or a *lapsus penne* on the part of Marx. We give him all the benefit of the doubt; but, unluckily, we read on p. 12, that the Archbishop, “brother of Joseph II.,” called the Protestant Neefe from the theatre to the organ-loft of the Electoral Chapel,—this appointment having in fact been made four years before the “brother of Joseph II.” had aught to do with appointments in that part of the world. Lenz confounds the two Electors in precisely the same manner.

Both Lenz and Marx (p. 9) relate the old exploded story of the child Beethoven and the spider. The former found it in the “*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*,” and probably had not authorities at hand to correct it. Had Marx sent to the Library for Disjournal’s “*Arachnologie*,” the work which he gives as *his* au-

thority, he would have found, that, not Beethoven, but the French violinist Berthame, was the hero of the anecdote,—as, indeed, is also related in Schilling’s *Encyclopædia*, not many pages after Marx’s own article on Beethoven in that work.

That Lenz should misdate Beethoven’s visit to Berlin is not strange; that Marx, a Berliner, should, is. Nor is it remarkable that Lenz knows nothing of Beethoven’s years of service as member of the Electoral orchestra at Bonn; but how Marx should have overlooked it, in case he has made *any* researches into the composer’s early history, is beyond our comprehension.

Schindler has mistaken the date of certain letters written by Beethoven long before he had any personal intercourse with him,—the notes to Julia Guicciardi,—which he dates 1806. Both Lenz and Marx follow him in the date; both quote Beethoven’s words, that the lady in question married Count Gallenberg before the departure of the latter to Italy; both coincide in overlooking the circumstance related in the “*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*,” that, *before* June, 1806, a grand performance of music, composed and directed by Gallenberg, took place at Naples in honor of Joseph Bonaparte;—proof sufficient that Beethoven could not in July of that year have addressed the lady in these terms: “*Mein Engel, mein Alles, mein Ich!*”

Both Marx and Lenz relate the following anecdote. Haydn, meeting Beethoven, praised the Septett of the latter; upon which the young man exclaimed, deprecatingly, “Ah, it is far from being a ‘Creation!’” To which Haydn replied, “*That you could not have written, for you are an atheist!*”

That the absurdity of making Beethoven, then a man of thirty and supposed to be possessed of common sense, hint at any comparison of a piece of chamber-music with one of the grandest of oratorios, and that, too, to the author himself, should not have struck Marx, is strange; nor is it less so, that, in the course of his researches, he has not met with the correction of the story, by the late Alois Fuchs of Vienna.

In fact, the ballet “*Prometheus*,” in which the progress of man from a state of rude nature to the highest culture and refinement is depicted, and the “*Creation*,”

were both given for the first time within a few weeks of each other. The affinity of the subjects is clear, and the remark of the young man, "Ah, dear papa, it is far from being a 'Creation'!" is only natural. "No," said Haydn, "it is indeed not a 'Creation,' nor do I think its author will ever reach that!"

In the dates given by Marx to Beethoven's compositions he generally coincides with Lenz, in his "Catalogue," particularly when the latter is wrong, — and when he differs from him, he is as apt to be wrong as right. Any person who has both works at command may easily verify this remark.

But we cannot dwell longer on this point.

Reminiscences of Rufus Choate, the Great American Advocate. By EDWARD G. PARKER. New York: Mason Brothers. 1860.

WE think it our duty to state our judgment of this book, because it professes to give personal reminiscences, by a familiar friend, of a remarkable and distinguished man of our own time and country, has been much read and discussed, and has gained a good deal of popularity of a certain sort; it therefore belongs *somewhere* in the literature of the day. Perhaps it would have been for the good of some of our readers, if we had done this sooner. But, indeed, to treat with entirely condign justice a book which deals very freely and flippantly with the literary and even the personal character of one who, though an eminent and to some extent a public man, was still only yesterday a private gentleman among us, a neighbor and a friend, is a matter of some delicacy. By the extraordinary alacrity with which this book was produced the author got a little the start of criticism, perhaps; but we should fail in our duty as reviewers, if he altogether escaped it. In all charity, we are bound, for that matter, to give him the full benefit of the speed he has exhibited, in so far as it may serve to explain, if it cannot extenuate, the wretched manner in which he has performed his self-appointed task.

For the purposes of the bookseller, nothing could have been happier than the publication, within a few months after the

death of Mr. Choate, of such a book as this promised to be. Throughout the country his name had been generally accounted the synonyme of all that was most original, mysterious, and fascinating, in the arts of the advocate and the scholar. Perhaps we have none of us ever known a man in regard to whom a greater degree of *curiosity* existed among his countrymen. Those who saw him every day never ventured to believe that they quite ever understood him, so various and so peculiar were the aspects he exhibited even here at home. Those who attempted to study him were as much perplexed as charmed. The avidity with which a cheap book, easily read, professing to give personal recollections of such a man, would be seized upon by the mass of reading people, was not overestimated.

It is not the purpose of this notice to discuss Mr. Choate, — his eloquence, his wit, his scholarship, or his personal characteristics. Our office is simply to examine the manner of Mr. Parker's performing what he set out to perform. Our business is with the book, not with the subject of it. And, in our judgment, the book is the very worst that could well be written on such a subject. It is done with bad taste, bad judgment, bad style. It is precisely the book to mortify and disgust Mr. Choate's admirers, and to fix more firmly than ever such unfavorable notions of him as may have existed in the minds of others.

Mr. Parker does not appear to have considered what he undertook, when he stepped so lightly into the position of the biographer of such a man. We will not dwell upon the fact, that a really just and discriminating account of him demanded, as it certainly did, much acuteness of perception and dexterity of delineation, together with a high degree of scholarship. What we are now specifying against the author is, that he took no care whatever to set any wise or modest bounds to his enterprise. He did not bear in mind how much had been *said*, as well as how little was *known* about Mr. Choate; what wonderfully loose and idle notions of him had got abroad; how the most essential and notable points of his character and genius had been so clumsily handled by flippant or careless critics, that the popular impression of him was, to a great degree, extravagant and ab-

surd. Remembering all this, and properly respecting the subject in which he appears to have interested himself so ardently, Mr. Parker should have applied to his task a somewhat gentle hand; gratifying, if that must be done, the curiosity of his readers as far as he safely could, but refraining altogether from those aspects of Mr. Choate's mind and character which he must have known could not be intelligently discussed in a book so swiftly and lightly executed. No such notion seems to have occurred to him. He has rattled off his "Reminiscences" with a confidence which may be justly called indecent and impertinent. The result is what might have been expected. We have so many pages of voluble, superficial, and exceedingly tedious talk about Mr. Choate,—and that is the whole of it. For our own part, we have been not at all profited by the reading, and the little amusement it has afforded us was probably not exactly designed by the author.

We would fain be excused from the duty of remarking upon the merely literary character of the book, but that may not be. As we said before, the book is somewhere in the literature of the day, and its place must be ascertained. The following gems of rhetoric it will be useful, for that end, to notice:—"With me, as with every young man of a taste that way, he talked," etc.; "he was always booked up on all the fresh topics," etc.; "the sparkle and flash produced by a battle of brains"; "newspaper topics of erudition and magnificence"; "convulsive humor"; "severity sweetening all the courts through which he revolved"; "the maiden-mother,"—alluding to an unfortunate female witness who was a mother, though never married; "two names, chiefs at the bar, *facile princeps*"; not to forget an extraordinary quotation from the title, which the author says he found at the head of one of Mr. Choate's manuscript plans for daily study, in these words, "*faciundo ad munus nuper impositum*." Now it must really in justice be said that to write a biography of Mr. Choate in such a lingo as this is an insult to the subject. We believe we are fair with Mr. Parker's style. Indeed, where it is not relieved by such barbarisms as we have quoted, it purls along with a certain weak smartness which is inexpressibly tiresome.

A much more tolerable book, however,

would be spoiled by such arrant egotism as our author displays on every page. We are never rid of Mr. Parker for a moment. Wherever Mr. Choate is visible, Mr. Parker is strutting by his side. He exhibits, indeed, all the intrusiveness of Boswell, without any of that honest, self-forgetting, simple-hearted admiration of his distinguished friend which makes Boswell positively respectable. A single illustration of this weakness is so apt that we quote it. "Mr. Choate said, 'Some one should write a History of the Ancient Orators. There is no book in all my library where I can find all there is extant about any ancient orator.' He earnestly advised the author to undertake it. In pursuance of the idea, an article on 'Hortensius' appeared in a Review as a beginning. He spoke with enthusiasm of the satisfaction it gave him; saying it was a new revelation to him, for he never *knew* Hortensius before."

Again, Mr. Parker is continually assuring us, in more or less direct terms, of the intimacy which existed between himself and Mr. Choate. In a matter of this sort, once telling is enough; and then it should be done with modesty, and so as simply to assure the reader of the genuineness of the reminiscences. All beyond that is vulgar. One more remark upon Mr. Parker's behavior as an author. He permits himself to speak of individuals of decided personal and public dignity with quite too much familiarity. This is, of course, nothing more than an offence against good taste. But it is so prevalent in his pages that we cannot omit it from anything like a summary of the faults which they display. And none of our young authors, actual or potential, can find anywhere else a more striking and salutary example of the harm which such a one can do to himself by indulging in this very unbecoming practice.

We have yet to notice Mr. Parker's book in respect to its success as an attempt at biography. We suppose he intended to draw the portrait of a man of wit, eloquence, and scholarship. He constantly assures us in terms that Mr. Choate was such a man; an assurance which certainly was not necessary to so extensive and brilliant a reputation. If he had stopped there, he would at least have done no harm. But the illustrations which he gives us are so very far from satisfactory, that, unless Mr. Choate's reputation in

these particulars be surrendered, for which we are not quite prepared, it must be upon the ground that his biographer has failed entirely to appreciate him. That Mr. Choate was, for instance, a man of singularly keen and delicate wit, everybody knows. But we believe that any brother advocate who ever sat at the same courtroom table with him for three days, or any cultivated person who ever passed an evening in his company, was likely to hear from his lips, in that space of time, more real wit than Mr. Parker repeats in his whole book. A few old jokes of his, current in Court Street any time in the last twenty years, and some odd and extravagant expressions which Mr. Choate may have permitted himself to use in the courtroom to divert a sullen juror,—such turns of speech as *he* certainly never thought were witty, though they raised the desired laugh at the time,—to which he resorted only as a necessary, but to himself unpalatable part of the business of carrying the verdict, and which he of all men would desire to have forgotten,—make up pretty much the sum of Mr. Parker's illustrations in the matter of wit. One faculty which Mr. Choate possessed in a remarkable degree, that of ready, elegant, and telling quotation, of which many interesting instances will occur to every one, and which in the hands of an appreciative biographer would have furnished a topic of rare entertainment, Mr. Parker scarcely mentions. As he regards, or at any rate describes, Mr. Choate's oratory, it would seem to have consisted altogether in "unearthly screams," "jumping up and down," tangled hair, sweating brow, glaring eyes, etc., etc. Upon these things, which his discriminating admirers were glad to overlook as mere matters of temperament and constitution, and in spite of which they were charmed with his graceful and truly vigorous speech, his biographer loves to dwell. He has much to say of the length and complexity of the sentences, but nothing of the often exquisite elegance of their structure; much of the number and size of the words of which they consisted,—nothing of the extreme delicacy and dexterity of their use, the wonderful completeness with which they were made to express every particle of the orator's meaning. As to Mr. Choate's scholarship, we certainly learn nothing satisfactory from

this unfortunate book. In the conversations which the author, clumsily, indeed, but, we are bound to believe, faithfully, details, we should expect to find something of the rich fruitage of a life-long cultivation in letters. But so poor a result does Mr. Parker show in this part of his work, that he drives us to the dilemma either of placing Mr. Choate in quite an unworthy rank as a scholar, or of concluding, that, in the case of these conversations, he bestowed upon his listener very little of any particular preciousness, or that what else was bestowed was not understood or remembered so as to be recorded.

We cannot dismiss this book without noticing the extremely unhappy treatment which the personal and professional character of Mr. Choate has received at the author's hands. That he should have introduced into it, as he has done, such stories, or jokes, or anecdotes, or whatever else they may be called, as the commonest good taste or good sense should have told him to exclude, we suppose ought in charity to be attributed to mere uncontrollable garrulity. But he has also completely missed some of the most obvious and familiar characteristics of Mr. Choate, and his description of others which he professes to have perceived he spoils by unseemly and unintelligent illustration. We have not the patience to follow him through this part of his performance. It is enough to say that none who knew Mr. Choate would ever recognize the portrait.

We regret extremely that Mr. Parker felt himself called upon to write and print his "*Reminiscences.*" He has done himself no credit whatever; but that is comparatively a small matter. The book is in every way an injurious and indecorous one. And if he really respects the fame of the distinguished man whom he has attempted to describe, he must agree with us in the hope that his own work may be forgotten as soon as possible.

A History of the Whig Party. By R. MC KINLEY ORMSBY. Boston: Crosby Nichols, & Co.

THE duties of an historian, always difficult, are peculiarly so when he attempts to treat of recent events. In such a case, the historian whose mind is not so warped by

sympathies and antipathies as to make him utterly incompetent to his task must possess a rare impartiality of judgment and extraordinary keenness of insight, all assisted by candid and painful research. To what extent these qualities are united in Mr. Ormsby, we propose to inquire.

We are at first favorably impressed. Mr. Ormsby's Preface is most striking,—uniting not only touching candor, but innocence absolutely refreshing. The duties of historian, which we just now called so weighty, rest lightly upon his conscious strength. The historian remarks, that "he is aware that his outlines are very imperfect, and in many things may be erroneous. He has had no access to libraries or public documents; and his statistics are sometimes given from general recollection, and are but approximations to accuracy. But, feeling that some history of the parties of this country is needed, he has the temerity to offer this, till its place shall be supplied by one more reliable and satisfactory."

Any man's apology for deficiencies in his book may be accepted, provided he be able to make good the suppressed premise upon which, after all, the whole depends, namely,—that there was need of his writing at all. Mr. Ormsby seems to think there was, but gives no reasons in support of his opinion. Supposing it proved, however, it might be gravely debated whether the fortunate owner of this book would have any advantage over the man so unlucky as not to possess it.

We have all heard of the man who planned a house on so magnificent a scale, that, when the porch was finished, the funds were found to be nearly exhausted, and the main body of the house had to be built much smaller than the porch. Mr. Ormsby has avoided this error. His porch is *not* half of the whole structure. His book contains 377 pages; of these, only 188 (actually less than half!) are devoted to porch, or introductory matter. This part is richly studded with blunders of every description, and written in language which for copiousness and clearness rivals the fertilizing inundations of the Nile.

The decorous appearance of impartiality, necessary to an historian, is well preserved by such choice language as "crusade against the institutions and people of the South,"—"fratricidal hand in sectional

warfare,"—"first to arouse jealousy and hatred,"—"the South at the mercy of the North,"—"shriek for freedom,"—"political mountebank,"—"and it is to the stunted, obtuse, bigoted, fanatical, ignorant, jaundiced, self-righteous, and self-conceited millions of such in the North, that Mr. Seward, and others of his kidney, address," etc., etc.,—"British gold," (a favorite phrase,)—"cant of British philanthropy,"—etc., etc.

Mr. Ormsby devotes some little space to what may be called the legitimate object of his work,—that is, the vindication of the distinctive tariff policy of the Whigs,—and here advocates a good cause in a singularly illogical, bungling way. Most of his book, however, is given up to foolish invective against British machinations in the United States,—an idea which may have been plausible in Jefferson's time, but has long been abandoned to minds of our author's calibre,—and to arguments against the Republican party which show only that he is entirely ignorant of the doctrines of that party, and entirely incompetent to understand them, if he were not ignorant.

We can present only a few specimens, taken almost at random from the pages of this book. The author's ignorance (omitting the frequent instances of error in the names) may be shown by his ranking R. M. Johnson of Kentucky and Davy Crockett among the eminent statesmen of their time! He says of Mr. Clay, "When, in 1825, as a Senator from Kentucky, he sustained Mr. Adams (in the House) for the Presidency, he acted," etc. Now Henry Clay was not in the Senate at any time between March 3, 1811, and March 4, 1831. Moreover, if he had been, he could not have voted for Adams, as Mr. Ormsby would have known, had he known anything of the Constitution to which he professes such entire devotion. Of the Missouri Compromise he says, "It was an arrangement by which the South made concessions, and gained nothing"! If we are to adopt the principle, that slavery is to be fostered, not discouraged, the South did make concessions. The essential principle of the Republican party is, that slavery is a great evil and brings in its train many other evils, and that the legislation of the United States is not to be warped by vain attempts to save the

slave-holding interest from inevitable disaster by systematic injustice to the other interests of the country. If we adopt this view, which is admitted even by so ardent a pro-slavery leader as Senator Mason of Virginia to have been the view of the framers of the Constitution, then the South gave up what she never owned, and was paid for so doing. And taking either view, we must admit that she has since, by the Kansas-Nebraska act, revoked the grant, without refunding the pay.

Mr. Ormsby mentions "the significant and highly encouraging fact," that many leading Democrats, including Mr. Hallett, (whose name, of course, he spells incorrectly,) declared for Protection in the campaign of 1856. His taking courage from so insignificant a fact as any of these gentlemen declaring for any serviceable doctrine in a campaign shows Mr. Ormsby to be by no means intimately acquainted with Massachusetts Democracy.

It is commonly thought that General Taylor's nomination kept the Whigs from sinking in 1848, and that the Whig party died in 1852 "of trying to swallow the Fugitive Slave Law." But Mr. Ormsby thinks Taylor hurt them, and that the Baltimore Platform was too anti-slavery. He frequently alludes to Garrison and Phillips as Republicans, although nearly every other adult in the country knows that they are bitter opponents of that party,—says that Mr. Seward can rely only upon the Abolitionists in the North,—misunderstands, of course, the "irrepressible conflict,"—says that no Northern editor ventures to speak or write against Personal Liberty bills, although probably not a day passes without their being assailed by a dozen in New England alone,—that slaves never can be carried into New Mexico, although they have been carried thither, and slavery has even been declared perpetual by enactment of the Territorial Legislature,—and, speaking of Kansas, that President Buchanan's "best endeavors to secure the people of that Territory equal rights were thwarted by factionists"!—in other words, "factionists" declined to admit Kansas under the pro-slavery Lecompton constitution, forced by gross frauds upon a loathing and reluctant people. He adds, that "no one denies Mr. Buchanan eminent patriotism and statesmanship." Now, whether the President possesses these qualities or not,

there can be no doubt that a great many deny them to him. And so Mr. Ormsby continues, heaping blunder upon blunder, to a greater length than we can follow him.

On p. 79, he makes the following unorthodox statement: "We have a right to hate and detest slavery, and should belie our natures, were we not to do so." Elsewhere, however, he dwells rapturously upon the happy lot of the slave. The apparent inconsistency is explained on p. 318: "We will not insult our understandings by doubting the great enormity of so foul a thing as human bondage." "In regard to detestation of slavery, there is no difference between the people of the North and South." "But these two people (!) differ widely in their feelings in regard to negro servitude." Oh, that is it, then? Vast is the difference between "human bondage" and "negro servitude!"

Mr. Ormsby's argument is aimed against the Republicans. Accordingly, he assails the Abolitionists! Now we do not find fault with him because his arguments are pitifully silly,—because an intelligent Abolitionist would refute them instantly,—but because, even if they were sound, they have no bearing upon his point. They are not only nonsensical, but irrelevant.

"For the ignorance of the Southerners," says our author, "we should pity them, and send them our schoolmasters, who, in happy years past, have ever found a cordial reception." Exactly so,— "in happy years past." He then innocently asks, Is it strange that the South should think it necessary that she should have the ascendancy in at least one branch of the national government? Oh, no,—not at all,—but as Republicans *don't* consider it necessary, is it strange that they should vote as they think?

Here is a sample of most eminently logical reasoning: "The powerful efforts made by the British government to suppress the slave-trade have been far from successful. The exportation of negroes from Africa has not been discontinued, but the sufferings of the middle passage have been increased twofold; *showing that an attempt to thwart by legislation the decrees of Providence is of but little avail.*" If murder were frequent in New York, and an insufficient force called out to suppress it, the consequence being only more blood-

shed, Mr. Ormsby, to be consistent, would have to say it was not well to try to suppress murder, the event showing it to be only a futile legislative attempt to thwart the decrees of Providence!

"Not that any Whig was more in favor of the extension of slavery into the Territories, by the general government, than Mr. Fremont, or the best Republican at his back; but the idea of the formation of a party based on the slavery question could not be entertained for a moment by any one imbued with genuine Whig sentiments." pp. 357-8.

There is precisely the old argument of timid conservatism, although its champions are seldom unskilful enough to advance it in a form so easily dealt with. You may be bitterly opposed, forsooth, to the extension of slavery; but you must not organize or even vote against it! Where, then, is the good of being opposed to it?

The object of all this bad logic, bad history, and bad language is to attack the Republicans, and advocate the claims of modern Democracy,—not the Democracy of Jefferson and Silas Wright, but of Cushing and Buchanan. And what is the conclusion? What is the mission of the surviving Whigs?

"The existence of a conservative, enlightened, and patriotic opposition party is the necessary condition of the existence of the Democracy as a national party." p. 355.

"The slightest reflection, after even a superficial observation of the condition of our country, will satisfy any candid person, of ordinary ability, that the reconstruction of the Whig party is indispensable to the perpetuity of the Union. The Democratic party, though now national, if left to the sole opposition of the Republican, which is a sectional party, must inevitably, sooner or later, itself degenerate into sectionalism. This must be the necessary result of such antagonism. But a party based upon intelligence and moral worth must, most of the time, be in the minority of the country, and much of the time exceedingly small. *This the Whigs see, and readily accept the conditions of their existence.*" pp. 363-4.

This, then, is the banquet to which we are invited! The mission of the resuscitated Whig party is to be—not gaining any

victory, but—being beaten by the Democrats! It is important to the nationality of the Democratic party that they have a sound and national opposition for them to defeat regularly, year after year,—and this want the Whigs are to be so obliging as to supply!

After all, is there anything very strange in silly men writing silly books?

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Barclay Towers," "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," etc. London. 1859. 8vo. pp. 395.

THIS entertaining volume has already reached a second edition in England. It is made up, in great part, of a series of lively sketches of the West Indies, British Guiana, and some parts of Central America, taken on a hasty tour during the winter and spring of last year. Its style is by no means so good as that of which Mr. Trollope has shown himself the master in his popular novels; it is disfigured by Carlyisms, and other inelegancies, and bears many marks of negligence and haste. With a little pains, Mr. Trollope might have made his book much better, and of much more permanent value. In spite of a sense of real humor, he sometimes falls into heavy attempts at smartness and fun; and although he has a quick eye for the essential traits of character, he not infrequently runs into trivial details. In travelling with him, one is not quite certain whether his companion is a gentleman. Breakfasts, lunches, and dinners hold a great place in his thoughts. He gives far too much attention to rum-and-water, brandy-and-water, and the varieties of drinking and eating in general. He has neither the ease nor the self-restraint which mark the thoroughly well-bred man of the world; but he is, nevertheless, good-natured, amusing, and likable. The chief merit of his book arises from the fact that he has seen much and many parts of the world, has been a student of life and manners, and thus has acquired skill in observation and facility of comparison. The conclusions which he draws from what he sees may be right or wrong; but he knows well how to state what has come to his notice, and his readers may

get from his pictures many valuable indications in regard to men and to social conditions, whether they accept his conclusions or not.

The state of the British West Indies is one of peculiar interest at the present day, both in a social and an economical point of view. The great questions opened by the emancipation of the slaves in these islands, in 1834, are not yet settled; and upon the solution of the problems now being worked out there depends not only their own future, but also, in great measure, the future of all the countries in which slavery still exists. If the results of emancipation prove, on the whole, advantageous both to masters and slaves, the question of the universal and comparatively speedy abolition of slavery would be virtually decided. If, however, it should be shown that the results, in the long run, are disastrous both to whites and blacks, or to either of these classes, then, although no one can doubt that slavery must sooner or later be done away with, wherever it now exists, the time of its abolition may be indefinitely postponed, and other means of accomplishing it must be devised and adopted, than those which the example of the West Indies will have proved injurious.

As in regard to all matters which have been vehemently discussed, the accounts in regard to the effects of emancipation in the West Indies differ widely; but the weight of authority tends to show, that, putting aside for the moment all moral considerations, the scale inclines towards the side of good. Mr. Trollope, who writes without prejudice, may be taken as a fair witness, so far as his opportunities for observation extended; and as his views will not satisfy the warm partisans of either side, it may perhaps be assumed that they are in the main correct. In his chapter on the Black Men in Jamaica, he says: "I shall be asked, having said so much, whether I think that emancipation was wrong. By no means. I think that emancipation was clearly right; but I think that we expected far too great and far too quick a result from emancipation. These people [the negroes] are a servile race, fitted by nature for the hardest physical work, and apparently at present fitted for little else. Some thirty years since, they were in a state where such work was

their lot; but their tasks were exacted from them in a condition of bondage abhorrent to the feelings of the age, and opposed to the religion which we practised. For us, thinking as we did, slavery was a sin. From that sin we have cleansed ourselves. But the mere fact of doing so has not freed us from our difficulties. Nor was it to be expected that it should. The discontinuance of a sin is always the commencement of a struggle."

This is well said. The negroes, freed from the bondage of labor, suddenly becoming masters of themselves, with simple and easily satisfied wants, with abundant means of subsistence, to be procured at the expense of the least possible effort, exposed to no competition from the pressure of population, and endowed by nature with indolent temperaments, naturally took to leading idle and easy lives, and refused to work except at their own pleasure. They had, as a class, no desire of regular and continued occupation, and little sense of the worth of work in itself. There was nothing surprising in this, and the blacks were little to be blamed for it. But the world will not advance, unless men work; and any country where there is not a sufficient stimulus for labor is in the course of decline. The inevitable results followed in the West Indies from the difficulty of obtaining labor. In Jamaica, the largest and most important of these British islands, other and widely different causes — mistakes in legislation, previous financial embarrassment, and especially the unwillingness or inability of the planters to recognize the necessities of their altered position — contributed to bring about a condition of wretched adversity. Estates went out of cultivation, expensive establishments failed, roads were disused, and the island was full of the signs of decay. The negroes, indeed, were happy; a few days' work in the course of the year secured them subsistence; and irregular labor for wages, on the plantations of their old masters, gave them the means of gratifying their liking for dress and finery.

A full generation has not yet passed since the act of emancipation, but there are already indications that this transitional condition is drawing to an end. A portion, at least, of the negroes are beginning to recognize the responsibilities as well as

the privileges of liberty, to seek employment for the sake of raising themselves and their children in the social scale, and to accumulate property. They are not merely free, but are becoming independent. Still the number of those who live from hand to mouth, in the indolent and useless possession of freedom, is very great. In Mr. Trollope's opinion, little is to be expected from the blacks. "To lie in the sun and eat bread-fruit and yams is the negro's idea of being free. Such freedom as that has not been intended for man in this world; and I say that Jamaica, as it now exists, is still under a devil's ordinance." Education is a slow process with the blacks.

But in Jamaica, as elsewhere, where slavery exists, there is a race neither black nor white, but of mixed blood, important in numbers, and important also from possessing a mingling of the qualities of its progenitors, which seems to fit it peculiarly for the prosperous occupation of the tropics. Supposing this colored race to have the power of continuing itself through successive generations, a problem which is as yet unsolved, it would seem as if the future of these islands were mainly in its hands. Of pure whites, there are not more than fifteen thousand in Jamaica; of the mixed race, there are said to be seventy thousand. Before the abolition of slavery, their position was one of degradation; since the abolition, it has greatly improved. They are still looked upon with ill-concealed disdain by their white brothers and sisters; but they are forcing themselves into social recognition and equality. "These people marry now," said a lady to Mr. Trollope; "but their mothers and grandmothers never thought of looking to that at all." There is matter for reflection, as well as for satisfaction, in that sentence.

But as yet the condition of Jamaica is such as may well excite doubt as to the possibility of its recovery from the misfortunes under which it has suffered, — misfortunes due quite as much to the evils of preëxisting slavery, as to the blow given to its prosperity by the act of emancipation. "Are Englishmen in general aware," asks Mr. Trollope, "that half the sugar-estates in Jamaica, and I believe more than half the coffee-plantations, have gone back into a state of bush? — that all

this land, rich with the richest produce only some thirty years since, has now fallen back into wilderness?"

Still, if the experiment of emancipation be considered doubtful or disastrous, so far as Jamaica is concerned, it cannot be esteemed so in regard to the chief remaining islands. In Barbadoes, for instance, there was no squatting-ground for the blacks. The negro was obliged to work or starve. Labor was consequently abundant, — and "there is not a rood of waste land" in the island. Even here, "numerous as are the negroes, they certainly live an easier life than that of an English laborer, earn their money with more facility, and are more independent of their masters." In the report made by the governor of the island, in 1853, he states, — "So far, the success of cultivation by free labor in Barbadoes is unquestionable."*

Trinidad, of which but a comparatively small part has been cultivated, and where the negroes have displayed the same indisposition to labor as in Jamaica, is, however, flourishing. Its prosperity seems to be due to the fact, that, during the last few years, some ten or twelve thousand Coolies have been brought from the East Indies, and have supplied the demand for labor.

In British Guiana, or Demerara, on the main land, the same fact has brought about a similar result. The emancipated negro could not be depended upon for regular work. He established himself on his small freehold, and lived, like Theodore Hook's club-man, "in idleness and ease." But for some years past laborers have been brought in freely from India and China, and the fertile colony is now in a state of abundant prosperity. Mr. Trollope seems to us to refute effectually the notion, so far at least as regards the British West Indies, that this Cooly immigration is only slavery under another name. "On their arrival in Demerara," he says, "the Coolies are distributed among the planters by the Governor, — to each planter according to his application, his means of providing for them, and his willingness and ability to pay the cost of the immigration by yearly instalments.

* We quote from an extract in an able article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1859, entitled, *The West Indies as they were and are.*

They are sent to no estate, till a government officer shall have reported that there are houses for them to occupy. There must be a hospital for them on the estate, and a regular doctor, with a sufficient salary. The rate of their wages is stipulated, and their hours of work. Though the contract is for five years, they can leave the estate at the end of the first three, transferring their services to any other master, and at the end of the five years they are entitled to a free passage home." "The women are coming now, as well as the men; and they have learned to husband their means, and put money together."

We pass over the other British West Indies, though Mr. Trollope's animated sketches tempt us to linger. The main conclusion to which this part of his book leads is, that this question of labor is the one upon which the results of emancipation hinge. Unless moved by necessity, the negro is disinclined to work. Slavery has rendered labor offensive to him, and his own nature inclines him to idleness. The pressure of population, as in Barbadoes, may compel him, for his own good, to labor; or he may, as in Demerara, be superseded by other workmen. If left to himself, his tendency seems to be to sink into sensuality, rather than to rise in civilization by his own efforts. The condition of the mass of the negroes is undoubtedly a happier one than in the days of slavery; but it may be fairly doubted whether emancipation has led to any moral improvement in the race.

How far a forced system of labor for wages might answer for the blacks, — how far a regular and organized plan of education might elevate them, — how far the danger of their relapse into barbarism might be obviated by preliminary precautions, — are questions which that country which next undertakes emancipation must solve for itself, and which the example of the British West Indies will give some of the means for solving in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Trollope's book is well worth reading by those who would prepare themselves by knowledge and by reflection for a proper appreciation of the advantages and the evils of giving unlimited freedom to a race that has been long enslaved.

There is less interest in his account of

Central America than in the other parts of his volume. The ground is more familiar to American readers, and some of our own travellers have given descriptions of the country far more thorough and not less entertaining.

Of Cuba, which he trusts may, for the benefit of humanity, be some day transferred to American keeping, he says but little; and after Mr. Dana's late excellent, though hasty, sketches of the island, that author must have more than common ability who can, with hope of success, venture over the same ground.

The Public Life of Captain John Brown. By JAMES REDPATH. With an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. Boston. 1860. 12mo. pp. 408.

It would have been well, had this book never been written. Mr. Redpath has understood neither the opportunities opened to him, nor the responsibilities laid upon him, in being permitted to write the "authorized" life of John Brown. His book, in whatever light it is viewed, — whether as the biography of a remarkable man, as an historic narrative of a series of extraordinary and important events, or simply as a mere piece of literary jobwork, — is equally unsatisfactory. He has shown himself incompetent to appreciate the character of the man whom he admires, and he has, consequently, done great wrong to his memory.

There never was more need for a good life of any man than there was for one of John Brown. The whole country was curious to learn about him, and to be told his story. Those who thought the best of him, and those who thought the worst, were alike desirous to know more of him than the newspapers had furnished, and to become acquainted with the course of his life, and the training which had prepared him for Kansas and brought him to Harper's Ferry. Whatever view be taken of his character, he was a man so remarkable as to be well worthy of study. In the bitter and excited state of public feeling in regard to him, there was but one way in which his life could be properly told, — and that way was, to allow him, as far as possible, to tell it in his own words. For that part of his life which there were

no letters of his to illustrate, his biographer should have been content to state facts in the simplest and most careful manner, entering into no controversy, and keeping himself entirely out of sight. Thus only could John Brown's character produce its due effect. His letters from prison had shown that he was a master of the homeliest and strongest English. His words said what they meant, and they were understood by everybody; he had found them in the Bible, and had been familiar with them all his life. Whatever he was, he could have told us better than any other man; and he was the only man who would have been listened to with much confidence concerning himself. Mr. Redpath has, very unfortunately, thought differently. He has not taken pains to collect even all the letters of John Brown which had been previously published; he has written in the worst temper and spirit of partisanship, so that with every cautious reader doubts attend many statements which rest only on his authority; he has thrust himself continually forward; and he has exercised no proper care in arranging his materials.

The truth is, that a life of Brown was not now needed for those who already admired the stalwart nature of the man, even though they might deplore his course,—for those who had had their hearts touched and stirred by his manliness, his truth, his courage, and his unwavering fidelity to conscience and faith in God; but it was greatly needed for that much larger class,—the mass of the Northern community,—whose timidity had been startled at his rash attempt, whose sympathy had been more or less awakened by his bearing and his death, but who were and are in a painful state of perplexity, in the endeavor to reconcile their abhorrence, or at least their disapproval, of his attack on Virginia, with their sense of the admirable nature of the qualities he displayed. It was needed also for the very large class who received from the newspapers but a confused and imperfect account of the events which took place in Virginia from October to December, and who, according to their political predilections, condemn or applaud the course of Captain Brown. And, above all, it was needed for the men who have disgraced themselves by denying to Brown the possession of any virtues, and

who have outstripped his Southern enemies in applying to him the most opprobrious and the falsest epithets. Now, none of these classes will Mr. Redpath's book reach with effect. Its tone is such, it is so violent, so extravagant, that it will offend all right-thinking men. Even those who have known how to hold a steady and clear opinion, in the midst of the confusion of the popular mind,—who have not applauded Brown's acts of violence, and have condemned his judgment, but who have, nevertheless, honored what was noble in him, and sympathized with him in his strong love of liberty,—who, while acknowledging him guilty under the law, mourned that the law should not be tempered with mercy,—and who have recognized in him at once the excellences and the errors of an enthusiast,—those who have most faithfully endeavored to find the truth concerning him, though they will obtain some interesting information from Mr. Redpath's book, will be the most dissatisfied with it.

It has always been among the offences of the out-and-out Abolitionists, to abuse the force of words, and to make exclusive pretensions to virtue and the love of liberty. This book is written in the spirit and style of an Abolition tract. In representing John Brown as little more than a mere hero of the Abolitionists, the author has done essential disservice to the cause of freedom, and to the memory of a man who was as free from party-ties as he was from personal ambitions.

Although John Brown's character was a simple one, a long time must pass before it will be generally understood, and justice be done to it. The passion and the prejudice which the later acts of his life have excited cannot die away for years. Mr. Redpath has done his best to perpetuate them. In seasons of excitement, and amid the struggles of political contention, the men who use the most extravagant and the most violent words have, for a time, the advantage; but, in the long run, they damage whatever cause they may adopt; and the truth, which their declamations have obscured or their falsehoods have violated, finally asserts itself. In our country, the worth and the strength of temperance and moderation of speech seem to be peculiarly forgotten. Words, which should stand for things, are too

commonly used with no respect to their essential meaning. Political debates are embittered, personal feeling wounded, the tone of manners lowered, and national character degraded, by this disregard of words as the symbol and expression of truth. Moderation is brought into disrepute, and justice, fairness, and honesty of opinion rendered as rare as they are difficult of attainment. The manner in which John Brown has been spoken of affords the plainest illustration of these facts. Extravagance in condemnation has been answered by extravagance in praise of his life and deeds.

The most interesting and the most novel part of Mr. Redpath's book is the letter written by John Brown in 1857, giving some account of his early life. It is, in all respects, a remarkable composition. It exhibits the main influences by which his character was formed; it affords a key to the history of his life; it illustrates the nature of the social institutions under which such a man could grow up; and it shows his natural traits, before they had become hardened and trained under the discipline of later experience and circumstance. Nothing has been more marked in the various exhibitions of his character, as they have come successively to view, than their complete consistency. This letter, this account of his youth, squares perfectly with what we know of his manhood. The whole of it should be read by all who would understand the man, with his native faculty of command, with his mingled sternness and tenderness, with his large heart, his steadfast will. The base of his soul was truth; and the motive power of his life, faith in the justice of God.

He was a man of a rare type,—so rare in our times as to seem like a man of another age. He belonged to the same class with the Scottish Covenanters and the English Regicides. He belonged to the great company of those who have followed the footsteps of Gideon, and forgot that the armory of the Lord contained other weapons than the sword. He belonged to those who from time to time have adopted some cause,—the good old cause,—and have shrunk from no sacrifice which it required at their hands. "I have now been confined over a month," wrote John Brown to his children, in one of that most affect-

ing series of letters from his prison, "with a good opportunity to look the whole thing as fair in the face as I am capable of doing, and I now feel most grateful that I am counted in the least possible degree worthy to suffer for the truth." "Suffering is a gift not given to every one," wrote one of the Covenanters, who was hanged in the Grassmarket in Edinburgh, in 1684,—“and I desire to bless God's name with my whole heart and soul, that He has counted such a poor thing as I am worthy of the gift of suffering.”

That John Brown was wrong in his attempt to break up slavery by violence, few will deny. But it was a wrong committed by a good man,—by one who dreaded the vengeance of the Almighty and forgot His long-suffering. His errors were the result of want of patience and want of imagination, and he paid the penalty for them. He had faith in the Divine ordering of the affairs of this world; but he forgot that the processes by which evils like that of slavery are done away are thousand-year-long,—that, to be effectual, they must be slow,—that wrong is no remedy for wrong. He was an anachronism, and met the fate of all anachronisms that strive to stem and divert the present current by modes which the world has outgrown. But now that he and those dearest to him have so bitterly expiated his faults, both charity and justice demand that his virtues should be honored, and he himself mourned. It will be a gloomy indication of the poor, low spirit of our days, if fear and falsehood, if passion or indifference, should cause the lesson of John Brown's life to be neglected, or should check a natural sympathy with the noble heart of the old man. That lesson is not for any one part of the country more than another; that sympathy may be given by the South as well as by the North. It is not sympathy for his acts, but for the spirit of his life and the heroism of his death. The lesson of manliness, uprightness, and courage, which his life teaches, is to be learned by us, not merely as lovers of liberty, not as opponents of slavery, but as men who need more manliness, more uprightness, more courage and simplicity in our common lives.

All that is possible of apology for John Brown is to be found in his letters and in his speech to the court before his sentence. It is, perhaps, too soon to hope that these

letters and this speech will be read with candor and a feeling of human brotherhood by those who now look with abhorrence or with indifference on his memory. But the time will come when they will be held at their true worth by all, as the expressions of a large, tender soul,—when they will be read with sympathetic pity, even by those who still find it difficult to forgive their author for his offence against society. These letters appeal to the better nature of every man and woman in America; and it will be a sad thing, if their appeal be disregarded.

We trust, that, before long, a fairer and fuller biography than that by Mr. Redpath will remove the obstacle which this book now presents to the general appreciation of the character and life of John Brown.

Poems. By SYDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

MANY of Mr. Dobell's poems have passages which are musical, vigorous, and peculiar, and hardly in any part can he be justly charged with prolonging an echo. He is not one of the many mocking-birds that infest the groves at the foot of Parnassus. Though portions of his songs be wild, fitful, and incoherent, they gush with the force and feeling of a heart loyal to its intuitions, and thus many strains captivate and keep the tuneful ear. Yet such charming lines make conspicuous the want of that high appreciation of form and proportion without which any felicity of touch in the treatment of details will only cause the consummate master to grieve over glorious forms that have no effective grouping, and turn away from colors, however exquisite, that are strewn, as it were, on a palette, rather than wrought into picture and harmonized to the tone of life. The truth is, that the grandly designing hand is nowhere completely visible in the poetry of Young England. Many of her more youthful poets show a mass of rich materials, but they appear to have been upheaved by convulsions, half-blinding us with their splendor, while, like lava pouring from a volcano's crater, they take no prescribed channel, they flow into no immortal mould. It is this fiery gleam on the surface of matter hot from chaos, which the multitude honor as the highest manifestation of genius.

But this is to desecrate a word which implies constructive power of the first order. Form is its highest expression. Without the shaping faculty, which artistically rounds to perfection, no glitter of decoration, nor even force and fire of expression, can keep the work from falling into ruins. If the beautiful, as Goethe said, includes in it the good, then perfect beauty alone is everlasting. This is a rigorous rule for anything which man has made, but it does not try "Othello" so severely as "Balder"; and "Balder" is not utterly crushed by it. There are scenes in this drama, and also in "The Roman," which will not soon lose their significance, or easily melt out of the memory.

A Good Fight, and other Tales. By CHARLES READE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

ABOUT the middle of the fifteenth century, a youth named Gerard, a native of Tergou, in Holland, loved Margaret, the daughter of Peter, a learned man of the neighboring village of Zevenbergen. Expecting immediate marriage, their intimacy was restrained by no limits. The interference of Gerard's relations, however, separated them for a time, during which the young man visited Rome, and gained some distinction as a transcriber of ancient manuscripts. Learning, after a while, that he was about to return, his kindred caused a false report of Margaret's death to be conveyed to him, and, by thus crushing all the hopes of his young life, had the final satisfaction of seeing him take priestly orders, which threw his patrimony into their hands. Having broken two hearts, and brought a world of shame upon an innocent girl to get it, it is only fair to suppose they enjoyed it with tranquillity.

Margaret, left alone, gave birth to a child, the greatness of whose manhood might have softened the remembrance of her earlier sorrows, had she lived to witness it. But she died when he was thirteen years old. Gerard, her true husband, who had never rejoined her while living, also died within a brief space. The son they left was the famous Erasmus.

Mr. Reade has taken this little record, which would never have become historical but for the accidental consequence of

the loves of Gerard and Margaret, and wrought it into a story of exquisite grace and delicacy. A dead and half-forgotten fact, he has warmed it into fresh life, and given it all the beauties with which his brilliant imagination could endow it. Though shorter and simpler than most, it is certainly inferior to none of his other works. Perhaps its simplicity is its first merit. The extravagant peculiarities of style which overlaid his two longest books have almost entirely disappeared in this. Here the narration is for the most part as unostentatious as the events are natural. But its power is remarkable. Although the regularity with which the incidents follow one another is such that they may all be anticipated, yet the interest in them never fades. There is nothing startlingly new in the entire story. On the contrary, it follows pretty closely the old formula of troubled true-love until the closing chapter, when triumphant virtue sets in. But this takes nothing from the effect. All is so clear and vivid in description, so glittering with gleams of wit, relieved by soft shadows of purest pathos, so full of the spirit of tender humanity, that the reader finds no reason to complain, except that the end is so speedily reached.

The author has sacrificed history, in his conclusion, to satisfy a natural feeling. No one will object because the "Good Fight" terminates victoriously in the right direction. The parents of Erasmus suffered; but it would be a pity, if readers, after the lapse of four hundred years, must mourn their woes to the extent that would inevitably be necessary, if Mr. Reade had not arranged it otherwise. And his object, which was to prove—if proof were needed—that all human lives, however obscure, have their own share of romance, is not disturbed by this variation from the severity of the chronicle.

The Undergraduate. Conducted by an Association of Collegiate and Professional Students in the United States and Europe. *Ἐκάστη σύμμαχος πάντες.* January, 1860. Printed for the Association. New Haven, Conn.

We are not unused to the sight of College Periodicals. They have commonly greeted us in the form of monthly num-

bers, each containing two or three essays which sounded as if they might have done duty as themes, a critical article or two, some copies of verses, and winding up with a few pages in fine print, purporting to be editorial, jaunty and jocular for the most part, and opulent in local allusions. It would be unnatural, if these juvenile productions did not often reflect the opinions of favorite instructors and the style of popular authors. A Freshman's first essay is like the short gallop of a colt on trial; its promise is what we care for, more than its performance. If it had not something of crudeness and imitation, we should suspect the youth, and be disposed to examine him as the British turfmen have been examining the American colt Umpire, first favorite for the next Derby. But three or four years' study and practice teach the young man his paces, so that many Bachelors of Arts have formed the style already by which they will hereafter be known in the world of letters. We are always pleased, therefore, to look over a College Periodical, even of the humblest pretensions. The possibilities of its young writers give an interest and dignity to the least among them which make its slender presence welcome.

But here we have offered us a more formidable candidate for public favor than our old friends, the attenuated Monthlies. "The Undergraduate" has almost the dimensions of the "North American Review," and, like that, promises to visit us quarterly. It is the first fruit of a spirited and apparently well-matured plan set on foot by students in Yale College, and heartily entered into by those of several other institutions. Its objects are clearly stated in the well-written Prospectus and Introduction. They are briefly these:—"To record the history, promote the intellectual improvement, elevate the moral aims, liberalize the views, and unite the sympathies of Academical, Collegiate, and Professional Students, and their Institutions."

The name, "Undergraduate," shows by whom it is to be managed; but its contributors are, and will doubtless continue to be, in part, of a more advanced standing. There are articles in the present number which we have read with great interest, and without ever being reminded that they were contributed to a students' journal.

The first paper, for instance, "German Student-Life and Travel," is not only well written, but full of excellent suggestions, which show that the writer has reached the age of good sense, whether he count his years by tens or scores. "A Student's Voyage to Labrador" is a well-told story of scenes and experiences new to most readers. Not less pleased were we to have an authentic account of the two ancient societies of Yale College, "Brothers in Unity" and "Linonia," rivals for almost a century, and still maintaining their protracted struggle for numerical superiority. Articles like this will interest all students, and many outside of the student-world. "The Undergraduate" would not treat us fairly, if it did not temper them somewhat, as it has done, with specimens of more distinctly youthful character. Perhaps it might be safe to lay it down as a law, that, the tenderer the age, the wider the subject, and, contrariwise, the older the head, the more limited and definite the probable range of discussion. It is safe to say that a young man's essay is most likely to be interesting when he writes about something he has seen or experienced, so as to know more about it than

his readers. Disquisitions on "Virtue," "Honesty," "Shakspeare," "Human Nature," and such large subjects, are valuable chiefly as showing how the colts gallop.

On the whole, "The Undergraduate" is most creditable to the enterprise that gave it birth, and to the young men who have contributed to it. If we should give any additional hints to that just whispered, it would be, that more care should be taken in looking over the proofs. Calvinism should not be spelt Calvinism, Thackeray Thackaray, nor Courvoisier *Corvosier*,—neither should traveller be spelt *traveler*, nor theatre *theater*. These last provincialisms, particularly, should not find a place in a journal meant for students all over the English-speaking world; and if, as we hope, contributions shall hereafter appear in the new Quarterly from any persons connected with our neighboring University, it should be a condition that the English standard of spelling should be adopted in preference to any local perversions.

With these suggestions, we give a most cordial welcome to a periodical which we trust will begin a new period in the literary history of our educational institutions.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1860. Boston. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. viii., 399. \$1.00.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. VIII. Fugger—Haynau. New York. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 788, vii. \$3.00.

Life Without and Life Within: or, Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "At Home and Abroad," etc. Edited by her Brother, Arthur B. Fuller. Boston. Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 12mo. pp. 424. \$1.00.

Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World. With Narrative Illustrations. By Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples. Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 528. \$1.25.

Title-Hunting. By E. L. Llewellyn. Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 357. \$1.00.

The Rivals. A Tale of the Times of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton. By Hon. Jere. Clemens, Author of "Bernard Lile" and "Mustang Gray." Philadelphia. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 286. 75 cts.

Poems. By Sydney Dobell. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 32mo. pp. 544. 75 cts.

An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco, in the Summer of 1859. By Horace Greeley. New York. Saxton, Barker, & Co. 12mo. pp. 386. \$1.00.

Morphy's Games: a Selection of the Best Games played by the Distinguished Champion in Europe and America. With Analytical and Critical Notes by J Löwenthal. New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. xviii., 473. \$1.25.

Compensation: or, Always a Future. By Anne M. H. Brewster. Philadelphia. Lipincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 297. 75 cts.

The Eighteen Christian Centuries. By the Rev. James White, Author of a "History of France." With a Copious Index. From the Second Edinburgh Edition. New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 538. \$1.25.

An Appeal to the People in Behalf of their Rights as Authorized Interpreters of the Bible. By Catherine E. Beecher, Author of "Common Sense Applied to Religion," "Domestic Economy," etc. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. x., 380. \$1.00.

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection: or, The Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M. A., Fellow of the Royal, Geological, Linneæan, etc., Societies; Author of "Journal of Researches during H. M. S. Beagle's Voyage round the World." New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 432. \$1.25.

Life in Spain, Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury, Author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," "Art and Nature," etc. With Illustrations. New York. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 383. \$1.00.

Poems. By the Author of "A Life for a Life," "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 270. 75 cts.

The Female Skeptic: or, Faith Triumphant. New York. R. M. DeWitt. 12mo. pp. 449. \$1.00.

Report on Weights and Measures, read before the Pharmaceutical Association, at their Eighth Annual Session, held in Boston, September 15, 1859. By Alfred B. Taylor, of Philadelphia, Chairman of the Committee of Weights and Measures. Boston. Press of Rand & Avery. 8vo. pamphlet. pp. 104. 50 cts.

The Adopted Heir. By Miss Pardoe, Author of "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," "Life of Maria de Medicis," etc. Complete and unabridged. Philadelphia. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 360. \$1.25.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'Clintock, R. N., LL. D. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. xxiv., 375. \$1.50.

The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church. By Peter H. Burnett. New York. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. xiv., 741. \$2.50.

Sermons on St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians. Delivered at Trinity Chapel Brighton. By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent. Boston. Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. xii., 425. \$1.00.

Trinitarianism not the Doctrine of the New Testament. Two Lectures, delivered, partly in Review of Rev. Dr. Huntington's Discourse on the Trinity, in the Hollis Street Church, January 7 and 14, 1860. By T. S. King. Printed by Request. Boston. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 8vo. pamphlet. pp. 48. 25 cts.

Lyrics and other Poems. By S. J. Donaldson, Jr. Philadelphia. Lindsay & Blakiston. 16mo. pp. 208. 75 cts.

Twenty Years Ago, and Now. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia. G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 307. \$1.00.

The Water Witch: or, The Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Designs by F. O. C. Darley. New York. Townsend & Co. 12mo. pp. 462. \$1.50.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, ART, AND POLITICS.

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THE LAWS OF BEAUTY.

THE fatal mistake of many inquirers concerning the line of beauty has been, that they have sought in that which is outward for that which is within. Beauty, perceived only by the mind, and, so far as we have any direct proof, perceived by man alone of all the animals, must be an expression of intelligence, the work of mind. It cannot spring from anything purely accidental; it does not arise from material, but from spiritual forces. That the outline of a figure, and its surface, are capable of expressing the emotions of the mind is manifest from the art of the sculptor, which represents in cold, colorless marble the varied expressions of living faces,—or from the art of the engraver, who, by simple outlines, can soothe you with a swelling lowland landscape, or brace you with the cool air of the mountains.

Now the highest beauty is doubtless that which expresses the noblest emotion. A face that shines, like that of Moses, from communion with the Highest, is more truly beautiful than the most faultless features without moral expression. But there is a beauty which does not reveal emotion, but only thought,—a beauty which consists simply in the form, and which is admired for its form alone.

Let us, for the present, confine our attention to this most limited species of beauty,—the beauty of configuration only.

This beauty of mere outline has, by some celebrated writers, been resolved into some certain curved line, or line of beauty; by others into numerical proportion of dimensions; and again by others into early pleasing associations with curvilinear forms. But, if we look at the subject in an intellectual light, we shall find a better explanation. Forms are the embodiment of thought or law. For the common eye they must be embodied in material shape; while to the geometer and the artist, they may be so distinctly shadowed forth in conception as to need no material figure to render their beauty appreciable. Now this embodiment, or this conception, in all cases, demands some law in the mind, by which it is conceived or made; and we must look at the nature of this law, in order to approach more nearly to understanding the nature of beauty.

We are thus led, through our search for beauty, into the temple of Geometry, the most ancient and venerable of sciences. From her oracles alone can we learn the generation of beauty, so far as it consists in form alone.

Maupertuis' law of the least action is not simply a mechanical, but it is a universal axiom. The Divine Being does all things with the least possible expenditure of force; and all hearts and all minds honor men in proportion as they approach to this divine economy. As gracefulness in motion consists in moving with the least waste of muscular power, so elegance in intellectual and literary exertions arises from the ease with which their achievements are accomplished. We seek in all things simplicity and unity. In Nature we have faith that there is such unity, even in the midst of the wildest diversity. We honor intellectual conceptions in proportion to the greatness of their consequences and to the simplicity of their assumptions. Laws of form are beautiful in proportion to their simplicity and to the variety which they can comprise in unity. The beauty of forms themselves is in proportion to the simplicity of their law and to the variety of their outline.

This last sentence we regard as the fundamental canon concerning beauty,—governing, with a slight change of terms, beauty in all its departments.

Beginning with the fundamental division of figures into curvilinear and rectilinear, this *dictum* decides, that, in general, a curved outline is more beautiful than a right-lined figure. For a straight-lined figure necessarily requires at least half as many laws as it has sides, while a curvilinear outline requires, in general, but a single law. In a true curve, every point in the whole line (or surface) is subject to one and the same law of position. Thus, in the circle, every point of the circumference is subject to one and the same law,—that it must be at a certain distance from the centre. Half a dozen other laws, equally simple, might be named, which in like manner govern every point in the circumference of a circle: for instance, the curve bends at every point by a certain fixed but infinitesimal amount, just enough to make the adjacent points to be equally near the centre. Or, to take another example,

every point of the elastic curve, that is, of the curve in which a spring of uniform stiffness can be bent by a force applied at the ends of the spring, is subject to this very simple law, that the curve bends in exact proportion to its distance from a certain straight line. Now a straight line, or a plane, is by this definition a curve, since every point in it is subject to one and the same law of position. A plane may, indeed, be considered a part of any curved surface you please, if you only take that surface on a sufficiently large scale. Thus, the surface of water conforms to the surface of a sphere eight thousand miles in diameter; but, as the arc of such a circle would arch up from a chord ten feet long by only the ten-millionth part of an inch, the surface of water in a cistern may be considered a plane. But no figure or outline can be composed of a single plane or a single straight line; nor can the position of more than two straight lines, not parallel, be defined by a single simple law of position of the points in them. We may, therefore, regard it as the first deduction from our fundamental canon, that figures with curving outline are in general more beautiful than those composed of straight lines. The laws of their formation are simpler, and the eye, sweeping round the outline, feels the ease and gracefulness of the motion, recognizes the simplicity of the law by which it is guided, and is pleased with the result.

Our second deduction relates principally to rectilinear figures; it is, that symmetry is in general, and particularly in rectilinear figures, more beautiful than irregularity. It requires, in general, simpler laws to produce symmetry than to produce what is unsymmetrical; since the corresponding parts in a symmetrical figure are instinctively recognized as flowing from one and the same law. This preference for symmetry is, however, frequently subordinated to higher demands of the fundamental canon. If the outline be rectilinear, simplicity of law produces symmetry, and variety of result can be attained only at the expense of simplicity

in the law. But in curved outlines it frequently happens, that, with equally simple laws, we can obtain much greater variety by dispensing with symmetry; and then, by the canon, we thus obtain the higher beauty.

The question may be asked, In what way does this canon decide the question of proportions? Which of the two rectangles is, according to this *dictum*, more beautiful, that in which the sides are in simple ratio, or that in which the angles made with the sides by a diagonal are in such ratio?—that, for instance, in which the shorter side is three-fifths of the longer, or that in which the shorter side is five hundred and seventy-seven thousandths of the longer? Our own view was formerly in favor of a simple ratio between the sides; but experiments have convinced us that persons of good taste, and who have never been prejudiced by reading Hay's ingenious speculations, do nevertheless agree in preferring rectangles and ellipses which fulfil his law of simple ratio between the angles made by the diagonal. We acknowledge that we have not brought this result under the canon, but look upon it as indicating the necessity of another canon to somewhat this effect,—that in the laws of form direction is a more important element than distance.

We have said that a curved line is one in which every point is subject to one and the same law of position. Now it may be easily proved, that, in a series of points in a plane, each of which fulfils one and the same condition of position, any three, if taken sufficiently near each other, lie in one straight line. A fourth point near the third lies, then, in a straight line with the second and third,—a fifth with the third and fourth, and so on. The whole series of points must, in short, form a line. But it may also be easily proved that any four of these points, taken sufficiently near each other, lie in the arc of a circle. How strange the paradox to which we are thus led! Every law of a curve, however simple, leads to the same conclusion; a curve must bend at every

point, and yet not bend at any point; it must be nowhere a straight line, and yet be a straight line at every part. The blacksmith, passing an iron bar between three rollers to make a tire for a wheel, bends every part of it infinitely little, so that the bending shall not be perceptible at any one spot, and shall yet in the whole length arch the tire to a full circle. It may be that in this paradox lies an additional charm of the curved outline. The eye is pleased to find itself deceived, lured insensibly round into a line running in a different direction from that on which it started.

The simplest law of position for a point would be, either to have it in a given direction from a given point,—a law which would manifestly generate a straight line,—or else to have it at a given distance from the given point, which would generate the surface of a sphere, the outline of which is the circumference of a circle. The straight line fulfils part of the conditions of beauty demanded by the first canon, but not the whole,—it has no variety, and must be combined in order to produce a large effect. The simplest combination of straight lines is in parallels, and this is its usual combination in works of Art. The circle also fulfils but imperfectly the demands of the fundamental canon. It is the simplest of all curves, and the standard or measure of curvature,—vastly more simple in its laws than any rectilineal figure, and therefore more beautiful than any simple figure of that kind. There is, however, a sort of monotony in its beauty,—it has no variety of parts.

The outline of a sphere, projected by the beholder against any plane surface behind it, is a circle only when a perpendicular, let fall on the plane from the eye, passes through the centre of the sphere. In other positions the projection of the sphere becomes an ellipse, or one of its varieties, the parabola and hyperbola. The parabola is the boundary of the projection of a sphere upon a plane, when the eye is just as far from the plane as the outer edge of the sphere is, and the hy-

perbola is a similar curve formed by bringing the eye still nearer to the plane.

By these metamorphoses the circle loses much of its monotony, without losing much of its simplicity. The law of the projection of a sphere upon a plane is simple, in whatever position the plane may be. And if we seek a law for the ellipse, or either of the conic sections, which shall confine our attention to the plane, the laws remain simple. There are for these curves two centres, which come together for the circle, and recede to an infinite distance for the parabola; and the simple law of their formation is, that the curve everywhere makes equal angles with the lines drawn to these two centres. According to the fundamental canon, a conic section should be a beautiful curve; and the proof that it is so is to be found in the attention which these curves have always drawn upon themselves from artists and from mathematicians. Plato, equally great in mathematics and in metaphysics, is said to have been the first to investigate the properties of the ellipse. For about a century and a half, to the time of Apollonius, the beauty of this curve, and of its variations, the parabola and hyperbola, so fascinated the minds of Plato's followers, that Apollonius found theorems and problems relating to these figures sufficient to fill eight books with condensed truths concerning them. The study of the conic sections has been a part of polite learning from his day downward. All men confess their beauty, which so entrances those of mathematical genius as entirely to absorb them. For eighteen centuries the finest spirits of our race drew some of their best means of intellectual discipline from the study of the ellipse. Then came a new era in the history of this curve. Hitherto it had been an abstract form, a geometrical speculation. But Kepler, by some fortunate guess, was led to examine whether the orbits of the planets might not be elliptical, and, lo! it was found that this curve, whose beauty had so fascinated so many men for so many ages, had been deemed by the great Architect

of the Heavens beautiful enough to introduce into Nature on the grandest scale; the morning stars had been for countless ages tracing diagrams beforehand in illustration of Apollonius's conic sections. It seemed that this must have been the design of Providence in leading Plato and his followers to investigate the ellipse, that Kepler might be prepared to guide men to a knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies. "And," said Kepler, "if the Creator has waited so many years for an observer, I may wait a century for a reader." But in less than a century a reader arose in the person of the English Newton. The ellipse again appeared in human history, playing a no less important part than before. For, as it was only by a profound knowledge of ellipses that Kepler could establish his three beautiful facts with regard to the motions of the planets, so also was it only through a still more perfect and intimate acquaintance with the minute peculiarities of that curve that Sir Isaac Newton could demonstrate that these three facts were perfectly accounted for only by his theory of universal gravitation,—the most beautiful theory ever devised, and the most firmly established of all scientific hypotheses. If the ellipse, as a simply geometrical speculation, has had so much power in the education of the race, what are the intellectual relations of its beauty through its connection with astronomy? Who can estimate the influence which this oldest of physical sciences has had upon human destiny? Who can tell how much intellectual life and self-reliance, how much also of humility and reverential awe, how much adoration of Divine Wisdom, have been gained by man through his study of these heavenly diagrams, marked out by the sun and the moon, by the planets and the comets, upon the tablets of the sky? Yet, without the ellipse, without the conic sections of Plato and Apollonius, astronomy would have been to this day a sealed science, and the labors of Hipparchus, Ptolemy, Tycho, and Copernicus would have waited in vain for the genius of

Kepler and of Newton to educe divine order from the seeming chaos of motions.

But the obligations of man to the ellipse do not end here. The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries also owe it a debt of gratitude. Even where the knowledge of conic sections does not enter as a direct component of that analytical power which was the glory of a Lagrange, a Laplace, and a Gauss, and which is the glory of a Leverrier, a Peirce, and their companions in science, it serves as a part of the necessary scaffolding by which that skill is attained,—of the necessary discipline by which their power was exercised and made available for the solution of the great problems of astronomy, optics, and thermotics, which have been solved in our century.

There is another curve, generated by a simple law from a circle, which has played an important part at various epochs in the intellectual history of our race. A spot on the tire of a wheel running on a straight, level road, will describe in the air a series of peculiar arches, called the cycloid. The law of its formation is simple; the law of its curvature is also simple. The path in which the spot moves curves exactly in proportion to its nearness to the lowest point of the wheel. By the simplicity of its law, it ought, according to the canon, to be a beautiful curve. Now, although artists have not shown any admiration for the cycloid, as they have for the ellipse, yet the mathematicians have gazed upon it with great eagerness, and found it rich in intellectual treasures. Chasles, in his History, says that the cycloid interweaves itself with all the great discoveries of the seventeenth century.

A curve which fulfils more perfectly the demands of our *dictum* is that of an elastic thread, to which we have already alluded. If the two ends of a straight steel hair be brought towards each other by simple pressure, the intervening spring may be put into a series of various forms,—simple undulations, and those more complicated, a figure 8, loops turning

alternately opposite ways, loops turning all one way, and finally a circle. Now the whole of this variety is the result of subjecting each part of the curve to a law more simple than that of the cycloid. The elastic curve is a curve which bends or curves exactly in proportion to its distance from a given straight line. According to the canon, therefore, this curve should be beautiful; and it is acknowledged to be so in the examples given by the bending osier and the waving grain,—also by the few who have seen full drawings of all the forms. And the mathematician finds in it a new beauty, from its marvellous correspondence with the motions of a pendulum,—the algebraic expression of the two being identical.

The forms of organic life afford, however, the best examples of the dominion of our fundamental canon. The infinite variety of vegetable forms, all beautiful, and each one different in its beauty, is all the result of simple laws. It is true that these simple laws are not as yet all discovered; but the one great discovery of Phyllotaxis, which shows that all plants follow one law in the arrangement of their leaves upon the stem, thereby intimates in unmistakable language the simplicity and unity of all organic vegetable laws; and a similar assurance is given by the morphological reduction of all parts to a metamorphosed leaf.

The law of phyllotaxis, like that of the elastic curve, is carried out in time as well as in space. As the formula for the elastic curve is the same as that for the pendulum, so the law by which the spaces of the leaves are divided in scattering them round the stem, to give each its opportunity for light and air, is the same as that by which the times of the planets are proportioned to keep them scattered about the sun, and prevent them from gathering on one side of their central orb.

The forms of plants and trees are dependent upon the arrangement of the branches, and the arrangement of the branches depends upon that of the buds or leaves. The leaves are arranged by this numerical law,—that the angular dis-

tance about the stem between two successive leaves shall be in such ratio to the whole circumference as may be expressed by a continued fraction composed wholly of the figure 1. It is, then, true, that all the beauty of the vegetable world which depends on the arrangement of parts — the graceful symmetry or more graceful apparent disregard of symmetry in the general form of plants, all the charm of the varying forms of forest trees, which adds such loveliness to the winter landscape, and such a refined source of pleasure to the exhilaration of the winter morning walk — is the result of the simplest variations in a simple numerical law; and is thus clearly brought under our fundamental canon. It is the perception of this unity in diversity, of this similarity of plan, for instance, in all tree-like forms, however diverse, — the sprig of mignonette, the rose-bush, the fir, the cedar, the fan-shaped elm, the oval rock-maple, the columnar hickory, the dense and slender shaft of the poplar, — which charms the eye of those who have never heard in what algebraic or arithmetical terms this unity may be defined, in what geometrical or architectural figures this diversity may be expressed.

When we look at the animal kingdom, we recognize there also the presence of simple, all-pervading laws. The four great types of animal structures are readily discerned by the dullest eye: no man fails to see the likeness among all vertebrates, or the likeness among all articulates, the likeness among all mollusks, or the likeness among all radiates. These four types show, moreover, a certain unity, even to the untaught eye: we call them all by one name, animals, and feel that there is a likeness between them deeper than the widest differences in their structure; there are analogies where there are not homologies.

The difference between the four types of animals is marked at a very early period in the embryo, — the embryo taking one of four different forms, according to the department to which it belongs; and Peirce has shown that these four forms

are all embodiments of one single law of position. If, then, one single algebraic law of form includes the four diverse forms of the four great branches of the animal kingdom, is it extravagant to suppose that the diversities in each branch are also capable of being included in simple generalizations of form? Is it unreasonable to believe that the exceeding beauty of animated forms, and of the highest, the human form, arises from the fact that these forms are the result of some simple intellectual law, a simple conception of the Divine Geometer, assuming varied developments in the great series of animated beings? It is the unity of the form, arising from the simplicity of its law, and the multiplicity of its manifestations or details, arising from the generality of its law, that, intuitively perceived by the eye, although the intellect may not apprehend them, give the charm to the figures of the animate creation.

The subject, even in the narrow limits which we have imposed upon ourselves, would admit of a much longer discussion. The various animals might, for instance, be compared with each other, and the beauty of the most beautiful could be clearly shown to be owing to the greater variety in the outline, or the greater variety of position, which they included in equal unity of general effect. And should we step outside the bounds which we have prescribed to ourselves, we should find that in other things than questions of mere form the general canon holds true, that laws produce beauty in proportion to their own simplicity and to the variety of their effects. As a single example, take the most beautiful of the fine arts, the art which is free from the laws of space, and subject only to those of time, and in which, therefore, we find a beauty removed as far as possible from that of curvilinear outlines. How exceedingly simple are the fundamental laws of music, of simple rhythm and simple harmony! yet how infinitely varied, and how inexpressibly touching are its effects! In studying music as a mere matter of intellectual science, all is simple; it is only an easy

chapter in acoustics. But in studying it on the side of the emotions, in studying the laws of counterpoint and of musical form, which are governed by the effect upon the ear and the heart, we find intricacy and difficulties, increased beyond our power of understanding.

So in the harmony of the spheres, in the varied beauty which clothes the earth and pervades the heavens, in the beauty which addresses itself to eye and ear, and in the beauty which addresses only the inward sense,—the harmonious arrangements of the social world, and the adjust-

ment of domestic, civil, and political relations,—there is an infinite diversity of result, infinitely varied in its effect upon the observer. But could we behold the Kosmos as it is beheld by its Creator, we should perchance find the whole encyclopædia of our science resting upon a few great, but simple laws; we should see that the whole universe, in all its infinite complication, is the fulfilment of perhaps a single simple thought of the Divine Mind, and that it is this unity pervading the diversity which makes it the Kosmos, Beauty.

FOUND AND LOST.

And he sold his birth-right unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles.

GEN. XXV. 33, 34.

..... So! I let fall the curtain; he was dead. For at least half an hour I had stood there with the manuscript in my hand, watching that face settling in its last stillness, watching the finger of the Composer smoothing out the deeply furrowed lines on cheek and forehead,—the faint recollection of the light that had perhaps burned behind his childish eyes struggling up through the swarthy cheek, as if to clear the last world's-dust from the atmosphere surrounding the man who had just refound his youth. His head rested on his hand,—and so satisfied and content was his quiet attitude, that he looked as if resting from a long, wearisome piece of work he was glad to have finished. I don't know how it was, but I thought, oddly enough, in connection with him, of a little school-fellow of mine years ago, who one day, in his eagerness to prove that he could jump farther than some of his companions, upset an ink-stand over his prize essay, and, overcome with mortification, disappointment, and vexation, burst into tears, hastily scratched his name from the list of competitors,

and then rushed out of doors to tear his ruined essay into fragments; and we found him that afternoon lying on the grass, with his head on his hand, just as *he* lay now, having sobbed himself to sleep.

I dropped the curtains of the bed, drew those of the window more closely, to exclude the shrill winter wind that was blowing the slant sleet against the clattering window-panes, broke up the lump of cannel coal in the grate into a bright blaze that subsided into a warm, steady glow of heat and light, drew an arm-chair and a little table up to the cheerful fire, and sat down to read the manuscript which the quiet man behind the curtains had given me. Why shouldn't I (I was his physician) make myself as comfortable as was possible at two o'clock of a stormy winter night, in a house that contained but two persons beside my German patient,—a half-stupid serving-man, doubtless already asleep down-stairs, and myself? This is what I read that night, with the comfortable fire on one side, and Death, holding strange colloquy

with the fitful, screaming, moaning wind, on the other.

As I wish simply to relate what has happened to me, (thus the manuscript began,) what I attempted, in what I sinned, and how I failed, I deem no introduction or genealogies necessary to the first part of my life. I was an only child of parents who were passionately fond of me,—the more, perhaps, because an accident that had happened to me in my childhood rendered me for some years a partial invalid. One day, (I was about five years old then,) a gentleman paid a visit to my father, riding a splendid Arabian horse. Upon dismounting, he tied the horse near the steps of the piazza instead of the horseblock, so that I found I was just upon the level with the stirrup, standing at a certain elevation. Half as an experiment, to try whether I could touch the horse without his starting, I managed to get my foot into the stirrup, and so mounted upon his back. The horse, feeling the light burden, *did* start, broke from his fastening, and sped away with me on his back at the top of his speed. He ran several miles without stopping, and finished by pitching me off his back upon the ground, in leaping a fence. This fall produced some disease of the spine, which clung to me till I was twelve years old, when it was almost miraculously cured by an itinerant Arab physician. He was generally pronounced to be a quack, but he certainly effected many wonderful cures, mine among others.

I had always been an imaginative child; and my long-continued sedentary life compelling me (a welcome compulsion) to reading as my chief occupation and amusement, I acquired much knowledge beyond my years.

My reading generally had one peculiar tone: a certain kind of mystery was an essential ingredient in the fascination that books which I considered interesting had for me. My earliest fairy tales were not those unexciting stories in which the good genius appears at the beginning of the book, endowing the hero with such an

invincible talisman that suspense is banished from the reader's mind, too well enabled to foresee the triumph at the end; but stories of long, painful quests after hidden treasure,—mysterious enchantments thrown around certain persons by witch or wizard, drawing the subject in charmed circles nearer and nearer to his royal or ruinous destiny,—strange spells cast upon bewitched houses or places, that could be removed only by the one hand appointed by Fate. So I pored over the misty legends of the San Grail, and the sweet story of "The Sleeping Beauty," as my first literature; and as the rough years of practical boyhood trooped up to elbow my dreaming childhood out of existence, I fed the same hunger for the hidden and mysterious with Detective-Police stories, Captain Kidd's voyages, and wild tales of wrecks on the Spanish Main, of those vessels of fabulous wealth that strewed the deep sea's lap with gems (so the stories ran) of lustre almost rare enough to light the paths to their secret hiding-places.

But in the last year of my captivity as an invalid a new pleasure fell into my hands. I discovered my first book of travels in my father's library, and as with a magical key unlocked the gate of an enchanted realm of wondrous and ceaseless beauty. It was Sir John Mandeville who introduced me to this field of exhaustless delight; not a very trustworthy guide, it must be confessed,—but my knowledge at that time was too limited to check the boundless faith I reposed in his narrative. It was such an astonishment to discover that men, black-coated and black-trousered men, such as I saw in crowds every day in the street from my sofa-corner, (we had moved to the city shortly after my accident,) had actually broken away from that steady stream of people, and had traversed countries as wild and unknown as the lands in the Nibelungen Lied, that my respect for the race rose amazingly. I scanned eagerly the sleek, complacent faces of the portly burghers, or those of the threadbare schoolmasters, thinned like carving-

knives by perpetual sharpening on the steel of Latin syntax, in search of men who could have dared the ghastly terrors of the North with Ross or Parry, or the scorching jungles of the Equator with Burckhardt and Park. Cut off for so long a time from actual contact with the outside world, I could better imagine the brooding stillness of the Great Desert, I could more easily picture the weird ice-palaces of the Pole, waiting, waiting forever in awful state, like the deserted halls of the Walhalla for their slain gods to return, than many of the common street-scenes in my own city, which I had only vaguely heard mentioned.

I followed the footsteps of the Great Seekers over the wastes, the untrodden paths of the world; I tracked Columbus across the pathless Atlantic, — heard, with Balboa, the “wave of the loud-roaring ocean break upon the long shore, and the vast sea of the Pacific forever crash on the beach,” — gazed with Cortés on the temples of the Sun in the startling Mexican empire, — or wandered with Pizarro through the silver-lined palaces of Peru. But a secret affection drew me to the mysterious regions of the East and South, — towards Arabia, the wild Ishmael bequeathing sworded Korans and subtle Aristotles as legacies to the sons of the freed-woman, — to solemn Egypt, riddle of nations, the vast, silent, impenetrable mystery of the world. By continual pondering over the footsteps of the Seekers, the Sought-for seemed to grow to vast proportions, and the Found to shrink to inappreciable littleness. For me, over the dreary ice-plains of the Poles, over the profound bosom of Africa, the far-stretching steppes of Asia, and the rocky wilds of America, a great silence brooded, and in the unexplored void faint footfalls could be heard here and there, threading their way in the darkness. But while the longing to plunge, myself, into these dim regions of expectation grew more intense each day, the prison-chains that had always bound me still kept their habitual hold upon me, even after my recovery. I dreamt not

of making even the vaguest plans for undertaking explorations myself. So I read and dreamt, filling my room with wild African or monotonous Egyptian scenery, until I was almost weaned from ordinary Occidental life.

I passed four blissful years in this happy dream-life, and then it was abruptly brought to an end by the death of my father and mother almost simultaneously by an epidemic fever prevailing in the neighborhood. I was away from home at a bachelor uncle's at the time, and so was unexpectedly thrown on his hands, an orphan, penniless, except in the possession of the small house my father had owned in the country before our removal to the city, and to be provided for. My uncle placed me in a mercantile house to learn business, and, after exercising some slight supervision over me a few months, left me entirely to my own resources. As, however, he had previously taken care that these resources should be sufficient, I got along very well upon them, was regularly promoted, and in the space of six years, at the age of twenty-one, was in a rather responsible situation in the house, with a good salary. But my whole attention could not be absorbed in the dull routine of business, my most precious hours were devoted to reading, in which I still pursued my old childish track of speculation, with the difference that I exchanged Sinbad's valley of diamonds for Arabia Petræa, Sir John Mandeville for Herodotus, and Robinson Crusoe for Belzoni and Burckhardt. Whether my interest in these Oriental studies arose from the fact of the house being concerned in the importation of the products of the Indies, or whether from the secret attraction that had drawn me Eastward since my earliest childhood, as if the Arab doctor had bewitched in curing me, I cannot say; probably it was the former, especially as the India business became gradually more and more intrusted to my hands.

Shortly after my twenty-first birthday, I received a note from my uncle, from whom I had not heard for a year or two,

informing me that my father's house, which he had kept rented for me during the first years of my minority, had been without a tenant for a year, and, as I had now come of age, I had better go down to D—— and take possession of it. This letter, touching upon a long train of associations and recollections, awoke an intense longing in me to revisit the home of my childhood, and meet those phantom shapes that had woven that spell in those dreaming years, which I sometimes thought I felt even now. So I obtained a short leave of absence, and started the next morning in the coach for D——.

It was what is called a "raw morning," for what reason I know not, for such days are really elaborated with the most exquisite finish. A soft gray mist hugged the country in a chilly embrace, while a fine rain fell as noiselessly as snow, upon soaked ground, drenched trees, and peevish houses. There is always a sense of wonder about a mist. The outlines of what we consider our hardest tangibilities are melted away by it into the airiest dream-sketches, our most positive and glaring facts are blankly blotted out, and a fresh, clean sheet left for some new fantasy to be written upon it, as groundless as the rest; our solid land dissolves in cloud, and cloud assumes the stability of land. For, after all, the only really tangible thing we possess is man's Will; and let the presence and action of that be withdrawn but for a few moments, and that mysterious Something which we vainly endeavor to push off into the Void by our pompous nothings of brick and plaster and stone closes down upon us with the descending sky, writing *Delendum* on all behind us, *Unknown* on all before. At that time, the only actual Now, that stands between these two infinite blanks, becomes identical with the mind itself, independent of accidents of situation or circumstance; and the mind thus becoming boldly prominent, amidst the fading away of physical things, stamps its own character upon its shadowy surroundings, moulding the sup-

ple universe to the shape of its emotions and feelings.

I was the only inside passenger, and there was nothing to check the entire surrender of my mind to all ghostly influence. So I lay stretched upon the cushions, staring blankly into the dense gray fog closing up all trace of our travelled road, or watching the light edges of the trailing mist curl coyly around the roofs of houses and then settle grimly all over them, the fantastic shapes of trees or carts distorted and magnified through the mist, the lofty outlines of some darker cloud stalking solemnly here and there, like enormous dumb overseers faithfully superintending the work of annihilation. The monotonous patter of the rain-drops upon the wet pavement or muddy roads, blending with the low whining of the wind and the steady rumble of the coach-wheels, seemed to make a kind of witch-chant, that wove with braided sound a weird spell about me, a charm fating me for some service, I knew not what. That chant moaned, it wailed, it whispered, it sang gloriously, it bound, it drowned me, it lapped me in an inextricable stream of misty murmuring, till I was perplexed, bewildered, enchanted. I felt surprised at myself, when, at the end of the day's journey, I carried my bag to the hotel, and ate my supper there as usual,—and felt natural again only when, having obtained the key of my house, I sallied forth in the dim twilight to make it my promised visit.

I found the place, as I had expected, in a state of utter desolation. A year's silence had removed it so far from the noisy stream of life that flowed by it, that I felt, as I pushed at the rusty door-lock, as if I were passing into some old garret of Time, where he had thrown forgotten rubbish too worn-out and antiquated for present use. A strong scent of musk greeted me at my entrance, which I found came from a box of it that had been broken upon the hall-floor. I had stowed it away (it was a favorite perfume with me, because it was so associated with my Arabian Nights' stories) upon a ledge over

the door, where it had rested undisturbed while the house was tenanted, and had been now probably dislodged by rats. But I half fancied that this odor which impregnated the air of the whole house was the essence of that atmosphere in which, as a child, I had communicated with Burekhardt and Belzoni,—and that, expelled by the solid, practical, Occidental atmosphere of the last few years, it had flowed back again, in these last silent months, in anticipation of my return.

Like a prudent householder, I made the tour of the house with a light I had provided myself with, and mentally made memoranda of repairs, alterations, etc., for rendering it habitable. My last visit was to be to the garret, where many of my books yet remained. As I passed once more through the parlor, on my way thither, a ray of light from my raised lamp fell upon the wall that I had thought blank, and a majestic face started suddenly from the darkness. So sudden was the apparition, that for the moment I was startled, till I remembered that there had formerly been a picture in that place, and I stopped to examine it. It was a head of the Sphinx. The calm, grand face was partially averted, so that the sorrowful eyes, almost betraying the aching secret which the still lips kept sacred, were hidden,—only the slight, tender droop in the corner of the mouth told what their expression might be. Around, forever stretched the endless sands,—the mystery of life found in the heart of death. That mournful, eternal face gave me a strange feeling of weariness and helplessness. I felt as if I had already pressed eagerly to the other side of the head, still only to find the voiceless lips and mute eyes. Strange tears sprang to my eyes; I hastily brushed them away, and, leaving the Sphinx, mounted to my garret.

But the riddle followed me. I sat down on the floor, beside a box of books, and somewhat listlessly began pulling it over to examine the contents. The first book I took hold of was a little worn volume of Herodotus that had belonged to

my father. I opened it; and as if it, too, were a link in the chain of influences which I half felt was being forged around me, it opened at the first part of "Euterpe," where Herodotus is speculating upon the phenomena of the Nile. Twenty-two hundred years,—I thought,—and we are still wondering, the Sphinx is still silent, and we yet in the darkness! Alas, if this riddle be insoluble, how can we hope to find the clue to deeper problems? If there are places on our little earth whither our feet cannot go, curtains that our hands cannot withdraw, how can we expect to track paths through realms of thought,—how to voyage in those airy, impalpable regions whose existence we are sure of only while we are there voyaging?

"Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc latet."

Lost through reckless presumption, might not earnest humility recover that mysterious lurking-place? Might not one, by devoted toil, by utter self-sacrifice, with eyes purified by long searching from worldly and selfish pollution,—might not such a one tear away the veil of centuries, and, even though dying in the attempt, gain one look into this arcanum? Might not I?—The unutterable thought thrilled me and left me speechless, even in thinking. I strained my forehead against the darkness, as if I could grind the secret from the void air. Then I experienced the following mental sensation,—which, being purely mental, I cannot describe precisely as it was, but will translate it as nearly as possible into the language of physical phenomena.

It was as if my mind—or, rather, whatever that passive substratum is that underlies our volition and more truly represents ourselves—were a still lake, lying quiet and indifferent. Presently the sense of some coming Presence sent a breathing ripple over its waters; and immediately afterward it felt a sweep as of trailing garments, and two arms were thrown around it, and it was pressed against a "life-giving bosom," whose vivi-

fiery warmth interpenetrating the whole body of the lake, its waters rose, moved by a mighty influence, in the direction of that retreating Presence; and again, though nothing was seen, I felt surely whither was that direction. It was NILEWARD. I knew, with the absolute certainty of intuition, that henceforth I was one of the *kletoi*, the chosen,—selected from thousands of ages, millions of people, for this one destiny. Henceforth a sharp dividing-line cut me off from all others: *their* appointment was to trade, navigate, eat and drink, marry and give in marriage, and the rest; mine was to discover the Source of the Nile. Hither had all the threads of my life been converging for many years; they had now reached their focus, and henceforth their course was fixed.

I was scarcely surprised the next day at receiving a letter from my employers appointing me to a situation as supercargo of a merchant-vessel bound on a three-years' voyage to America and China,—in returning thence, to sail up the Mediterranean, and stop at Alexandria. I immediately wrote an acceptance, and then busied myself about obtaining a three-years' tenant for my house. As the house was desirable and well-situated, this business was soon arranged; and then, as I had nothing further to do in the village, I left it for the last time, as it proved, and returned to the city,—whence, after a fortnight of preparation, I set sail on my eventful enterprise. Although our voyage was filled with incident that in another place would be interesting enough to relate, yet here I must omit all mention of it, and, passing over three years, resume my narrative at Alexandria, where I left the vessel, and finally broke away from mercantile life.

From Alexandria I travelled to Cairo, where I intended to hire a servant and a boat, for I wished to try the water-passage in preference to the land. The cheapness of labor and food rendered it no difficult matter to obtain my boat and provision it for a long voyage,—for how long I did not tell the Egyptian servant

whom I hired to attend me. A certain feeling of fatality caused me to make no attempt at disguise, although disguise was then much more necessary than it has been since: I openly avowed my purpose of travelling on the Nile for pleasure, as a private European. My accoutrements were simple and few. Arms, of course, I carried, and the actual necessities for subsistence; but I entirely forgot to prepare for sketching, scientific surveys, etc. My whole mind was possessed with one idea: to see, to discover;—plans for turning my discoveries to account were totally foreign to my thoughts.

So, on the 6th of November, 1824, we set sail. I had been waiting three years to arrive at this starting-point,—my whole life, indeed, had been dumbly turning towards it,—yet now I commenced it with a coolness and tranquillity far exceeding that I had possessed on many comparatively trifling occasions. It is often so. We are borne along on the current like drift-wood, and, spying jutting rocks or tremendous cataracts ahead, fancy, "Here we shall be stranded, there buoyed up, there dashed in pieces over those falls,"—but, for all that, we glide over those threatened catastrophes in a very commonplace manner, and are aware of what we have been passing only upon looking back at them. So no one sees the great light shining from Heaven,—for the people are bleared-eyed, and Saul is blinded. But as I left Cairo in the greatening distance, floating onward to the heart of the mysterious river, I floated also into the twin current of thought, that, flowing full and impetuous from the shores of the peopled Mediterranean, follows the silent river, and tracks it to its hidden lurking-place in the blank desert. Onward, past the breathless sands of the Libyan Desert, past the hundred-gated Thebes, past the stone guardians of Abou-Simbel, waiting in majestic patience for their spell of silence to be broken,—onward. It struck me curiously to come to the cataract, and be obliged to leave my boat at the foot of the first fall, and hire another above the second,—a forcible re-

minder that I was travelling backwards, from the circumference to the centre from which that circumference had been produced, faintly feeling my way along a tide of phenomena to the *noumenon* supporting them. So we always progress: from arithmetic to geometry, from observation to science, from practice to theory, and play with edged tools long before we know what knives mean. For, like Hop-o'-my-Thumb and his brothers, we are driven out early in the morning to the edge of the forest, and are obliged to grope our way back to the little house whence we come, by the crumbs dropped on the road. Alack! how often the birds have eaten our bread, and we are captured by the giant lying in wait!

On we swept, leaving behind the burning rocks and dreary sands of Egypt and Lower Nubia, the green woods and thick acacias of Dongola, the distant pyramids of Mount Birkel, and the ruins of Meroë, just discovered footmarks of Ancient Ethiopia descending the Nile to bequeathe her glory and civilization to Egypt. At Old Dongola, my companion was very anxious that we should strike across the country to Shendy, to avoid the great curve of the Nile through Ethiopia. He found the sail somewhat tedious, as I could speak but little Egyptian, which I had picked up in scraps,—he, no German or English. I managed to overrule his objections, however, as I could not bear to leave any part of the river unvisited; so we continued the water-route to the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, where I resolved to remain a week, before continuing my route. The inhabitants regarded us with some suspicion, but our inoffensive appearance so far conquered their fears that they were prevailed upon to give us some information about the country, and to furnish us with a fresh supply of rice, wheat, and dourra, in exchange for beads and bright-colored cloth, which I had brought with me for the purpose of such traffic, if it should be necessary. Bruce's discovery of the source of the Blue Nile, fifty years before, prevented the necessity of indecision in

regard to my route, and so completely was I absorbed in the one object of my journey, that the magnificent scenery and ruins along the Blue Nile, which had so fascinated Cailliaud, presented few allurements for me.

My stay was rather longer than I had anticipated, as it was found necessary to make some repairs upon the boat, and, inwardly fretting at each hour's delay, I was eager to seize the first opportunity for starting again. On the 1st of March, I made a fresh beginning for the more unknown and probably more perilous portion of my voyage, having been about four months in ascending from Cairo. As my voyage had commenced about the abatement of the sickly season, I had experienced no inconvenience from the climate, and it was in good spirits that I resumed my journey. For several days we sailed with little eventful occurring,—floating on under the cloudless sky, rippling a long white line through the widening surface of the ever-flowing river, through floating beds of glistening lotus-flowers, past undulating ramparts of foliage and winged ambak-blossoms guarding the shores scaled by adventurous vines that triumphantly waved their banners of white and purple and yellow from the summit, winding amid bowery islands studding the broad stream like gems, smoothly stemming the rolling flood of the river, flowing, ever flowing,—lurking in the cool shade of the dense mimosa forests, gliding noiselessly past the trodden lairs of hippopotami and lions, slushing through the reeds swaying to and fro in the green water, still borne along against the silent current of the mysterious river, flowing, ever flowing.

We had now arrived at the land of the Dinkas, where the river, by broadening too much upon a low country, had become partially devoured by marsh and reeds, and our progress was very slow, tediously dragging over a sea of water and grass. I had become a little tired of my complete loneliness, and was almost longing for some collision with the tribes of savages that throng the shore, when

the incident occurred that determined my whole future life. One morning, about seven o'clock, when the hot sun had already begun to rob the day of the delicious freshness lingering around the tropical night, we happened to be passing a tract of firmer land than we had met with for some time, and I directed the vessel towards the shore, to gather some of the brilliant lotus-flowers that fringed the banks. As we neared the land, I threw my gun, without which I never left the boat, on the bank, preparatory to leaping out, when I was startled by hearing a loud, cheery voice exclaim in English,—“Hilloa! not so fast, if you please!”—and first the head and then the sturdy shoulders of a white man raised themselves slowly from the low shrubbery by which they were surrounded. He looked at us for a minute or two, and nodded with a contented air that perplexed me exceedingly.

“So,” he said, “you have come at last; I am tired of waiting for you”; and he began to collect his gun, knife, etc., which were lying on the ground beside him.

“And who are you,” I returned, “who lie in wait for me? I think, Sir, you have the advantage.”

Here the stranger interrupted me with a hearty laugh.

“My dear fellow,” he cried, “you are entirely mistaken. The technical advantage that you attribute to me is an error, as I do *not* have the honor of knowing your name, though you may know mine without further preface,—Friederick Herndon; and the real advantage which I wish to avail myself of, a boat, is obviously on your side. The long and the short of it is,” he added, (composedly extricating himself from the brushwood,) “that, travelling up in this direction for discovery and that sort of thing, you know, I heard at Sennaar that a white man with an Egyptian servant had just left the town, and were going in my direction in a boat. So I resolved to overtake them, and with their, or your, permission, join company. But they, or you, kept just in advance, and it was on-

ly by dint of a forced march in the night that I passed you. I learned at the last Dinka village that no such party had been yet seen, and concluded to await your arrival here, where I pitched my tent a day and a night waiting for you. I am heartily glad to see you, I assure you.”

With this explanation, the stranger made a spring, and leaped upon the yacht.

“Upon my word,” said I, still bewildered by his sudden appearance, “you are very unceremonious.”

“That,” he rejoined, “is a way we Americans have. We cannot stop to palaver. What would become of our manifest destiny? But since you are so kind, I will call my Egyptian. Times are changed since we were bondsmen in Egypt, have they not? Ah, I forgot,—you are not an American, and therefore cannot claim even our remote connection with the Ten Lost Tribes.” Then raising his voice, “Here, Ibrahim!”

Again a face, but this time a swarthy one, emerged from behind a bush, and in answer to a few directions in his own dialect the man came down to the boat, threw in the tent and some other articles of traveller’s furniture, and sprang in with the *nonchalance* of his master.

A little recovered from my first surprise, I seized the opportunity of a little delay in getting the boat adrift again to examine my new companion. He was standing carelessly upon the little deck of the vessel where he had first entered, and the strong morning light fell full upon his well-knit figure and apparently handsome face. The forehead was rather low, prominent above the eyebrows, and with keen, hollow temples, but deficient both in comprehensiveness and ideality. The hazel eyes were brilliant, but restless and shallow,—the mouth of good size, but with few curves, and perhaps a little too close for so young a face. The well-cut nose and chin and clean fine outline of face, the self-reliant pose of the neck and confident set of the shoulders characterized him as decisive and energetic, while the pleasant and

rather boyish smile that lighted up his face dispelled presently the peculiarly hard expression I had at first found in analyzing it. Whether it was the hard, shrewd light from which all the tender and delicate grace of the early morning had departed, I knew not; but it struck me that I could not find a particle of shade in his whole appearance. I seemed at once to take him in, as one sees the whole of a sunny country where there are no woods or mountains or valleys. And, in fact, I never did find any,—never any cool recesses in his character; and as no sudden depths ever opened in his eyes, so nothing was ever left to be revealed in his character;—like them, it could be sounded at once. That picture of him, standing there on my deck, with an indefinite expression of belonging to the place, as he would have belonged on his own hearth-rug at home, often recurred to me, again to be renewed and confirmed.

And thus carelessly was swept into my path, as a stray waif, that man who would in one little moment change my whole life! It is always so. Our life sweeps onward like a river, brushing in here a little sand, there a few rushes, till the accumulated drift-wood chokes the current, or some larger tree falling across it turns it into a new channel.

I had been so long unaccustomed to company that I found it quite a pleasant change to have some one to talk to; some one to sympathize with I neither wanted nor expected; I certainly did not find such a one in my new acquaintance. For the first two or three days I simply regarded him with the sort of wondering curiosity with which we examine a new natural phenomenon of any sort. His perfect self-possession and coolness, the *nîl-admirari* and *nîl-agitari* atmosphere which surrounded him, excited my admiration at first, till I discovered that it arose, not from the composure of a mind too deep-rooted to be swayed by external circumstances, but rather from a peculiar hardness and unimpressibility of temperament that kept him on the same level all the time. He had been born at a

certain temperature, and still preserved it, from a sort of *vis inertiae* of constitution. This impenetrability had the effect of a somewhat buoyant disposition, not because he could be buoyed on the tide of any strong emotion, but because few things could disturb or excite him. Unable to grasp the significance of anything outside of himself and his attributes, he took immense pride in stamping *his* character, *his* nationality, *his* practicality, upon every series of circumstances by which he was surrounded: he sailed up the Nile as if it were the Mississippi; although a well-enough-informed man, he practically ignored the importance of any city anterior to the Plymouth Settlement, or at least to London, which had the honor of sending colonists to New England; and he would have discussed American politics in the heart of Africa, had not my ignorance upon the topic generally excluded it from our conversation. He had what is most wrongly termed an exceedingly practical mind,—that is, not one that appreciates the practical existence and value of thought as such, considering that a *praxis*, but a mind that denied the existence of a thought until it had become realized in visible action.

“‘The end of a man is an action, and not a thought, though it be the noblest,’ as Carlyle has well written,” he triumphantly quoted to me, as, leaning over the little railing of the yacht, watching, at least I was, the smooth, green water gliding under the clean-cutting keel, we had been talking earnestly for some time. “A thought has value only as it is a potential action; if the action be abortive, the thought is as useless as a crank that fails to move an engine-wheel.”

“Then, if action is the wheel, and thought only the crank, what does the body of your engine represent? For what purpose are your wheels turning? For the sake of merely moving?”

“No,” said he, “moving to promote another action, and *that* another,—and —so on *ad infinitum*.”

“Then you leave out of your scheme a real engine, with a journey to accom-

plish, and an end to arrive at; for so wheels would only move wheels, and there would be an endless chain of machinery, with no plan, no object for its existence. Does not the very necessity we feel of having a reason for the existence, the operation of anything, a large plan in which to gather up all unravelled threads of various objects, proclaim thought as the final end, the real thing, of which action, more especially human action, is but the inadequate visible expression? What kinds of action does Carlyle mean, that are to be the wheels for our obedient thoughts to set in motion? Hand, arm, leg, foot action? These are all our operative machinery. Does he mean that our 'noblest thought' is to be chained as a galley-slave to these, to give them means for working a channel through which motive power may be poured in upon them? Are we to think that our fingers and feet may move and so we live, or they to run for our thought, and we live to think?"

"Supposing we *are*," said Herndon, "what practical good results from knowing it? Action for action's sake, or for thinking's sake, is still action, and all that we have to look out for. What business have the brakemen at the wheels with the destiny of the train? Their business is simply to lock and unlock the wheels; so that their end is in the wheels, and not in the train."

"A somewhat dreary end," I said, half to myself. "The whole world, then, must content itself with spinning one blind action out of another; which means that we must continually alter or displace something, merely to be able to displace and alter something else."

"On the contrary, we exchange vague, speculative mystifications for definite, tangible fact. In America we have too much reality, too many iron and steam facts, to waste much time over mere thinking. That, Sir, does for a sleepy old country, begging your pardon, like yours; but for one that has the world's destiny in its hands,—that is laying iron foot-

paths from the Atlantic to the Pacific for future civilization to take an evening stroll along to see the sun set,—that is converting black wool into white cotton, to clothe the inhabitants of Borrioboolagha,—that is trading, farming, electing, governing, fighting, annexing, destroying, building, puffing, blowing, steaming, racing, as our young two-hundred-year-old is,—we must work, we must act, and think afterwards. Whatsoever thy *hand* findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"And what," I said, "when hand-and-foot-action shall have ceased? will you then allow some play for thought-action?"

"We have no time to think of that," he returned, walking away, and thus stopping our conversation.

The man was consistent in his theory, at least. Having exalted physical motion (or action) to the place he did, he refused to see that the action he prized was more valuable through the thought it developed; consequently he reduced all actions to the same level, and prided himself upon stripping a deed of all its marvellousness or majesty. He did uncommon things in such a matter-of-fact way that he made them common by the performance. The faint spiritual double which I found lurking behind his steel and iron he either solidified with his metallic touch or pertinaciously denied its existence.

"Plato was a fool," he said, "to talk of an ideal table; for, supposing he could see it, and prove its existence, what good could it do? You can neither eat off it, nor iron on it, nor do anything else with it; so, for all practical purposes, a pine table serves perfectly well without hunting after the ideal. I want something that I can go up to, and know it is there by seeing and touching."

"But," said I, "does not that very susceptibility to bodily contact remove the table to an indefinite distance from you? If we can see and handle a thing, and yet not be able to hold that subtle property of generic existence, by which, one table being made, an infinite class is created, so real that tables may actually be

modelled on it, and yet so indefinite that you cannot set your hand on any table or collection of tables and say, 'It is here,'—if we can be absolutely conscious that we see the table, and yet have no idea how its image reflected on our retina can produce that absolute consciousness, does not the table grow dim and misty, and slip far away out of reach, of apprehension, much more of comprehension?"

"Stuff!" cried my companion. "If your metaphysics lead to proving that a board that I am touching with my hand is not there, I'll say, as I have already said, 'Throw (meta)physics to the dogs! I'll none of it!' A fine preparation for living in a material world, where we have to live in matter, by matter, and for matter, to wind one's self up in a snarl that puts matter out of reach, and leaves us with nothing to live in, or by, or for! Now *you*, for instance, are not content with this poor old Nile as it stands, but must go fussing and wondering and mystifying about it till you have positively nothing of a river left. I look at the water, the banks, the trees growing on them, the islands in which we get occasionally entangled: here, at least, I have a real, substantial river,—not equal for navigation to the Ohio or Mississippi, but still very fair.—Confound these flies!" he added, parenthetically, making a vigorous plunge at a dark cloud of the little pests that were closing down upon us.

"Then you see nothing strange and solemn in this wonderful stream? nothing in the weird civilization crouching at the feet, vainly looking to the head of its master hidden in the clouds? nothing in the echoing footsteps of nations passing down its banks to their destiny? nothing in the solemn, unbroken silence brooding over the fountain whence sprang this marvellous river, to bear precious gifts to thousands and millions, and again retreat unknown? Is there no mystery in unsolved questions, no wonder in miracles, no awe in inapproachability?"

"I see," said he, steadily, "that a river of some thousand miles long has run through a country peopled by contented,

or ignorant, or barbarous people, none of whom, of course, would take the slightest interest in tracing the river; that the dangers that have guarded the marvellous secret, as you call it, are not intrinsic to the secret itself, but are purely accidental and contingent. There is no more reason why the source of the Nile should not be found than that of the Connecticut; so I do not see that it is really at all inapproachable or awful."

"What in the world, Herndon," cried I, in desperation, "what in the name of common sense ever induced you to set out on this expedition? What do you want to discover the source of the Nile for?"

He answered with the ready air of one who has long ago made up his mind confidently on the subject he is going to speak about.

"It has long been evident to me, that civilization, flowing in a return current from America, must penetrate into Africa, and turn its immense natural advantages to such account, that it shall become the seat of the most flourishing and important empires of the earth. These, however, should be consolidated, and not split up into multitudinous missionary stations. If a stream of immigration could be started from the eastern side, up the Nile for instance, penetrating to the interior, it might meet the increased tide of a kindred nature from the west, and uniting somewhere in the middle of Soudan, the central point of action, the capital city could be founded there, as a heart for the country, and a complete system of circulation be established. By this method of entering the country at both sides simultaneously, of course its complete subjugation could be accomplished in half the time that it would take for a body of emigrants, however large, to make headway from the western coast alone. About the source of the Nile I intend to mark out the site for my city, and then" —

"And call it," I added, "Herndonville."

"Perhaps," he said, gravely. "At all

events, my name will be inseparably connected with the enterprise; and if I can get the steamboat started during my lifetime, I shall make a comfortable fortune from the speculation."

"What a gigantic scheme!" I exclaimed.

"Ah," he said, complacently, "we Americans don't stick at trifles."

"Oh, marvellous practical genius of America!" I cried, "to eclipse Herodotus and Diodorus, not to mention Bruce and Cailliaud, and inscribe Herndonville on the arcanum of the Innermost! If the Americans should discover the origin of evil, they would run up penitentiaries all over the country, modelled to suit 'practical purposes.'"

"I think that would pay," said Herndon, reflectively.

But though I then stopped the conversation, yet I felt its influence afterwards. The divine enthusiasm for *knowing*, that had inspired me for the last three years, and had left no room for any other thought in connection with the discovery,—this enthusiasm felt chilled and deadened. I felt reproached that I had not thought of founding a Pottsville or Jenkinsville, and my grand purpose seemed small and vague and indefinite. The vivid, living thoughts that had enkindled me fell back cold and lifeless into the tedious, reedy water. For we had now reached the immense shallow lake that Werne has since described, and the scenery had become flat and monotonous, as if in sympathy with the low, marshy place to which my mind had been driven. The intricate windings of the river, after we had passed the lake, rendered the navigation very slow and difficult; and the swarms of flies, that plagued us for the first time seriously, brought petty annoyances to view more forcibly than we had experienced in all our voyage before.

After some days' pushing in this way, now driven by a strong head wind almost back from our course, again, by a sudden change, carried rapidly many miles on our journey,—after some days

of this sailing, we arrived at a long, low reef of rocks. The water here became so shallow and boisterous that further attempt at sailing was impossible, and we determined to take our boat to pieces as much as we could, and carry it with us, while we walked along the shore of the river. I concluded, from the marked depression in the ground we had just passed, that there must be a corresponding elevation about here, to give the water a sufficient head to pass over the high ground below; and the almost cataract appearance of the river added strength to my hypothesis. We were all four armed to the teeth, and the natives had shown themselves, hitherto, either so friendly or so indifferent that we did not have much apprehension on account of personal safety. So we set out with beating hearts. Our path was exceedingly difficult to traverse, leading chiefly among low trees and over the sharp stones that had rolled from the river,—now close by the noisy stream, which babbled and foamed as if it had gone mad,—now creeping on our knees through bushes, matted with thick, twining vines,—now wading across an open morass,—now in mimosa woods, or slipping in and out of the feathery *dhelb*-palms.

Since our conversation spoken of above, Herndon and I had talked little with each other, and now usually spoke merely of the incidents of the journey, the obstacles, etc.; we scarcely mentioned that for which we were both longing with intense desire, and the very thoughts of which made my heart beat quicker and the blood rush to my face. One day we came to a place where the river made a bend of about two miles and then passed almost parallel to our point of view. I proposed to Herndon that he should pursue the course of the river, and that I would strike a little way back into the country, and make a short cut across to the other side of the bend, where he and the men would stop, pitch our night-tent, and wait for me. Herndon assented, and we parted. The low fields around us changed, as I went on, to firm, hard, rising

ground, that gradually became sandy and arid. The luxuriant vegetation that clung around the banks of the river seemed to be dried up little by little, until only a few dusty bushes and thorn-acacias studied in clumps a great, sandy, and rocky tract of country, which rolled monotonously back from the river border with a steadily increasing elevation. A sandy plain never gives me a sense of real substance; it always seems as if it must be merely a covering for something,—a sheet thrown over the bed where a dead man is lying. And especially here did this broad, trackless, seemingly boundless desert face me with its blank negation, like the old obstinate “No” which Nature always returns at first to your eager questioning. It provoked me, this staring reticence of the scenery, and stimulated me to a sort of dogged exertion. I think I walked steadily for about three hours over the jagged rocks and burning sands, interspersed with a few patches of straggling grass,—all the time up hill, with never a valley to vary the monotonous climbing,—until the bushes began to thicken in about the same manner as they had thinned into the desert, the grass and herbage herded closer together under my feet, and, beating off the ravenous sand, gradually expelled the last trace of it, a few tall trees strayed timidly among the lower shrubbery, growing more and more thickly, till I found myself at the border of an apparently extensive forest. The contrast was great between the view before and behind me. Behind lay the road I had achieved, the monotonous, toilsome, wearisome desert, the dry, formal introduction, as it were, to my coming journey. Before, long, cool vistas opened green through delicious shades,—a track seemed to be almost made over the soft grass, that wound in and out among the trees, and lost itself in interminable mazes. I plunged into the profound depths of the still forest, and confidently followed for path the first open space in which I found myself.

It was a strangely still wood for the tropics,—no chattering parroquets, no

screaming magpies, none of the sneering, gibing dissonances that I had been accustomed to,—all was silent, and yet intensely living. I fancied that the noble trees took pleasure in growing, they were so energized with life in every leaf. I noticed another peculiarity,—there was little underbrush, little of the luxuriance of vines and creepers, which is so striking in an African forest. Parasitic life, luxurious idleness, seemed impossible here; the atmosphere was too sacred, too solemn, for the fantastic ribaldry of scarlet runners, of flaunting yellow streamers. The lofty boughs interlaced in arches overhead, and the vast dim aisles opened far down in the tender gloom of the wood and faded slowly away in the distance. And every little spray of leaves that tossed airily in the pleasant breeze, every slender branch swaying gently in the wind, every young sapling pushing its childish head panting for light through the mass of greenery and quivering with golden sunbeams, every trunk of aged tree gray with moss and lichens, every tuft of flowers, seemed thrilled and vivified by some wonderful knowledge which it held secret, some consciousness of boundless, inexhaustible existence, some music of infinite unexplored thought concealing treasures of unlimited action. And it was the knowledge, the consciousness, that it was unlimited which seemed to give such elastic energy to this strange forest. But at all events, it was such a relief to find the everlasting negation of the desert nullified, that my dogged resolution insensibly changed to an irrepressible enthusiasm, which bore me lightly along, scarcely sensible of fatigue.

The ascent had become so much steeper, and parts of the forest seemed to slope off into such sudden declivities and even precipices, that I concluded I was ascending a mountain, and, from the length of time I had been in the forest, I judged that it must be of considerable height. The wood suddenly broke off as it had begun, and, emerging from the cool shade, I found myself in a complete wilderness of rock. Rocks of enormous size were

thrown about in apparently the wildest confusion, on the side of what I now perceived to be a high mountain. How near the summit I was I had no means of determining, as huge boulders blocked up the view at a few paces ahead. I had had about eight hours' tramp, with scarcely any cessation; yet now my excitement was too great to allow me to pause to eat or rest. I was anxious to press on, and determine that day the secret which I was convinced lay entombed in this sepulchre. So again I pressed onward,—this time more slowly,—having to pick my way among the bits of jagged granite filling up terraces sliced out of the mountain, around enormous rocks projecting across my path,—overhanging precipices that sheered straight down into dark abysses, (I must have verged round to a different side from that I came up on.)—creeping through narrow passages formed by the junction of two immense boulders. Tearing my hands with the sharp corners of the rocks, I climbed in vain hope of at last seeing the summit. Still rocks piled on rocks faced my wearied eyes, vainly striving to pierce through some chink or cranny into the space behind them. Still rocks, rocks, rocks, against whose adamantine sides my feeble will dashed restlessly and impotently. My eyeballs almost burst, as it seemed, in the intense effort to strain through those stone prison-walls. And by one of those curious links of association by which two distant scenes are united as one, I seemed again to be sitting in my garret, striving to pierce the darkness for an answer to the question then raised, and at the same moment passed over me, like the sweep of angels' wings, the consciousness of that Presence which had there infolded me. And with that consciousness, the eager, irritated waves of excitement died away, and there was a calm, in which I no longer beat like a caged beast against the never-ending rocks, but, borne irresistibly along in the strong current of a mighty, still emotion, pressed on with a certainty that left no room for excitement, because none for doubt. And so I came upon it. Swing-

ing round one more rock, hanging over a breathless precipice, and landing upon the summit of the mountain, I beheld it stretched at my feet: a lake about five miles in circumference, bedded like an eye in the naked, bony rock surrounding it, with quiet rippling waters placidly smiling in the level rays of the afternoon sun,—the Unfathomable Secret, the Mystery of Ages, the long sought for, the Source of the Nile.

For, from a broad cleft in the rocks, the water hurled itself out of its hiding-place, and, dashing down over its rocky bed, rushed impetuous over the sloping country, till, its force being spent, it waded tediously through the slushing reeds of the hill-land again, and so rolled down to sea. For, while I stood there, it seemed as if my vision were preternaturally sharpened, and I followed the bright river in its course, through the alternating marsh and desert,—through the land where Zeus went banqueting among the blameless Ethiopians,—through the land where the African princes watched from afar the destruction of Cambyse's army,—past Meroë, Thebes, Cairo; bearing upon its heaving bosom anon the cradle of Moses, the gay vessels of the inundation festivals, the stately processions of the mystic priesthood, the gorgeous barge of Cleopatra, the victorious trireme of Antony, the screaming vessels of fighting soldiers, the stealthy boats of Christian monks, the glittering, changing, flashing tumult of thousands of years of life,—ever flowing, ever ebbing, with the mystic river, on whose surface it seethed and bubbled. And the germ of all this vast varying scene lay quietly hidden in the wonderful lake at my feet. But human life is always composed of inverted cones, whose bases, upturned to the eye, present a vast area, diversified with countless phenomena; but when the screen that closes upon them a little below the surface is removed, we shall be able to trace the many-lined figures, each to its simple apex,—one little point containing the essence and secret of the whole. Once or twice in the course of a lifetime are a

few men permitted to catch a glimpse of these awful Beginnings,—to touch for a minute the knot where all the tangled threads ravel themselves out smoothly. I had found such a place,—had had such an ineffable vision,—and, overwhelmed with tremendous awe, I sank on my knees, lost in GOD.

After a little while, as far as I can recollect, I rose and began to take the customary observations, marked the road by which I had come up the mountain, and planned a route for rejoining Herndon. But ere long all subordinate thoughts and actions seemed to be swallowed up in the great tide of thought and feeling that overmastered me. I scarcely remember anything from the time when the lake first burst upon my view, till I met Herndon again. But I know, that, as the day was nearly spent, I was obliged to give up the attempt to travel back that night, especially as I now began to feel the exhaustion attendant upon my long journey and fasting. I could not have slept among those rocks, eternal guardians of the mighty secret. The absence of all breathing, transitory existence but my own rendered it too solemn for me to dare to intrude there. So I went back to the forest, (I returned much quicker than I had come,) ate some supper, and, wrapped in a blanket I had brought with me, went to sleep under the arching branches of a tree. I have as little recollection of my next day's journey, except that I defined a diagonal and thus avoided the bend. I found Herndon waiting in front of the tent, rather impatient for my arrival.

"Halloo, old fellow!" he shouted, jumping up at seeing me, "I was really getting scared about you. Where have you been? What have you seen? What are our chances? Have you had any adventures? killed any lions, or anything? By-the-by, I had a narrow escape with one yesterday. Capital shot; but prudence is the better part of valor, you know. But, really," he said again, apparently struck by my abstraction of manner, "what *have* you seen?"

"I have found the source of the Nile," I said, simply.

Is it not strange, that, when we have a great thing to say, we are always compelled to speak so simply in monosyllables? Perhaps this, too, is an example of the law that continually reduces many to one,—the unity giving the substance of the plurality; but as the heroes of the "Iliad" were obliged to repeat the messages of the gods *literatim*, so we must say a great thing as it comes to us, by itself. It is curious to me now, that I was not the least excited in announcing the discovery,—not because I did not feel the force of it, but because my mind was so filled, so to speak, so saturated, with the idea, that it was perfectly even with itself, though raised to an immensely higher level. In smaller minds an idea seizes upon one part of them, thus inequalizing it with the rest, and so, throwing them off their balance, they are literally *deranged* (or *disarranged*) with excitement. It was so with Herndon. For a minute he stared at me in stupefied astonishment, and then burst into a torrent of incoherent congratulations.

"Why, Zeitzer!" he cried, "you are the lucky man, after all. Why, your fortune's made,—you'll be the greatest man of the age. You must come to America; that is the place for appreciating such things. You'll have a Common-Council dinner in Boston, and a procession in New York. Your book will sell like wildfire. You'll be a lion of the first magnitude. Just think! The Man who discovered the Source of the Nile!"

I stood bewildered, like one suddenly awakened from sleep. The unusual excitement in one generally so self-possessed and indifferent as my companion made me wonder sufficiently; but these allusions to my greatness, my prospects, completely astounded me. What had I done,—I who had been chosen, and led step by step, with little interference of my own, to this end? What did this talk of noise and clamorous notoriety mean?

"To think," Herndon ran on, "that you should have beaten me, after all!

that you should have first seen, first drunk of, first bathed in"——

"Drunk of! bathed in!" I repeated, mechanically. "Herndon, are you crazy? Would I dare to profane the sacred fountain?"

He made no reply, unless a quizzical smile might be considered as such,—but drew me within the tent, out of hearing of the two Egyptians, and bade me give an account of my adventures. When I had finished,—

"This is grand!" he exclaimed. "Now, if you will share the benefits of this discovery with me, I will halve the cost of starting that steamboat I spoke of, and our plan will soon be afloat. I shouldn't wonder, now, if one might not, in order to start the town, get up some kind of a little summer-pavilion there, on the top of the mountain,—something on the plan of the Tip-Top House at Mount Washington, you know,—hang the stars and stripes off the roof, if you're not particular, and call it *The Teuton-American*. That would give you your rightful priority, you see. By the beard of the Prophet, as they say in Cairo, the thing would take!"

I laughed heartily at this idea, and tried, at first in jest, then earnestly, to make him understand I had no such plans in connection with my discovery; that I only wanted to extend the amount of knowledge in the world,—not the number of ice-cream pavilions. I offered to let him take the whole affair into his own hands,—cost, profit, and all. I wanted nothing to do with it. But he was too honest, as he thought, for that, and still talked and argued,—giving his most visionary plans a definite, tangible shape and substance by a certain process of metallicizing, until they had not merely elbowed away the last shadow of doubt, but had effectually taken possession of the whole ground, and seemed to be the only consequences possible upon such a discovery. My dislike to personal traffic in the sublimities of truth began to waver. I felt keenly the force of the argument which Herndon used repeatedly, that, if

I did not thus claim the monopoly, (he talked almost as if I had invented something,) some one else would, and so injustice be added to what I had termed vulgarity. I felt that I must prevent injustice, at least. Besides, what should I have to show for all my trouble, (ah! little had I thought of "*I*" or my trouble a short time ago!)—what should I have gained, after all,—nay, what would there be gained for any one,—if I merely announced my discovery, without—starting the steamboat? And though I did feebly query whether I should be equally bound to establish a communication, with pecuniary emolument, to the North Pole, in case I discovered that, his remark, that this was the Nile, and had nothing to do with the North Pole, was so forcible and pertinent, that I felt ashamed of my suggestion; and upon second thought, that idea of the dinner and procession really had a good deal in it. I had been in New York, and knew the length of Broadway; and at the recollection, felt flattered by the thought of being conveyed in an open chariot drawn by four or even eight horses, with nodding plumes, (literal ones for the horses,—only metaphorical ones for me,) past those stately buildings fluttering with handkerchiefs, and through streets black with people thronging to see the man who had solved the riddle of Africa. And then it would be pleasant, too, to make a neat little speech to the Common Council,—letting the brave show catch its own tail in its mouth, by proving, that, if America did not achieve everything, she could appreciate—yes, appreciate was the word—those who did. Yes, this would be a fitting consummation; I would do it.

But, ah! how dim became the vision of that quiet lake on the summit of the mountain! How that vivid lightning-revelation faded into obscurity! Was Pharaoh again ascending his fatal chariot?

The next day we started for the ascent. We determined to follow the course of the river backwards around the bend and set out from my former starting-point, as any other course might lead us into a

hopeless dilemma. We had no difficulty in finding the sandy plain, and soon reached landmarks which I was sure were on the right road; but a tramp of six or eight hours—still in the road I had passed before—brought us no nearer to our goal. In short, we wandered three days in that desert, utterly in vain. My heart sunk within me at every failure; with sickening anxiety I scanned the horizon at every point, but nothing was visible but stunted bushes and white pebbles glistening in the glaring sand.

The fourth day came,—and Herndon at last stopped short, and said, in his steady, immobile voice,—

“Zeitser, you must have made this grand discovery in your dreams. There is no Nile up this way,—and our waterskins are almost dry. We had better return and follow up the course of the river where we left it. If we again fail, I shall return to Egypt to carry out my plan for converting the Pyramids into ice-houses. They are excellently well adapted for the purpose, and in that country a good supply of ice is a *desideratum*. Indeed, if my plan meets with half the success it deserves, the antiquaries two centuries hence will conclude that ice was the original use of those structures.”

“Shade of Cheops, forbid!” I exclaimed.

“Cheops be hanged!” returned my irreverent companion. “The world suffers too much now from overcrowded population to permit a man to claim standing-room three thousand years after his death,—especially when the claim is for some acres apiece, as in the case of these

pyramid-builders. Will you go back with me?”

I declined for various reasons, not all very clear even to myself; but I was convinced that his peculiar enticements were the cause of our failure, and I hated him unreasonably for it. I longed to get rid of him, and of his influence over me. Fool that I was! I was the sinner, and not he; for he *could* not see, because he was born blind, while I fell with my eyes open. I still held on to the vague hope, that, were I alone, I might again find that mysterious lake; for I knew I had not dreamed. So we parted.

But we two (my servant and I) were not left long alone in the Desert. The next day a party of natives surprised us, and, after some desperate fighting, we were taken prisoners, sold as slaves from tribe to tribe into the interior, and at length fell into the hands of some traders on the western coast, who gave us our freedom. Unwilling, however, to return home without some definite success, I made several voyages in a merchant-vessel. But I was born for one purpose; failing in that, I had nothing further to live for. The core of my life was touched at that fatal river, and a subtle disease has eaten it out till nothing but the rind is left. A wave, gathering to the full its mighty strength, had upreared itself for a moment majestically above its fellows,—falling, its scattered spray can only impotently sprinkle the dull, dreary shore. Broken and nerveless, I can only wait the lifting of the curtain, quietly wondering if a failure be always irretrievable,—if a prize once lost can never again be found.

AN EXPERIENCE.

A COMMON spring of water, sudden welling,
Unheralded, from some unseen impelling,
Unrecognized, began his life alone.
A rare and haughty vine looked down above him,
Unclassed her climbing glory, stooped to love him,
And wreathed herself about his curb of stone.

Ah, happy fount! content, in upward smiling,
To feel no life but in her fond beguiling,
To see no world but through her veil of green!
And happy vine, secure, in downward gazing,
To find one theme his heart forever praising,—
The crystal cup a throne, and she the queen!

I speak. I grew about him, ever dearer;
The water rose to meet me, ever nearer;
The water passed one day this curb of stone.
Was it a weak escape from righteous boundings,
Or yet a righteous scorn of false surroundings?
I only know I live my life alone.

Alone? The smiling fountain seems to chide me,—
The constant fountain, rooted still beside me,
And speaking wistful words I toil to hear:
Ah, how alone! The mystic words confound me;
And still the awakened fountain yearns beyond me,
Streaming to some unknown I may not near.

"Oh, list," he cries, "the wondrous voices calling!
I hear a hundred streams in silver falling;
I feel the far-off pulses of the sea.
Oh, come!" Then all my length beside him faring,
I strive and strain for growth, and soon, despairing,
I pause and wonder where the wrong can be.

Were we not equal? Nay, I stooped, from climbing,
To his obscure, to list the golden chiming,
So low to all the world, so plain to me.
Now, 'twere some broad fair streamlet, onward tending,
Should mate with him, and both, serenely blending,
Move in a grand accordance to the sea.

I tend not so; I hear no voices calling;
I have no care for rivers silver-falling;
I hate the far-off sea that wrought my pain.
Oh for some spell of change, my life new-aiming!
Or best, by spells his too much life reclaiming,
Hold all within the fountain-curb again!

ABOUT THIEVES.

It is recorded in the pages of Diodorus Siculus, that Actisanes, the Ethiopian, who was king of Egypt, caused a general search to be made for all Egyptian thieves, and that all being brought together, and the king having "given them a just hearing," he commanded their noses to be cut off,—and, of course, what a king of Egypt commanded was done; so that all the Egyptian "knucks," "cracksmen," "shoplifters," and pilferers generally, of whatever description known to the slang terms of the time, became marked men.

Inspired, perhaps, with the very idea on which the Ethiopian acted, the police authorities have lately provided, that, in an out-of-the-way room, on a back street, the honest men of New York city may scan the faces of its thieves, and hold silent communion with that interesting part of the population which has agreed to defy the laws and to stand at issue with society. Without disturbing the deep pool of penalogy, or entering at all into the question, as to whether Actisanes was right, or whether the police of New York do not overstep their authority in putting on the walls this terrible bill of attainder against certain citizens of the United States, whom their country's constitution has endeavored to protect from "infamous punishments,"—the student of moral science will certainly be thankful for the faces.

We do not remember ever having "opened" a place or picked a pocket. We have made puns, however; and so, upon the Johnsonian *dictum*, the thing is latent in us, and we feel the affinity. We do not hate thieves. We feel satisfied that even in the character of a man who does not respect ownership there may be much to admire. Sparkles of genius scintillate along the line of many a rogue's career. Many there are, it is true, who are obtuse and vicious below the mean,—but a far greater number display skill and courage infinitely above it. Points of no-

ble character, of every good as well as most base characteristics of the human race, will be found in the annals of thievery, when they are written aright.

Thieves, like the State of Massachusetts in the great man's oration, "have their history," and it may be safely asserted that they did not steal it. It is dimly hinted in the verse of a certain ancient, that there was a time in a remoter antiquity "ere thieves were feared"; yet even this is cautiously quiet as to their non-existence. Homer, recounting traditions old in his time, chuckles with narrative delight over the boldness, wit, and invention of a great cattle-stealer, and for his genius renders him the ultimatum of Greek tribute, intellectually speaking, by calling him a son of Zeus. Herodotus speaks plainly and tells a story; and the best of all his stories, to our thinking, is a thief's story, which we abridge thus.

"The king Rhampsinitus, the priests informed me, possessed a great quantity of money, such as no succeeding king was able to surpass or nearly come up to, and, wishing to treasure it, he built a chamber of stone, one wall of which was against the palace. But the builder, forming a plan against it, even in building, fitted one of the stones so that it might be easily taken out by two men or even one.

"In course of time, and when the king had laid up his treasures in the chamber, the builder, finding his end approaching, called to him his two sons and described to them how he had contrived, and, having clearly explained everything, he told them, if they would observe his directions closely, they might be stewards of the king's riches. He accordingly died, and the sons were not long in applying themselves to the work; but, having come by night to the palace, and having found the stone as described, they easily removed it, and carried off a great quantity of treasure.

"When the king opened the chamber, he was astonished to see some vessels deficient; but he was not able to accuse any one, as the seals were unbroken, and the chamber well secured. When, therefore, on his opening it two or three times, the treasures were always evidently diminished, he adopted the following plan: he ordered traps to be made and placed them round the vessels in which the treasures were. But when the thieves came, as before, and one of them had entered, as soon as he went near a vessel, he was straightway caught in the trap; perceiving, therefore, in what a predicament he was, he immediately called to his brother, told him what had happened, and bade him enter as quickly as possible and cut off his head, lest, if seen and recognized, he should ruin him also. The other thought he spoke well, and did as he was advised; then, having fitted in the stone, he returned home, taking with him his brother's head.

"When day came, the king, having entered the chamber, was astonished at seeing the body of the thief in the trap without the head, but the chamber secured, and no apparent means of entrance or exit. In this perplexity he contrived thus: he hung up the body of the thief from the wall, and, having placed sentinels there, he ordered them to seize and bring before him whomsoever they should see weeping or expressing commiseration for the spectacle.

"The mother was greatly grieved at the body being suspended, and, coming to words with her surviving son, commanded him, by any means he could, to contrive how he might take down and bring away the corpse of his brother; but, should he not do so, she threatened to go to the king and tell who had the treasure. When the mother treated her surviving son harshly, and he, with many entreaties, was unable to persuade her, he contrived this plan: he put skins filled with wine on some asses, and drove to where the corpse was detained, and there skilfully loosed the strings of two or three of those skins, and, when the wine ran

out, he beat his head and cried aloud, as if he knew not which one to turn to first. But the sentinels, seeing wine flow, ran with vessels and caught it, thinking it their gain,—whereupon, the man, feigning anger, railed against them. But the sentinels soothed and pacified him, and at last he set the skins to rights again. More conversation passed; the sentinels joked with him and moved him to laughter, and he gave them one of the skins, and lay down with them and drank, and thus they all became of a party; and the sentinels, becoming exceedingly drunk, fell asleep where they had been drinking. Then the thief took down the body of his brother, and, departing, carried it to his mother, having obeyed her injunctions.

"After this the king resorted to many devices to discover and take the thief, but all failed through his daring and shrewdness: when, at last, sending throughout all the cities, the king caused a proclamation to be made, offering a pardon and even reward to the man, if he would discover himself. The thief, relying on this promise, went to the palace; and Rhampsinitus greatly admired him, and gave him his daughter in marriage, accounting him the most knowing of all men; for that the Egyptians are superior to all others, but he was superior to the Egyptians."

The Egyptians appear to have given their attention to stealing in every age; and at the present time, the ruler there may be said to be not so much the head man of the land as the head thief. Travellers report that that country is divided into departments upon a basis of abstraction, and that the interests of each department, in pilfering respects, are under the supervision of a Chief of Thieves. The Chief of Thieves is responsible to the government, and to him all those who steal professionally must give in their names, and must also keep him informed of their successful operations. When goods are missed, the owner applies to the government, is referred to the Chief of Thieves for the Department, and all

particulars of quantity, quality, time, and manner of abstraction, to the best of his knowledge and belief, being given, the goods are easily identified and at once restored,—less a discount of twenty-five per cent. Against any rash man who should undertake a private speculation, of course the whole fraternity of thieves would be the best possible police. This, after all, appears to be a mere compromise of police taxes. He who has no goods to lose, or, having, can watch them so well as not to need the police, the government agrees shall not be made to pay for a police; but he whom the fact of loss is against must pay well to be watched.

Something of this principle is observable in all the East. The East is the fatherland of thieves, and Oriental annals teem with brilliant examples of their exploits. The story of Jacob Ben-Laith, founder of the Soffarid dynasty,—otherwise, first of the Tinker-Kings of the larger part of Persia,—is especially excellent upon that proverbial “honor among thieves” of which most men have heard.

Working weary hour after hour in his little shop,—toiling away days, weeks, and months for a meagre subsistence,—Jacob finally turned in disgust from his hammer and forge, and became a “minion of the moon.” He is said, however, to have been reasonable in plunder, and never to have robbed any of all they had. One night he entered the palace of Darham, prince of the province of Segestan, and, working diligently, soon gathered together an immense amount of valuables, with which he was making off, when, in crossing a very dark room, his foot struck upon a hard substance, and the misstep nearly threw him down. Stooping, he picked up that upon which he had trodden. He believed it, from feeling, to be a precious stone. He carried it to his mouth, touched it with his tongue,—it was salt! And thus, by his own action, he had tasted salt beneath the prince’s roof,—in Eastern parlance, had accepted his hospitality, become his guest. He could not rob him. Jacob laid down his burden,—robes embroider-

ed in gold upon the richest materials, sashes wanting only the light to flash with precious stones worked in the braid, all the costly and rare of an Eastern prince’s palace gathered in one common spoil,—laid it all down, and departed as silently as he had come.

In the morning the disorder seen told only of attempted robbery. Diligent search being made, the officers charged with it became satisfied of Jacob’s complicity. They brought him before the prince. There, being charged with the burglary, Jacob at once admitted it, and told the whole story. The prince, honoring him for his honor, at once took him into his service, and employed him with entire confidence in whatever of important or delicate he had to do that needed a man of truth and courage; and Jacob from that beginning went up step by step, till he himself became prince of a province, and then of many provinces, and finally king of a mighty realm. He had soul enough, according to Carlyle’s idea, not to need salt; but, for all that, the salt saved him.

Another king of Persia, Khurreem Khan, was not ashamed to admit, with a crown on his head, that he had once been a thief, and was wont to recount of himself what in these days we should call a case of conscience. Thus he told it:—

“When I was a poor soldier in Nadir Shah’s camp, my necessities led me to take from a shop a gold-embossed saddle, sent thither by an Afghan chief to be repaired. I soon afterward heard that the owner of the shop was in prison, sentenced to be hanged. My conscience smote me. I restored the stolen article to the very place whence I had removed it, and watched till it was discovered by the tradesman’s wife. She uttered a scream of joy, on seeing it, and fell on her knees, invoking blessings on the person who had brought it back, and praying that he might live to have a hundred such saddles. I am quite certain that the honest prayer of the old woman aided my fortune in attaining the splendor she wished me to enjoy.”

These are variations upon the general theme of thievery. They all tend to show that it is, at the least, unsafe to take the fact of a man's having committed a certain crime against property as a proof *per se* that he is radically bad or inferior in intellect. "Your thief looks in the crowd," says Byron,

"Exactly like the rest, or rather better,"—

and this, not because physiognomy is false, but the thief's face true. Of a promiscuous crowd, taken almost anywhere, the pickpocket in it is the smartest man present, in all probability. According to Ecclesiasticus, it is "the heart of man that changeth his countenance"; and it does seem that it is to his education, and not to his heart, that man does violence in stealing. It is certainly in exact proportion to his education that he feels in reference to it, and does or does not "regret the necessity."

And, indeed, that universal doctrine of contraries may work here as elsewhere; and it might not be difficult to demonstrate that a majority of thieves are better fitted by their nature and capacity for almost any other position in life than the one they occupy through perverse circumstance and unaccountable accident. Though mostly men of fair ability, they are not generally successful. Considering the number of thieves, there are but few great ones. In this "Rogues' Gallery" of the New York Police Commissioners we find the face of a "first-rate" burglar among the ablest of the eighty of whom he is one. He is a German, and has passed twenty years in the prisons of his native land: has that leonine aspect sometimes esteemed a physiognomical attribute of the German, and, with fair enough qualities generally, is without any especial intellectual strength. Near him is another "first-rate,"—all energy and action, acute enough, a quick reasoner, very cool and resolute. Below these is the face of one whom the thief-takers think lightly of, and call a man of "no account." Yet he is a man of far better powers than either of the "first-rates,"—has more thought

and equal energy,—a mind seldom or never at rest,—is one to make new combinations and follow them to results with an ardor almost enthusiastic. From some want of adaptation not depending upon intellectual power, he is inferior as a thief to his inferiors.

This man was without a cravat when his picture was taken, and his white shirt-collar, coming up high in the neck, has the appearance of a white neckerchief. This trifle of dress, with the intellectual look of the man, strikes every observer as giving him a clerical appearance. The picture strongly resembles—more in air, perhaps, than in feature—the large engraved portrait of Summerfield. There is not so much of calm comprehensiveness of thought, and there are more angles. Thief though he be, he has fair language,—not florid or rhetorical, but terse and very much to the point. If bred as a divine, he would have held his place among the "brilliants" of the time, and been as original, erratic, or *outré* as any. What a fortune lost! It is part of the fatality for the man not to know it, at least in time. Even villany would have put him into his proper place, but for that film over the mental vision. "If rogues," said Franklin, "knew the advantages attached to the practice of the virtues, they would become honest men from mere roguery."

Many of the faces of this Rogues' Gallery are very well worth consideration. Of a dozen leading pickpockets, who work singly, or two or three together, and are mostly English, what is first noted is not favorable to English teaching or probity:—their position sits easily upon them. There is not one that gives indication of his having passed through any mental struggle before he sat down in life as a thief. Though all men capable of thought, they have not thought very deeply upon this point. One of them is a natural aristocrat,—a man who could keep the crowd aloof by simple volition, and without offence; nothing whatever harsh in him,—polite to all, and amiable to a fault with his fellows.

There would be style in everything he did or said. He is one to astonish drawing-rooms and bewilder promenades by the taste and elegance of his dress. Upon that altar, doubtless, he sacrificed his principles; but the sacrifice was not a great one.

"'Tis only at the bar or in the dungeon that wise men know a felon by his features." Another English pickpocket appears to have Alps on Alps of difference between him and a thief. Good-nature prevails; there is a little latent fire; not enough energy to be bad, or good, against the current. He has some quiet dignity, too,—the head, in fine, of a genial, dining Dombey, if such a man can be imagined. Face a good oval, rather full in flesh, forehead square, without particular strength, a nose that was never unaccompanied by good taste and understanding, and mouth a little lickerish;—the incarnation of the popular idea of a bank-president.

The other day he turned to get into an omnibus at one of the ferries, and just as he did so, there, it so happened, was a young lady stepping in before him. The quiet old gentleman, with that warmth of politeness that sits so well upon quiet old gentlemen in the presence of young ladies, helped her in, and took a seat beside her. At half a block up the street the president startled the other passengers by the violent gesticulations with which he endeavored to attract the attention of a gentleman passing down on the sidewalk; the passengers watched with interest the effect or non-effect of his various episodes of telegraphic desperation, and saw, with a regret equal to his own, that the gentleman on the sidewalk saw nothing, and turned the corner as calmly as a corner could be turned; but the old gentleman, not willing to lose him in that manner, jumped out of the 'bus and ran after, with a liveliness better becoming his eagerness than his age. In a moment more, the young lady, admonished by the driver's rap on the roof, would have paid her fare, but her portmonnaie was missing. I know not wheth-

er the bank-president was or was not suspected;—

"All I can say is, that he had the money."

Look closer, and beneath that look of good-humor you will find a little something of superciliousness. You will see a line running down the cheek from behind each nostril, drawing the whole face, good-humor and all, into a sneer of habitual contempt,—contempt, no doubt, of the vain endeavors and devices of men to provide against the genius of a good pickpocket.

It was said of Themistocles, that

"he, with all his greatness,
Could ne'er command his hands."

Now this man is a sort of Themistocles. He is a man of wealth, and can snap his fingers at Fortune; can sneer that little sneer of his at things generally, and be none the worse; but what he cannot do is, to shake off an incubus that sits upon his life in the shape of old Habit severe as Fate. This man, with apparently all that is necessary in the world to keep one at peace with it, and to ease declining life with comforts, and cheer with the serener pleasures, is condemned to keep his peace in a state of continual uncertainty; for, seeing a purse temptingly exposed, he is physically incapable of refraining from the endeavor to take it. What devil is there in his finger-ends that brings this about? Is this part of the curse of crime,—that, having once taken up with it, a man cannot cut loose, but, with all the disposition to make his future life better, he must, as by the iron links of Destiny, be chained to his past?

There is a Chinese thief-story somewhat in point here. A man who was very poor stole from his neighbor, who was very rich, a single duck. He cooked and ate it, and went to bed happy; but before morning he felt all over his body and limbs a remarkable itching, a terrible irritation that prevented sleep. When daylight came, he perceived that he had sprouted all over with duck-feathers. This was an unlooked-for judgment,

and the man gave himself up to despair,—when he was informed by an emanation of the divine Buddha that the feathers would fall from him the moment he received a reproof and admonition from the man whose duck he had stolen. This only increased his despair, for he knew his neighbor to be one of the laughter-loving kind, who would not go to the length of reproof, though he lost a thousand ducks. After sundry futile attempts to swindle his neighbor out of the needed admonition, our friend was compelled to divulge, not only the theft, but also the means of cure, when he was cured.

And this good, easy man, who is wealthy with the results of pocket-picking;—that well-cut black coat, that satin waistcoat, that elegantly-adjusted scarf and well-arranged collar, they are all duck-feathers; but the feather that itches is that irreclaimable tendency of the fingers to find their way into other people's pockets. Pity, however, the man who cannot be at ease till he has received a reproof from every one whose pocket he has picked through a long life in London and in New York city.

The amount of mental activity that gleams out upon you from these walls is something wonderful; evidence of sufficient thinking to accomplish almost any intellectual task; thought-life crowded with what experience!

The "confidence" swindlers are mostly Americans,—so that, the pickpockets being mostly English, you may see some national character in crime, aside from the tendency of races. The Englishman is conservative,—sticks to traditions,—picks and plods in the same old way in which ages have picked and plodded before him. Exactly like the thief of ancient Athens, he

"walks

The street, and picks your pocket as he talks
On some pretence with you";

at the same time, with courage and self-reliance admirably English, risking his liberty on his skill. The American illuminates his practice with an intellectual element, faces his man, "bidding a gay

defiance to mischance," and gains his end easily by some acute device that merely transfers to himself, with the knowledge and consent of the owner, the subtle principle of property.

This "confidence" game is a thing of which the ancients appear to have known nothing. The French have practised it with great success, and may have invented it. It appears particularly French in some of its phases,—in the manner that is necessary for its practice, in its wit and finesse. The affair of the Diamond Necklace, with which all the world is familiar, is the most magnificent instance of it on record. A lesser case, involving one of the same names, and playing excellently upon woman's vanity, illustrates the French practice.

One evening, as Marie Antoinette sat quietly in her *loge* at the theatre, the wife of a wealthy tradesman of Paris, sitting nearly *vis-à-vis* to the Queen, made great parade of her toilet, and seemed peculiarly desirous of attracting attention to a pair of splendid bracelets, gleaming with the chaste contrast of emeralds and diamonds. She was not without success. A gentleman of elegant mien and graceful manner presented himself at the door of her *loge*; he delivered a message from the Queen. Her Majesty had remarked the singular beauty of the bracelets, and wished to inspect one of them more closely. What could be more gratifying? In the seventh heaven of delighted vanity, the tradesman's wife unclasped the bracelet and gave it to the gentleman, who bowed himself out, and left her—as you have doubtless divined he would—abundant leisure to learn of her loss.

Early the next morning, however, an officer from the department of police called at this lady's house. The night before, a thief had been arrested leaving the theatre, and on his person were found many valuables,—among others, a splendid bracelet. Being penitent, he had told, to the best of his recollection, to whom the articles belonged, and the lady called upon was indicated as the owner of the bracelet. If Madame possessed

the mate to this singular bracelet, it was only necessary to intrust it to the officer, and, if it were found to compare properly with the other, both would be immediately sent home, and Madame would have only a trifling fee to pay. The bracelet was given willingly, and, with the stiff courtesy inseparable from official dignity, the officer took his leave, and at the next *café* joined his fellow, the gentleman of elegant mien and graceful manner. The bracelets were not found to compare properly, and therefore were not returned.

These faces are true to the nationality, — all over American. They are much above the average in expression, — lighted with clear, well-opened eyes, intelligent and perceptive; most have an air of business frankness well calculated to deceive. There is one capacious, thought-freighted forehead. All are young.

No human observer will fail to be painfully struck with the number of boys whose faces are here exposed. There are boys of every age, from five to fifteen, and of every possible description, good, bad, and indifferent. The stubborn and irreclaimable imp of evil nature peers out sullenly and doggedly, or sparkles on you a pair of small snake-eyes, fruitful of deceit and cunning. The better boy, easily moved, that might become anything, mercurial and volatile, “most ignorant of what he’s most assured,” reflects on his face the pleasure of having his picture taken, and smiles good-humoredly, standing in this worst of pillories, to be pelted along a lifetime with unforgetting and unforgiving glances. With many of these boys, this is a family matter. Here are five brothers, the youngest very young indeed, — and the father not very old. One of the brothers, bright-looking as boy can be, is a young Jack Sheppard, and has already broken jail five times. Many are trained by old burglars to be put through windows where men cannot go, and open doors. In a row of second-class pick-pockets, nearly all boys, there is observable on almost every face some expression of concern, and one instinctively

thanks Heaven that the boys appear to be frightened. Yet, after all, perhaps it is hardly worth while. The reform of boy thieves was first agitated a long while since, and we have yet to hear of some encouraging result. The earliest direct attempt we know of, with all the old argument, *pro* and *con*, is thus given in Sadi’s “Gulistan.”

Among a gang of thieves, who had been very hardly taken, “there happened to be a lad whose rising bloom of youth was just matured. One of the viziers kissed the foot of the king’s throne, assumed a look of intercession, and said, —

“‘This lad has not yet even reaped the pleasures of youth; my expectation, from your Majesty’s inherent generosity, is, that, by granting his life, you would confer an obligation on your servant.’

“The king frowned at this request, and said, —

“‘The light of the righteous does not influence one of vicious origin; instruction to the worthless is a walnut on a dome, that rolls off. To smother a fire and leave its sparks, to kill a viper and take care of its young, are not actions of the wise. Though the clouds rain the water of life, you cannot eat fruit from the boughs of a willow.’

“When the vizier heard this, he applauded the king’s understanding, and assented that what he had pronounced was unanswerable.

“‘Yet, nevertheless,’ he said, ‘as the boy, if bred among the thieves, would have taken their manners, so is your servant hopeful that he might receive instruction in the society of upright men; for he is still a boy, and it is written, that every child is born in the faith of Islam, and his parents corrupt him. The son of Noah, associated with the wicked, lost his power of prophecy; the dog of the Seven Sleepers, following the good, became a man.’

“Then others of the courtiers joined in the intercession, and the king said, —

“‘I have assented, but I do not think it well.’

“They bred the youth in indulgence

and affluence, and appointed an accomplished tutor to educate him, and he became learned and gained great applause in the sight of every one. The king smiled when the vizier spoke of this, and said,—

“Thou hast been nourished by our milk, and hast grown with us; who afterwards gave thee intelligence that thy father was a wolf?”

“A few years passed;—a company of the vagrants of the neighborhood were near; they connected themselves with the boy; a league of association was formed; and, at an opportunity, the boy destroyed the vizier and his children, carried off vast booty, and fixed himself in the place of his father in the cavern of the robbers. The king bit the hand of astonishment with the teeth of reflection, and said,—

“How can any one make a good sword from bad iron? The worthless, O Philosopher, does not, by instruction, become worthy. Rain, though not otherwise than benignant, produces tulips in gardens and rank weeds in nitrous ground.”

Yet, notwithstanding Sadi and some other wise ones, here, as thieves, are the faces of boys that cannot be naturally vicious,—boys of good instincts, beyond all possible question,—and that only need a mother's hand to smooth back the clustering hair from the forehead, to discover the future residence of plentiful and upright reason. The face of a boy, now in Sing Sing for burglary, and who bears a name which over the continent of North America is identified with the ideas of large combination and enterprise, is especially noticeable for the clear eyes, and frank, promising look.

That tale of Sadi will do well enough when Æsop tells it of a serpent;—he, indeed, can change his skin and be a serpent still; but when the old Sufi, or any one else, tells it of a boy, let us doubt.

Think of the misery that may be associated with all this,—that this represents! In this Gallery are the faces of many men; some are handsome, most of them more or less human. It cannot be that

they all began wrongly,—that their lives were all poisoned at the fountain-head. No,—here are some that came from what are called good families; many others of them had homes, and you may still see some lingering love of it in an air of settled sadness,—they were misled in later life. Think of the mothers who have gone down, in bitter, bitter sorrow, to the grave, with some of the lineaments we see around before their mind's eye at the latest moment! Oh, the circumstances under which some of these faces have been conjured up by the strong will of love! Think of the sisters, living along with a hidden heart-ache, nursing in secret the knowledge, that somewhere in the world were those dear to them, from whom they were shut out by a bar-sinister terribly real, and for whose welfare, with all the generous truth of a sister's feeling, they would barter everything, yet who were in an unending danger! Think of them, with this skeleton behind the door of their hearts, fearful at every moment! Does it seem good in the scheme of existence, or a blot there, that those who are themselves innocent, but who are yet the real sufferers, whether punishment to the culprit fall or fail, should be made thus poignantly miserable? We know nothing.

It is said in a certain Arabic legend, that, while Moses was on Mount Sinai, the Lord instructed him in the mysteries of his providence; and Moses, having complained of the impunity of vice and its success in the world, and the frequent sufferings of the innocent, the Lord led him to a rock which jutted from the mountain, and where he could overlook the vast plain of the Desert stretching at his feet.

On one of its oases he beheld a young Arab asleep. He awoke, and, leaving behind him a bag of pearls, sprang into the saddle and rapidly disappeared from the horizon. Another Arab came to the oasis; he discovered the pearls, took them, and vanished in the opposite direction.

Now an aged wanderer, leaning on his staff, bent his steps wearily toward the

shady spot; he laid himself down, and fell asleep. But scarcely had he closed his eyes, when he was rudely aroused from his slumber; the young Arab had returned, and demanded his pearls. The hoary man replied, that he had not taken them. The other grew enraged, and accused him of theft. He swore that he had not seen the treasure; but the other seized him; a scuffle ensued; the young Arab drew his sword, and plunged it into the breast

of the aged man, who fell lifeless on the earth.

"O Lord! is this just?" exclaimed Moses, with terror.

"Be silent! Behold, this man, whose blood is now mingling with the waters of the Desert, many years ago, secretly, on the same spot, murdered the father of the youth who has now slain him. His crime remained concealed from men; but vengeance is mine: I will repay."

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

[Concluded.]

THE week of Mr. Clerron's absence passed away more quickly than Ivy had supposed it would. The reason for this may be found in the fact that her thoughts were very busily occupied. She was more silent than usual, so much so that her father one day said to her,—“Ivy, I haven't heard you sing this long while, and seems to me you don't talk either. What's the matter?”

“Do I look as if anything was the matter?” and the face she turned upon him was so radiant, that even the father's heart was satisfied.

Very quietly happy was Ivy to think she was of service to Mr. Clerron, that she could give him pleasure,—though she could in no wise understand how it was. She went over every event since her acquaintance with him; she felt how much he had done for her, and how much he had been to her; but she sought in vain to discover how she had been of any use to him. She only knew that she was the most ignorant and insignificant girl in the whole world, and that he was the best and greatest man. As this was very nearly the same conclusion at which she had arrived at an early period of their acquaintance, it cannot be said that her week of reflection was

productive of any very valuable results.

The day before Mr. Clerron's expected return Ivy sat down to prepare her lessons, and for the first time remembered that she had left her books in Mr. Clerron's library. She was not sorry to have so good an excuse for visiting the familiar room, though its usual occupant was not there to welcome her. Very quietly and joyfully happy, she trod slowly along the path through the woods where she last walked with Mr. Clerron. She was, indeed, at a loss to know why she was so calm. Always before, a sudden influx of joy testified itself by very active demonstrations. She was quite sure that she had never in her life been so happy as now; yet she never had felt less disposed to leap and dance and sing. The non-solution of the problem, however, did not ruffle her serenity. She was content to accept the facts, and await patiently the theory.

Arriving at the house, she went, as usual, into the library without ringing,—but, not finding the books, proceeded in search of Mrs. Simm. That notable lady was sitting behind a huge pile of clean clothes, sorting and mending to her heart's content. She looked up over her spectacles

at Ivy's bright "good morning," and invited her to come in. Ivy declined, and begged to know if Mrs. Simm had seen her books. To be sure she had, like the good housekeeper that she was. "You'll find them in the book-case, second shelf; but, Miss Ivy, I wish you would come in, for I've had something on my mind that I've felt to tell you this long while."

Ivy came in, took the seat opposite Mrs. Simm, and waited for her to speak; but Mrs. Simm seemed to be in no hurry to speak. She dropped her glasses; Ivy picked them up and handed them to her. She muttered something about the destructive habits of men, especially in regard to buttons; and presently, as if determined to come to the subject at once, abruptly exclaimed,—

"Miss Ivy, you're a real good girl, I know, and as innocent as a lamb. That's why I'm going to talk to you as I do. I know, if you were my child, I should want somebody to do the same by you."

Ivy could only stare in blank astonishment. After a moment's pause, Mrs. Simm continued,—

"I've seen how things have been going on for some time; but my mouth was shut, though my eyes were open. I didn't know but maybe I'd better speak to your mother about it; but then, thinks I to myself, she'll think it is a great deal worse than it is, and then, like enough, there'll be a rumpus. So I concluded, on the whole, I'd just tell you what I thought; and I know you are a sensible girl and will take it all right. Now you must promise me not to get mad."

"No," gasped Ivy.

"I like you a sight. It's no flattery, but the truth, to say I think you're as pretty-behaved a girl as you'll find in a thousand. And all the time you've been here, I never have known you do a thing you hadn't ought to. And Mr. Clerron thinks so too, and there's the trouble. You see, dear, he's a man, and men go on their ways and like women, and talk to them, and sort of bewitch them, not meaning to do them any hurt,—and enjoy their company of an evening, and go

about their own business in the morning, and never think of it again; but women stay at home, and brood over it, and think there's something in it, and build a fine air-castle,—and when they find it's all smoke, they mope and pine and take on. Now that's what I don't want you to do. Perhaps you'd think I'd better have spoken with Mr. Clerron; but it wouldn't signify the head of a pin. He'd either put on the Clerron look and scare you to death and not say a word, or else he'd hold it up in such a ridiculous way as to make you think it was ridiculous yourself. And I thought I'd put you on your guard a little, so as you needn't fall in love with him. You'll like him, of course. He likes you; but a young girl like you might make a mistake, if she was ever so modest and sweet,—and nobody could be modester or sweeter than you,—and think a man loved you to marry you, when he only pets and plays with you. Not that Mr. Clerron means to do anything wrong. He'd be perfectly miserable himself, if he thought he'd led you on. There a'n't a more honorable man every way in the whole country. Now, Miss Ivy, it's all for your good I say this. I don't find fault with you, not a bit. It's only to save you trouble in store that I warn you to look where you stand, and see that you don't lose your heart before you know it. It's an awful thing for a woman, Miss Ivy, to get a notion after a man who hasn't got a notion after her. Men go out and work and delve and drive, and forget; but there a'n't much in darning stockings and making pillow-cases to take a woman's thought off her troubles, and sometimes they get sp'iled for life."

Ivy had remained speechless from amazement; but when Mrs. Simm had finished, she said, with a sudden accession of womanly dignity that surprised the good housekeeper,—

"Mrs. Simm, I cannot conceive why you should speak in this way to me. If you suppose I am not quite able to take care of myself, I assure you you are very much mistaken."

"Lorful heart! Now, Miss Ivy, you promised you wouldn't be mad."

"And I have kept my promise. I am not mad."

"No, but you answer up short like, and that isn't what I thought of you, Ivy Geer."

Mrs. Simm looked so disappointed that Ivy took a lower tone, and at any rate she would have had to do it soon; for her fortitude gave way, and she burst into a flood of tears. She was not, by any means, a heroine, and could not put on the impenetrable mask of a woman of the world.

"Now, dear, don't be so distressful, dear, don't!" said Mrs. Simm, soothingly. "I can't bear to see you."

"I am sure I never thought of such a thing as falling in love with Mr. Clerron or anybody else," sobbed Ivy, "and I don't know what should make you think so."

"Dear heart, I don't think so. I only told you, so you needn't."

"Why, I should as soon think of marrying the angel Gabriel!"

"Oh, don't talk so, dear; he's no more than man, after all; but still, you know, he's no fit match for you. To say nothing of his being older and all that, I don't think it's the right place for you. Your father and mother are very nice folks; I am sure nobody could ask for better neighbors, and their good word is in everybody's mouth; and they've brought you up well, I am sure; but, my dear, you know it's nothing against you nor them that you a'n't used to splendor, and you wouldn't take to it natural like. You'd get tired of that way of life, and want to go back to the old fashions, and you'd most likely have to leave your father and mother; for it's noways probable Mr. Clerron will stay here always; and when he goes back to the city, think what a dreary life you'd have betwixt his two proud sisters, on the one hand,—to be sure, there's no reason why they should be; their gran'ther was a tailor, and their grandma was his apprentice, and he got rich, and gave all his children learning;

and Mr. Felix's father, he was a lawyer, and he got rich by speculation, and so the two girls always had on their high-heeled boots; but Mr. Clerron, he always laughs at them, and brings up "the grand-paternal shop," as he calls it, and provokes them terribly, I know. Well, that's neither here nor there; but, as I was saying, here you'll have them on the one side, and all the fine ladies on the other, and a great house and servants, and parties to see to, and, lorful heart! Miss Ivy, you'd die in three years; and if you know when you're well off, you'll stay at home, and marry and settle down near the old folks. Believe me, my dear, it's a bad thing both for the man and the woman, when she marries above her."

"Mrs. Simm," said Ivy, rising, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Certainly, child, if I can."

"Will you promise me never again to mention this thing to me, or allude to it in the most distant manner?"

"Miss Ivy, now," — began Mrs. Simm, deprecatingly.

"Because," interrupted Ivy, speaking very thick and fast, "you cannot imagine how disagreeable it is to me. It makes me feel ashamed to think of what you have said, and that you could have thought it even. I suppose — indeed, I know — that you did it because you thought you ought; but you may be certain that I am in no danger from Mr. Clerron, nor is there the slightest probability that his fortune, or honor, or reputation, or sisters will ever be disturbed by me. I am very much obliged to you for your good intentions, and I wish you good morning."

"Don't, now, Miss Ivy, go so" —

But Miss Ivy was gone, and Mrs. Simm could only withdraw to her pile of clothes, and console herself by stitching and darning with renewed vigor. She felt rather uneasy about the result of her morning's work, though she had really done it from a conscientious sense of duty.

"Welladay," she sighed, at last, "she'd better be a little cut up and huffy now,

than to walk into a ditch blindfolded; and I wash my hands of whatever may happen after this. I've had my say and done my part."

Alas, Ivy Geer! The Indian summer day was just as calm and beautiful,—the far-off mountains wore their veil of mist just as ærially,—the brook rippled over the stones with just as soft a melody; but what "discord on the music" had fallen! what "darkness on the glory"! A miserable, dull, dead weight was the heart which throbbed so lightly but an hour before. Wearily, drearily, she dragged herself home. It was nearly sunset when she arrived, and she told her mother she was tired and had the headache, which was true,—though, if she had said heartache, it would have been truer. Her mother immediately did what ninety-nine mothers out of a hundred would do in similar circumstances,—made her swallow a cup of strong tea, and sent her to bed. Alas, alas, that there are sorrows which the strongest tea cannot assuage!

When the last echo of her mother's footstep died on the stairs, and Ivy was alone in the darkness, the tide of bitterness and desolation swept unchecked over her soul, and she wept tears more passionate and desponding than her life had ever before known,—tears of shame and indignation and grief. It was true that the thought which Mrs. Simm had suggested had never crossed her mind before; yet it is no less true, that, all-unconsciously, she had been weaving a golden web, whose threads, though too fine and delicate even for herself to perceive, were yet strong enough to entangle her life in their meshes. A secret chamber, far removed from the noise and din of the world,—a chamber whose soft and rose-tinted light threw its radiance over her whole future, and within whose quiet recesses she loved to sit alone and dream away the hours,—had been rudely entered, and thrown violently open to the light of day, and Ivy saw with dismay how its pictures had become ghastly and its sacredness was defiled. With bitter, though needless and useless self-reproach,

she saw how she had suffered herself to be fascinated. Sorrowfully, she felt that Mrs. Simm's words were true, and a great gulf lay between her and him. She pictured him moving easily and gracefully and naturally among scenes which to her inexperienced eye were grand and splendid; and then, with a sharp pain, she felt how constrained and awkward and entirely unfit for such a life was she. Then her thoughts reverted to her parents,—their unchanging love, their happiness depending on her, their solicitude and watchfulness,—and she felt as if ingratitude were added to her other sins, that she could have so attached herself to any other. And again came back the bitter, burning agony of shame that she had done the very thing that Mrs. Simm too late had warned her not to do; she had been carried away by the kindness and tenderness of her friend, and, unasked, had laid the wealth of her heart at his feet. So the night flushed into morning; and the sun rose upon a pale face and a trembling form,—but not upon a faint heart; for Ivy, kneeling by the couch where her morning and evening prayer had gone up since lisping infancy,—kneeling no longer a child, but a woman, matured through love, matured, alas! through suffering, prayed for strength and comfort; prayed that her parents' love might be rendered back into their own bosoms a hundred fold; prayed that her friend's kindness to her might not be an occasion of sin against God, and that she might be enabled to walk with a steady step in the path that lay before her. And she arose strengthened and comforted.

All the morning she lay quiet and silent on the lounge in the little sitting-room. Her mother, busied with household matters, only looked in upon her occasionally, and, as the eyes were always closed, did not speak, thinking her asleep. Ivy was not asleep. Ten thousand little sprites flitted swiftly through the chambers of her brain, humming, singing, weeping, but always busy, busy. Then another tread softly entered, and

she knew her dear old father had drawn a chair close to her, and was looking into her face. Tears came into her eyes, her lip involuntarily quivered, and then she felt the pressure of his — his! — surely that was not her father's kiss! She started up. No, no! that was not her father's face bending over her, — not her father's eyes smiling into hers; but, woe for Ivy! her soul thrilled with a deeper bliss, her heart leaped with a swifter bound, and for a moment all the experience and suffering and resolutions of the last night were as if they had never been. Only for a moment, and then with a strong effort she remembered the impassable gulf.

"A pretty welcome home you have given me!" said Mr. Clerron, lightly.

He saw that something was weighing on her spirits, but did not wish to distress her by seeming to notice it.

"I wait in my library, I walk in my garden, expecting every moment will bring you, — and lo! here you are lying, doing nothing but look pale and pretty as hard as you can."

Ivy smiled, but did not consider it prudent to speak.

"I found your books, however, and have brought them to you. You thought you would escape a lesson finely, did you not? But you see I have outwitted you."

"Yes, — I went for the books yesterday," said Ivy, "but I got talking with Mrs. Simm and forgot them."

"Ah!" he replied, looking somewhat surprised. "I did not know Mrs. Simm could be so entertaining. She must have exerted herself. Pray, now, if it would not be impertinent, upon what subject did she hold forth with eloquence so overpowering that everything else was driven from your mind? The best way of preserving apples, I dare swear, or the superiority of pickled grapes to pickled cucumbers."

"No," said Ivy, with the ghost of another smile, — "upon various subjects; but not those. How do you do, Mr. Clerron? Have you had a pleasant visit to the city?"

"Very well, I thank you, Miss Geer; and I have not had a remarkably pleasant visit, I am obliged to you. Have I the pleasure of seeing you quite well, Miss Geer, — quite fresh and buoyant?"

The lightness of tone which he had assumed had precisely the opposite effect intended.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?"

is the wail of stricken humanity everywhere. And Ivy thought of Mr. Clerron, rich, learned, elegant, happy, on the current of whose life she only floated a pleasant ripple, — and of herself, poor, plain, awkward, ignorant, to whom he was the life of life, the all in all. I would not have you suppose this passed through her mind precisely as I have written it. By no means. The ideas rather trooped through in a pell-mell sort of way; but they got through just as effectually. Now, if Ivy had been content to let her muscles remain perfectly still, her face might have given no sign of the confusion within; but, with a foolish presumption, she undertook to smile, and so quite lost control of the little rebels, who immediately twisted themselves into a sob. Her whole frame convulsed with weeping and trying not to weep, he forced her gently back on the pillow, and, bending low, whispered softly, —

"Ivy, what is it?"

"Oh, don't ask me! — please, don't! Please, go away!" murmured the poor child.

"I will, my dear, in a minute; but you must think I should be a little anxious. I leave you as gay as a bird, and healthy and rosy, — and when I come back, I find you white and sad and ill. I am sure something weighs on your mind. I assure you, my little Ivy, and you must believe, that I am your true friend, — and if you would confide in me, perhaps I could bring you comfort. It would at least relieve you to let me help you bear the burden."

The burden being of such a nature, it

is not at all probable that Ivy would have assented to his proposition; but the welcome entrance of her mother prevented the necessity of replying.

"Oh, you're awake! Well, I told Mr. Clerron he might come in, though I thought you wouldn't be. Slept well this morning, didn't you, deary, to make up for last night?"

"No, mamma, I haven't been asleep."

"Crying, my dear? Well, now, that's a pretty good one! Nervous she is, Mr. Clerron, always nervous, when the least thing ails her; and she didn't sleep a wink last night, which is a bad thing for the nerves,—and Ivy generally sleeps like a top. She walked over to your house yesterday, and when she got home she was entirely beat out,—looked as if she had been sick a week. I don't know why it was, for the walk couldn't have hurt her. She's always dancing round at home. I don't think she's been exactly well for four or five days. Her father and I both thought she'd been more quiet like than usual."

The sudden pang that shot across Ivy's face was not unobserved by Mr. Clerron. A thought came into his mind. He had risen at Mrs. Geer's entrance, and he now expressed his regret for Ivy's illness, and hoped that she would soon be well, and able to resume her studies; and, with a few words of interest and inquiry to Mrs. Geer, took his leave.

"I wonder if Mrs. Simm *has* been putting her foot in it!" thought he, as he stalked home rather more energetically than was his custom.

That unfortunate lady was in her sitting-room, starching muslins, when Mr. Clerron entered. She had surmised that he was gone to the farm, and had looked for his return with a shadow of dread. She saw by his face that something was wrong.

"Mrs. Simm," he began, somewhat abruptly, but not disrespectfully, "may I beg your pardon for inquiring what Ivy Geer talked to you about, yesterday?"

"Oh, good Lord! She ha'n't told you,

has she?" cried Mrs. Simm,—her fear of God, for once, yielding to her greater fear of man. The embroidered collar, which she had been vigorously beating, dropped to the floor, and she gazed at him with such terror and dismay in every lineament, that he could not help being amused. He picked up the collar, which, in her perturbation, she had not noticed, and said,—

"No, she has told me nothing; but I find her excited and ill, and I have reason to believe it is connected with her visit here yesterday. If it is anything relating to me, and which I have a right to know, you would do me a great favor by enlightening me on the subject."

Mrs. Simm had not a particle of that knowledge in which Young America is so great a proficient, namely, the "knowing how to get out of a scrape." She was, besides, alarmed at the effect of her words on Ivy, supposing nothing less than that the girl was in the last stages of a swift consumption; so she sat down, and, rubbing her starchy hands together, with many a deprecatory "you know," and apologetic "I am sure I thought I was acting for the best," gave, considering her agitation, a tolerably accurate account of the whole interview. Her interlocutor saw plainly that she had acted from a sincere conscientiousness, and not from a meddlesome, mischievous interference; so he only thanked her for her kind interest, and suggested that he had now arrived at an age when it would, perhaps, be well for him to conduct matters, particularly of so delicate a nature, solely according to his own judgment. He was sorry to have given her any trouble.

"Scissors cuts only what comes between 'em," soliloquized Mrs. Simm, when the door closed behind him. "If ever I meddle with a courting-business again, my name a'n't Martha Simm. No, they may go to Halifax, whoever they be, 'fore ever I'll lift a finger."

It is a great pity that the world generally has not been brought to make the same wise resolution.

One, two, three, four days passed away, and still Ivy pondered the question so often wrung from man in his bewildered gropings, "What shall I do?" Every day brought her teacher and friend to comfort, amuse, and strengthen. Every morning she resolved to be on her guard, to remember the impassable gulf. Every evening she felt the silken cords drawing tighter and tighter around her soul, and binding her closer and closer to him. She thought she might die, and the thought gave her a sudden joy. Death would solve the problem at once. If only a few weeks or months lay before her, she could quietly rest on him, and give herself up to him, and wait in heaven for all rough places to be made plain. But Ivy did not die. Youth and nursing and herb-tea were too strong for her, and the color came back to her cheek and the languor went out from her blue eyes. She saw nothing to be done but to resume her old routine. It would be difficult to say whether she was more glad or sorry at seeming to see this necessity. She knew her danger, and it was very fascinating. She did not look into the far-off future; she only prayed to be kept from day to day. Perhaps her course was wise; perhaps not. But she had to rely on her own judgment alone; and her judgment was founded on inexperience, which is not a trustworthy basis.

A new difficulty arose. Ivy found that she could not resume her old habits. To be sure, she learned her lessons just as perfectly at home as she had ever done. Just as punctual to the appointed hour, she went to recite them; but no sooner had her foot crossed Mr. Clerron's threshold than her spirit seemed to die within her. She remembered neither words nor ideas. Day after day, she attempted to go through her recitation as usual, and, day after day, she hesitated, stammered, and utterly failed. His gentle assistance only increased her embarrassment. This she was too proud to endure; and, one day, after an unsuccessful effort, she closed the book with a quick, impatient gesture, and exclaimed,—

"Mr. Clerron, I will not recite any more!"

The agitated flush which had suffused her face gave way to paleness. He saw that she was under strong excitement, and quietly replied,—

"Very well, you need not, if you are tired. You are not quite well yet, and must not try to do too much. We will commence here to-morrow."

"No, Sir,—I shall not recite any more at all."

"Till to-morrow."

"Never any more!"

There was a moment's pause.

"You must not lose patience, my dear. In a few days you will recite as well as ever. A fine notion, forsooth, because you have been ill, and forgotten a little, to give up studying! And what is to become of my laurels, pray,—all the glory I am to get by your proficiency?"

"I shall study at home just the same, but I shall not recite."

"Why not?"

His look became serious.

"Because I cannot. I do not think it best,—and—and I will not."

Another pause.

"Ivy, do you not like your teacher?"

"No, Sir. *I hate you!*"

The words seemed to flash from her lips. She sprang up and stood erect before him, her eyes on fire, and every nerve quivering with intense excitement. He was shocked and startled. It was a new phase of her character,—a new revelation. He, too, arose, and walked to the window. If Ivy could have seen the workings of his face, there would have been a revelation to her also. But she was too highly excited to notice anything. He came back to her and spoke in a low voice,—

"Ivy, this is too much. This I did not expect."

He laid his hand upon her head as he had often done before. She shook it off passionately.

"Yes, I hate you. I hate you, because" —

"Because I wanted you to love me?"

"No, Sir; because I do love you, and you bring me only wretchedness. I have never been happy since the miserable day I first saw you."

"Then, Ivy, I have utterly failed in what it has been my constant endeavor to do."

"No, Sir, you have succeeded in what you endeavored to do. You have taught me. You have given me knowledge and thought, and showed me the source of knowledge. But I had better have been the ignorant girl you found me. You have taken from me what I can never find again. I have made a bitter exchange. I was ignorant and stupid, I know,—but I was happy and contented; and now I am wretched and miserable and wicked. You have come between me and my home and my father and mother,—between me and all the bliss of my past and all my hope for the future."

"And thus, Ivy, have you come between me and my past and my future;—yet not thus. You shut out from my heart all the sorrow and vexation and strife that have clouded my life, and fill it with your own dear presence. You come between me and my future, because, in looking forward, I see only you. I should have known better. There is a gulf between us; but if I could make you happy" —

"I don't want you to make me happy. I know there is a gulf between us. I saw it while you were gone. I measured it and fathomed it. I shall not leap across. Stay you on your side quietly; I shall stay as quietly on mine."

"It is too late for that, Ivy,—too late now. But you are not to blame, my child. Little sunbeam that you are, I will not cloud you. Go shine upon other lives as you have shone upon mine! light up other hearths as you have mine! and I will bless you forever, though mine be left desolate."

He turned away with an expression on his face that Ivy could not read. Her passion was gone. She hesitated a moment, then went to his side and laid her

hand softly on his arm. There was a strange moistened gleam in his eyes as he turned them upon her.

"Mr. Clerron, I do not understand you."

"My dear, you never can understand me."

"I know it," said Ivy, with her old humility; "but, at least, I might understand whether I have vexed you."

"You have not vexed me."

"I spoke proudly and rudely to you. I was angry, and so unhappy. I shall always be so; I shall never be happy again; but I want you to be, and you do not look as if you were."

If Ivy had not been a little fool, she would not have spoken so; but she was, so she did.

"I beg your pardon, little tendril. I was so occupied with my own preconceived ideas that I forgot to sympathize with you. Tell me why or how I have made you unhappy. But I know; you need not. I assure you, however, that you are entirely wrong. It was a prudish and whimsical notion of my good old housekeeper's. You are never to think of it again. I never attributed such a thought or feeling to you."

"Did you suppose that was all that made me unhappy?"

"Can there be anything else?"

"I am glad you think so. Perhaps I should not have been unhappy but for that, at least not so soon; but that alone could never have made me so."

Little fool again! She was like a chicken thrusting its head into a corner and thinking itself out of danger because it cannot see the danger. She had no notion that she was giving him the least clue to the truth, but considered herself speaking with more than Delphic prudence. She rather liked to coast along the shores of her trouble and see how near she could approach without running aground; but she struck before she knew it.

Mr. Clerron's face suddenly changed. He sat down, took both her hands, and drew her towards him.

"Ivy, perhaps I have been misunderstanding you. I will at least find out the truth. Ivy, do you know that I love you, that I have loved you almost from the first, that I would gladly here and now take you to my heart and keep you here forever?"

"I do not know it," faltered Ivy, half beside herself.

"Know it now, then! I am older than you, and I seem to myself so far removed from you that I have feared to ask you to trust your happiness to my keeping, lest I should lose you entirely; but sometimes you say or do something which gives me hope. My experience has been very different from yours. I am not worthy to clasp your purity and loveliness. Still I would do it, if —— Tell me, Ivy, does it give you pain or pleasure?"

Ivy extricated her hands from his, deliberately drew a footstool, and knelt on it before him,—then took his hands, as he had before held hers, gazed steadily into his eyes, and said,—

"Mr. Clerron, are you in earnest? Do you love me?"

"I am, Ivy. I do love you."

"How do you love me?"

"I love you with all the strength and power that God has given me."

"You do not simply pity me? You have not, because you heard from Mrs. Simm, or suspected, yourself, that I was weak enough to mistake your kindness and nobleness,—you have not in pity resolved to sacrifice your happiness to mine?"

"No, Ivy,—nothing of the kind. I pity only myself. I reverence you, I think. I have hoped that you loved me as a teacher and friend. I dared not believe you could ever do more; now something within tells me that you can. Can you, Ivy? If the love and tenderness and devotion of my whole life can make you happy, happiness shall not fail to be yours."

Ivy's gaze never for a moment drooped under his, earnest and piercing though it was.

"Now I am happy," she said, slowly

and distinctly. "Now I am blessed. I can never ask anything more."

"But I ask something more," he replied, bending forward eagerly. "I ask much more. I want your love. Shall I have it? And I want you."

"My love?" She blushed slightly, but spoke without hesitation. "Have I not given it,—long, long before you asked it, before you even cared for my friendship? Not love only, but life, my very whole being, centred in you, does now, and will always. Is it right to say this?—maidenly? But I am not ashamed. I shall always be proud to have loved you, though only to lose you,—and to be loved by you is glory enough for all my future."

For a short time the relative position of these two people was changed. I allude to the change in this distant manner, as all who have ever been lovers will be able to judge what it was; and I do not wish to forestall the sweet surprise of those who have not.

Ivy rested there (query, where?) a moment; but as he whispered, "Thus you answer the second question? You give me yourself too?" she hastily freed herself. (Query, from what?)

"Never!"

"Ivy!"

"Never!" more firmly than before.

"What does this mean?" he said, sternly. "Are you trifling?"

There was such a frown on his brow as Ivy had never seen. She quailed before it.

"Do not be angry! Alas! I am not trifling. Life itself is not worth so much as your love. But the impassable gulf is between us just the same."

"What is it? Who put it there?"

"God put it there. Mrs. Simm showed it to me."

"Mrs. Simm be ——! A prating gossip! Ivy, I told you, you were never to mention that again,—never to think of it; and you must obey me."

"I will try to obey you in that."

"And very soon you shall promise to obey me in all things. But I will not be hard with you. The yoke shall rest very

lightly,—so lightly you shall not feel it. You will not do as much, I dare say. You will make me acknowledge your power every day, dear little vixen! Ivy, why do you draw back? Why do you not come to me?"

"I cannot come to you, Mr. Clerron, any more. I must go home now, and stay at home."

"When your home is here, Ivy, stay at home. For the present, don't go. Wait a little."

"You do not understand me. You will not understand me," said Ivy, bursting into tears. "I *must* leave you. Don't make the way so difficult."

"I will make it so difficult that you cannot walk in it."

His tones were low, but determined.

"Why do you wish to leave me? Have you not said that you loved me?"

"It is because I love you that I go. I am not fit for you. I was not made for you. I can never make you happy. I am not accomplished. I cannot go among your friends, your sisters. I am awkward. You would be ashamed of me, and then you would not love me; you could not; and I should lose the thing I most value. No, Mr. Clerron,—I would rather keep your love in my own heart and my own home."

"Ivy, can you be happy without me?"

"I shall not be without you. My heart is full of lifelong joyful memories. You need not regret me. Yes, I shall be happy. I shall work with mind and hands. I shall not pine away in a mean and feeble life. I shall be strong, and cheerful, and active, and helpful; and I think I shall not cease to love you in heaven."

"But there is, maybe, a long road for us to travel before we reach heaven, and I want you to help me along. Ivy, I am not so spiritual as you. I cannot live on memory. I want you before me all the time. I want to see you and talk with you every day. Why do you speak of such things? Is it the soul or its surroundings that you value? Do *you* respect or care for wealth and station? Do *you* consider a woman your superior

because she wears a finer dress than you?"

"I? No, Sir! No, indeed! you very well know. But the world does, and you move in the world; and I do not want the world to pity you because you have an uncouth, ignorant wife. I don't want to be despised by those who are above me only in station."

"Little aristocrat, you are prouder than I. Will you sacrifice your happiness and mine to your pride?"

"Proud perhaps I am, but it is not all pride. I think you are noble, but I think also you could not help losing patience when you found that I could not accommodate myself to the station to which you had raised me. Then you would not respect me. I am, indeed, too proud to wish to lose that; and losing your respect, as I said before, I should not long keep your love."

"But you will accommodate yourself to any station. My dear, you are young, and know so little about this world, which is such a bugbear to you. Why, there is very little that will be greatly unlike this. At first you might be a little bewildered, but I shall be by you all the time, and you shall feel and fear nothing, and gradually you will learn what little you need to know; and most of all, you will know yourself the best and the loveliest of women. Dear Ivy, I would not part with your sweet, unconscious simplicity for all the accomplishments and acquired elegancies of the finest lady in the world." (That's what men always say.) "You are not ignorant of anything you ought to know, and your ignorance of the world is an additional charm to one who knows so much of its wickedness as I. But we will not talk of it. There is no need. This shall be our home, and here the world will not trouble us."

"And I cannot give up my dear father and mother. They are not like you and your friends"——

"They are my friends, and valued and dear to me, and dearer still they shall be as the parents of my dear little wife"——

"I was going to say"——

"But you shall not say it. I utterly forbid you ever to mention it again. You are mine, all my own. Your friends are my friends, your honor my honor, your happiness my happiness henceforth; and what God joins together let not man or woman put asunder."

"Ah!" whispered Ivy, faintly; for she was yielding, and just beginning to receive the sense of great and unexpected bliss, "but if you should be wrong,—if you should ever repent of this, it is not your happiness alone, but mine, too, that will be destroyed."

Again their relative positions changed, and *remained so* for a long while.

"Ivy, am I a mere schoolboy to swear eternal fidelity for a week? Have I not been tossing hither and thither on the world's tide ever since you lay in your cradle, and do I not know my position and my power and my habits and my love? And knowing all this, do I not know that this dear head"—etc., etc., etc., etc.

But I said I was not going to marry my man and woman, did I not? Nor have I. To be sure, you may have detected premonitory symptoms, but I said nothing about that. I only promised not to marry them, and I have not married them.

It is to be hoped they were married,

however. For, on a fine June evening, the setting sun cast a mellow light through the silken curtains of a pleasant chamber, where Ivy lay on a white couch, pale and still,—very pale and still and statue-like; and by her side, bending over her, with looks of unutterable love, clasping her in his arms, as if to give out of his own heart the life that had so nearly ebbed from hers, pressing upon the closed eyes, the white cheeks, the silent lips kisses of such warmth and tenderness as never thrilled maidenly lips in their rosiest flush of beauty,—knelt Felix Cleron; and when the tremulous life fluttered back again, when the blue eyes slowly opened and smiled up into his with an answering love, his happiness was complete.

In a huge arm-chair, bolt upright, where they had placed him, sat Farmer Geer, holding in his sadly awkward hands the unconscious cause of all this agitation, namely, a poor, little, horrid, gasping, crying, writhing, old-faced, distressed-looking, red, wrinkled, ridiculous baby! between whose "screeches" Farmer Geer could be heard muttering, in a dazed, bewildered way,—*"Ivy's baby! Oh, Lud! who'd 'a' thunk it? No more'n yesterday she was a baby herself. Lud! Lud!"*

THE PORTRAIT.

In a lumbering attic room,
Where, for want of light and air,
Years had died within the gloom,
Leaving dead dust everywhere,
Everywhere,
Hung the portrait of a lady,
With a face so fair!

Time had long since dulled the paint,
Time, which all our arts disguise,
And the features now were faint,
All except the wondrous eyes,

Wondrous eyes,
Ever looking, looking, looking,
With such sad surprise !

As man loveth, man had loved
Her whose features faded there ;
As man mourneth, man had mourned,
Weeping, in his dark despair,
Bitter tears,
When she left him broken-hearted
To his death of years.

Then for months the picture bent
All its eyes upon his face,
Following his where'er they went,—
Till another filled the place
In its stead,—
Till the features of the living
Did outface the dead.

Then for years it hung above
In that attic dim and ghast,
Fading with the fading love,
Sad reminder of the past,—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise !

Oft the distant laughter's sound
Entered through the cobwebbed door,
And the cry of children found
Dusty echoes from the floor
To those eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With their sad surprise.

Once there moved upon the stair
Olden love-steps mounting slow,
But the face that met him there
Drove him to the depths below ;
For those eyes
Through his soul seemed looking, looking,
All their sad surprise.

From that day the door was nailed
Of that memory-haunted room,
And the portrait hung and paled
In the dead dust and the gloom,—
Save the eyes,
Ever looking, ever looking,
With such sad surprise !

A LEAF

FROM THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE-LITERATURE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

ONE hundred and sixteen years ago, to wit, on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1743, the quiet precincts of certain streets in the town of Boston were the theatre of unusual proceedings. An unwonted activity pervaded the well-known printing-office of the "Messrs. Rogers and Fowle, in Prison Lane," now Court Street; a small printed sheet was being worked off,—not with the frantic rush and roar of one of Hoe's six-cylinder giants, but with the calm circumspection befitting the lever-press and ink-balls of that day,—to be conveyed, so soon as it should have assumed a presentable shape, to the counters of "Samuel Eliot, in Cornhill" and "Joshua Blanchard, in Dock Square," (and, we will hope, to the addresses indicated on a long subscription-list,) for the entertainment and instruction of ladies in high-heeled shoes and hoops, forerunners of greater things thereafter, and gentlemen in big wigs, cocked hats, and small-clothes, no more to be encountered in our daily walks, and known to their degenerate descendants only by the aid of the art of limner or sculptor.

For some fifteen years, both in England and America, there had been indications of an approaching modification in the existing forms of periodical literature, enlarging its scope to something better and higher than the brief and barren *résumé* of current events to which the Gazette or News-Letter of the day was in the main confined, and affording an opportunity for the free discussion of literary and artistic questions. Thus was gradually developed a class of publications which professed, while giving a proper share of attention to the important department of news, to occupy the field of literature rather than of journalism, and to serve as a *Museum*, *Depository*, or *Magazine* of the polite arts and

sciences. The very marked success of the "Gentleman's Magazine," the pioneer English publication of this class, which appeared in 1731 under the management of Cave, and reached the then almost* unparalleled sale of ten thousand copies, produced a host of imitators and rivals, of which the "London Magazine," commenced in April, 1732, was perhaps the most considerable. In January, 1741, Benjamin Franklin began the publication of "The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle for all the British Plantations in America," but only six numbers were issued. In the same year, Andrew Bradford published "The American Magazine, or Monthly View of the Political State of the British Colonies," which was soon discontinued. Both these unsuccessful ventures were made at Philadelphia. There were similar attempts in Boston a little later. "The Boston Weekly Magazine" made its appearance March 2, 1743, and lived just four weeks. "The Christian History," edited by Thomas Prince, Jr., son of the author of the "New England Chronology," appeared three days after, (March 5, 1743,) and reached the respectable age of two years. It professed to exhibit, among other things, "Remarkable Passages, Historical and Doctrinal, out of the most Famous old Writers both of the Church of England and Scotland from the Reformation; as also the first Settlers of New England and their Children; that we may see how far their pious Principles and Spirit are at this day revived, and may guard against all Extremes."

It would appear, however, that none of the four magazines last named were so general in their scope, or so well conducted, certainly they were not so long-

* It is said that as many as twenty thousand copies of particular numbers of the "Spectator" were sold.

lived, as "The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle," the first number of which, bearing date "September, 1743," appeared, as we have said, on the 20th of the following October, under the editorial charge, as is generally supposed, of Jeremy Gridley, Esq., Attorney-General of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and the head of the Masonic Fraternity in America, though less known to us, perhaps, in either capacity, than he is as the legal instructor of the patriot Otis, a pupil whom it became his subsequent duty as the officer of the crown to encounter in that brilliant and memorable argument against the "Writs of Assistance," which the pen of the historian, and, more recently, the chisel of the sculptor, have contributed to render immortal. This publication, if we regard it, as we doubtless may, as the original and prototype of the "American Magazine," would seem to have been rightly named. It was printed on what old Dr. Isaiah Thomas calls "a fine medium paper in 8vo," and he further assures us that "in its execution it was deemed equal to any work of the kind then published in London." In external appearance, it was a close copy of the "London Magazine," from whose pages (probably to complete the resemblance) it made constant and copious extracts, not always rendering honor to whom honor was due, and in point of mechanical excellence, as well as of literary merit, certainly eclipsed the contemporary newspaper-press of the town, the "Boston Evening Post," "Boston News Letter" and the "New England Courant." The first number contained forty-four pages, measuring about six inches by eight. The scope and object of the Magazine, as defined in the Preface, do not vary essentially from the line adopted by its predecessors and contemporaries, and seem, in the main, identical with what we have recounted above as characteristic of this new movement in letters. The novelty and extent of the field, and the consequent fewness and inexperience of the laborers, are curiously shown by the miscellaneous, *omnium-gath-*

erum character of the publication, which served at once as a Magazine, Review, Journal, Almanac, and General Repository and Bulletin;—the table of contents of the first number exhibits a list of subjects which would now be distributed among these various classes of periodical literature, and perhaps again parcelled out according to the subdivisions of each. Avowedly neutral in politics and religion, as became an enterprise which relied upon the patronage of persons of all creeds and parties, it recorded (usually without comment) the current incidents of political and religious interest. A summary of news appeared at the end of each number, under the head of "Historical Chronicle"; but in the body of the Magazine are inserted, side by side with what would now be termed "local items," contemporary narratives of events, many of which have, in the lapse of more than a century, developed into historical proportions, but which here meet us, as it were, at first hand, clothed in such homely and impromptu dress as circumstances might require, with all their little roughnesses, excrescences, and absurdities upon them,—crude lumps of mingled fact and fiction, not yet moulded and polished into the rounded periods of the historian.

The Magazine was established at the period of a general commotion among the dry bones of New England Orthodoxy, caused by what is popularly known as "the New-Light Movement," to do battle with which heresy arose "The Christian History," above alluded to. The public mind was widely and deeply interested, and the first number of our Magazine opens with "A Dissertation on the State of Religion in North America," which is followed by a fiery manifesto of the "Anniversary Week" of 1743, entitled "The Testimony of the Pastors of the Churches in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New-England at their Annual Convention in Boston, May 25, 1743, Against several Errors in Doctrine and Disorders in Practice which have of late obtained in various Parts of the Land; as drawn up by a Committee chosen by the said

Pastors, read and accepted Paragraph by Paragraph, and voted to be sign'd by the Moderator in their Name, and Printed." These "Disorders" and "Errors" are specified under six heads, being generalized at the outset as "Antinomian and Familistical Errors." The number of strayed sheep must have been considerable, since we find a Rejoinder put forth on the seventh of the following July, which bears the signatures of "Sixty-eight Pastors of Churches," (including fifteen who signed with a reservation as to one Article,) styled "The Testimony and Advice of an Assembly of Pastors of Churches in New England, at a Meeting in Boston, July 7, 1743. Occasion'd by the late happy Revival of Religion in many Parts of the Land." Some dozen new books, noticed in this number, are likewise all upon theological subjects. The youthful University of Yale took part in the conflict, testifying its zeal for the established religion by punishing with expulsion (if we are to believe a writer in "The New York Post-Boy" of March 17, 1745) two students, "for going during Vacation, and while at Home with their Parents, to hear a neighboring Minister preach who is distinguished in this Colony by the Name of New Light, being by their said Parents perswaded, desired, or ordered to go." The statement, however, is contradicted in a subsequent number by the President of the College, the Rev. Thomas Clapp, D.D., who states "that they were expelled for being Followers of the Paines, two Lay Exhorters, whose corrupt Principles and pernicious Practices are set forth in the Declaration of the Ministers of the County of Windham." In all probability the outcasts had "corrupt Principles and pernicious Practices" charged to their private account in the Faculty books, to which, quite as much as to any departure from Orthodox standards, they may have been indebted for leave to take up their connections.

The powerful Indian Confederacy, known as the Six Nations, had just concluded at Philadelphia their famous trea-

ty with the whites, and in the numbers for October and November, 1743, we are furnished with some curious notes of the proceedings at the eight or nine different councils held on the occasion, which may or may not be historically accurate. That the news was not hastily gathered or digested may be safely inferred from the fact that the proceedings of the councils, which met in July, 1742, are here given to the public at intervals of fifteen and sixteen months afterwards. The assemblies were convened first "at Mr. Logan's House," next "at the Meeting House," and finally "at the Great Meeting House," where the seventh meeting took place July 10, in the presence of "a great Number of the Inhabitants of Philadelphia." As usual, the Indians complain of their treatment at the hands of the traders and their agents, and beg for more fire-water. "We have been stinted in the Article of Rum in Town," they pathetically observe,— "we desire you will open the Rum Bottle, and give it to us in greater Abundance on the Road"; and again, "We hope, as you have given us Plenty of good Provision whilst in Town, that you will continue your Goodness so far as to supply us with a little more to serve us on the Road." The first, at least, of these requests seems to have been complied with; the Council voted them twenty gallons of rum,—in addition to the twenty-five gallons previously bestowed,— "to comfort them on the Road"; and the red men departed in an amicable mood, though, from the valedictory address made them by the Governor, we might perhaps infer that they had found reason to contrast the hospitality of civilization with that shown in the savage state, to the disadvantage of the former. "We wish," he says, "there had been more Room and better Houses provided for your Entertainment, but not expecting so many of you we did the best we could. 'Tis true there are a great many Houses in Town, but as they are the Property of other People who have their own Families to take care of, it is difficult to procure Lodgings for a large

Number of People, especially if they come unexpectedly."

But the great item of domestic intelligence, which confronts us under various forms in the pages of this Magazine, is the siege and capture of Louisburg, and the reduction of Cape Breton to the obedience of the British crown,—an acquisition for which his Majesty was so largely indebted to the military skill of Sir William Pepperell, and the courage of the New England troops, that we should naturally expect to find the exploit narrated at length in a contemporary Boston magazine. The first of the long series is an extract from the "Boston Evening Post" of May 13, 1745, entitled, "A short Account of Cape Breton"; which is followed by "A further Account of the Island of Cape Breton, of the Advantages derived to France from the Possession of that Country, and of the Fishery upon its Coasts; and the Benefit that must necessarily result to Great Britain from the Recovery of that important Place,"—from the "London Courant" of July 25. In contrast to this cool and calculating production, we have next the achievement, as seen from a military point of view, in a "Letter from an Officer of Note in the Train," dated Louisburg, June 20, 1745, who breaks forth thus:—"Glory to God, and Joy and Happiness to my Country in the Reduction of this Place, which we are now possessed of. It's a City vastly beyond all Expectation for Strength and beautiful Fortifications; but we have made terrible Havock with our Guns and Bombs. . . . Such a fine City will be an everlasting Honour to my Countrymen." Farther on, we have another example of military eloquence in a "Letter from a Superior Officer at Louisburgh, to his Friend and Brother at Boston," dated October 22, 1745. To this succeeds "A particular Account of the Siege and Surrender of Louisburgh, on the 17th of June, 1745." The resources of the pictorial art are called in to assist the popular conception of the great event, and we are treated on page 271 to a rude wood-cut, represent-

ing the "Town and Harbour of Louisburgh," accompanied by "Certain Particulars of the Blockade and Distress of the Enemy." Still farther on appears "The Declaration of His Excellency, William Shirley, Esq., Captain General and Governour in Chief of the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, to the Garrison at Louisburgh." July 18, 1745, was observed as "a Day of publick Thanksgiving, agreeably to His Excellency's Proclamation of the 8th inst., on Account of the wonderful Series of Successes attending our Forces in the Reduction of the City and Fortress of Louisburgh with the Dependencies thereof at Cape Breton to the Obedience of His Majesty." There are also accounts of rejoicings at Newport, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, and other places. Nor was the Muse silent on such an auspicious occasion: four adventurous flights in successive numbers of the Magazine attest the loyalty, if not the poetic genius of Colonial bards; and a sort of running fire of description, narrative, and anecdote concerning the important event is kept up in the numbers for many succeeding months.

But, whatever may have been the magnitude and interest of domestic affairs, the enterprising vigilance of our journalists was far from overlooking prominent occurrences on the other side of the water, and the news by all the recent arrivals, dating from three to six months later from Europe, was carefully, if at times somewhat briefly, recapitulated. In this manner our ancestors heard of the brilliant campaigns of Prince George, the Duke of Cumberland, and Marshal de Noailles, during the War of the Austrian Succession,—of the battle of Dettingen in June, 1743,—of the declaration of war between the kings of France and England in March, 1744; and, above all, of the great Scotch Rebellion of 1745. Here was stirring news, indeed, for the citizens of Boston, and for all British subjects, wherever they might be. The suspense in which loyal New England was plunged, as to whether "great George

our King and the Protestant succession" were to succumb before the Pretender and his Jesuitical followers, was happily terminated by intelligence of the decisive battle of Culloden, the tidings of which victory, gained on the 16th of April, 1746, appear in the number for July. Public joy and curiosity demanded full particulars of the glorious news, and a copy of the official narrative of the battle, dated "Inverness, April 18th," is served out to the hungry quidnunes of Boston, in the columns of our Magazine, as had been done three months before to consumers equally rapacious in the London coffee-houses. With commendable humanity, the loss of the insurgent army is put at "two thousand,"—although "the Rebels by their own Accounts make the Loss greater by 2000 than we have stated it." In the fatal list appears the name of "Cameron of Lochiel," destined, through the favor of the Muse, to an immortality which is denied to equally intrepid and unfortunate compatriots. The terms of the surrender upon parole of certain French and Scotch officers at Inverness,—the return of the ordnance and stores captured,—names of the killed and wounded officers of the rebel army,—various congratulatory addresses,—an extract from a letter from Edinburgh, concerning the battle,—an account of the subsequent movement of the forces,—various anecdotes of the Duke of Cumberland, during the engagement,—etc., are given with much parade and circumstance. The loyalty of the citizens is evidenced by the following "local item," under date of "Boston, Thursday, 3d":—"Upon the Confirmation of the joyful News of the Defeat of the Rebels in Scotland, and of the Life and Health of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, on Wednesday, the 2d inst., at Noon, the Guns at Castle William and the Batteries of the Town were fired, as were those on Board the Massachusetts Frigate, etc., and in the Evening we had Illuminations and other Tokens of Joy and Satisfaction." There are also curious biographical sketches and anecdotes of the Earl

of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and others, among those engaged in this ill-judged attempt, who expiated their treason on the scaffold, from which interesting extracts might be made. The following seems a very original device for the recovery of freedom,—one, we think, which, to most readers of the present day even, will truly appear a "new" and "extraordinary Invention":—

"Carlisle, Sept. 27, 1746.

"The Method taken by the Rebels here under Sentence of Death to make their Escape is quite new, and reckoned a most extraordinary Invention, as by no other Instrument than a Case-Knife, a Drinking-Glass and a Silk Handkerchief, seven of them in one Night had sawn off their Irons, thus:—They laid the Silk Handkerchief single, over the Mouth of the Glass, but stretched it as much as it would bear, and tied it hard at the Bottom of the Glass; then they struck the Edge of the Knife on the Mouth of the Glass, (thus covered with the Handkerchief to prevent Noise,) till it became a Saw, with which they cut their Irons till it was Blunt, and then had Recourse to the Mouth of the Glass again to renew the Teeth of the Saw; and so completed their Design by Degrees. This being done in the Dead of Night, and many of them at Work together, the little Noise they made was overheard by the Centinels; who informed their Officers of it, they quietly doubled their Guard, and gave the Rebels no Disturbance till Morning, when it was discovered that several of them were loose, and that others had been trying the same Trick. 'Tis remarkable that a Knife will not cut a Handkerchief when struck upon it in this Manner."

About one-eighth part of the first volume of the Magazine is occupied with reports of Parliamentary debates, entitled, "Journal of the Proceedings and Debates of a Political Club of young Noblemen and Gentlemen established some time ago in London." They seem to be copied, with little, if any alteration, from the columns

of the "London Magazine," and are introduced to an American public with this mildly ironical preface:—"We shall give our Readers in our next a List of the British Parliament. And as it is now render'd unsafe to entertain the Publick with any Accounts of their Proceedings or Debates, we shall give them in their Stead, in some of our subsequent Magazines, Extracts from the Journals of a Learned and Political Club of young Noblemen and Gentlemen established some time ago in London. Which will in every Respect answer the same Intentions."

The scientific world was all astir just then with new-found marvels of Electricity,—an interest which was of course much augmented in this country by the ingenious experiments and speculations of the printer-philosopher. In the volume for the year 1745 is "An Historical Account of the wonderful Discoveries made in Germany, etc., concerning Electricity," in the course of which the writer says, (speaking of the experiments of a Mr. Gray,) "He also discovered another surprising Property of electric Virtue, which is that the approach of a Tube of electrified Glass communicates to a hempen or silk-en Cord an electric Force which is conveyed along the Cord to the Length of 886 feet, at which amazing Distance it will impregnate a Ball of Ivory with the same Virtue as the Tube from which it was derived." So true is it, that things are great and small solely by comparison: the lapse of something over a century has gradually stretched this "amazing distance" to many hundreds of miles, and now the circumference of the globe is the only limit which we feel willing to set to its extension.

At page 691 of the previous volume we have an "Extract from a Pamphlet lately published at Philadelphia intitled 'An Account of the New Invented Pennsylvanian Fire Places.'" This was probably from the pen of Franklin, who expatiates as follows on the advantages derivable from these fireplaces, which are still occasionally to be met with, and known as "Franklin Stoves":—"By the

Help of this saving Invention our Wood may grow as fast as we consume it, and our Posterity may warm themselves at a moderate Rate, without being oblig'd to fetch their Fuel over the Atlantick; as, if Pit-Coal should not be here discovered, (which is an Uncertainty,) they must necessarily do."

That a taste for the beauties of Nature was extant at the epoch of which we treat may be inferred from the statement of a writer who commences "An Essay in Praise of the Morning" as follows:—"I have the good Fortune to be so pleasantly lodg'd as to have a Prospect of a neighboring Grove, where the Eye receives the most delicious Refreshment from the lively Verdure of the Greens, and the wild Regularity by which the Scene shifts off and disparts itself into a beautiful Chequer."

The ever interesting and disputed topics of dress and diet come in for an occasional discussion. The following is a characteristic specimen of the satirical vein of the British essayist school, though we have been unable to ascertain, by reference to the "Spectator," "Tatler," "Rambler," "Guardian," etc., the immediate source whence it was taken. It reads as follows:—"History of Female Dress. The sprightly Gauls set their little Wits to work again," (on resuming the war under Queen Anne,) "and invented a wonderful Machine call'd a Hoop Petticoat. In this fine Scheme they had more Views than one; they had compar'd their own Climate and Constitution with that of the British, and finding both warmer, they naturally enough concluded that would only be pleasantly cool to them, which would perhaps give the British Ladies the Rheumatism, and that if they once got them off their Legs they should have them at Advantage; Besides, they had been inform'd, though falsely, that the British Ladies had not good Legs, and then at all Events this Scheme would expose them. With these pernicious Views they set themselves to work, and form'd a Rotund of near 7 Yards about, and sent the Pattern over

by the Sussex Smugglers with an Intent that it should be seiz'd and expos'd to Publick View; which happen'd accordingly, and made its first Appearance at a Great Man's House on that Coast, whose Lady claim'd it as her peculiar Property. In it she first struck at Court what the learned in Dress call a bold Stroke; and was thereupon constituted General of the British Ladies during the War. Upon the Whole this Invention did not answer. The Ladies suffer'd a little the first Winter, but after that were so thoroughly harden'd that they improv'd upon the Contrivers by adding near 2 Yards to its Extension, and the Duke of Marlboro' having about the same Time beat the French, the Gallic Ladies dropt their Pretensions, and left the British Mistresses of the Field; the Tokens whereof are worn in Triumph to this Day, having outlasted the Colors in Westminster Hall, and almost that great General's Glory."

To a similar source must probably be referred an article in the same volume, entitled, "Of Diet in General, and of the bad Effects of Tea-Drinking." The genuine conservative flavor of the extract is deliciously apparent, while its wholesale denunciations are drawn but little, if at all, stronger than those which may even yet be occasionally met with. "If we compare the Nature of Tea with the Nature of English Diet, no one can think it a proper Vegetable for us. It has no Parts fit to be assimilated to our Bodies; its essential Salt does not hold Moisture enough to be joined to the Body of an Animal; its Oyl is but very little, and that of the opiate kind, and therefore it is so far from being nutritive, that it irritates and frets the Nerves and Fibres, exciting the expulsive Faculty, so that the Body may be lessened and weakened, but it cannot increase and be strengthened by it. We see this by common Experience; the first Time persons drink it, if they are full grown, it generally gives them a Pain at the Stomach, Dejection of Spirits, Cold Sweats, Palpitation at the Heart, Trembling, Fearfulness; taking away the Sense of Fulness

though presently after Meals, and causing a hypochondriac, gnawing Appetite. These symptoms are very little inferiour to what the most poisonous Vegetables we have in England would occasion when dried and used in the same manner.

"These ill Effects of Tea are not all the Mischiefs it occasions. Did it cause none of them, but were it entirely wholesome, as Balm or Mint, it were yet Mischief enough to have our whole Populace used to sip warm Water in a mincing, effeminate Manner, once or twice every Day; which hot Water must be supped out of a nice Tea-Cup, sweetened with Sugar, biting a Bit of nice thin Bread and Butter between Whiles. This mocks the strong Appetite, relaxes the Stomach, satiates it with trifling light Nick-Nacks which have little in them to support hard Labour. In this manner the Bold and Brave become dastardly, the Strong become weak, the Women become barren, or if they breed their Blood is made so poor that they have not Strength to suckle, and if they do the Child dies of the Gripes; In short, it gives an effeminate, weakly Turn to the People in general."

Another humorous philosopher, who is benevolently anxious that his fellow-creatures may not be taken in by the rustic meteorologists, satirically furnishes a number of infallible tests to determine the approach of a severe season. He entitles his contribution to meteorological science,—"*Jonathan Weatherwise's Prognostications*. As it is not likely that I have a long Time to act on the Stage of this Life, (for what with Head-Aches, hard Labour, Storms and broken Spectacles I feel my Blood chilling, and Time, that greedy Tyrant, devouring my whole Constitution," etc.,—an exordium which is certainly well adapted to excite our sympathy for Jonathan, even if it fail to inspire confidence in his "Prognostications," and leave us a little in the dark as to the necessary connection between "broken spectacles" and the "chilling of the blood." The criteria he gives us are truly ingenious and surprising; but though the greater part would prove novel, we

believe, to the present generation, we can here quote but one. He tells us, that, when a boy, he "swore revenge on the Grey Squirrel," in consequence of a petted animal of this species having "bitten off the tip of his grandmother's finger,"—a resolution which proved, as we shall see, unfortunate for the squirrels, but of immense advantage to science. To gratify this dire animosity, and in fulfilment of his vow, he persevered for nearly half a century in the perilous and exciting sport of squirrel-hunting, departing "every Year, for forty-nine successive Years, on the 22d of October, excepting when that Day fell on a Sunday," in which case he started on the Monday following, to take vengeance for the outrage committed on his aged relative. Calm philosophy, however, enabled him, "in the very storm, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of his passion," to observe and record the following remarkable fact in Zoology: "When shot from a high Limb they would put their Tails in their Mouths as they were tumbling, and die in that Manner; I did not know what to make of it, 'till, in Process of Time, I found that when they did so a hard Winter always succeeded, and this may be depended on as infallible."

The author of "An Essay on Puffing" (a topic which we should hardly have thought to have found under discussion at a period so much nearer the golden age than the present) remarks,—*"Dubious and uncertain is the Source or Spring of Puffing in this Infant Country, it not being agreed upon whether Puffs were imported by the primitive Settlers of the Wilderness, (for the Puff is not enumerated in the aboriginal Catalogue,) or whether their Growth was spontaneous or accidental. However uncertain we are about the Introduction or first Cultivation of Puffs, it is easy to discover the Effects or Consequences of their Improvement in all Professions, Perswasions and Occupations."*

Under the head which has assumed, in modern journalism, an extent and importance second only to the Puff, to wit,

the "Horrible Accident Department," we find but a single item, but that one of a nature so unique and startling that it seems to deserve transcribing. "February 7 [1744]. We hear from Statuten Island that a Man who had been married about 5 months, having a Design to get rid of his Wife, got some poisoned Herbs with which he advised her to stuff a Leg of Veal, and when it was done found an Excuse to be absent himself; but his Wife having eat of it found herself ill, and he coming Home soon after desired her to fry him some Sausages which she did, and having eat of them also found himself ill; upon which he asked his Wife what she fried them in, who answered, in the Sauce of the Veal; then, said he, I am a dead man: So they continued sick for some Days and then died, but he died the first." We hardly know which most to admire, the graphic and terrible simplicity of this narrative of villany, or the ignorance which it discovers of the modern art of penny-a-lining, an expert practitioner of which would have spread the shocking occurrence over as many columns as this bungling report comprises sentences.

The poetical contents of our Magazine consist mainly, as we have said, of excerpts from the popular productions of English authors, as they were found in the magazines of the mother country or in their published works, the diluted stanzas of their imitators, satirical verses epigrams, and translations from the Latin poets. There are, however, occasional strains from the native Muse, and here and there a waif from sources now, perhaps, lost or forgotten. Before "he threw his Virgil by to wander with his dearer bow," Mr. Freneau's Indian seems to have determined to leave on record a proof of his classical attainments, for he is doubtless the author of "A Latin Ode written by an American Indian, a Junior Sophister at Cambridge, anno 1678, on the death of the Reverend and Learned Mr. Thacher,"—a translation of which is given at page 166, prefaced thus:—"As the Original of the following Piece is very

curious, the publishing this may perhaps help you to some better Translation. Attempted from the Latin of an American Indian." The probability that any reader of the present paper would be disposed to help us to this "better Translation" seems too remote to warrant us in giving the Ode *in extenso*; nor do we think any would thank us for transcribing a cloudy effusion, a little farther on, entitled, "On the Notion of an abstract antecedent Fitness of Things." The following estrays are perhaps worth the capture; they profess to date back to the reign of Queen Mary, and are styled, "Some Forms of Prayer used by the vulgar Papists."

THE LITTLE CREED.

Little Creed can I need,
Kneel before our Lady's Knee,
Candle light, Candle burn,
Our Lady pray'd to her dear Son
That we might all to Heaven come;
Little Creed, Amen!

THE WHITE PATER NOSTER.

White Pater Noster, St. Peter's Brother,
What hast thou in one hand? White-Book
Leaves.
What hast i'th' to'ther? Heaven Gate Keys.
Open Heaven Gates, and steike (shut) Hell
Gates,
And let every crysom Child creep to its
own mother:
White Pater Noster, Amen!

We do not think that the poets of the anti-shaving movement have as yet succeeded in producing anything worthy to be set off against a series of spirited stanzas under the heading of "The Razor, a Poem," which we commend to the immediate and careful attention of the "Razorstrop Man." The following are the concluding verses:—

"But, above all, thou grand Catholicon,
Or by what useful Name so'er thou'rt call'd,
Thou Sweet Composer of the tortur'd Mind!
When—all the Wheels of Life are heavy
clogg'd
With Cares or Pain, and nought but Horror
dire
Before us stalks with dreadful Majesty,
Embittering all the Pleasures we enjoy;

To thee, distressed, we call; thy gentle
Touch
Consigns to balmy Sleep our troubled
Breasts."

Evidently the production of a philosopher and an economist of time: for who else would have thought of shaving before going to bed, instead of at the matutinal toilet?

In less than five years from the date of its first number, (1743,) "The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle" had ceased to exist, and in the year 1757 appeared "The American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle for the British Colonies." This was published by Mr. William Bradford in Philadelphia, under the auspices of "a Society of Gentlemen," who declare themselves to be "*veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici*," but who probably found themselves unequal to the difficulties of such a position, the Magazine having expired just one year after its birth. It was followed by "The New England Magazine," (1758,) "The American Magazine," (1769,) "The Royal American Magazine," (1774,) "The Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum," (1775,) "The Columbian Magazine," (1786,) "The Worcester Magazine," (the same year,) "The American Museum," (1787,) "The Massachusetts Magazine," (1789,) "The New-York Magazine," (1790,) "The Rural Magazine & Vermont Repository," (1796,) "The Missionary Magazine," (same year.)—and others. The premature mortality characteristic of some of our own magazine-literature was, even at this early period, painfully apparent: none of the publications we have named survived their twelfth year, most of them lived less than half that period. A great diversity in the style and quality of their contents, as well as in external appearance, is, of course, observable, and it somewhat requires the eye of faith to see within their rusty and faded covers the germ of that gigantic literary plant which, in this year of Grace, 1860, counts in the city of Boston alone nearly one hundred and fifty periodical publications, (about

one-third being legitimate magazines,) perhaps as many more in the other New England cities and towns, and a progeny of unknown, but very considerable extent, throughout the Union.

Apart even from their value to the historiographer and the antiquary, few relics of the past are more suggestive or interesting than the old magazine or newspaper. The houses, furniture, plate, clothing, and decorations of the generations which have preceded us possess their intrinsic value, and serve also to link by a thousand associations the mysterious past with the actual and living present; but the old periodical brings back to us, beside all this, the bodily presence, the words, the actions, and even the very thoughts of the people of a former age. It is, in mercantile phrase, a book of original entry, showing us the transactions of the time in the light in which they were regarded by the parties engaged in them, and reflecting the state of public sentiment on innumerable topics,—moral, religious, political, philosophic, military, and scientific. Its mistakes of fact or induction are honest and palpable ones, easily corrected by contemporaneous data or subsequent discoveries, and not often posted into the ledger of history without detection. The learned and patient labors of the *savant* or the scholar are not expected of the pamphleteer or the periodical writer of the last century, or of the present; he does but blaze the pathway of the pains-taking engineer who is to follow him, happy

enough, if he succeed in satisfying immediate and daily demands, and in capturing the kind of game spoken of by Mr. Pope in that part of his manual where he instructs us to

“shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.”

Among us, however, the magazine-writer, as he existed in the last century, has left few, if any, representatives. He is fading silently away into a forgotten antiquity; his works are not on the publishers' counters,—they linger only among the dust and cobwebs of old libraries, listlessly thumbed by the exploring reader or occasionally consulted by the curious antiquary. His place is occupied by those who, in the multiplication of books, the diffusion of information, and the general alteration of public taste, manners, and habits, though revolving in a similar orbit, move in quite another plane,—who have found in the pages of the periodical a theatre of special activity, a way to the entertainment and instruction of the many; and though much of what is thus produced may bear, as we have hinted, a character more or less ephemeral, we are sometimes presented also with the earlier blossoms and the fresher odors of a rich and perennial growth of genius, everywhere known and acknowledged in the realms of belles-lettres, philosophy, and science, crowded here as in a nursery, to be soon transplanted to other and more permanent abodes.

COME SI CHIAMA?

OR A LEAF FROM THE CENSUS OF 1850.

THE first question asked of a "new boy" at school is, "What's your name?" In this year of Grace the eighth decennial census is to be taken, asking that same question of all new comers into the great public school where towns and cities are educated. It will hardly be effected with that marvellous perfection of organization by which Great Britain was made to stand still for a moment and be statistically photographed. For with consummate skill was planned that all-embracing machinery, so that at one and the same moment all over the United Kingdom the recording pen was catching every man's status and setting it down. The tramp on the dusty highway, the clerk in the counting-house, the sportsman upon the moor, the preacher in his pulpit, game-bird and barn-door fowl alike, all were simultaneously bagged. Unless, like the Irishman's swallow, you could be in two places at once, down you went on the recording-tablets. Christopher Sly, from the ale-house door, if caught while the Merry Duke had possession of him, must be chronicled for a peer of the realm; Bully Bottom, if the period of his translations fell in with the census-taking, must be numbered among the cadgers' "mokes"; nay, if Dogberry himself had encountered the officials at the moment of his pathetic lamentation, he were irrevocably written down "an ass."

We can hardly hope for such celerity and sure handling upon this side of the water. Nor is this the subject we have just now in view. The approaching advent of the census-taker has led us to look back at the labor of his predecessor, and the careless turning over of its pages has set us to musing upon NAMES.

William Shakspeare asks, "What's in a name?" England's other great poetical William has devoted a series of his versifying to the naming of places. Which

has the right of it, let us not undertake to pronounce without consideration. England herself has long ago determined the question. As Mr. Emerson says of English names,—“They are an atmosphere of legendary melody spread over the land; older than all epics and histories which clothe a nation, this undershirt sits close to the body.” Dean Trench, who handles words as a numismatist his coins, has said substantially the same thing. And it is true not of England only; for the various lands of Europe are written over like palimpsests with the story of successive conquests and dominations chronicled in their local names. You stop and ask why a place is so called,—sure to be rewarded by a legend lurking beneath the title. Like the old crests of heraldry, with their “canting” mottoes beneath, they are history in little, a war or a revolution distilled into the powerful attar of a single phrase. The Rhineland towers of Falkenstein and Stolzenfels are the local counterparts of the Scotch borderers’ “Thou shalt want ere I want,” for ominous meaning.

The volume we have just laid down painfully reminds us that the poet and the historian have no such heritage in this land. We have done our best to crowd out all the beautiful significant names we found here, and to replace them by meaningless appellations. For the *name* of a thing is that which really has in it something of that to which it belongs, which describes and classifies it, and is its spoken representative; while the appellation is only a title conferred by act of Parliament or her Majesty's good pleasure: it cannot make a parvenu into a peer.

But we are not writing for the mere interest of the poet and the novelist. Fit names are not given, but grow; and we believe there is not a spot in the land,

possessing any attractiveness, but has its name ready fitted to it, waiting unsyllabled in the air above it for the right sponsor to speak it into life. We plead for public convenience simply. We are thinking not of the ears of taste, but of the brain of business. We do not wonder at the monstrous accumulations of the Dead-Letter Office, when we see the actual poverty which our system of naming places has brought about. Pardon us a few statistics, and, as you read them, remember, dear reader, that this is the story of ten years ago, and that the enormous growths of the last decade have probably increased the evil prodigiously.

The volume in question gives a list of a trifle under ten thousand places,—to be accurate, of nine thousand eight hundred and twenty odd. For these nine thousand cities, towns, and villages have been provided but *three* thousand eight hundred and twenty names. All the rest have been baptized according to the results of a promiscuous scramble. Some, indeed, make a faint show of variety, by additions of such adjectives as New, North, South, East, West, or Middle. If we reduce the list of original names by striking out these and all the compounds of “ville,” “town,” and the like, we get about three thousand really distinctive names for American towns. Three hundred and thirty odd we found here when we came,—being Indian or *Native* American. Three hundred and thirty more we imported from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. A dozen were added to them from the pure well of Welsh undefiled, and mark the districts settled by Cambro-Britons. Out of our Bibles we got thirty-three Hebrew appellations, nearly all ludicrously inappropriate; and these we have been very fond of repeating. In California, New Mexico, Texas, Florida, and the Louisiana purchase, we bought our names along with the land. Fine old French and Spanish ones they are; some thirty of them names of Saints, all well-sounding and pleasant to the ear. And there is a value in these names not

at first perceptible. Most of them serve to mark the day of the year upon which the town was founded. They are commemorative dates, which one need only look at the calendar to verify. As an instance of this, there is the forgotten title of Lake George, Lake St. Sacramento, which, in spite of Dr. Cleveland Coxe’s very graceful ballad, we must hold to have been conferred because the lake was discovered on Corpus-Christi Day. In the Mississippi Valley, the great chain of French military occupation can still be faintly traced, like the half-obliterated lines of a redoubt which the plough and the country road have passed over.

There remain about two thousand names, which may fairly be called of American manufacture. We exclude, of course, those which were transferred from England, since they were probably brought directly. They have a certain fitness, as affectionate memorials of the Old Country lingering in the hearts of the exiles. Thus, though St. Botolph was of the fenny shire of Lincoln, and the new comers to the Massachusetts Bay named their little peninsula Suffolk, the county of the “South-folk,” we do not quarrel with them for calling their future city “Bo’s or Botolph’s town,” out of hearts which did not wholly forget their birthplace with its grand old church, whose noble tower still looks for miles away over the broad levels toward the German Ocean. Nor do we think Plymouth to be utterly meaningless, though it is not at the mouth of the Ply, or any other river such as wanders through the Devon Moorlands to the British Channel.

“Et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum Agnosco: Scææque amplector limina portæ.”

Throughout New England, and in all the original colonies, we find this to be the case. But, as Americans, we must reject both what our fathers brought and what they found. Two thousand specimens of the American talent for nomenclature, then, we can exhibit. Walk up, gentlemen! Here you have the top-crest

of the great wave of civilization. Here is a people, emancipated from Old-World trammels, setting the world a lesson. What is the result? With the grand divisions of our land we have not had much to do. Of the States, seventeen were baptized by their Indian appellations; four were named by French and Spanish discoverers; six were called after European sovereigns; three, which bear the prefix of New, have the names of English counties;—there remains Delaware, the title of an English nobleman, leaving us Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Rhode Island, three precious bits of modern classicality. Let us now come to the counties. Ten years ago there were some fifteen hundred and fifty-five of these. One hundred and seventy-three bear Indian names, and there are one or two uncertain. For these fifteen hundred and fifty-five counties there are eight hundred and eighty-eight names, about one to every two. Seven hundred are, then, of Anglo-Saxon bestowing? No. Another hundred are of Spanish and French origin. Six hundred county-names remain; fifty of which, neat as imported, are the names of English places, and fifty more are names bestowed in compliment to English peers. Five hundred are the American residuum.

We beg pardon for these dry statistical details, over which we have spent some little time and care; but they furnish a base of operations. Yet something more remains to be added. We have, it is true, about two thousand names of places and five hundred of counties purely American, or at least due to American taste. In most instances the county-names are repeated in some of the towns within their borders. Therefore we fall back upon our original statement, that two thousand names are the net product of Yankee ingenuity. It is hardly necessary to assure the most careless reader that the vast majority of these are names of persons. And it needs no wizard to conjecture that these are bestowed in very unequal proportions. Here the true trouble of the Postmaster-General and his staff begins.

The most frequent names are, of course,

those of the Presidents. The "Father of his Country" has the honor of being god-father to no small portion of it. For there are called after him *one* territory, *twenty-six* counties, and *one hundred and thirty-eight* towns and villages. Adams, the next, has but *six* counties and *twenty-six* towns; but his son is specially honored by a village named J. Q. Adams. Jefferson has *seventeen* counties and *seventy-four* towns. Madison has *fifteen* counties and *forty-seven* towns. Monroe has *sixteen* counties and *fifty-seven* towns, showing that the "era of good feeling" was extending in his day. The second Adams has one town to himself; but the son of his father could expect no more. Jackson has *fifteen* counties and *one hundred and twenty-three* towns, beside *six* "boroughs" and "villes,"—showing what it was to have won the Battle of New Orleans. Van Buren gets *four* counties and *twenty-eight* towns. Harrison *seven* counties and *fifty-seven* towns, as becomes a log-cabin and hard-cider President. Tyler has but *three* counties, and not a single town, village, or hamlet even. Polk has *five* counties and *thirteen* towns. Taylor, *three* counties and *twelve* towns. The remaining Presidents being yet in life and eligible to a second term, it would be invidious to make further disclosures till after the conventions. Among unsuccessful candidates there is a vast difference in popularity. Clay has *thirty-two* towns, and Webster only *four*. Cass has *fourteen*, and Calhoun only *one*. Of Revolutionary heroes, Wayne and Warren are the favorites, having respectively *thirteen* and *fourteen* counties and *fifty-three* and *twenty-eight* towns. But "Principles, not Men," has been at times the American watchword; therefore there are *ten* counties and *one hundred and three* towns named "Union."

We have given the reader a dose, we fear, of statistics; but imagine yourself, dear, patient friend, what you may yet be, Postmaster-General of these United States, with the responsibility of providing for all these bewildering post-offices. And we pray you to heed the absolute

poverty of invention which compelled forty-nine towns to call themselves "Centre." Forty-nine Centres! There are towns named after the points of compass simply,—not only the cardinal points, but the others,—so that the census-taker may, if he likes, "box the compass," in addition to his other duties.

But worse than the too common names (anything but proper ones) are the eccentric. The colors are well represented; for, beside Oil and Paint for materials, there are Brown, Black, Blue, Green, White, Cherry, Gray, Hazel, Plum, Rose, and Vermilion. The animals come in for their share; for we find Alligator, Bald-Eagle, Beaver, Buck, Buffalo, Eagle, Eel, Elk, Fawn, East-Deer and West-Deer, Bird, Fox, (in Elk County,) Pigeon, Plover, Raccoon, Seal, Swan, Turbot, Wild-Cat, and Wolf. Then again, the christening seems to have been preceded by the shaking in a hat of a handful of vowels and consonants, the horrible results of which *sortes* appear as Alna, Cessna, Chazy, Clamo, Novi, (we suspect the last two to be Latin verbs, out of place, and doing duty as substantives,) Cumru, Freco, Fristo, Josco, Hamtramck, Medybemps, Haw, Kan, Paw-Paw, Pee-Pee, Kinzua, Bono, Busti, Lagro, Letart, Lodomillo, Moluncus, Mullica, Lomira, Neave, Oley, Orland, and the felicitous ringing of changes which occurs in Luray, Leroy, and Leray, to say nothing of Ballum, Bango, Helts, and Hellam. And in other unhappy places, the spirit of whim seems to have seized upon the inhabitants. Who would wish to write themselves citizens of Murder-Kill-Hundred, or Cain, or of the town of Lack, which places must be on the high road to Fugit and Constable? There are several anti-Maine-law places, such as Tom and Jerry, Whiskey-run, Brandywine, Jolly, Lemon, Pipe, and Pitcher, in which Father Matthew himself could hardly reside unimpeached in repute. They read like the names in the old-fashioned "Temperance Tales," all allegory and alcohol, which flourished in our boyhood.

Then, by way of counterpart to these, there are sixty-four places known as Liberty, and thirteen as Freedom, but only one as Moral,—passing by which, we suppose we shall come to Climax, and, thence descending, arrive, as the whirligig of time appointeth, at Smack-over, unless we pause in Economy, or Equality, or Candor, or Fairplay.

If we were land-hunters, we might ponder long over the town of Gratis, unless we thought Bonus promised more. There is Extra, and, if tautologically fond of grandeur, *Metropolis City*,—a mighty Babel of (in 1850) *four hundred and twenty-seven* inhabitants,—and Bigger, which has *seven hundred*. A brisk man would hardly choose Nod-away for his home, nor a haymaker the town of Rain. And of all practical impertinences, what could in this land of novelty equal the calling of one's abiding-place "New"? We fully expect that 1860 will reveal a comparative and superlative, and perhaps even a super-superlative, ("Newest-of-all,") upon its columns.

But what is the sense of such titles as Buckskin, Bullskin, (is it Byrsa, by way of proving Solomon's adage,— "There is nothing new under the sun"?) Chest, and Posey? There is one unfortunate place (do they take the New York "Herald" and "Ledger" there?) which has "gone and got itself christened" Mary Ann, and another (where "Childe Harold" is doubtless in favor) is called Ada. There is a Crockery, a Carryall, and a Turkey-Foot,—which last, like the broomstick in Goethe's ballad, is chopped in two, only to reappear as a double nuisance, as Upper and Lower Turkey-Foot.

Then what paucity of ideas is revealed in the fact that a number of names are simply common nouns, or, worse yet, spinster adjectives, "singly blest"! Such are Hill, Mountain, Lake, Glade, Rock, Glen, Bay, Shade, Valley, Village, District, Falls, which might profitably be joined in holy matrimony with the following,—Grand, Noble, Plain, Pleasant, Rich, Muddy, Barren, Fine, and Flat.

As for one or two other unfortunates, like Bloom and Lumber, they can only be sent to State's Prison for life, with Bean-Blossom and Scrub-Grass. We need hardly mention that to the religious public, including special attention to "clergymen and their families," Calvin, Wesley, Whitefield, Tate, Brady, and Watts offer peculiar attractions.

But there is a class of names which does gladden us, partly from their oddity, and partly from a feeling at first sight that they are names really suggestive of something which has happened,—and this is apt to turn out the fact. Thus, Painted-Post, in New York, and Baton-Rouge, in Louisiana, are honest, though quaint appellatives; Standing-Stone is another; High-Spire, a fourth. Others of the same class provoke our curiosity. Thus, Grand-View-and-Embarras seems to have a history. So do Warrior's-Mark and Broken-Straw. There is one queer name, Pen-Yan, which is said to denote the component parts of its population, *Pennsylvanians* and *Yankees*; and we have hopes that Proviso is not meaningless. Also we would give our best pen to know the true origin of Loyal-Sock, and of Marine-Town in the inland State of Illinois. This last is like a "shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia." There is, too, a memorial of the Greek Revolution which tells its own story,—Scio-and-Webster! We could hardly wish the awkward partnership dissolved. But who will unravel the mysteries of New-Design and New-Faul? and can any one tell us whether the fine Norman name of Sanilac is really the euphonious substitute for Bloody-Pond? If there be in America that excellent institution, "Notes and Queries," here is matter for their meddling.

But it is time to shut the book. For we are weary of picking holes in our own *poncho*, and inclined to muse a little upon the science of naming places. After what we have said about names growing,—*Nomen nascitur, non fit*,—we cannot expect that the evil can be remedied by Congress or Convention. Yet the Postal Department has fair cause of

complaint. Thus much might be required, that all the supernumerary spots answering to the same hail should be compelled to change their titles. Government exercises a tender supervision of the nomenclature of our navy. Our ships of war are not permitted to disgrace the flag by uncouth titles. Enterprising merchants have offered prizes for good mouth-filling designations for their crack clippers, knowing that freight and fortune often wait upon taking titles. Was the Flying Cloud ever beaten? And in a land where all things change so lightly, why not shake off the loosely sticking names and put on better? For at present, the main end, that of conferring a *nomen* or a name, something by which the spot shall be known, has almost passed out of sight. If John Smith, of the town of Smith, in Smith County, die, or commit forgery, or be run for Congress, or write a book, his address might as well be "Outis, Esq., Town of Anywhere, County of Everywhere." It concerns the "Atlantic Monthly" not a little. For we desire, among its rapidly multiplying subscribers, that our particular friend and kind critic, commorant in Washington, should duly receive and enjoy this present paper, undefrauded by any resident of the other one hundred and thirty of the name. If we wish to mail a copy of "The Impending Crisis" to Franklin, Vermont, we surely do not expect that it will perish by *auto da fé* in Franklin, Louisiana.

But the thought comes upon us, that herein is revealed a curious defect of the American mind. It lacks, we contend, the fine perceptive power which belongs to the poet. It can imitate, but cannot make. It does not seize hold upon the distinctive fact of what it looks at, and appropriate that. Our countrymen once could do it. The stern Puritan of New England looked upon the grassy meadows beside the Connecticut, and found them all bubbling with fountains, and called his settlement "Springfield." But the American has lost the elementary uses of his mother tongue. He is perpet-

ually inventing new abstract terms, generalizing with boldness and power and utter contempt of usage. But the rich idiomatic sources of his speech lie too deep for him. They are the glory and the joy of our motherland. You may take up "Bradshaw" and amuse yourself on the wettest day at the dullest inn, nay, even amid the horrors of the railway station, with deciphering the hidden meanings of its lists of names, and form for yourself the gliding panorama of its changing scenery and historic renown. But blank, indeed, is the American transit through Rome, Marcellus, Carthage, Athens, Palmyra, and Geneva; and blessed the relief when the Indian tongue comes musically in to "heal the blows of sound"! And whatever the expectations of the "Great American Poem," the Transatlantic "Divina Commedia" or "Iliad," which the public may entertain, we feel certain they will not be fulfilled in our day. Take Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and see what beautiful beadrolls of names he can string together from the rough Cornish and Devon coasts. Only out of a poetic-hearted people are poets born. The peasant writes ballads, though scholars and antiquaries collect them. The Hebrew lyric fire blazed in myriad beacons from every landmark. The soil of Palestine is trodden, as it were, with the footsteps of God, so eloquent are its mountains and hamlets with these records of a nation's faith.

But into how much of the love of home do its familiar names enter! And we appeal to the common sense of everybody, whether those we have quoted above are not enough to make a man ashamed of his birthplace. They are the ear-mark of a roving, careless, selfish population,

which thinks only of mill-privileges, and never of pleasant meadows,—which has built the ugliest dwellings and the biggest hotels of any nation, save the Calmucks, over whom reigns the Czar. Upon the American soil seem destined to meet and fuse the two great elements of European civilization,—the Latin and the Saxon,—and of these two is our nation blent. But just at present it exhibits the love of glare and finery of the one, without its true and tender taste,—and the sturdy, practical utilitarianism of the other, without its simple-hearted, home-loving poetry. The boy is a great boy,—awkward, ungainly, and in the way; but he has eyes, tongue, feet, and hands to some (future) purpose. And that in good taste, good sense, refinement, and hopeful culture, our big boy has been growing, we hope will be apparent, even in the matter of "calling names," from the pages of the next census.

We have but a word more, in the way of finale. We have not been romancing. Everything we have set down here we have truly looked up there, in the volume furnished by Mr. De Bow. He, not we, must be held answerable for any and all scarce credible names which are found wanting in a local habitation. We have counted duly and truly the fine-printed pages, from which task we pray that the kind Fates may keep the reader.

Yet, if he doubt, and care to explore the original mine whence our specimen petrifications have been dug, he will find that we have by no means exhausted the supply; and that there are many most curious and suggestive facts, not contained in the statistics or intended by the compiler, which are embraced in the CENSUS REPORTS.

BARDIC SYMBOLS.

Walt Whitman

I.

ELEMENTAL drifts!

Oh, I wish I could impress others as you and the waves have just been impressing me!

II.

As I ebbd with an ebb of the ocean of life,
 As I wended the shores I know,
 As I walked where the sea-ripples wash you, Paumanok,
 Where they rustle up, hoarse and sibilant,
 Where the fierce old mother endlessly cries for her castaways,
 I, musing, late in the autumn day, gazing off southward,
 Alone, held by the eternal self of me that threatens to get the better of me and stifle me,
 Was seized by the spirit that trails in the lines underfoot,
 In the ruin, the sediment, that stands for all the water and all the land of the globe.

III.

Fascinated, my eyes, reverting from the south, dropped, to follow those slender windrows,
 Chaff, straw, splinters of wood, weeds, and the sea-gluten,
 Scum, scales from shining rocks, leaves of salt-lettuce, left by the tide.

IV.

Miles walking, the sound of breaking waves the other side of me,
 Paumanok, there and then as I thought the old thought of likenesses,
 These you presented to me, you fish-shaped island,
 As I wended the shores I know,
 As I walked with that eternal self of me, seeking types.

V.

As I wend the shores I know not,
 As I listen to the dirge, the voices of men and women wrecked,
 As I inhale the impalpable breezes that set in upon me,
 As the ocean so mysterious rolls toward me closer and closer,
 At once I find, the least thing that belongs to me, or that I see or touch, I know not;
 I, too, but signify a little washed-up drift,—a few sands and dead leaves to gather,
 Gather, and merge myself as part of the leaves and drift.

VI.

Oh, baffled, lost,
 Bent to the very earth, here preceding what follows,
 Terrified with myself that I have dared to open my mouth,
 Aware now, that, amid all the blab whose echoes recoil upon me, I have not once had the least idea who or what I am,

But that before all my insolent poems the real me still stands untouched, untold,
altogether unreachd,
Withdrawn far, mocking me with mock-congratulatory signs and bows,
With peals of distant ironical laughter at every word I have written or shall
write,
Striking me with insults, till I fall helpless upon the sand !

VII.

Oh, I think I have not understood anything,—not a single object,—and that no
man ever can !

VIII.

I think Nature here, in sight of the sea, is taking advantage of me to oppress me,
Because I was assuming so much,
And because I have dared to open my mouth to sing at all.

IX.

You oceans both ! You tangible land ! Nature !
Be not too stern with me,—I submit,—I close with you,—
These little shreds shall, indeed, stand for all.

X.

You friable shore, with trails of debris !
You fish-shaped island ! I take what is underfoot :
What is yours is mine, my father !

XI.

I, too, Paumanok,
I, too, have bubbled up, floated the measureless float, and been washed on your
shores.

XII.

I, too, am but a trail of drift and debris,—
I, too, leave little wrecks upon you, you fish-shaped island !

XIII.

I throw myself upon your breast, my father !
I cling to you so that you cannot unloose me,—
I hold you so firm, till you answer me something.

XIV.

Kiss me, my father !
Touch me with your lips, as I touch those I love !
Breathe to me, while I hold you close, the secret of the wondrous murmuring I
envy !
For I fear I shall become crazed, if I cannot emulate it, and utter myself as well
as it.

XV.

Sea-raff ! Torn leaves !
Oh, I sing, some day, what you have certainly said to me !

XVI.

Ebb, ocean of life ! (the flow will return,)—

Cease not your moaning, you fierce old mother !

Endlessly cry for your castaways ! Yet fear not, deny not me,—

Rustle not up so hoarse and angry against my feet, as I touch you, or gather from you.

XVII.

I mean tenderly by you,—

I gather for myself, and for this phantom, looking down where we lead, and following me and mine.

XVIII.

Me and mine !

We, loose windrows, little corpses,

Froth, snowy white, and bubbles,

Tufts of straw, sands, fragments,

Buoyed hither from many moods, one contradicting another,

From the storm, the long calm, the darkness, the swell,

Musing, pondering, a breath, a briny tear, a dab of liquid or soil,

Up just as much out of fathomless workings fermented and thrown,

A limp blossom or two, torn, just as much over waves floating, drifted at random,

Just as much for us that sobbing dirge of Nature,

Just as much, whence we come, that blare of the cloud-trumpets,—

We, capricious, brought hither, we know not whence, spread out before you,—
you, up there, walking or sitting,

Whoever you are,—we, too, lie in drifts at your feet.

HUNTING A PASS:

A SKETCH OF TROPICAL ADVENTURE.

PRELIMINARY.

READER, take down your map, and, starting at the now well-known Isthmus of Panama, run your finger northward along the coast of the Pacific, until, in latitude 13° north, it shall rest on a fine body of water, or rather the “counterfeit presentment” thereof, which projects far into the land, and is designated as the Bay of Fonseca. If your map be of sufficient scale and moderately exact, you will find

represented there two gigantic volcanoes, standing like warders at the entrance of this magnificent bay. That on the south is called Coseguina, memorable for its fearful eruption in 1835; that on the north is named Conchagua or Amapala, taller than Coseguina, but long extinct, and covered to its top with verdure. It is remarkable for its regularity of outline and the narrowness of its apex. On this apex, a mere sugar-loaf crown, are a *vigía* or look-out station, and a signal-staff;

whence the approach of vessels is telegraphed to the port of La Union, at the base of the volcano. A rude hut, half-buried in the earth, and loaded down with heavy stones, to prevent it from being blown clean away, or sent rattling down the slopes of the mountain, is occupied by the look-out man,—an old Indian muffled up to his nose; for it is often bitter cold at this elevation, and there is no wood wherewith to make a fire. Were it not for that jar or *tinaja* of *aguardiente* which the old man keeps so snugly in the corner of his burrow, he would have withered up long ago, like the mummies of the Great Saint Bernard.

But I am not going to work up the old man of the *vigía*; for he was of little consequence on the 10th day of April, 1853, except as a wondering spectator on the top of Conchagua, in a group consisting of an ex-minister of the United States, an officer of the American navy, and an artist from the good city of New York, to whose ready pencil a grateful country owes many of the illustrations of tropical scenery which have of late years lent their interest to popular periodicals and books of adventure. I might have added to this enumeration the tall, dark figure of Dolores, servant and guide; but Dolores, with a good sense which never deserted him, had no sooner disencumbered his shoulders of his load of provisions, than he bestowed himself in the burrow, out of the wind, and possibly not far from the *aguardiente*.

The utilitarian reader will ask, at once, the motive of this gathering on the top of the volcano of Conchagua, five thousand feet above the sea, wearily attained at no small expenditure of effort and perspiration. Was it love of adventure merely? ambition to do something whereof to brag about to admiring aunts or country cousins? Hardly. The beauty of the wonderful panorama which spreads before the group of strangers is too much neglected, their instruments are too carefully adjusted and noted, and their consultations are far too earnest and protracted, to admit of either supposition.

The old man of the *vigía*, as I have said, was a wondering spectator. He wondered why the eyes of the strangers, glasses as well as eyes, and theodolites as well as glasses, should all be directed across the bay, across the level grounds beyond it, far away to the blue line of the Cordilleras, cutting the clear sky with their serrated outline. He does not observe that deep notch in the great backbone of the continent, as regular as the cleft which the pioneer makes in felling a forest-tree; nor does he observe that the breeze which ripples the waters at the foot of the volcano is the north wind sweeping all the way from the Bay of Honduras through that break in the mountain range, which everywhere else, as far as the eye can reach, presents a high, unbroken barrier to its passage to the Pacific. Yet it is simply to determine the bearings of that notch in the Cordilleras, to fix the positions of the leading features of the intervening country, and to verify the latitude and longitude of the old man's flag-staff itself, as a point of departure for future explorations, that the group of strangers is gathered on the top of Conchagua.

And now, O reader, run your finger due north from the Bay of Fonseca, straight to the Bay of Honduras, and it will pass, in a figurative way, through the notch I have described, and through the pass of which we were in search. You will see, if your map be accurate, that in or near that pass two large rivers have their rise; one, the Humuya, flows almost due north into the Atlantic, and the other, the Goascoran, nearly due south into the Pacific,—together constituting, with the plain of Comayagua, a great transverse valley extending across the continent from sea to sea. Through this valley, commencing at Port Cortés, on the north, and terminating on the Bay of Fonseca on the south, American enterprise and English capital have combined to construct a railway, designed to afford a new, if not a shorter and better route of transit across the continent, between New York and San Francisco,

and between Great Britain and Australia.

But when we stood on the top of Conchagua, on the 10th day of April, 1853, the existence of a pass through the mountains, as well as of that great transverse valley of which I have spoken, was only inferentially known. In fact, the whole interior of Honduras was unexplored; its geography was not understood; its scenery had never been described; its towns and cities were scarcely known even by name; and its people lived in almost as profound a seclusion from the world at large as the dwellers on the banks of the Niger and the Zambezi. It is not, however, to bore you, O reader, with all the details of our surveys, nor to bother you with statistics, that I write; for, verily, are not these all set down in a book? But it is rather to amuse you with the incidents of our explorations, our quaint encounters with a quaint people of still quainter manners and habits and with ideas quainter than all, and to present you with a picture of a country and a society interesting equally in themselves and from their strong contrasts with our own, — I say, it is rather with these objects that I invite you, O reader, to join our little party, and participate in the manifold adventures of "HUNTING A PASS."

CHAPTER I.

THE port of La Union, our point of departure, is in the little Republic of San Salvador, which, in common with Nicaragua and Honduras, touches on the Bay of Fonseca. It is built near the head of a subordinate bay, of the same name with itself, at the foot of the volcano of Conchagua, which rises between it and the sea, cutting it off from the ocean-breezes, and rendering it, in consequence, comparatively hot and unhealthy. It is a small town, with a population scarcely exceeding fifteen hundred souls; but it is, nevertheless, the most important port of San Salvador. Here, during the season of the great fairs of San Miguel, may

be seen vessels of nearly all the maritime nations, — broad-hulled and sleepy-looking ships from the German free-cities, taut American clippers, sturdy English brigs, and even Peruvian and Genoese nondescripts, with crews in red night-caps.

At this time La Union holds high holiday; its *Comandante*, content at other times to lounge about in the luxury of a real undress uniform, now puts on his broadcloth and sash, and sustains a sweltering dignity; while all the brown girls of the place, arrayed in their gayest apparel, wage no timorous war on the hearts and pockets of too susceptible skippers. "Ah, me!" exclaimed our landlady, "is it not terrible? Excepting the Señora D. and myself, there is not a married woman in La Union!" "One wouldn't think so," soliloquized the *Teniente*, as he gazed reflectively into the street, where a dozen naked children, squatting in the sand, disputed the freedom of the highway with a score of lean dogs and bow-backed pigs of voracious appetites.

To me there was nothing specially new in La Union. The three years which had elapsed since my previous visit had not been marked by any great architectural achievement, and although the same effective chain-gang of two convicts seemed still to be occupied with the mole, the advance in that great public work was not perceptible to the eye. My old host and hostess were also the same, — a shade older in appearance, perhaps, but with hearts as warm and hospitalities as lavish as before. Only "La Gringita" had changed from the doe-eyed child of easy confidences into a quiet and somewhat distant girl, full in figure, and with a glance which sometimes betrayed the glow of latent, but as yet unconscious passion. In these sunny climes the bud blossoms and the young fruit ripens in a single day.

With my companions, however, the case was different. The *Teniente* could never cease being surprised that the commercial and naval facilities of the splendid bay before us had been so long over-

looked. "What a place for a naval station, with its spacious and secure anchorages, abundant water, and facilities for making repairs and obtaining supplies! Why, all the fleets of the globe might assemble here, and never foul spars or come across each other's hawsers! What a site, just in that little bay, for a shipyard! The bottom is pure sand, and there are full ten fathoms of water within a hundred yards of the shore! And then those high islands protecting the entrance! A fort on that point and a battery over yonder would close in the whole bay, with its five hundred square miles of area, against every invader, and make it as safe as Cronstadt!" But what astonished the *Teniente* more than anything else was, not that the English had seized the bay in 1849, but that they had ever given it up afterwards. "Bull should certainly abandon his filibustering habits, or else stick to his plunder; the example was a bad one for his offspring!"

And as for H., our artist, he, too, was surprised at all times and about everything. It surprised him "to hear mere children talk Spanish!" To be able to help himself to oranges from the tree without paying for them surprised him; so did the habit of sleeping in hammocks, and the practice of dressing children in the cheap and airy garb of a straw hat and cigar! He was surprised that he should come to see "a real volcano, like that of San Miguel, with real smoke rolling up from its mysterious depths; but what surprised him most was, that they should give him pieces of soap by way of making change in the market, and that he could buy a boat-load of oysters for a shilling!"

As for Don Henrique, who had resided twenty years in Nicaragua, he was only surprised at the surprise of others. He had a quiet, imperturbable contempt for the country and everything in it, was satisfied with a cool corridor and cigar, and had no ambition beyond that of some day returning to Paris. Above all, he was a foe to unnecessary exertion.

The ascent of *Ceashagua* was the most important incident of our stay in La Union, both in the excitements of the scramble and in the satisfactory nature of our observations from its summit. We left the port in the afternoon, with the view of passing the night in the highest hut on the mountain-side, so as to reach the summit early in the morning, and thus secure time for our observations. Doña María had given us her own well-trained servant, Dolores, who afterwards became a most important member of our little party; and he was now loaded down with baskets and bottles, while the *Teniente*, H., and myself undertook the responsible charge of the instruments.

Our path was one seldom travelled, and was exceedingly rough and narrow. Here it would wind down into one of the deep ravines which seam the mountain near its base, and, after following the little stream which trickled at its bottom for a short distance, turn abruptly up the opposite side, and run for a while along a crest or ridge of *scoriae* or disintegrated lava, only, however, to plunge into another ravine beyond. And thus alternately scrambling up and down, yet gradually ascending diagonally, we worked our way towards the hut where we were to pass the night. The slopes of the mountain were already in shadow, and the gloom of the dense forests and of the deep ravines was so profound, that we might have persuaded ourselves that night had fallen, had we not heard the cheerful notes of unseen birds that were nestling among the tree-tops. After two hours of ascent, the slope of the mountain became more abrupt and decided, the ravines shallower, and the intervening ridges less elevated. The forest, too, became more open, and the trees smaller and less encumbered with vines, and between them we could catch occasional glimpses of the bay, with its waters golden under the slant rays of the declining sun. Finally we came to a kind of terrace or shelf of the mountain, with here and there little patches of ground, newly cleared, and black from the recent burning of the undergrowth,—the

only preparation made by the Indian cultivator for planting his annual maize-crop. He has never heard of a plough; a staff shod with iron, with which he pries a hole in the earth for the reception of the seed, is the only agricultural implement with which he is acquainted. When the young blade appears, he may possibly lop away the tree-sprouts and rank weeds with his *machete*; but all the rest he leaves to Nature, and the care of those unseen protectors of the harvest whom he propitiates in the little church of Conchagua by the offering of a candle, and in the depth of the forest, in some secluded spot of ancient sanctity, by libations of *chicha*, poured out, with strange dances, at the feet of some rudely sculptured idol which his fathers venerated before him, and which he inwardly believes will come out "all right" in the end, notwithstanding its present disgrace and the Padre's denunciations.

The mountain terrace which we had now reached is three thousand feet above the sea, half a mile long, of varying width, and seems to be the top of some great bed of *scoriae* which long ago slipped down on an inclined plane of lava to its present level. Whatever its origin, it is certainly a beautiful spot, thinly covered with trees, and carpeted with grass, on which, at the time of our visit, a few cows were grazing, while half a dozen goats gazed at us in motionless surprise from the gray rocks to which they had retreated on our approach. We found the hut in which we were to rest for the night perched on the very edge of the terrace, where it overlooked the whole expanse of the bay, with its high islands and purple shores. At this airy height, and open to every breeze, its inhabitants enjoy a delicious temperature; and I could well understand how it was that Doña María, notwithstanding the difficulties of the ascent, often came up here to escape the debilitating heats of the port, and enjoy the magnificent prospect. The dwellers on this mountain-perch consisted of an old man with his two sons and their wives, and a consequent round dozen of children, all

of whom gave Dolores the cordial welcome of an old friend, which was reflected on his companions with equal warmth. Our mules were quickly unsaddled and cared for, and our instruments carefully suspended beneath a rough shed of poles covered with branches of trees, which stood before the hut, and answered the purpose of a corridor in keeping off the sun. Here also we chose to swing our hammocks; for the hut itself was none of the largest, and, having but a single room, would require packing more closely than suited our tastes, in order to afford us the narrowest accommodation. It is true, the two Benedicts volunteered to sleep outside with Dolores, and resign the interior to the old man, the women, the children, and the strangers. But the *Teniente* thought there would be scant room, even if we had the whole to ourselves; while H. was overcome by "the indelicacy of the suggestion."

The sunset that evening was one of transcendent beauty, heightened by the thousand-hued reflections from the masses of clouds which had been piling up, all the afternoon, around the distant mountains of Honduras, and which Dolores told us betokened the approach of the rainy season. Bathed in crimson and gold, they shed a glowing haze over the intervening country, and were reproduced in the broad mirror of the bay below us, so that we seemed to be suspended and floating in an Iris-like sea of light and beauty. But night falls rapidly under the tropics; the sunsets are as brief as they are brilliant; and as soon as the sun had sunk below the horizon, the gorgeous colors rapidly faded away, leaving only leaden clouds on the horizon and a sullen body of water at our feet.

A love of music seems to be universal among all classes in Central America, especially among the *Ladinos* or mixed population. And it is scarcely possible to find a house, down to the meanest hut, that does not possess a violin or guitar, or, in default of these, a mandolin, on which one or more of its inmates are able to

perform with considerable skill, and often with taste and feeling. The violin, however, is esteemed most highly, and its fortunate possessor cherishes it above wife or children. He keeps it with his white buckskin shoes, red sash, and only embroidered shirt, in the solitary trunk with cyclopean lock and antediluvian key, which goes so far, in Central American economy, to make up the scanty list of domestic furniture. The youngest of our hosts was the owner of one of these instruments, of European manufacture, which had cost him, I dare say, many a load of maize, wearily carried on his naked back down to the port. As the evening advanced, he produced it, with an air of satisfaction, from its secure depository, and, leaning against a friendly tree, gave us a specimen of his skill. It is true, we did not expect much from our swarthy friend, whose only garment was his trousers of cotton cloth, tucked up above his knees; and we were therefore all the more surprised, when, after some preliminary tuning of the instrument, he pressed the bow on its strings with a firm and practised hand, and led us, with masterly touch, through some of the finest melodies of our best operas. Very few amateurs of any country, with all their advantages of instruction, could equal the skill of that poor dweller on the flank of the volcano of Conchagua; none certainly could surpass him in the delicacy and feeling of his execution. H., on whom, as an artist, and himself no mean musician, we had already devolved the task of being enthusiastic and demonstrative over matters of this kind, applauded vehemently, and cried, "*Bravo!*" and "*Encore!*" and ended in convincing us of the reality of his delight, by pressing his brandy-flask into the hands of the performer, and urging him to "drink it all, every drop, and then give us another!" Our mountain Paganini, I fear, interpreted the behest too literally; or else H.'s enthusiasm never afterwards rose to so high a pitch; at any rate, he was never known to manifest it in so expansive a manner.

"And where did your friend learn his music?"

He had caught it up, he said, from time to time, as he had floated, with his canoe-load of plantains, chickens, and yucas, around the vessels-of-war that occasionally visit the port; neglecting his traffic, no doubt, in eagerly listening to the music of the bands or the individual performances of the officers. He had had no instructor, except "*un pobre Italiano,*" who came to La Union with an exhibition of *fantioccini*, died there of fever, and was buried like a Christian in the *Campo Santo* adjoining the church: and Paganini removed his hat reverentially, and made the sign of the cross on his swarthy bosom. And now, most incredulous of readers, are you answered?

During the night we were visited by the first storm of the season, and it opened the flood-gates of the skies right grandly, with booming thunders and blinding lightning, and a dash of rain that came through our imperfect shelter as through a sieve. Driven inside the hut, where we contested the few square feet of bare earthen floor with the pigs and pups of the establishment, we passed a most miserable night, and were glad to rise with the earliest dawn,—ourselves to continue our ascent of the mountain, and our hosts to plant their mountain *milpas*, while the ground was yet moist from the midnight rain. They told us that the maize, if put into the earth immediately after the first rain of the season, was always more vigorous and productive than that planted afterwards; why they knew not; but "so it had been told them by their fathers."

The air was deliciously fresh and cool, and the foliage of the trees seemed almost pulsating with life and light under the morning sun, as we bade our hosts "*¡Á Dios!*" and resumed our course up the mountain. There was no longer any path, and we had to pick our way as we were able, among blocks of blistered rocks, over fallen trunks of trees, and among gnarled oaks, which soon began to replace the more luxuriant vegetation of the low-

er slopes. H., dragged from his mule by a scraggy limb, was shocked to find that the first inquiry of his companions was not about the safety of his neck, but of the barometer. At the end of an hour, the ascent becoming every moment more abrupt, we had passed the belt of trees and bushes, and reached the smooth and scoriaceous cone, which, during the rainy season, appears from the bay to be covered with a velvety mantle of green. It was now black and forbidding, from the recent burning of the dry grass or *sacate*, and so steep as to render direct ascent impossible. I proposed to leave the mules and proceed on foot, but the *Teniente* entered a solemn protest against anything of the sort:—"If the mules couldn't carry him up, he couldn't go; his family was affected with hereditary palpitation of the heart, and if any one of them suffered more from it than the others, he was the unfortunate victim! Climbing elevations of any kind, and mountains in particular, brought on severe attacks; and we might as well understand, at once, that, if in 'Hunting a Pass' there was any climbing to be done, some one else must do it!" And here I may mention a curious fact, probably hitherto unknown to the faculty, which was developed in our subsequent explorations, namely, that palpitation of the heart is contagious. H. was attacked with it on our third day out, and Don Henrique had formidable symptoms at sight of the merest hillock.

Under the lead of Dolores, by judicious zig-zagging, and by slow and painful advances, we finally reached the *vigía*,—the mules thoroughly blown, but the *Teniente* and the instruments safe. The latter were speedily set up, and the observations, which were to exercise so important an influence as a basis for our future operations, satisfactorily made. We found the mountain to be 4860 feet above the sea, barometrical admeasurement, and the flagstaff itself in latitude $13^{\circ} 18'$ N. and longitude $87^{\circ} 45'$ W. We obtained bearings on nearly all the volcanic cones on the plain of Leon, as also on

many of the detached mountain-peaks of Honduras and San Salvador, as the commencement of a system of triangulations which subsequently enabled us to construct the first map of the country at all approximating to accuracy. At noon on the day of our visit, the thermometer marked a temperature of 16° of Fahrenheit below that of the port.

It is a singular circumstance, that Captain Sir Edward Belcher, who surveyed the Bay of Fonseca in 1838, speaks of Conchagua as a mountain exhibiting no evidences of volcanic origin. Apart from its form, which is itself conclusive on that point, its lower slopes are ridged all over with dikes of lava, some of which come down to the water's edge, in rugged, black escarpments. The mountain has two summits: one comparatively broad and rugged, with a huge crater, and a number of smaller vents; and a second and higher one, nearest the bay,—the *ash-heap* of the volcano proper, on which the *vigía* is erected, and whence our observations were made. This is a sugar-loaf in form, with steep sides, and at its summit scarcely affording standing-room for a dozen horsemen. It is connected with the main part of the mountain by a narrow ridge, barely broad enough for a mule-path, with treeless slopes on either hand, so steep, that, on our return, the *Teniente* preferred risking an attack of "palpitation" to riding along its crest.

After loosening several large stones from the side of the cone, and watching them bound down the steep declivity, dashing the *scoriae* like spray before them, and bearing down the dwarf trees in their path like grass beneath the mower's scythe, until they rumbled away with many a crash in the depths of the forest at the base of the mountain, and after making over to the grateful old man of the *vigía* the remnants of Doña María's profusion in the shape of sandwiches and cold chicken, we commenced our descent, taking the shorter path by which I had descended three years before. It conducted us past the great spring of Yololtoea, to which the Indian girls of

the *pueblo* of Conchagua, three miles distant, still come to get their water, and down the ancient path and over the rocks worn smooth by the naked feet of their mothers and their mothers' mothers, until, at six o'clock in the afternoon, we defiled, tired and hungry, into the sweltering streets of La Union. Oysters *ad libitum*, (which, being translated, means as fast as three men could open them,) one of Doña María's best dinners, and a bath in the bay at bedtime calmed our appetites and restored our energies, and we went to sleep with the gratified consciousness that we had successfully taken the first step in the prosecution of our great enterprise.

I have alluded to the oysters of La Union; but I should prove ungrateful indeed, after the manifold delicious repasts which they afforded us, were I to deny them the tribute of a paragraph. It is generally believed that the true oyster of our shores is found nowhere else, or at least only in northern latitudes. But an exception must be made in favor of the waters of the Bay of Fonseca. Here they are found in vast beds, in all the subordinate bays where the streams deposit their sediment, and where, with the rise and fall of the tide, they obtain that alternation of salt and brackish water which seems to be necessary to their perfection. They are the same rough-coated, delicious mollusks as those of our own coasts, and by no means to be degraded by a comparison with the muddy, long-bearded, and, to Christian palates, copy-right abominations of the British Islands, which in their flattened shape and scalloped edges seem to betray an impure ancestry,—in point of fact, to be a bad cross between the scallop and the oyster.

At low tide some of the beds are nearly bare, and then the Indians take them up readily with their hands. The ease with which they may be got will appear from the circumstance, that for some time after our arrival we paid but a *real* (twelve and a half cents) for each canoe-load, of from five to six bushels. The people of La Union seldom use

them, and we were therefore able to establish the "ruling rates." They continued at a real a load, until H., with reckless generosity, one day paid our improvised oyster-man two reals for his cargo, who thereupon, appealing to this bad precedent, refused to go out, unless previously assured of receiving the advanced rate. This led to the immediate arrest of H., on an indictment charging him with "wilfully and maliciously combining and conniving with one Juan Sanchez, (colored,) to put up the price of the necessities of life in La Union, in respect of the indispensable article vulgarly known as *ostrea Virginiana*, but in the language of the law and of science designated as oysters." On this indictment he was summarily tried, and, in consequence of aggravating his offence by an attempt at exculpation, was condemned to suffer the full penalties of the law, in such cases provided, namely, "to pay the entire cost of all the oysters that might thenceforth be consumed by the prosecuting parties and the court, and, at eleven o'clock, past meridian, to be taken from his bed, thence to the extremity of the mole, and there *inducted*." Which sentence was carried into rigorous execution. Nor was he allowed to resume his former rank in the party, until, by a masterly piece of diplomacy, he organized an opposition oyster-boat, and a consequent competition, which soon brought Juan Sanchez to terms, and oysters to their just market-value.

That the aboriginal dwellers around the Bay of Fonseca appreciated its conchological treasures, we had afterwards ample evidence; for at many places on its islands and shores we found vast heaps of oyster-shells, which seemed to have been piled up as reverent reminiscences of the satisfaction which their contents had afforded.

During my previous visit to La Union, in March, 1850, I had observed that the north winds, which prevail during that month in the Bay of Honduras, sometimes sweep entirely across the continent with such force as to raise a considerable sea in the Bay of Fonseca. I thence in-

ferred that there must exist a pass or break in the great mountain-range of the Cordilleras, through which the wind could have an uninterrupted or but partially interrupted sweep. This was confirmed by the fact that the current of air which reached the bay was narrow, affecting only a width of about ten or twelve miles. This circumstance impressed me at that time only as indicating a remarkable topographical feature of the country; but afterwards, when the impracticability of a canal at Nicaragua and the deficiencies in respect of ports for a railway at Tehuantepec had become established, I was led to reflect upon it in connection with a plan for inter-oceanic communication by railway through Honduras; and, as explained in the introduction, we were now here to test the accuracy of my previous conclusions. Our observations at the top of Conchagua had signally confirmed them.

We could distinctly make out the existence of a great valley extending due north, and our glasses revealed a marked depression in the Cordilleras, which in all the maps were represented as maintaining here the character of a high, unbroken range. Of course no such valley as opened before us could exist without a considerable stream flowing through it. But the maps showed neither valley nor river. This circumstance did not, however, discourage us; for my former travels and explorations in Nicaragua had shown me, that, notwithstanding the country had occupied the attention of geographers for more than three centuries, in connection with a project for a canal between the oceans, its leading and most obvious physical features were still either grossly misconceived or utterly unknown.

The leading fact of the existence of some kind of a pass having been sufficiently established by our observations from Conchagua, we next set to work to obtain such information from the natives as might assist our further proceedings. This was a tedious task, and called for the exercise of all our patience; for it is impossible to convey in language an

adequate idea of the abject ignorance of most of the inhabitants of Central America concerning its geography and topographical features. Those who would naturally be supposed to be best informed, the priests, merchants, and lawyers, are really the most ignorant, and it is only from the *arrieros*, or muleteers, and the *correos*, or runners, that any knowledge of this kind can be obtained, and then only in a very confused form, and with most preposterous and contradictory estimates of distances and elevations.

We nevertheless made out that the mouth of a river or *estero*, laid down in Sir Edward Belcher's chart, on the opposite side of the bay in front of La Union, was really that of the river Goascoran, a considerable stream having its rise at a point due north, and not far from Comayagua, the capital of Honduras, which, we also ascertained, was seated in the midst of a great plain, bearing the same name. A large stream, it was said, flowed past that city,—but whether the Goascoran or some other, or whether it flowed north or south, neither *arriero* nor *correo* could tell.

The navigability of the Goascoran was also a doubtful question. According to some, it could be forded everywhere; others declared it impassable for many leagues above its mouth: a discrepancy which we were able to reconcile by reference to its probable state at different seasons of the year.

Fixing an early day for taking the field in earnest, and leaving H. and Don Henrique to make the necessary preparations, I improved the interval, in company with Lieutenant J., in making a boat exploration of the Goascoran. Obtaining a ship's gig, with two oarsmen and a supply of provisions, we left La Union at dawn on the 15th of April. We found that the river enters the bay by a number of channels, through low grounds covered with mangrove-trees. It was at half-tide, and we experienced no difficulty in entering. Our course at first was tortuous, and it seemed as if the river had lost itself in a labyrinth of chan-

nels, and we were ourselves much confused with regard to our true direction. Keeping, however, in the strongest current, at the end of half an hour we penetrated beyond the little delta of the river, and the belt of mangroves, to firm ground. Here the stream was confined to a single channel two hundred yards broad, with banks of clay and loam from six to ten feet high. The lands back appeared to be level, and, although well covered with ordinary forest-trees, were apparently subject to overflow. We observed cattle in several grassy openings, and here and there a *vaquero's* hut of branches; for it is a general practice of the *hacien-deros* to drive down their herds to the low grounds of the coasts and rivers, during the dry season, and as soon as the grass on the hills or highlands begins to grow sere and yellow. We observed also occasional heaps of oyster-shells on the banks, or half washed away by the river; and on the sand-spits at the bends of the stream, and in all the little shady nooks of the shore, we saw thousands of water-fowl, ducks of almost every variety, including the heavy muscovy and the lively teal; and there were flocks of white and crimson ibises, and solitary, long-legged, contemplative cranes, and gluttonous pelicans; while myriads of screaming curlews scampered along the line of the receding tide to snap up imprudent snails and the numerous minute *crustaceæ* which drift about in these brackish waters. The familiar kingfisher was also there, coming down with an occasional arrowy dash on some unsuspecting minnow, and then flapping away leisurely for a quiet meal in the shady recesses of a neighboring tree.

We fired on a flock of ducks, killing a number and wounding others, all of which we secured except one which struggled away into an eddy under the bank. We pushed in, and my hand was extended to pick him up, when a slimy, corrugated head, with distended jaws and formidable teeth, rose to the surface before me, paused an instant, then shot forward, and, closing on the wounded bird, disappear-

ed. The whole was done so quickly as to escape the notice of my companions, who would hardly believe me when I told them that we had been robbed by an alligator. We lost a duck, but gained an admonition; and I scarcely need add that our half-formed purpose of taking a bath in the next cool bend of the river was abandoned.

When the tide had run out, we were able to form a better notion of the river. We found, that, although near the end of the dry season, it was still a fine stream, with a large body of water, but spread over so wide a channel as to preclude anything like useful navigation, except with artificial aids. In places it was so shallow that our little boat found difficulty in advancing. But this did not disappoint us; for nothing like a mixed transit with transshipments had ever entered into my plan, which looked only to an unbroken connection by rail from one sea to the other. At four o'clock, satisfied that no useful purpose could be effected by going farther up the stream, we stopped at a collection of huts called Las Sandías,—not inappropriately, for the whole sloping bank of the river, which here appeared to be little better than a barren sand-bed, was covered, for a quarter of a mile, with a luxuriant crop of water- and musk-melons, now in their perfection. We purchased as many as we could carry off for a *real*. They were full, rich, and juicy, and proved to be a grateful restorative, after our day's exposure to the direct rays of the sun, and their scarcely less supportable reflection from the water. The melon-patch of Las Sandías is overflowed during the rainy season, and probably the apparently bare, sandy surface hides rich deposits of soil below.

We found the stream here alive with an active and apparently voracious fish, varying in length from fourteen to twenty inches, reddish in color, and closely resembling the Snapper of the Atlantic coast of Central America. The male inhabitants of Las Sandías were occupied in catching these fishes with hand-nets,

in the rifts and currents; and the women were busy in cleaning and drying them. Their offal had accumulated around the huts in offensive heaps, and gave out an odor which was almost insupportable, but of which the women appeared to take no notice. We did not, therefore, trespass long on their hospitality, but returned to our boat and started back to La Union. As night came on, the trees

along the river's bank were thronged with *chachalacas*, which almost deafened us with their querulous screams. Two well-directed shots gave us half a dozen, — for the young *chachalaca* is not to be despised on the table, — and we added them to our stock of water-fowls and melons as tempting trophies to our companions from the new Canaan on which they were venturing.

[To be continued.]

KEPLER.

THE acceptance of a doctrine is often out of all proportion to the authority that fortifies it. There are sweeps of generalization quite permeable to objection, which yet find metaphysical support; there are irrefragable dogmas which the mind drops as futile and fruitless. It is recorded of Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, that it found reception from no physician then over forty years old. We believe the splendid nebular construction of Laplace has its own difficulties; yet what noble or aspiring mind does not find interior warranties for the truth of that audacious synthesis? Is it that the soul darts responsive impartments to the heavens? that the whirl is elemental in the mind? that baffling intervals stretch deeper within us, and shoals of stars with no parallax appear?

Among the functions of Science, then, may well be included its power as a metre of the intellectual advance of mankind. In these splendid symbols man writes the record of his advancing humanity. How all is interwoven with the All! A petrified national mind will certainly appear in a petrified national Science. And that sublime upsurging from the depths of human nature which came with the last half of the eighteenth century appeared not alone in the new political and so-

cial aspirations, but in a fresh insight into Nature. This spirit manifested itself in the new sciences that sprang from the new modes of vision, — Magnetism, Electricity, Chemistry, — the old crystalline spell departing before a dynamical system of Physics, before the thought of the universe as a living organic whole. And what provokers does the discovery of the celestial circles bring to new circles of politics and social life!

The illustrations of Astronomy to this thought are very large. First of the sciences to assume a perfectly rational form, it presents the eternal type of the unfolding of the speculative spirit of man. This springs, no doubt, from the essentially subjective character of astronomy, — more than all the other sciences a construction of the creative reason. From the initiative of scientific astronomy, when the early Greek geometers referred the apparent diurnal movements to geometrical laws, to the creation of the nebular hypothesis, the logical filiation of the leading astronomical conceptions obeys corresponding tidal movements in humanity. Thus it is that

“through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.’

It was for reasons the Ptolemaic system so long held its sway. It was for reasons it went, too, when it did, hideous and oppressive nightmare! The celestial revelations of the sixteenth century came as the necessary complement of the new mental firmaments then dawning on the thought of man. The intellectual revolution caused by the discovery of the double motion of our planet was undoubtedly the mightiest that man had ever experienced, and its effect was to change the entire aspect of his speculative and practical activity. What a proof that ideas rule the world! Two hundred and fifty years ago, certain new sidereal conceptions arose in the minds of half a dozen philosophers, (isolated and utterly destitute of political or social influence, powerful only in the possession of a sublime and seminal thought,)—conceptions which, during these two centuries, have succeeded in overthrowing a doctrine as old as the human mind, closely interknit with the entire texture of opinions, authority, politics, and religion, and establishing a theory flatly contradicted by the universal dictates of experience and common sense, and true only to the transcendental and interpretative Reason!

At the advent of Modern Astronomy, the apparition of the German, John Kepler, presents itself. Familiarly associated in general apprehension with that inductive triad known as "Kepler's Laws," which form the foundation of Celestial Geometry, it is much less generally known that he was an august and oracular soul, one of those called Mystics and Transcendentalists, perhaps the greatest genius for analogy that ever lived,—that he led a truly epic life, a hero and helper of men, a divine martyr of humanity.

The labors of Kepler were mathematical, optical, cosmographical, and astronomical,—but chiefly astronomical. Two or three of his principal works are the "Cosmographic Mystery," (*Mysterium Cosmographicum*), the "New Astronomy," (*Astronomia Nova, seu Physica Cœlestis*), and the "Harmonies of the World"

(*Harmonices Mundi*). His whole published works comprise some thirty or forty volumes, while twenty folio volumes of manuscript lie in the Library at St. Petersburg. These Euler, Lexell, and Kraft undertook some years ago to examine and publish, but the result of this examination has never appeared. An elegant complete edition of the works of Kepler is at present being issued at Frankfort, under the editorship of Frisch.* It is to be in sixteen volumes, 8vo, two of which are published. For his biography, the chief source is the folio volume of Correspondence, published in 1718, by Hansch,† who has prefixed to these letters between Kepler and his contemporaries a Life, in which his German heartiness beats even through the marble encasement of his Latinity.

We have always admired, as a stroke of wit, the way Hansch takes to indicate Kepler's birthplace. Disdaining to use any but mathematical symbols for so great a mathematician, he writes that he was born on the 21st of December, 1571, in longitude $29^{\circ} 7'$, latitude $48^{\circ} 54'$! It may be worth mentioning, that on this cryptic spot stood the little town of Weil in the Duchy of Würtemberg. His birth was cast at a time when his parents were reduced to great poverty, and he received very little early schooling. He was, however, sent to Tübingen, and here he pursued the scholastic studies of the age, designing for the Church. But the old eternal creed-questionings arose in his mind. He stumbled at the omnipresence of Christ's body, wrote a Latin poem against it, and, when he had completed his studies, got for a *testimonium* that he had distinguished himself by his oratorical talents, but was considered unfit to be a fellow-laborer in the Church of Würtemberg. A larger priesthood awaited him.

The astronomical lectureship at the University of Grätz, in Styria, falling

* *Joannis Kepleri Astronomi Opera Omnia*. Edidit CH. FRISCH.

† *Epistolæ ad Joannem Keplerum scriptæ*. MICHAEL GOTTLIEB HANSCH. Lipsiæ, 1718.

vacant, Kepler was in his twenty-third year appointed to fill it. He was, as he tells us, "better furnished with talent than knowledge." But, no doubt, things had conspired to forward him. While at Tübingen, under the mathematician Mästlin, he had eagerly seized all the hints his master threw out of the doctrines of Copernicus, integrating them with interior authorities of his own. "The motion of the earth, which Copernicus had proved by mathematical reasons, I wanted to prove by physical, or, if you prefer it, metaphysical reasons." So he wrote in his "Prodromus Dissertationum Cosmographicarum," which he published two years after going to Grätz, that is, in his twenty-fifth year. In this book his fiery and mystical spirit first found expression, flaming forth in meteoric coruscations. The problem which Kepler attempted to solve in the "Prodromus" was no less than the determination of the harmonic relations of the distances of the planets, which it was given him to solve more than twenty years afterwards. The hypothesis which he adopted proved utterly fallacious; but his primal intuition, that numerical and geometric relations connect the velocities, periods, and distances of the planets, was none the less fruitful and sublime.

Of the facts of Kepler's external life, we may simply say, for the sake of reader apprehension, that, after remaining six years at Grätz, he, in 1600, on the invitation of Tycho Brahe, Astronomer Royal to Rodolph II. of Germany, removed to Prague and associated himself with Tycho, who shortly afterwards dying, Kepler was appointed in his place. The chief work was the construction of the new astronomical tables called the Rodolphine Tables, and on these he was engaged many years. In this situation he continued till 1613, when he left it to assume a professorship at Linz. Here he remained some years, and the latter part of his life was spent as astrologer to Wallenstein. Kepler is described as small and meagre of person, and he speaks of himself as "troublesome and choleric in politics and domestic matters." He was

twice married, and left a wife and numerous children ill-provided for.

Indeed, a painful and perturbed life fell to the lot of Kepler. The most crushing poverty all his life oppressed him. For, though his nominal salary as Astronomer Royal was large enough, yet the treasury was so exhausted that it was impossible for him ever to obtain more than a pittance. What a sad tragedy do these words, in a letter to Mästlin, reveal:—"I stand whole days in the ante-chamber, and am nought for study." And then he adds the sublime compensation: "I keep up my spirits, however, with the thought that I serve, not the Emperor alone, but the whole human race,—that I am laboring not merely for the present generation, but for posterity. If God stand by me and look to the victuals, I hope to perform something yet." Eternal type of the consolation which the consciousness of truth brings with it, his ejaculation on the discovery of his third law remains one of the sublimest utterances of the human mind:—"The die is cast; the book is written,—to be read now or by posterity, I care not which: it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer!" Cast in a stormy and chaotic age, he was persecuted by both Protestants and Catholics on account of the purity and elevation of his religious ideas; and from the disclosures of Baron von Breitschwert* it seems, that, in the midst of his sublimest labors, he spent five years in the defence of his poor old mother against a charge of witchcraft. He died in 1630, in his sixtieth year, (with the prospect of starvation before him,) of a fever which he caught when on a journey to Ratisbon, whither he had gone in the attempt to get part of his pay!

In what bewildering and hampering environment he found himself with the "Tübingen doctors" and the "Württemberg divines," his letters reveal. On the publication of the "Prodromus," Hafen-

* *Johann Kepler's Leben und Wirken: nach neuerlich aufgefundenen Manuscripten bearbeitet.* Stuttgart, 1813.

reffer wrote to warn him:—"God forbid you should endeavor to bring your hypothesis openly into argument with the Holy Scriptures! I require of you to treat the subject merely as a mathematician, and to leave the peace of the Church undisturbed." To the Tübingen doctors he replied:—"The Bible speaks to me of things belonging to human life as men are used to speak of them. It is no manual of Optics or of Astronomy; it has a higher object in view. It is a culpable misuse of it to seek in it for answers on worldly things. Joshua wished for the day to be lengthened. God hearkened to his wish. How? This is not to be inquired after." And surely the long-vexed argument has never since unfolded better statement than in the words of Kepler:—"The day will soon break when pious simplicity will be ashamed of its blind superstition,—when men will recognize truth in the book of Nature as well as in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice in the two revelations."*

On this avowal he was branded as a hypocrite, heretic, and atheist.

To Mästlin he wrote:—"What is to be done? I think we should imitate the Pythagoreans, communicate our discoveries *privatim*, and be silent in public, that we may not die of hunger. The guardians of the Holy Scriptures make an elephant of a gnat. To avoid the hatred against novelty, I represented my discovery to the Rector of the University as a thing already observed by the ancients; but he made its antiquity a greater charge against it than he could have made of its novelty."

And, indeed, the devotion to truth in that age, as in others, required an heroic heart. Copernicus kept back the publication of his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Cœlestium" for thirty-six years, and received a copy of it only on his death-bed. Galileo tasted the sweets of the Inquisition. Tycho Brahe was exiled. And Kepler himself was persecuted all his life, hounded from city to city. And yet the sixteenth century will ever be memorable

in the history of the human mind. The breaking down of external authority, the uprising of the spirit of inquiry, of skepticism, and the splendid scientific conquests that came in consequence, inaugurated a mighty movement which separates the present promises of mankind from all past periods by an interval so vast as to make it not merely a great historical development, but the very birth of humanity. While Tycho Brahe, at the age of fifty-four, was making his memorable observations at Prague, Kepler, at the age of thirty, was applying his fiery mind to the determination of the orbit of Mars, and Galileo, at thirty-six, was bringing his telescope to the revelation of new celestial intervals and orbs. Within the succeeding century Huygens made the application of the pendulum to clocks; Napier invented Logarithms; Descartes and Galileo created the analysis of curves, and the science of Dynamics; Leibnitz brought the Differential Calculus; Newton decomposed a ray of light, and synthesized Kepler's Laws into the theory of Universal Gravitation.

Into this age, when the Old and New met face to face, came the questioning and quenchless spirit of Kepler. Born into an age of adventure, this new Prometheus, this heaven-scaler, matched it with an audacity to lift it to new reaches of realization.

A singular *naïveté*, too, marked this august soul. He has the frankness of Montaigne or Jean Jacques. He used to accuse himself of gabbling in mathematics,—"*in re mathematica loquax*,"—and claimed to speak with German freedom,—"*scripsi hæc, homo Germanicus, more et libertate Germanica*." He marries far and near, brings planetary eclipses into conjunction with pecuniary penumbrae, and his treatise on the perturbations of Mars reveals equal perturbations in his domestic economy. It may be to this candor, this *gemüth*, that we are to ascribe the powerful personal magnetism he exercises in common with Rousseau, Rabelais, and other rich and ingen-

* *Harmonices Mundi*.

uous natures. Who would be otherwise than frank, when frankness has this power to captivate? The excess of this influence appears in the warmth betrayed by writers over their favorite. The cool-headed Delambre, in his "*Histoire de l'Astronomie*," speaks of Kepler with the heat of a pamphleteer, and cannot repress a frequent sneer at his contemporary, Galileo. We know the splendor of the Newtonian synthesis; yet we do not find ourselves affected by Newton's character or discoveries. He touches us with the passionless love of a star.

Kepler puts the same *naïveté* into his speculative activity, with a subtle anatomy laying bare the *metaphysique* of his science. It was his habit to illumine his discoveries with an exhibition of the path that led to them, regarding the method as equally important with the result,—a principle that has acquired canonical authority in modern scientific research. "In what follows," writes he, introducing a long string of hypotheses, the fallacy of which he had already discovered, "let the reader pardon my credulity, whilst working out all these matters by my own ingenuity. For it is my opinion that the occasions by which men have acquired a knowledge of celestial phenomena are not less admirable than the discoveries themselves." His tentatives, failures, leadings, his glimpses and his glooms, those aberrations and guesses and gropings generally so scrupulously concealed, he exposes them all. From the first flashing of a discovery, through years of tireless toil, to when the glorious apparition emerges full-orbed and resplendent, we follow him, becoming party to the process, and sharing the ejaculations of exultation that leap to his lips. Seventeen years were required for the discovery of the harmonic law, that the squares of the times of the planetary revolutions are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances; and no tragedy ever equalled in affecting intensity the account he has written of those Promethean years. What rays does he let into the subtle paths where the spirit travels in its interroga-

tions of Nature! We should say there was more of what there is of essential in metaphysics, more of the structural action of the human mind, in his books, than in the concerted introspection of all the psychologists. One sees very well that a new astronomy was predicted in the build of that sky-confronting mind; for harmonic ratios, laws, and rhymes played in his spherul soul, galaxies and gravitations stretched deeper within, and systems climbed their flaming ecliptic.

The highest problem of Science is the problem of Method. Hitherto man has worked on Nature only piecemeal. The understanding and the logic-faculty are allowed to usurp the rational and creative powers. One would say that scientists systematically shut themselves out of three-fourths of their minds, and the English have been insane on Induction these two hundred years. This unholy divorce has, as it always must do, brought poverty and impotence into the sciences, many of which stand apart, stand haggard and hostile, accumulations of incoherent facts, inhospitable, dead.

It is when contemplated in its historic bearings, as an education of the faculties of man, that the emphasis that has been placed on special scientific methods discloses its significance. The speculative synthesis of Greek and Alexandrine Science was a superb training in Deduction,—in the descent from consciousness to Nature. Abstracted from its relations with reality, the scholasticism of the Middle Ages pushed Deduction to mania and moonshine. Then it was, that, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Occidental mind, astir under the oceanic movements of the modern, arose to break the spell of scholasticism that had fettered and frozen the intellect of man. An all-invading spirit of inquiry, analysis, skepticism, became rife. An unappeasable hunger for facts, facts, facts, took possession of the general intellect. It was felt that abstraction was disease, was death,—that speculation had to be vitalized and enriched from experience and experi-

ment. This tendency was inevitable and sublime, no doubt. But it remains for modern times to emulate Nature and carry on analysis and synthesis at once. A great discovery is the birth of the whole soul in its creative activity. Induction becomes fruitful only when married to Deduction. It is those luminous intuitions that light along the path of discovery that give the eye and animus to generalization. Science must be open to influx and new beneficent affections and powers, and so add fleet wings to the mind in its exploration of Nature.

In Kepler was the perfect realization of the highest mission of Method. Powerfully deductive in the structure of his intellect, nourished on the divine bread of Plato and the Mystics, he yet united to these a Baconian breadth of practical power. Years before the publication of the "*Novum Organum*," he gave, in his "*Commentaries on the Motions of Mars*," a specimen of the logic of Induction whose circular sweep has never been matched. Prolific in the generation of hypotheses, he was yet remorseless in bringing them to the test of experiment. "*Hypotheses which are not founded in Nature please me not*," wrote he,—as Newton inscribed "*Hypotheses non fingo*" on the "*Principia*." Surely never was such heroic self-denial. Centurial vigils of baffling calculations—(remember, there was then little Algebra, and neither Calculus nor Logarithms)—were sacrificed without a regret except for the time expended, his tireless intellect pressing on to new heights of effort. His first work, the "*Mysterium Cosmographicum*," is the record of a splendid blunder that cost him five years' toil, and he spent ten years of fruitless and baffled effort in the deduction of the laws of areas and orbital ellipticity.

But this audacious diviner knew well the use of Hypothesis, and he applied it as an instrument of investigation as it had never been applied before. The vast significance of Hypothesis in the theory of Scientific Method has never been recognized. It would be a good piece of psychology to explore the principles

of this subtle mental power, and might go far to give us a philosophy of Anticipation. The men of facts, men of the understanding, observers,—as we might suppose,—universally show a disposition to shun theorizing, as opposed to the exactness of demonstrative science. And yet it is quite certain, that, in proportion as one rises to a more liberal apprehension, the immense provisional power of speculative ideas becomes apparent. Laplace asserted that no great discovery was ever made without a great guess; and long before, Plato had intimated of these "sacred suspicions of truth," that descend dawn-like on the mind, sublime premonitions of beautiful gates of laws. It is these launching tentatives which bring phenomena to interior and metaphysical tests and bear the mind swift-winged to Nature. Of course, there are various kinds of conjecture, and its value will depend on the brain from which it departs. But a powerful spirit will justify Hypothesis by the high functions to which he puts it. His guesses are not for nothing. Many and long processes go to them.—The inexhaustible fertility displayed by Kepler is a psychologic marvel. He had that subtle chemistry that turns even failures to account, consumes them in its flaming ascent to new reaches. After years of labor on his theory of Mars, he found it failed in application to latitudes and longitudes "out of opposition." Remorselessly he let his hypothesis go, and drew from his failure an important inference, the first step towards emancipation from the ancient prejudice of uniform, circular motion.

Such a genius for Analogy the world never before saw. The perception of similitude, of correspondence, shot perpetual and prophetic in this man's glances. To him had been opened the subtle secret, key to Nature, that Man and the Universe are built after one pattern, and he had faith to believe that the laws of his mind would unlock the phenomena of the world.

The law of Analogy flows from the inherent harmonies of Nature. Of this

wise men have ever been intuitive. The eldest Scriptures express it. It is in the Zend-Avesta, primal Japhetic utterance. It vivified that subtle Egyptian symbolism. The early Greeks and the Mystics of Alexandria knew it. Jamblicus reports of Pythagoras, that "he did not procure for himself a thing of this kind through instruments or the voice, but, by employing a certain inevitable divinity, and which it is difficult to apprehend, he extended his ears and fixed his intellect in the sublime symphonies of the world,—he alone hearing and understanding, as it appears, the universal harmony and consonance of the spheres and the stars that are moved through them, and which produce a fuller and more intense melody than anything effected by mortal sounds."

From the sublime intuitions of the harmonies of Nature and the unity of the Universe unfold the bright doctrines of Series and Degrees, of Correspondence, of Similitude. On these thoughts all wise spirits have fed. Indeed, you can hardly say they were ever absent. They are of those flaming thoughts the soul projects, splendid prophecies that become the light of all our science and all our day. Plato formulated these laws. Two thousand years after him, the cosmic brain of Swedenborg traced their working throughout the universal economies of matter and spirit, and Fourier endeavored to translate them into axioms of a new social organization.

These doctrines were ever present to the mind of Kepler; and to what fruitful account he turned Analogy as a means of inductive speculation his wonderful anatomy of his discoveries reveals. He fed on the harmonies of the universe. He has it, that "harmony is the perfection of relations." The work of his mature intellect was the "Harmonices Mundi," (Harmonies of the World,) in which many of the sublime leadings of Modern Science, as the Correlation of Sounds and Colors, the Significance of Musical Chords, the Undulatory Theory, etc., are prefigured. We must account him one of the

chief of those prophetic spirits who, by attempting to give phenomena a necessary root in ideas, have breathed into Science a living soul. The new Transcendental Anatomy,—the doctrine of Homologies,—the Embryologic scheme, revealing that all animate forms are developed after one archetype,—the splendid Nebular guess of Laplace,—the thought of the Metamorphosis of Plants,—the attempts at profounder explanations of Light and Colors,—the rising transcendentalism of Chemistry,—the magnificent intuition of Correspondence, showing a grand unity of design in the nodes of shells, the phylotaxis of plants, and the serialization of planets,—are all signs of the presence of a spirit that is to usher in a new dispensation of Science, fraught with divinest messages to the head and heart of man.

Kepler regarded Analogy as the soul of Science, and he has made it an instrument of prophecy and power. Thus, he inferred from Analogy that the sun turned on its axis, long before Galileo was able to direct his telescope to the solar spots and so determine this rotation as an actual fact. He anticipated a planet between Mars and Jupiter too small to be seen; and his inference that the obliquity of the ecliptic was decreasing, but would, after a long-continued diminution, stop, and then increase again, afterwards acquired the sanction of demonstration. A like instance of anticipation is afforded in the beautiful experiment of the freely-suspended ball revolving in an eclipse under the combined influence of the central and tangential forces, which Jeremiah Horrocks devised, when pursuing Kepler's theory of planetary motion,—his intuition being, that the motions of the spheres might be represented by terrestrial movements. We may mention the observation which the ill-starred Horrocks makes, in a letter,* on the occasion of this experiment, as one of the sublimities of Science:—"It appears to me, however, that I have fallen upon the true theory, and that it admits of being illustrated by natural movements on the surface of the

* *Correspondence*, 1637.

earth; for Nature everywhere acts according to a uniform plan, and the harmony of creation is such that small things constitute a faithful type of greater things." Another instance is afforded in the grand intuition of Oken, who, when rambling in the Hartz Mountains, lit upon the skull of a deer, and saw that the cranium was but an expansion of vertebræ, and that the vertebra is the theoretical archetype of the entire osseous framework,—the foundation of modern Osteology. And still another is the well-known instance of the change in polarization predicted by Fresnel from the mere interpretation of an algebraic symbol. This prophetic insight is very sublime, and opens up new spaces in man.

Of the discoveries of Kepler, we can here have to do with their universal and humanitarian bearings alone. It is to be understood, however, that the three grand sweeps of Deduction which we call Kepler's Laws formed the foundation of the higher conception of astronomy, that is, the dynamical theory of astronomical phenomena, and prepared the way for the "*Mécanique Céleste*." Whewell, the learned historian of the Sciences, speaks of them as "by far the most magnificent and most certain train of truths which the whole expanse of human knowledge can show"; and Comte declares, that "history tells of no such succession of philosophical efforts as in the case of Kepler, who, after constituting Celestial Geometry, strove to pursue that science of Celestial Mechanics which was by its very nature reserved for a future generation." These laws are, first, the law of the velocities of the planets; second, the law of the elliptic orbit of the planets; and, third, the harmonic law, that the squares of the times of the planetary revolutions are proportional to the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. They compass the whole sweep of Celestial Geometry, and stamp their seer as unapproachably the greatest of astronomers, as well as one of the chief benefactors of mankind.

The announcement of Kepler's first two laws was made in his *New Astronomy*,—"Astronomia Nova, seu Physica Cœlestis, tradita Commentariis de Motibus Stellæ Martis: Ex Observationibus G. V. Tychonis Brahe." Folio. Prague: 1609. This he published in his thirty-eighth year. The title he gave to this work, "*Celestial Physics*," must ever be regarded as a stroke of philosophical genius; it is the prediction of Newton and Laplace, and prefigures the path on which astronomical discovery has advanced these two hundred and fifty years.

An auspicious circumstance conspired to forward the astronomical discoveries of Kepler. Invited to Prague in 1600 by Tycho Brahe, as Assistant Royal Astronomer, he had access to the superb series of observations which Tycho had been accumulating for twenty-five years. Endowed with a genius for observation unsurpassed in the annals of science, the noble Dane had obtained a grant from the king of Denmark of the island of Hven, at the mouth of the Baltic. Here he erected a magnificent observatory, which he named *Uranienborg*, City of the Heavens. This he fitted up with a collection of instruments of hitherto unapproached size and perfection, and here, for twenty years, he pursued his observations. Thus it was that Kepler, himself a poor observer, found his complement in one who, without any power of constructive generalization, was yet the possessor of the richest series of astronomical observations ever made. From this admirable conjunction admirable realizations were to be expected. And, indeed, the "*Astronomia Nova*" presents an unequalled illustration of observation vivified by theory, and theory tested and fructified by observation.

To appreciate the significance of the discovery of the elliptical orbit of the planets, it is necessary to understand the complicated confusion that prevailed in the conception of planetary motions. The primal thought was that the motions of the planets were uniform and circular. This intuition of circular orbits was a hap-

py one, and was, perhaps; necessitated by the very structure of the human mind. The sweeping and centrifugal soul, darting manifold rays of equal reach, realizes the conception of the circle, that is, a figure all of whose radii are equidistant from a central point. But this conception of the circle afterwards came to acquire superstitious tenacity, being regarded as the perfect form, and the only one suitable for such divine natures as the stars, and was for two thousand years an impregnable barrier to the progress of Astronomy. To account for every new appearance, every deviation from circular perfection, a new cycloid was supposed, till all the simplicity of the original hypothesis was lost in a complication of epicycles:—

“The sphere,

With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.”

By the end of the sixteenth century the number of circles supposed necessary for the seven stars then known amounted to seventy-four, while Tycho Brahe was discovering more and more planetary movements for which these circles would not account.

To push aside forever this complicated chaos and evoke celestial order and harmony, came Kepler. Long had the sublime intuition possessed him, that numerical and geometrical relations connect the distances, times, and revolutions of the planets. He began his studies on the planet Mars,—a fortunate choice, as the marked eccentricity of that planet would afford ready suggestions and verifications of the true law of irregularity, and on which Tycho had accumulated copious data. It had long been remarked that the angular velocity of each planet increases constantly in proportion as the body approaches its centre of motion; but the relation between the distance and the velocity remained wholly unknown. Kepler discovered it by comparing the maximum and minimum of these quantities, by which their relation became more sensible. He found that

the angular velocities of Mars at its nearest and farthest distances from the sun were in inverse proportion to the squares of the corresponding distances. This law, deduced, was the immediate path to the law of orbital ellipticity. For, on attempting to apply his newly-discovered law to Mars, on the old assumption that its orbit was a circle, he soon found that the results from the combination of the two principles were such as could not be reconciled with the places of Mars observed by Tycho. In this dilemma, finding he must give up one or the other of these principles, he first proposed to sacrifice his own theory to the authority of the old system,—a memorable example of resolute candor. But, after indefatigably subjecting it to crucial experiment, he found that it was the old hypothesis, and not the new one, that had to be sacrificed.* If the orbit was not a circle, what, then, was it? By a happy stroke of philosophical genius he lit on the ellipse. On bringing his hypothesis to the test of observation, he found it was indeed so; and rising from the case of Mars to universal statement, he generalized the law, that the planetary orbits are elliptical, having the sun for their common focus.

Kepler had now determined the course of each planet. But there was no known relation between the distances and times; and the evolution of some harmony between these factors was to him an object of the greatest interest and the most restless curiosity. Long he dwelt in the dream of the Pythagorean harmonies. Then he essayed to determine it from the regular geometrical solids, and afterwards from the divisions of musical chords. Over twenty years he spent in these baffled efforts. At length, on the 8th of March, 1618, it occurred to him, that, instead of comparing the simple times, he should compare the numbers expressing the similar powers, as squares, cubes, etc.; and lastly, he made the very comparison on which his discovery was founded, between the squares of the times and the cubes of

* ROBERT SMALL: *Astronomical Discoveries of Kepler.*

the distances. But, through some error of calculation, no common relation was found between them. Finding it impossible, however, to banish the subject from his thoughts, he tells us, that on the 8th of the following May he renewed the last of these comparisons, and, by repeating his calculations with greater care, found, with the highest astonishment and delight, that the ratio of the squares of the periodical times of any two planets was constantly and invariably the same with the ratio of the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Then it was that he burst forth in his memorable rhapsody:—"What I prophesied twenty-two years ago, as soon as I discovered the five solids among the heavenly orbits,—what I firmly believed long before I had seen Ptolemy's harmonics,—what I had promised my friends in the title of this book, which I named before I was sure of my discovery,—what sixteen years ago I urged as a thing to be sought,—that for which I joined Tycho Brahe, for which I settled in Prague, for which I have devoted the best part of my life to astronomical contemplation,—at length I have brought to light, and have recognized its truth beyond my most sanguine expectations. It is now eighteen months since I got the first glimpse of light, three months since the dawn, very few days since the unveiled sun, most admirable to gaze upon, burst out upon me. Nothing holds me; I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession, that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it: the die is cast; the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which: it may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer!"

These laws have, no doubt, a universal significance, and may be translated into problems of life. For, after the farthest sweep of Induction, a question yet re-

mains to be asked: Whence comes the power to perceive a law? Whence that subtle correspondence and consanguinity, that the laws of man's mental structure tally with the phenomena of the universe? To this problem of problems our science as yet affords but meagre answers. It seems as though, so far in the history of humanity, it had been but given man to recognize this truth as a splendid idealism, without the ability to make it potential in his theory of the world. Yet what a key to new and beautiful gates of laws!

"Who can be sure to find its true degree,
Magister magnus in igne shall he be."

Antique and intuitive nations — Indians, Egyptians, Greeks — sought a solution of this august mystery in the doctrines of Transmigration and Anamnesis or Reminiscence. Nothing is whereto man is not kin. He knows all worlds and histories by virtue of having himself travelled the mystic spiral descent. Awaking through memory, the processes of his mind repeat the processes of the visible Kosmos. His unfolding is a hymn of the origination of the world.

Nature and man having sprung from the same spiritual source, a perfect agreement subsists between the phenomena of the world and man's mentality. This is necessary to the very conception of Science. If the laws of reason did not exist in Nature, we should vainly attempt to force them upon her: if the laws of Nature did not exist in our reason, we should not be able to comprehend them.* There is a saying reported of Zoroaster, and, coming from the depths of fifty centuries, still authentic and intelligible, that "the congruities of material forms to the laws of the soul are divine allurements." Ever welcome is the perception of this truth,—as the sublime audacity of Paracelsus, that "those who would understand the course of the heavens above must first of all recognize the heaven in man"; and the affirmation, that "the laws of Nature are the same as the thoughts within us: the laws of motion are such as are requir-

* OERSTED: *Soul in Nature*.

ed by our understanding." It remains to say that Kepler, too, had intuition of this lofty thought. At the conclusion of his early work, "*The Prodomus Dissertationum Cosmographicarum*," he wrote,— "As men enjoy dainties at the dessert, so do wise souls gain a taste for heavenly things when they ascend from their college to the universe and there look around them. Great Artist of the World! I look with wonder on the works of Thy hands, constructed after five regular forms, and in the midst the sun, the dispenser of light and life. I see the moon and stars strewn over the infinite field of space. Father of the World! what moved Thee thus to exalt a poor, weak little creature of earth so high that he stands in light a far-ruling king, almost a god?—*for he thinks Thy thoughts after Thee.*"

It is impossible not to feel freer at the accession of so much power as these laws bring us. They carry farther on the bounds of humanity. The stars are the eternal monitions of spirituality. Who can estimate how much man's thoughts have been colored by these golden kindred? It seems as though it were but required to show man space,—space, space, space,—there is that in him will fill and pass it. There is that in the celestial prodigies—in gulfs of Time and Space—that seems to mate the greed of the soul. There is that greed in the soul to pass through worlds and ages,—through growths, griefs, desires, processes, spheres,—to travel the endless high-

ways,—to pass and resume again. O Heavens, you are but a splendid fable of the elder mind! Centripetal and centrifugal are in man, too, and primarily; and an aspiring soul will ascend into the sweeps and circles, and pass swift and devouring through baffling intervals and steep-down strata of galaxies and stars.

The thought that overarches the centuries with firmamental sweep is the thought of the Ensemble. To this all has led along,—but the disclosures of Astronomy especially. The discovery of the earth's revolution, at once transporting the stars to distances outside of all telluric connection, broke the old spell, and replaced the petty provincialism of the earth as the All-Centre by the vast, sublime conception of the Universe. Laplace has pointed this out, showing how to the fantastic and enervating notion of a universe arranged for man has succeeded the sound and vivifying thought of man discovering, by a positive exercise of his intelligence, the general laws of the world, so as to be able to modify them for his own good, within certain limits. Dawning prophetic on modern times, the thought of the Ensemble holds the seeds of new humanitarian growths. This is the vast similitude that binds together the ages,—that balances creeds, colors, eras. Through Nature, man, forms, spirit, the eternal conspiracy works and weaves. This is the water of spirituality. All is bound up in the Divine Scheme. The Divine Scheme encloses all.

PLEASURE-PAIN.

"Das Vergnügen ist Nichts als ein höchst angenehmer Schmerz."—HEINRICH HEINE.

I.

FULL of beautiful blossoms
 Stood the tree in early May :
 Came a chilly gale from the sunset,
 And blew the blossoms away,—

 Scattered them through the garden,
 Tossed them into the mere :
 The sad tree moaned and shuddered,
 "Alas ! the fall is here."

But all through the glowing summer
 The blossomless tree thrived fair,
 And the fruit waxed ripe and mellow,
 With sunny rain and air ;

And when the dim October
 With golden death was crowned,
 Under its heavy branches
 The tree stooped to the ground.

In youth there comes a west wind
 Blowing our bloom away,—
 A chilly breath of Autumn
 Out of the lips of May.

We bear the ripe fruit after,—
 Ah, me ! for the thought of pain !—
 We know the sweetness and beauty
 And the heart-bloom never again.

II.

One sails away to sea,—
 One stands on the shore and cries ;
 The ship goes down the world, and the light
 On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,—
 And after is evil cheer :
 She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain,
 Many and many a year.

But the stately, wide-winged ship
 Lies wrecked on the unknown deep ;
 Far under, dead in his coral bed,
 The lover lies asleep.

III.

In the wainscot ticks the death-watch,
 Chirps the cricket in the floor,
 In the distance dogs are barking,
 Feet go by outside my door.

From her window honeysuckles
 Stealing in upon the gloom,
 Spice and sweets embalm the silence
 Dead within the lonesome room.

And the ghost of that dead silence
 Haunts me ever, thin and chill,
 In the pauses of the death-watch,
 When the cricket's cry is still.

IV.

She stands in silks of purple,
 Like a splendid flower in bloom;
 She moves, and the air is laden
 With delicate perfume.

The over-vigilant mamma
 Can never let her be:
 She must play this march for another,
 And sing that song for me.

I wonder if she remembers
 The song I made for her:
 "*The hopes of love are frailer*
Than lines of gossamer":

Made when we strolled together
 Through fields of happy June,
 And our hearts kept time together,
 With birds and brooks in tune,—

And I was so glad of loving,
 That I must mimic grief,
 And, trusting in love forever,
 Must fable unbelief.

I did not hear the prelude,—
 I was thinking of these old things.
 She is fairer and wiser and older
 Than——What is it she sings?

"*The hopes of love are frailer*
Than lines of gossamer."

Alas! the bitter wisdom
 Of the song I made for her!

V.

All the long August afternoon,
 The little drowsy stream
 Whispers a melancholy tune,
 As if it dreamed of June
 And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
 Dust on their down and bloom,
 And out of many a weed-grown nook
 The aster-flowers look
 With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
 With smell of ripening fruit.
 Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
 Flutter, at coming feet,
 The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
 The harsh leaves overhead;
 Only the querulous cricket grieves,
 And shrilling locust weaves
 A song of summer dead.

 THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

"MR. and Mrs. Colonel Sprowle's compliments to Mr. Langdon and requests the pleasure of his company at a social entertainment on Wednesday evening next.

"Elm St. Monday."

On paper of a pinkish color and musky smell, with a large *S* at the top, and an embossed border. Envelop adherent, not sealed. Addressed,

—— *Langdon Esq.*

Present.

Brought by H. Frederic Sprowle, youngest son of the Colonel,—the H. of course standing for the paternal Hezekiah, put in to please the father, and reduced to

its initial to please the mother, she having a marked preference for Frederic. Boy directed to wait for an answer.

"Mr. Langdon has the pleasure of accepting Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Sprowle's polite invitation for Wednesday evening."

On plain paper, sealed with an initial.

In walking along the main street, Mr. Bernard had noticed a large house of some pretensions to architectural display, namely, unnecessarily projecting eaves, giving it a mushroomy aspect, wooden mouldings at various available points, and a grandiose arched portico. It looked a little swaggering by the side of one or two of the mansion-houses that were not far from it, was painted too bright for Mr.

Bernard's taste, had rather too fanciful a fence before it, and had some fruit-trees planted in the front-yard, which to this fastidious young gentleman implied a defective sense of the fitness of things, not promising in people who lived in so large a house, with a mushroom roof, and a triumphal arch for its entrance.

This place was known as "Colonel Sprowle's villa," (genteel friends,)—as "the elegant residence of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Colonel Sprowle," (Rockland Weekly Universe,)—as "the new haouse," (old settlers,)—as "Sprawle's Folly," (disaffected and possibly envious neighbors,)—and in common discourse, as "the Colonel's."

Hezekiah Sprowle, Esquire, Colonel Sprowle of the Commonwealth's Militia, was a retired "merchant." An India merchant he might, perhaps, have been properly called; for he used to deal in West India goods, such as coffee, sugar, and molasses, not to speak of rum,—also in tea, salt fish, butter and cheese, oil and candles, dried fruit, agricultural "p'dóose" generally, industrial products, such as boots and shoes, and various kinds of iron and wooden ware, and at one end of the establishment in calicoes and other stuffs,—to say nothing of miscellaneous objects of the most varied nature, from sticks of candy, which tempted in the smaller youth with coppers in their fists, up to ornamental articles of apparel, pocket-books, breast-pins, gilt-edged Bibles, stationery,—in short, everything which was like to prove seductive to the rural population. The Colonel had made money in trade, and also by matrimony. He had married Sarah, daughter and heiress of the late Tekel Jordan, Esq., an old miser, who gave the town clock, which carries his name to posterity in large gilt letters as a generous benefactor of his native place. In due time the Colonel reaped the reward of well-placed affections. When his wife's inheritance fell in, he thought he had money enough to give up trade, and therefore sold out his "store," called in some dialects of the English language *shop*, and his business.

Life became pretty hard work to him, of course, as soon as he had nothing particular to do. Country people with money enough not to have to work are in much more danger than city people in the same condition. They get a specific look and character, which are the same in all the villages where one studies them. They very commonly fall into a routine, the basis of which is going to some lounging-place or other, a bar-room, a reading-room, or something of the kind. They grow slovenly in dress, and wear the same hat forever. They have a feeble curiosity for news perhaps, which they take daily as a man takes his bitters, and then fall silent and think they are thinking. But the mind goes out under this regimen, like a fire without a draught; and it is not very strange, if the instinct of mental self-preservation drives them to brandy-and-water, which makes the hoarse whisper of memory musical for a few brief moments, and puts a weak leer of promise on the features of the hollow-eyed future. The Colonel was kept pretty well in hand as yet by his wife, and though it had happened to him once or twice to come home rather late at night with a curious tendency to say the same thing twice and even three times over, it had always been in very cold weather,—and everybody knows that no one is safe to drink a couple of glasses of wine in a warm room and go suddenly out into the cold air.

Miss Matilda Sprowle, sole daughter of the house, had reached the age at which young ladies are supposed in technical language to have *come out*, and thereafter are considered to be *in company*.

"There's one piece o' goods," said the Colonel to his wife, "that we ha'n't disposed of, nor got a customer for yet. That's Matildy. I don't mean to set *her* up at vaandoo. I guess she can have her pick of a dozen."

"She's never seen anybody yet," said Mrs. Sprowle, who had had a certain project for some time, but had kept quiet about it. "Let's have a party, and give

her a chance to show herself and see some of the young folks."

The Colonel was not very clear-headed, and he thought, naturally enough, that the party was his own suggestion, because his remark led to the first starting of the idea. He entered into the plan, therefore, with a certain pride as well as pleasure, and the great project was resolved upon in a family council without a dissentient voice. This was the party, then, to which Mr. Bernard was going. The town had been full of it for a week. "Everybody was asked." So everybody said that was invited. But how in respect of those who were not asked? If it had been one of the old mansion-houses that was giving a party, the boundary between the favored and the slighted families would have been known pretty well beforehand, and there would have been no great amount of grumbling. But the Colonel, for all his title, had a forest of poor relations and a brushwood swamp of shabby friends, for he had scrambled up to fortune, and now the time was come when he must define his new social position.

This is always an awkward business in town or country. An exclusive alliance between two powers is often the same thing as a declaration of war against a third. Rockland was soon split into a triumphant minority, invited to Mrs. Sprowle's party, and a great majority, uninvited, of which the fraction just on the border line between recognized "gentility" and the level of the ungloved masses was in an active state of excitement and indignation.

"Who is she, I should like to know?" said Mrs. Saymore, the tailor's wife. "There was plenty of folks in Rockland as good as ever Sally Jordan was, if she had managed to pick up a merchant. Other folks could have married merchants, if their families wasn't as wealthy as them old skinflints that willed her their money," etc., etc. Mrs. Saymore expressed the feeling of many beside herself. She had, however, a special right to be proud of the name she bore. Her

husband was own cousin to the Saymores of Freestone Avenue (who write the name *Seymour*, and claim to be of the Duke of Somerset's family, showing a clear descent from the Protector to Edward Seymour, (1630,)—then a jump that would break a herald's neck to one Seth Saymore, (1783,)—from whom to the head of the present family the line is clear again). Mrs. Saymore, the tailor's wife, was not invited, because her husband *mended* clothes. If he had confined himself strictly to *making* them, it would have put a different face upon the matter.

The landlord of the Mountain House and his lady were invited to Mrs. Sprowle's party. Not so the landlord of Pollard's Tavern and his lady. Whereupon the latter vowed that they would have a party at their house too, and made arrangements for a dance of twenty or thirty couples, to be followed by an entertainment. Tickets to this "Social Ball" were soon circulated, and, being accessible to all at a moderate price, admission to the "Elegant Supper" included, this second festival promised to be as merry, if not as select, as the great party.

Wednesday came. Such doings had never been heard of in Rockland as went on that day at the "villa." The carpet had been taken up in the long room, so that the young folks might have a dance. Miss Matilda's piano had been moved in, and two fiddlers and a clarinet-player engaged to make music. All kinds of lamps had been put in requisition, and even colored wax-candles figured on the mantel-pieces. The costumes of the family had been tried on the day before: the Colonel's black suit fitted exceedingly well; his lady's velvet dress displayed her contours to advantage; Miss Matilda's flowered silk was considered superb; the eldest son of the family, Mr. T. Jordan Sprowle, called affectionately and elegantly "Geordie," voted himself "stun'nin'"; and even the small youth who had borne Mr. Bernard's invitation was effective in a new jacket and trousers, but-tony in front, and baggy in the reverse aspect, as is wont to be the case with the

home-made garments of inland youngsters.

Great preparations had been made for the refection which was to be part of the entertainment. There was much clinking of borrowed spoons, which were to be carefully counted, and much clicking of borrowed china, which was to be tenderly handled,—for nobody in the country keeps those vast closets full of such things which one may see in rich city-houses. Not a great deal could be done in the way of flowers, for there were no green-houses, and few plants were out as yet; but there were paper ornaments for the candlesticks, and colored mats for the lamps, and all the tassels of the curtains and bells were taken out of those brown linen bags, in which, for reasons hitherto undiscovered, they are habitually concealed in some households. In the remoter apartments every imaginable operation was going on at once,—roasting, boiling, baking, beating, rolling, pounding in mortars, frying, freezing; for there was to be ice-cream to-night of domestic manufacture;—and in the midst of all these labors, Mrs. Sprowle and Miss Matilda were moving about, directing and helping as they best might, all day long. When the evening came, it might be feared they would not be in just the state of mind and body to entertain company.

— One would like to give a party now and then, if one could be a billionaire.—“Antoine, I am going to have twenty people to dine to-day.” “*Bien, Madame.*” Not a word or thought more about it, but get home in season to dress, and come down to your own table, one of your own guests.—“Giuseppe, we are to have a party a week from to-night,—five hundred invitations,—there is the list.” The day comes. “Madam, do you remember you have your party to-night?” “Why, so I have! Everything right? supper and all?” “All as it should be, Madam.” “Send up Victorine.” “Victorine, full toilet for this evening,—pink, diamonds, and emeralds. Coiffeur at seven. *Allez.*”—Billionism, or even millionism, must be a blessed kind of state,

with health and clear conscience and youth and good looks,—but most blessed in this, that it takes off all the mean cares which give people the three wrinkles between the eyebrows, and leaves them free to have a good time and make others have a good time, all the way along from the charity that tips up unexpected loads of wood at widows' doors, and leaves foundling turkeys upon poor men's door-steps, and sets lean clergymen crying at the sight of anonymous fifty-dollar bills, to the taste which orders a perfect banquet in such sweet accord with every sense that everybody's nature flowers out full-blown in its golden-glowing, fragrant atmosphere.

—A great party given by the smaller gentry of the interior is a kind of solemnity, so to speak. It involves so much labor and anxiety,—its spasmodic splendors are so violently contrasted with the homeliness of every-day family-life,—it is such a formidable matter to break in the raw subordinates to the *manège* of the cloak-room and the table,—there is such a terrible uncertainty in the results of unfamiliar culinary operations,—so many feuds are involved in drawing that fatal line which divides the invited from the uninvited fraction of the local universe,—that, if the notes requested the pleasure of the guests' company on “this solemn occasion,” they would pretty nearly express the true state of things.

The Colonel himself had been pressed into the service. He had pounded something in the great mortar. He had agitated a quantity of sweetened and thickened milk in what was called a cream-freezer. At eleven o'clock, A. M., he retired for a space. On returning, his color was noted to be somewhat heightened, and he showed a disposition to be jocular with the female help,—which tendency, displaying itself in livelier demonstrations than were approved at head-quarters, led to his being detailed to out-of-door duties, such as raking gravel, arranging places for horses to be hitched to, and assisting in the construction of an arch of winter-green at the porch of the mansion.

A whiff from Mr. Geordie's cigar refreshed the toiling females from time to time; for the windows had to be opened occasionally, while all these operations were going on, and the youth amused himself with inspecting the interior, encouraging the operatives now and then in the phrases commonly employed by genteel young men,—for he had perused an odd volume of "*Verdant Green*," and was acquainted with a Sophomore from one of the fresh-water colleges.—"Go it on the feed!" exclaimed this spirited young man. "Nothin' like a good spread. Grub enough and good liquor; that's the ticket. Guv'nor 'll do the heavy polite, and let me alone for polishin' off the young charmers." And Mr. Geordie looked expressively at a handmaid who was rolling gingerbread, as if he were rehearsing for "*Don Giovanni*."

Evening came at last, and the ladies were forced to leave the scene of their labors to array themselves for the coming festivities. The tables had been set in a back room, the meats were ready, the pickles were displayed, the cake was baked, the blanc-mange had stiffened, and the ice-cream had frozen.

At half past seven o'clock, the Colonel, in costume, came into the front parlor, and proceeded to light the lamps. Some were good-humored enough and took the hint of a lighted match at once. Others were as vicious as they could be,—would not light on any terms, any more than if they were filled with water, or lighted and smoked one side of the chimney, or sputtered a few sparks and sulked themselves out, or kept up a faint show of burning, so that their ground glasses looked as feebly phosphorescent as so many invalid fireflies. With much coaxing and screwing and pricking, a tolerable illumination was at last achieved. At eight there was a grand rustling of silks, and Mrs. and Miss Sprowle descended from their respective bowers or boudoirs. Of course they were pretty well tired by this time, and very glad to sit down,—having the prospect before them of being obliged to stand for hours. The Colonel

walked about the parlor, inspecting his regiment of lamps. By-and-by Mr. Geordie entered.

"Mph! mph!" he sniffed, as he came in. "You smell of lamp-smoke here."

That always galls people,—to have a new-comer accuse them of smoke or close air, which they have got used to and do not perceive. The Colonel raged at the thought of his lamps' smoking, and tongued a few anathemas inside of his shut teeth, but turned down two or three that burned higher than the rest.

Master H. Frederic next made his appearance, with questionable marks upon his fingers and countenance. Had been tampering with something brown and sticky. His elder brother grew playful, and caught him by the baggy reverse of his more essential garment.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Sprowle,—"*there's the bell!*"

Everybody took position at once, and began to look very smiling and altogether at ease.—False alarm. Only a parcel of spoons,—"*loaned*," as the inland folks say when they mean *lent*, by a neighbor.

"Better late than never!" said the Colonel; "let me heft them spoons."

Mrs. Sprowle came down into her chair again as if all her bones had been bewitched out of her.

"I'm pretty nigh beat out a'ready," said she, "before any of the folks has come."

They sat silent awhile, waiting for the first-arrival. How nervous they got! and how their senses were sharpened!

"Hark!" said Miss Matilda,—"*what's that rumblin'?*"

It was a cart going over a bridge more than a mile off, which at any other time they would not have heard. After this there was a lull, and poor Mrs. Sprowle's head nodded once or twice. Presently a crackling and grinding of gravel;—how much that means, when we are waiting for those whom we long or dread to see! Then a change in the tone of the gravel-crackling.

"Yes, they have turned in at our

gate. They're comin'. Mother! mother!"

Everybody in position, smiling and at ease. Bell rings. Enter the first set of visitors. The Event of the Season has begun.

"Law! it's nothin' but the Cranes' folks! I do believe Mahala's come in that old green de-laine she wore at the Surprise Party!"

Miss Matilda had peeped through a crack of the door and made this observation and the remark founded thereon. Continuing her attitude of attention, she overheard Mrs. Crane and her two daughters conversing in the attiring-room, up one flight.

"How fine everything is in the great house!" said Mrs. Crane,—"jest look at the picters!"

"Matildy Sprowle's drawins," said Ada Azuba, the eldest daughter.

"I should think so," said Mahala Crane, her younger sister,—a wide-awake girl, who hadn't been to school for nothing, and performed a little on the lead pencil herself. "I should like to know whether that's a hay-cock or a mountain!"

Miss Matilda winced; for this must refer to her favorite monochrome, executed by laying on heavy shadows and stumping them down into mellow harmony,—the style of drawing which is taught in six lessons, and the kind of specimen which is executed in something less than one hour. Parents and other very near relatives are sometimes gratified with these productions, and cause them to be framed and hung up, as in the present instance.

"I guess we won't go down jest yet," said Mrs. Crane, "as folks don't seem to have come."

So she began a systematic inspection of the dressing-room and its conveniences.

"Mahogany four-poster,—come from the Jordans, I cal'late. Marseilles quilt. Ruffles all round the pillar. Chintz curtains,—jest put up,—o' purpose for the party, I'll lay ye a dollar.—What a nice washbowl!" (Taps it with a white knuck-

le belonging to a red finger.) "Stone chaney.—Here's a bran'-new brush and comb,—and here's a scent-bottle. Come here, girls, and fix yourselves in the glass, and scent your pocket-handkerchers."

And Mrs. Crane bedewed her own kerchief with some of the *eau de Cologne* of native manufacture,—said on its label to be much superior to the German article.

It was a relief to Mrs. and the Miss Cranes when the bell rang and the next guests were admitted. Deacon and Mrs. Soper,—Deacon Soper of the Rev. Mr. Fairweather's church, and his lady. Mrs. Deacon Soper was directed, of course, to the ladies' dressing-room, and her husband to the other apartment, where gentlemen were to leave their outside coats and hats. Then came Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, and then the three Miss Spineys, then Silas Peckham, Head of the Apollinean Institute, and Mrs. Peckham, and more after them, until at last the ladies' dressing-room got so full that one might have thought it was a trap none of them could get out of. The fact is, they all felt a little awkwardly. Nobody wanted to be first to venture down-stairs. At last Mr. Silas Peckham thought it was time to make a move for the parlor, and for this purpose presented himself at the door of the ladies' dressing-room.

"Lorindy, my dear!" he exclaimed to Mrs. Peckham,— "I think there can be no impropriety in our joining the family down-stairs."

Mrs. Peckham laid her large, flaccid arm in the sharp angle made by the black sleeve which held the bony limb her husband offered, and the two took the stair and struck out for the parlor. The ice was broken, and the dressing-room began to empty itself into the spacious, lighted apartments below.

Mr. Silas Peckham scaled into the room with Mrs. Peckham alongside, like a shad conveying a jelly-fish.

"Good evenin', Mrs. Sprowle! I hope I see you well this evenin'. How's your health, Colonel Sprowle?"

"Very well, much obleeged to you. Hope you and your good lady are well.

Much pleased to see you. Hope you'll enjoy yourselves. We've laid out to have everything in good shape,—spared no trouble nor ex"—

—"pense,"—said Silas Peckham.

Mrs. Colonel Sprowle, who, you remember, was a Jordan, had nipped the Colonel's statement in the middle of the word Mr. Peckham finished, with a look that jerked him like one of those sharp twitches women keep giving a horse when they get a chance to drive one.

Mr. and Mrs. Crane, Miss Ada Azuba, and Miss Mahala Crane made their entrance. There had been a discussion about the necessity and propriety of inviting this family, the head of which kept a small shop for hats and boots and shoes. The Colonel's casting vote had carried it in the affirmative.—How terribly the poor old green de-laine did cut up in the blaze of so many lamps and candles!

—Deluded little wretch, male or female, in town or country, going to your first great party, how little you know the nature of the ceremony in which you are to bear the part of victim! What! are not these garlands and gauzy mists and many-colored streamers which adorn you, is not this music which welcomes you, this radiance that glows about you, meant solely for your enjoyment, young miss of seventeen or eighteen summers, now for the first time swimming into the frothy, chatoyant, sparkling, undulating sea of laces and silks and satins, and white-armed, flower-crowned maidens struggling in their waves, beneath the lustres that make the false summer of the drawing-room?

Stop at the threshold! This is a hall of judgment you are entering; the court is in session; and if you move five steps forward, you will be at its bar.

There was a tribunal once in France, as you may remember, called the *Chambre Ardente*, the Burning Chamber. It was hung all round with lamps, and hence its name. The burning chamber for the trial of young maidens is the blazing ball-room. What have they full-dressed you, or rather half-dressed you for, do you think? To make you look pretty, of

course!—Why have they hung a chandelier above you, flickering all over with flames, so that it searches you like the noonday sun, and your deepest dimple cannot hold a shadow? To give brilliancy to the gay scene, no doubt!—No, my dear! Society is *inspecting* you, and it finds undisguised surfaces and strong lights a convenience in the process. The dance answers the purpose of the revolving pedestal upon which the "White Captive" turns, to show us the soft, kneaded marble, which looks as if it had never been hard, in all its manifold aspects of living loveliness. No mercy for you, my love! Justice, strict justice, you shall certainly have,—neither more nor less. For, look you, there are dozens, scores, hundreds, with whom you must be weighed in the balance; and you have got to learn that the "struggle for life" Mr. Charles Darwin talks about reaches to vertebrates clad in crinoline, as well as to mollusks in shells, or articulates in jointed scales, or anything that fights for breathing-room and food and love in any coat of fur or feather! Happy they who can flash defiance from bright eyes and snowy shoulders back into the pendants of the insolent lustres!

—Miss Mahala Crane did not have these reflections; and no young girl ever did, or ever will, thank Heaven! Her keen eyes sparkled under her plainly parted hair, and the green de-laine moulded itself in those unmistakable lines of natural symmetry in which Nature indulges a small shopkeeper's daughter occasionally as well as a wholesale dealer's young ladies. She would have liked a new dress as much as any other girl, but she meant to go and have a good time at any rate.

The guests were now arriving in the drawing-room pretty fast, and the Colonel's hand began to burn a good deal with the sharp squeezes which many of the visitors gave it. Conversation, which had begun like a summer-shower, in scattering drops, was fast becoming continuous, and occasionally rising into gusty swells, with now and then a broad-chest-

ed laugh from some Captain or Major or other military personage,—for it may be noted that all large and loud men in the unpaved districts bear military titles.

Deacon Soper came up presently and entered into conversation with Colonel Sprowle.

"I hope to see our pastor present this evenin'," said the Deacon.

"I don't feel quite sure," the Colonel answered. "His dyspepsy has been bad on him lately. He wrote to say, that, Providence permittin', it would be agreeable to him to take a part in the exercises of the evenin'; but I mistrusted he didn't mean to come. To tell the truth, Deacon Soper, I rather guess he don't like the idee of dancin', and some of the other little arrangements."

"Well," said the Deacon, "I know there's some condemns dancin'. I've heerd a good deal of talk about it among the folks round. Some have it that it never brings a blessin' on a house to have dancin' in it. Judge Tileston died, you remember, within a month after he had his great ball, twelve year ago, and some thought it was in the natur' of a judgment. I don't believe in any of them notions. If a man happened to be struck dead the night after he'd been givin' a ball," (the Colonel loosened his black stock a little, and winked and swallowed two or three times,) "I shouldn't call it a judgment,—I should call it a coincidence. But I'm a little afraid our pastor won't come. Somethin' or other's the matter with Mr. Fairweather. I should sooner expect to see the old Doctor come over out of the Orthodox parsonage-house."

"I've asked him," said the Colonel.

"Well?" said Deacon Soper.

"He said he should like to come, but he didn't know what his people would say. For his part, he loved to see young folks havin' their sports together, and very often felt as if he should like to be one of 'em himself. 'But,' says I, 'Doctor, I don't say there won't be a little dancin'.' 'Don't!' says he, 'for I want Letty to go,' (she's his granddaughter that's been stayin' with him,) 'and Letty's

mighty fond of dancin'. You know,' says the Doctor, 'it isn't my business to settle whether other people's children should dance or not.' And the Doctor looked as if he should like to rigadon and sashy across as well as the young one he was talkin' about. He's got blood in him, the old Doctor has. I wish our little man and him would swop pulpits."

Deacon Soper started and looked up into the Colonel's face, as if to see whether he was in earnest.

Mr. Silas Peckham and his lady joined the group.

"Is this to be a Temperance Celebration, Mrs. Sprowle?" asked Mr. Silas Peckham.

Mrs. Sprowle replied, "that there would be lemonade and srub for those that preferred such drinks, but that the Colonel had given folks to understand that he didn't mean to set in judgment on the marriage in Canaan, and that those that didn't like srub and such things would find somethin' that would suit them better."

Deacon Soper's countenance assumed a certain air of restrained cheerfulness. The conversation rose into one of its gusty paroxysms just then. Master H. Frederic got behind a door and began performing the experiment of stopping and unstopping his ears in rapid alternation, greatly rejoicing in the singular effect of mixed conversation chopped very small, like the contents of a mince-pie,—or meat pie, as it is more forcibly called in the deep-rutted villages lying along the unsalted streams. All at once it grew silent just round the door, where it had been loudest,—and the silence spread itself like a stain, till it hushed everything but a few corner-duets. A dark, sad-looking, middle-aged gentleman entered the parlor, with a young lady on his arm,—his daughter, as it seemed, for she was not wholly unlike him in feature, and of the same dark complexion.

"Dudley Venner!" exclaimed a dozen people, in startled, but half-suppressed tones.

"What can have brought Dudley out

to-night?" said Jefferson Buck, a young fellow, who had been interrupted in one of the corner-duets which he was executing in concert with Miss Susy Pettin-gill.

"How do I know, Jeff?" was Miss Susy's answer. Then, after a pause,—
"Elsie made him come, I guess. Go ask Dr. Kittredge; he knows all about 'em both, they say."

Dr. Kittredge, the leading physician of Rockland, was a shrewd old man, who looked pretty keenly into his patients through his spectacles, and pretty widely at men, women, and things in general over them. Sixty-three years old,—just the year of the grand climacteric. A bald crown, as every doctor should have. A consulting practitioner's mouth; that is, movable round the corners while the case is under examination, but both corners well drawn down and kept so when the final opinion is made up. In fact, the Doctor was often sent for to act as "caounsel," all over the county, and beyond it. He kept three or four horses, sometimes riding in the saddle, commonly driving in a sulky, pretty fast, and looking straight before him, so that people got out of the way of bowing to him as he passed on the road. There was some talk about his not being so long-sighted as other folks, but his old patients laughed and looked knowing when this was spoken of.

The Doctor knew a good many things besides how to drop tinctures and shake out powders. Thus, he knew a horse, and, what is harder to understand, a horse-dealer, and was a match for him. He knew what a nervous woman is, and how to manage her. He could tell at a glance when she is in that condition of unstable equilibrium in which a rough word is like a blow to her, and the touch of unmagnetized fingers reverses all her nervous currents. It is not everybody that enters into the soul of Mozart's or Beethoven's harmonies; and there are vital symphonies in B flat, and other low, sad keys, which a doctor may know as little of as a hurdy-gurdy player of the essence

of those divine musical mysteries. The Doctor knew the difference between what men say and what they mean as well as most people. When he was listening to common talk, he was in the habit of looking over his spectacles; if he lifted his head so as to look through them at the person talking, he was busier with that person's thoughts than with his words.

Jefferson Buck was not bold enough to confront the Doctor with Miss Susy's question, for he did not look as if he were in the mood to answer queries put by curious young people. His eyes were fixed steadily on the dark girl, every movement of whom he seemed to follow.

She was, indeed, an apparition of wild beauty, so unlike the girls about her that it seemed nothing more than natural, that, when she moved, the groups should part to let her pass through them, and that she should carry the centre of all looks and thoughts with her. She was dressed to please her own fancy, evidently, with small regard to the modes declared correct by the Rockland milliners and mantua-makers. Her heavy black hair lay in a braided coil, with a long gold pin shot through it like a javelin. Round her neck was a golden *torque*, a round, cord-like chain, such as the Gauls used to wear: the "Dying Gladiator" has it. Her dress was a grayish watered silk; her collar was pinned with a flashing diamond brooch, the stones looking as fresh as morning dew-drops, but the silver setting of the past generation; her arms were bare, round, but slender rather than large, in keeping with her lithe round figure. On her wrists she wore bracelets: one was a circlet of enamelled scales; the other looked as if it might have been Cleopatra's asp, with its body turned to gold and its eyes to emeralds.

Her father—for Dudley Venner was her father—looked like a man of culture and breeding, but melancholy and with a distracted air, as one whose life had met some fatal cross or blight. He saluted hardly anybody except his entertainers and the Doctor. One would have said, to look at him, that he was not at the

party by choice; and it was natural enough to think, with Susy Pettingill, that it must have been a freak of the dark girl's that brought him there, for he had the air of a shy and sad-hearted recluse.

It was hard to say what could have brought Elsie Venner to the party. Hardly anybody seemed to know her, and she seemed not at all disposed to make acquaintances. Here and there was one of the older girls from the Institute, but she appeared to have nothing in common with them. Even in the school-room, it may be remembered, she sat apart by her own choice, and now in the midst of the crowd she made a circle of isolation round herself. Drawing her arm out of her father's, she stood against the wall, and looked, with a strange, cold glitter in her eyes, at the crowd which moved and babbled before her.

The old Doctor came up to her by-and-by.

"Well, Elsie, I am quite surprised to find you here. Do tell me how you happened to do such a good-natured thing as to let us see you at such a great party."

"It's been dull at the mansion-house," she said, "and I wanted to get out of it. It's too lonely there,—there's nobody to hate since Dick's gone."

The Doctor laughed good-naturedly, as if this were an amusing bit of pleasantry, —but he lifted his head and dropped his eyes a little, so as to see her through his spectacles. She narrowed her lids slightly, as one often sees a sleepy cat narrow hers,—somewhat as you may remember our famous Margaret used to, if you remember her at all,—so that her eyes looked very small, but bright as the diamonds on her breast. The old Doctor felt very oddly as she looked at him; he did not like the feeling, so he dropped his head and lifted his eyes and looked at her over his spectacles again.

"And how have you all been at the mansion-house?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, well enough. But Dick's gone, and there's nobody left but Dudley and I and the people. I'm tired of it. What kills anybody quickest, Doctor?" Then,

in a whisper, "I ran away again the other day, you know."

"Where did you go?" The Doctor spoke in a low, serious tone.

"Oh, to the old place. Here, I brought this for you."

The Doctor started as she handed him a flower of the *Atragene Americana*, for he knew that there was only one spot where it grew, and that not one where any rash foot, least of all a thin-shod woman's foot, should venture.

"How long were you gone?" said the Doctor.

"Only one night. You should have heard the horns blowing and the guns firing. Dudley was frightened out of his wits. Old Sophy told him she'd had a dream, and that I should be found in Dead-Man's Hollow, with a great rock lying on me. They hunted all over it, but they didn't find me,—I was farther up."

Doctor Kittredge looked cloudy and worried while she was speaking, but forced a pleasant professional smile, as he said cheerily, and as if wishing to change the subject, —

"Have a good dance this evening, Elsie. The fiddlers are tuning up. Where's the young master? Has he come yet? or is he going to be late, with the other great folks?"

The girl turned away without answering, and looked toward the door.

The "great folks," meaning the mansion-house gentry, were just beginning to come; Dudley Venner and his daughter had been the first of them. Judge Thornton, white-headed, fresh-faced, as good at sixty as he was at forty, with a youngish second wife, and one noble daughter, Arabella, who, they said, knew as much law as her father, a stately, Portia-like girl, fit for a premier's wife, not like to find her match even in the great cities she sometimes visited; the Trecothicks, the family of a merchant, (in the larger sense,) who, having made himself rich enough by the time he had reached middle life, threw down his ledger as Sylla did his dagger, and retired to make a little paradise

around him in one of the stateliest residences of the town, a family inheritance; the Vaughans, an old Rockland race, descended from its first settlers, Toryish in tendency in Revolutionary times, and barely escaping confiscation or worse; the Dunhams, a new family, dating its gentility only as far back as the Honorable Washington Dunham, M. C., but turning out a clever boy or two that went to college, and some showy girls with white necks and fat arms who had picked up professional husbands: these were the principal mansion-house people. All of them had made it a point to come; and as each of them entered, it seemed to Colonel and Mrs. Sprowle that the lamps burned up with a more cheerful light, and that the fiddles which sounded from the uncarpeted room were all half a tone higher and half a beat quicker.

Mr. Bernard came in later than any of them; he had been busy with his new duties. He looked well; and that is saying a good deal; for nothing but a gentleman is endurable in full dress. Hair that masses well, a head set on with an air, a neckerchief tied cleverly by an easy, practised hand, close-fitting gloves, feet well shaped and well covered,—these advantages can make us forgive the odious sable broadcloth suit, which appears to have been adopted by society on the same principle that condemned all the Venetian gondolas to perpetual and uniform blackness. Mr. Bernard, introduced by Mr. Geordie, made his bow to the Colonel and his lady and to Miss Matilda, from whom he got a particularly gracious curtsy, and then began looking about him for acquaintances. He found two or three faces he knew,—many more strangers. There was Silas Peckham,—there was no mistaking him; there was the inelastic amplitude of Mrs. Peckham; few of the Apollinean girls, of course, they not being recognized members of society,—but there is one with the flame in her cheeks and the fire in her eyes, the girl of vigorous tints and emphatic outlines, whom we saw entering the school-room the other day. Old Judge Thornton has

his eyes on her, and the Colonel steals a look every now and then at the red brooch which lifts itself so superbly into the light, as if he thought it a wonderfully becoming ornament. Mr. Bernard himself was not displeased with the general effect of the rich-blooded school-girl, as she stood under the bright lamps, fanning herself in the warm, languid air, fixed in a kind of passionate surprise at the new life which seemed to be flowering out in her consciousness. Perhaps he looked at her somewhat steadily, as some others had done; at any rate, she seemed to feel that she was looked at, as people often do, and, turning her eyes suddenly on him, caught his own on her face, gave him a half-bashful smile, and threw in a blush involuntarily which made it more charming.

“What can I do better,” he said to himself, “than have a dance with Rosa Milburn?” So he carried his handsome pupil into the next room and took his place with her in a cotillon. Whether the breath of the Goddess of Love could intoxicate like the cup of Circe,—whether a woman is ever phosphorescent with the luminous vapor of life that she exhales,—these and other questions which relate to occult influences exercised by certain women, we will not now discuss. It is enough that Mr. Bernard was sensible of a strange fascination, not wholly new to him, nor unprecedented in the history of human experience, but always a revelation when it comes over us for the first or the hundredth time, so pale is the most recent memory by the side of the passing moment with the flush of any new-born passion on its cheek. Remember that Nature makes every man love all women, and trusts the trivial matter of special choice to the commonest accident.

If Mr. Bernard had had nothing to distract his attention, he might have thought too much about his handsome partner, and then gone home and dreamed about her, which is always dangerous, and waked up thinking of her still, and then begun to be deeply interested in her

studies, and so on, through the whole syllogism which ends in Nature's supreme *quod erat demonstrandum*. What was there to distract him or disturb him? He did not know,—but there was something. This sumptuous creature, this Eve just within the gate of an untried Paradise, untutored in the ways of the world, but on tiptoe to reach the fruit of the tree of knowledge,—alive to the moist vitality of that warm atmosphere palpitating with voices and music, as the flower of some diœcious plant which has grown in a lone corner, and suddenly unfolding its corolla on some hot-breathing June evening, feels that the air is perfumed with strange odors and loaded with golden dust wafted from those other blossoms with which its double life is shared,—this almost overwomanized woman, might well have bewitched him, but that he had a vague sense of a counter-charm. It was, perhaps, only the same consciousness that some one was looking at him which he himself had just given occasion to in his partner. Presently, in one of the turns of the dance, he felt his eyes drawn to a figure he had not distinctly recognized, though he had dimly felt its presence, and saw that Elsie Venner was looking at him as if she saw nothing else but him. He was not a nervous person, like the poor lady teacher, yet the glitter of the diamond eyes affected him strangely. It seemed to disenchant the air, so full a moment before of strange attractions. He became silent, and dreamy, as it were. The round-limbed beauty at his side crushed her gauzy draperies against him, as they trod the figure of the dance together, but it was no more to him than if an old nurse had laid her hand on his sleeve. The young girl chafed at his seeming neglect, and her imperious blood mounted into her cheeks; but he appeared unconscious of it.

"There is one of our young ladies I must speak to," he said,—and was just leaving his partner's side.

"Four hands all round!" shouted the first violin,—and Mr. Bernard found himself seized and whirled in a circle out of which he could not escape, and then

forced to "cross over," and then to "dozy do," as the *maestro* had it,—and when, on getting back to his place, he looked for Elsie Venner, she was gone.

The dancing went on briskly. Some of the old folks looked on, others conversed in groups and pairs, and so the evening wore along, until a little after ten o'clock. About this time there was noticed an increased bustle in the passages, with a considerable opening and shutting of doors. Presently it began to be whispered about that they were going to have supper. Many, who had never been to any large party before, held their breath for a moment at this announcement. It was rather with a tremulous interest than with open hilarity that the rumor was generally received.

One point the Colonel had entirely forgotten to settle. It was a point involving not merely propriety, but perhaps principle also, or at least the good report of the house,—and he had never thought to arrange it. He took Judge Thornton aside and whispered the important question to him,—in his distress of mind, mistaking pockets and taking out his bandanna instead of his white handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

"Judge," he said, "do you think, that, before we commence refreshing ourselves at the tables, it would be the proper thing to—crave a—to request Deacon Soper or some other elderly person—to ask a blessing?"

The Judge looked as grave as if he were about giving the opinion of the Court in the great India-rubber case.

"On the whole," he answered, after a pause, "I should think it might, perhaps, be dispensed with on this occasion. Young folks are noisy, and it is awkward to have talking and laughing going on while a blessing is being asked. Unless a clergyman is present and makes a point of it, I think it will hardly be expected."

The Colonel was infinitely relieved. "Judge, will you take Mrs. Sprowle in to supper?" And the Colonel returned the compliment by offering his arm to Mrs. Judge Thornton.

The door of the supper-room was now open, and the company, following the lead of the host and hostess, began to stream into it, until it was pretty well filled.

There was an awful kind of pause. Many were beginning to drop their heads and shut their eyes, in anticipation of the usual petition before a meal; some expected the music to strike up,—others, that an oration would now be delivered by the Colonel.

"Make yourselves at home, ladies and gentlemen," said the Colonel; "good things were made to eat, and you're welcome to all you see before you."

So saying, he attacked a huge turkey which stood at the head of the table; and his example being followed first by the bold, then by the doubtful, and lastly by the timid, the clatter soon made the circuit of the tables. Some were shocked, however, as the Colonel had feared they would be, at the want of the customary invocation. Widow Leech, a kind of relation, who had to be invited, and who came with her old, back-country-looking string of gold beads round her neck, seemed to feel very serious about it.

"If she'd ha' known that folks would begrutch cravin' a blessin' over sech a heap o' provisions, she'd rather have staid t' home. It was a bad sign, when folks wasn't grateful for the baounties of Providence."

The elder Miss Spinney, to whom she made this remark, assented to it, at the same time ogling a piece of frosted cake, which she presently appropriated with great refinement of manner,—taking it between her thumb and forefinger, keeping the others well spread and the little finger in extreme divergence, with a graceful undulation of the neck, and a queer little sound in her throat, as of an *m* that wanted to get out and perished in the attempt.

The tables now presented an animated spectacle. Young fellows of the more dashing sort, with high stand-up collars and voluminous bows to their neckerchiefs, distinguished themselves by cut-

ting up fowls and offering portions thereof to the buxom girls these knowing ones had commonly selected.

"A bit of the wing, Roxy, or of the — under limb?"

The first laugh broke out at this, but it was premature, a *sporadic* laugh, as Dr. Kittredge would have said, which did not become epidemic. People were very solemn as yet, many of them being new to such splendid scenes, and crushed, as it were, in the presence of so much crockery and so many silver spoons, and such a variety of unusual viands and beverages. When the laugh rose around Roxy and her saucy beau, several looked in that direction with an anxious expression, as if something had happened,—a lady fainted, for instance, or a couple of lively fellows came to high words.

"Young folks will be young folks," said Deacon Soper. "No harm done. Least said soonest mended."

"Have some of these shell-oysters?" said the Colonel to Mrs. Trecothick.

A delicate emphasis on the word *shell* implied that the Colonel knew what was what. To the New England inland native, beyond the reach of the east winds, the oyster unconditioned, the oyster absolute, without a qualifying adjective, is the *pickled* oyster. Mrs. Trecothick, who knew very well that an oyster long out of his shell (as is apt to be the case with the rural bivalve) gets homesick and loses his sprightliness, replied, with the pleasantest smile in the world, that the chicken she had been helped to was too delicate to be given up even for the greater rarity. But the word "shell-oysters" had been overheard; and there was a perceptible crowding movement towards their newly discovered habitat, a large soup-tureen.

Silas Peckham had meantime fallen upon another locality of these recent mollusks. He said nothing, but helped himself freely, and made a sign to Mrs. Peckham.

"Lorindy," he whispered, "shell-oysters!"

And ladled them out to her largely, without betraying any emotion, just as if

they had been the natural inland or pickled article.

After the more solid portion of the banquet had been duly honored, the cakes and sweet preparations of various kinds began to get their share of attention. There were great cakes and little cakes, cakes with raisins in them, cakes with currants, and cakes without either; there were brown cakes and yellow cakes, frosted cakes, glazed cakes, hearts and rounds, and *jumbles*, which playful youth slip over the forefinger before spoiling their annular outline. There were moulds of *blomnje*, of the arrowroot variety,—that being undistinguishable from such as is made with Russia isinglass. There were jellies, that had been shaking, all the time the young folks were dancing in the next room, as if they were balancing to partners. There were built-up fabrics, called *Charlottes*, caky externally, pulpy within; there were also *marangs*, and likewise custards,—some of the indolent-fluid sort, others firm, in which every stroke of the teaspoon left a smooth, conchoidal surface like the fracture of chalcedony, with here and there a little eye like what one sees in cheeses. Nor was that most wonderful object of domestic art called *trifle* wanting, with its charming confusion of cream and cake and almonds and jam and jelly and wine and cinnamon and froth; nor yet the marvelous *floating-island*,—name suggestive of all that is romantic in the imaginations of youthful palates.

"It must have cost you a sight of work, to say nothin' of money, to get all this beautiful confectionery made for the party," said Mrs. Crane to Mrs. Sprowle.

"Well, it cost some consid'able labor, no doubt," said Mrs. Sprowle. "Matilda and our girls and I made 'most all the cake with our own hands, and we all feel some tired; but if folks get what suits 'em, we don't begrudge the time nor the work. But I do feel thirsty," said the poor lady, "and I think a glass of *srub* would do my throat good; it's dreadful dry. Mr. Peckham, would you be so polite as to pass me a glass of *srub*?"

Silas Peckham bowed with great alacrity, and took from the table a small glass cup, containing a fluid reddish in hue and subacid in taste. This was *srub*, a beverage in local repute, of questionable nature, but suspected of owing its color and sharpness to some kind of syrup derived from the maroon-colored fruit of the sumac. There were similar small cups on the table filled with lemonade, and here and there a decanter of Madeira wine, of the Marsala kind, which some prefer to, and many more cannot distinguish from, that which comes from the Atlantic island.

"Take a glass of wine, Judge," said the Colonel; "here is an article that I rather think 'll suit you."

The Judge knew something of wines, and could tell all the famous old Madeiras from each other,—"*Eclipse*," "*Juno*," the almost fabulously scarce and precious "*White-top*," and the rest. He struck the nativity of the Mediterranean Madeira before it had fairly moistened his lip.

"A sound wine, Colonel, and I should think of a genuine vintage. Your very good health."

"Deacon Soper," said the Colonel, "here is some Madary Judge Thornton recommends. Let me fill you a glass of it."

The Deacon's eyes glistened. He was one of those consistent Christians who stick firmly by the first miracle and Paul's advice to Timothy.

"A little good wine won't hurt anybody," said the Deacon. "Plenty,—plenty,—plenty. There!" He had not withdrawn his glass, while the Colonel was pouring, for fear it should spill; and now it was running over.

—It is very odd how all a man's philosophy and theology are at the mercy of a few drops of a fluid which the chemists say consists of nothing but C 4, O 2, H 6. The Deacon's theology fell off several points towards latitudinarianism in the course of the next ten minutes. He had a deep inward sense that everything was as it should be, human nature includ-

ed. The little accidents of humanity, known collectively to moralists as sin, looked very venial to his growing sense of universal brotherhood and benevolence.

"It will all come right," the Deacon said to himself,—*"I feel a joyful conviction that everything is for the best. I am favored with a blessed peace of mind, and a very precious season of good feeling toward my fellow-creatures."*

A lusty young fellow happened to make a quick step backward just at that instant, and put his heel, with his weight on top of it, upon the Deacon's toes.

"Aigh! What the d—d—didos are y'abaoout with them great hoofs o' yourn?" said the Deacon, with an expression upon his features not exactly that of peace and good-will to man. The lusty young fellow apologized; but the Deacon's face did not come right, and his theology backed round several points in the direction of total depravity.

Some of the dashing young men in stand-up collars and extensive neck-ties, encouraged by Mr. Geordie, made quite free with the "Madary," and even induced some of the more stylish girls—not of the mansion-house set, but of the tip-top two-story families—to taste a little. Most of these young ladies made faces at it, and declared it was "perfectly horrid," with that aspect of veracity peculiar to their age and sex.

About this time a movement was made on the part of some of the mansion-house people to leave the supper-table. Miss Jane Trecothick had quietly hinted to her mother that she had had enough of it. Miss Arabella Thornton had whispered to her father that he had better adjourn this court to the next room. There were signs of migration,—a loosening of people in their places,—a looking about for arms to hitch on to.

"Stop!" said the Colonel. "There's something coming yet.——Ice-cream!"

The great folks saw that the play was not over yet, and that it was only polite to stay and see it out. The word "Ice-Cream" was no sooner whispered

than it passed from one to another all down the tables. The effect was what might have been anticipated. Many of the guests had never seen this celebrated product of human skill, and to all the two-story population of Rockland it was the last expression of the art of pleasing and astonishing the human palate. Its appearance had been deferred for several reasons: first, because everybody would have attacked it, if it had come in with the other luxuries; secondly, because undue apprehensions were entertained (owing to want of experience) of its tendency to deliquesce and resolve itself with alarming rapidity into puddles of creamy fluid; and, thirdly, because the surprise would make a grand climax to finish off the banquet.

There is something so audacious in the conception of ice-cream, that it is not strange that a population undebauched by the luxury of great cities looks upon it with a kind of awe and speaks of it with a certain emotion. This defiance of the seasons, forcing Nature to do her work of congelation in the face of her sultriest noon, might well inspire a timid mind with fear lest human art were revolting against the Higher Powers, and raise the same scruples which resisted the use of ether and chloroform in certain contingencies. Whatever may be the cause, it is well known that the announcement at any private rural entertainment that there is to be ice-cream produces an immediate and profound impression. It may be remarked, as aiding this impression, that exaggerated ideas are entertained as to the dangerous effects this congealed food may produce on persons not in the most robust health.

There was silence as the pyramids of ice were placed on the table, everybody looking on in admiration. The Colonel took a knife and assailed the one at the head of the table. When he tried to cut off a slice, it didn't seem to understand it, however, and only tipped, as if it wanted to upset. The Colonel attacked it on the other side and it tipped just as badly the other way. It was awkward for the

Colonel. "Permit me," said the Judge, — and he took the knife and struck a sharp slanting stroke which sliced off a piece just of the right size, and offered it to Mrs. Sprowle. This act of dexterity was much admired by the company.

The tables were all alive again.

"Lorindy, here's a plate of ice-cream," said Silas Peckham.

"Come, Mahaly," said a fresh-looking young fellow with a saucerful in each hand, "here's your ice-cream; — let's go in the corner and have a celebration, us two." And the old green de-laine, with the young curves under it to make it sit well, moved off as pleased apparently as if it had been silk velvet with thousand-dollar laces over it.

"Oh, now, Miss Green! do you think it's safe to put that cold stuff into your stomick?" said the Widow Leech to a young married lady, who, finding the air rather warm, thought a little ice would cool her down very nicely. "It's jest like eatin' snowballs. You don't look very rugged; and I should be dreadful afeard, if I was you" —

"Carrie," said old Dr. Kittredge, who had overheard this, — "how well you're looking this evening! But you must be tired and heated; — sit down here, and let me give you a good slice of ice-cream. How you young folks do grow up, to be sure! I don't feel quite certain whether it's you or your mother or your daughter, but I know it's somebody I call Carrie, and that I've known ever since" —

A sound something between a howl and an oath startled the company and broke off the Doctor's sentence. Everybody's eyes turned in the direction from which it came. A group instantly gathered round the person who had uttered it, who was no other than Deacon Soper.

"He's chokin'! he's chokin'!" was the first exclamation, — "slap him on the back!"

Several heavy fists beat such a tattoo on his spine that the Deacon felt as if at least one of his vertebræ would come up.

"He's black in the face," said Widow Leech, — "he's swallowed somethin' the

wrong way. Where's the Doctor? — let the Doctor get to him, can't ye?"

"If you will move, my good lady, perhaps I can," said Dr. Kittredge, in a calm tone of voice. — "He's not choking, my friends," the Doctor added immediately, when he got sight of him.

"It's apoplexy, — I told you so, — don't you see how red he is in the face?" said old Mrs. Peake, a famous woman for "nussin" sick folks, — determined to be a little ahead of the Doctor.

"It's not apoplexy," said Dr. Kittredge.

"What is it, Doctor? what is it? Will he die? Is he dead? — Here's his poor wife, the Widow Soper that is to be, if she a'n't a'ready."

"Do be quiet, my good woman," said Dr. Kittredge. — "Nothing serious, I think, Mrs. Soper. — Deacon!"

The sudden attack of Deacon Soper had begun with the extraordinary sound mentioned above. His features had immediately assumed an expression of intense pain, his eyes staring wildly, and, clapping his hands to his face, he had rocked his head backward and forward in speechless agony.

At the Doctor's sharp appeal the Deacon lifted his head.

"It's all right," said the Doctor, as soon as he saw his face. "The Deacon had a smart attack of neuralgic pain. That's all. Very severe, but not at all dangerous."

The Doctor kept his countenance, but his diaphragm was shaking the change in his waistcoat-pockets with subterranean laughter. He had looked through his spectacles and seen at once what had happened. The Deacon, not being in the habit of taking his nourishment in the congealed state, had treated the ice-cream as a pudding of a rare species, and, to make sure of doing himself justice in its distribution, had taken a large mouthful of it without the least precaution. The consequence was a sensation as if a dentist were killing the nerves of twenty-five teeth at once with hot irons, or cold ones, which would hurt rather worse.

The Deacon swallowed something with

a spasmodic effort, and recovered pretty soon and received the congratulations of his friends. There were different versions of the expressions he had used at the onset of his complaint,—some of the reported exclamations involving a breach of propriety, to say the least,—but it was agreed that a man in an attack of neuralgia wasn't to be judged of by the rules that applied to other folks.

The company soon after this retired from the supper-room. The mansion-house gentry took their leave, and the two-story people soon followed. Mr. Bernard had staid an hour or two, and left soon after he found that Elsie Verner and her father had disappeared. As

he passed by the dormitory of the Institute, he saw a light glimmering from one of its upper rooms, where the lady teacher was still waking. His heart ached, when he remembered, that, through all these hours of gayety, or what was meant for it, the patient girl had been at work in her little chamber; and he looked up at the silent stars, as if to see that they were watching over her. The planet Mars was burning like a red coal; the northern constellation was slanting downward about its central point of flame; and while he looked, a falling star slid from the zenith and was lost.

He reached his chamber and was soon dreaming over the Event of the Season.

LOST BELIEFS.

ONE after one they left us;
 The sweet birds out of our breasts
 Went flying away in the morning:
 Will they come again to their nests?

Will they come again at nightfall,
 With God's breath in their song?
 Noon is fierce with the heats of summer,
 And summer days are long!

Oh, my Life! with thy upward liftings,
 Thy downward-striking roots,
 Ripening out of thy tender blossoms
 But hard and bitter fruits,—

In thy boughs there is no shelter
 For my birds to seek again!
 Ah! the desolate nest is broken
 And torn with storms and rain!

THE MEXICANS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

ON the 21st of December, 1859, General Miramon, at the head of the forces of the Mexican Republic, met an army of Liberals at Colima, and overthrew it. The first accounts of the action represented the victory of the Conservatives to be complete, and as settling the fate of Mexico for the present, as between the parties headed respectively by Juarez and Miramon. Later accounts show that there was some exaggeration as to the details of the action, but the defeat of the Liberals is not denied. It would be rash to attach great importance to any Mexican battle; but the Liberal cause was so depressed before the action at Colima as to create the impression that it could not survive the result of that day. Whether the cause of which Miramon is the champion be popular in Mexico or the reverse, it is certain that at the close of 1859 that chief had succeeded in every undertaking in which he had personally engaged; and our own political history is too full of facts which show that a successful military man is sure to be a popular chief, whatever may be his opinions, to allow of our doubting the effect of victory on the minds of the Mexicans. The mere circumstance that Miramon is personally victorious, while the Liberals achieve occasional successes over their foes where he is not present, will be of much service to him. That "there is nothing so successful as success" is an idea as old as the day on which the Tempter of Man caused him to lose Paradise, and to the world's admission of it is to be attributed the decision of nearly every political contest which has distracted society. Miramon may have entered upon a career not unlike to that of Santa Aña, whose early victories enabled him to maintain his hold on the respect of his countrymen long after it should have been lost through his cruelties and his disregard of his word and his oath. All, indeed, that is necessary to complete the power of Miramon

is, that some foreign nation should interfere in Mexican affairs in behalf of Juarez. Such interference, if made on a sufficiently large scale, might lead to his defeat and banishment, but it would cause him to reign in the hearts of the Mexicans; and he would be recalled, as we have seen Santa Aña recalled, as soon as circumstances should enable the people to act according to their own sense of right.

Before considering the probable effect of Miramon's success on the policy of the United States toward Mexico, there is one point that deserves some attention. Which party, the Liberal or the Conservative, is possessed of most power in Mexico? The assertions made on this subject are of a very contradictory character. President Buchanan, in his last Annual Message, says that the Constitutional government—meaning that of which Juarez is the head—"is supported by a large majority of the people and the States, but there are important parts of the country where it can enforce no obedience. General Miramon maintains himself at the capital, and in some of the distant provinces there are military governors who pay little respect to the decrees of either government." On the other hand, a Mexican writer, a member of the Conservative party, who published his views on the condition of his country just one month before the President's Message appeared, declares that the five Provinces or States in which the authority of Miramon was then acknowledged contain a larger population than exists in the twenty-three States in which it was not acknowledged. Of the local authorities in these latter States he says,—"It is a great mistake to imagine that they obey the government of Juarez any more than they obey the government of General Miramon, or any further than it suits their own private interest to obey him. It would be curious to know, for instance, how much of the money collect-

ed by these 'local authorities' for taxes, or contributions, or forced loans, and chiefly at the seaport towns for custom-house duties, goes to the 'national treasury' under the Juarez government." In this case, as in many others of a like nature, the truth probably is, that but a very small number of the people feel much interest in the contest, while most of them are prepared to obey whichever chief shall succeed in it without foreign aid. Of the active men of the country, the majority are now with Miramon, or Juarez would not be shut up in a seaport, with his party forming the mere sea-coast fringe of the nation. All that is necessary to convert him into a national, patriotic ruler is, that a foreign army should be sent to the assistance of his rival; and that such assistance shall be sent to Juarez, President Buchanan has virtually pledged the United States by his words and his actions.

In his last Message to Congress, President Buchanan dwells with much unctiousness upon the wrongs we have experienced from Mexico, and avers that we can obtain no redress from the Miramon government. "We may in vain apply to the Constitutional government at Vera Cruz," he says, "although it is well disposed to do us justice, for adequate redress. Whilst its authority is acknowledged in all the important ports and throughout the sea-coasts of the Republic, its power does not extend to the city of Mexico and the States in its vicinity, where nearly all the recent outrages have been committed on American citizens. We must penetrate into the interior before we can reach the offenders, and this can only be done by passing through the territory in the occupation of the Constitutional government. The most acceptable and least difficult mode of accomplishing the object will be to act in concert with that government." He then recommends that Congress should authorize him "to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future." And he expresses

the opinion that justice would be done by the Constitutional government; but his faith is not quite so strong as we could wish it to be, as he carefully adds, "This might be secured in advance by a preliminary treaty."

Thus has the President pledged the country to help Juarez establish his authority over Mexico, in words sure to be read and heeded throughout America and Europe. His actions have been quite as much to the purpose. He placed himself in communication with Juarez in 1859, and recognized his government to be the only existing government of Mexico as early as April 7th, through our envoy, Mr. McLane. That envoy floats about, having a man-of-war for his home, and ready, it should seem, to receive the government to which he is accredited, in the event of its being forced to make a second sea-trip for the preservation of the lives of its members. As the sole refuge for unpopular European monarchs, at one time, was a British man-of-war, so are feeble Mexican chiefs now compelled to rely for safety upon our national ships.

To predict anything respecting Mexican affairs would be almost as idle as it would be to assume the part of a prophet concerning American politics; but, unless Miramon's good genius should leave him, his appearance in Vera Cruz may be looked for at no very distant day, and then we shall have the Juarez government entirely on our hands, to support or to neglect, as may be dictated by the exigencies of our affairs. That base of operations, upon the possession of which President Buchanan has so confidently calculated, would be lost, and could be regained only as the consequence of action as comprehensive and as costly as that which placed Vera Cruz in the hands of General Scott in 1847. If the policy laid down by President Buchanan should be adopted and pursued, war would follow between the United States and Mexico from the triumph of Miramon; and in that war, we should be a principal, and not the mere ally of one of those parties into which the Mexican

people are divided. Logically, war is inevitable from Mr. Buchanan's arguments and General Miramon's victories; but, as circumstances, not logic, govern the actions of politicians, we may possibly behold all Mexico loyal to the young general, and yet not see an American army enter that country. The President declares that in Mexico's "fate and in her fortune, in her power to establish and maintain a settled government, we have a far deeper interest, socially, commercially, and politically, than any other nation." The truth of this will not be disputed; but suppose that Miramon should establish and maintain a settled government in Mexico, would it not be our duty, and in accordance "with our wise and settled policy," to acknowledge that government, and to seek from it redress of those wrongs concerning which Mr. Buchanan speaks with so much emphasis? Once in a responsible position, and desirous of having the world's approval of his countrymen's conduct, Miramon might be even more than willing to promise as much as Juarez has already promised, we may presume, in the way of satisfaction. That he would fulfil his promises, or that Juarez would fulfil those which he has made, it would be too much to assert; as neither of them would be able, judging from Mexico's past, to maintain himself long in power.

For the present, if not forever, Juarez may be left out of all American calculations concerning Mexico; and as to Miramon, though his prospects are apparently fair, the intelligent observer of Mexican politics cannot fail to have seen that the glare of the clerical eye is upon him, and that some faint indications on his part of a determination not to be the Church's vassal have already placed his supremacy in peril, and perhaps have caused conspiracies to be formed against him which shall prove more injurious to his fortunes than the operations of Liberal armies or the Messages of American Presidents. The Mexican Church, full-blooded and wealthy as it is, is the skeleton in the palace of every

Mexican chief that spoils his sleep and threatens to destroy his power, as it has destroyed that of every one of his predecessors. The armies and banners of the Americans of the North cannot be half so terrible to Miramon, supposing him to be a reflecting man, as are the vestments of his clerical allies. Even those armies, too, may be called into Mexico by the Church, and those banners become the standards of a crusading host from among a people which of all that the world has ever seen is the least given to religious intolerance, and to whom the mere thought of an established religion is odious. Nor would there be anything strange in such a solution of the Mexican question, if we are to infer the character of the future from the character of the past and the present. A generation that has seen American democracy become the propagandists of slavery assuredly ought not to be astonished at the spectacle of American Protestantism upholding the State religion of Mexico, and that religion embodying the worst abuses of the system of Rome. It was, perhaps, because he foresaw the possibility of this, that "the gray-eyed man of destiny," William Walker himself, was reconciled last year to the ancient Church, and received into her bosom. As a Catholic, and as a convert to that faith from heresy, he might achieve those victories for which he longs, but which singularly avoid him as a man of the sword. It is the old story: Satan, being sick, turns saint for the time: only that it is heart-sickness in this instance; the hope of being able to plunder some weak, but wealthy country having been too long deferred for the patience even of an agent of Fate.

That our government means to persevere in its designs against Mexico, in spite of the misfortunes of the Liberals, is to be inferred from all that we hear from Washington. The victories of Oajaca, Queretaro, and Colima, won by the Conservatives, have wrought no apparent change in the Presidential mind. So anxious, indeed, is Mr. Buchanan for the triumph of his plan, that he is ready to seek

aid from his political opponents. Leading Republicans are to be consulted personally, and they are to be appealed to and asked patriotically to banish all party and "sectional" feelings from their minds, while discussing the best mode of helping "our neighbor" out of the Slough of Despond, so that she may be enabled to meet the demands we have upon her,—not in money, for that she has not, and we purpose giving her a round sum, but in land, of which she has a vast supply, and all of it susceptible of yielding good returns to servile industry. There is a necessity for this appeal to Opposition Senators, as the Juarez treaty cannot be ratified without the aid of some of their number. The ratification vote must consist of two-thirds of the Senators present and voting; and of the sixty-six men forming the Senate, but thirty-nine are Democrats, and two are "South Americans." The Republicans, who could muster but a dozen votes in the Senate when the present phase of the Slavery contest was begun, have doubled their strength, and have arrived at the honor of being sought by men who but yesterday regarded them as objects of scorn. Nor is it altogether a new thing for the administration to depend upon its enemies; and the practical adoption of the "one-term" principle in our Presidential contests, by virtually depriving all administrations of strict party support, has introduced into our politics a new element, the first faint workings of which are beginning to be seen, but which is destined to have grave effects, and not such, in all cases, as are to be desired.

But it is not from the ambition or the perverseness of the President that Mexico has much to fear. Were it not for other reasons, which proceed from the "Manifest Destiny" school, the country would laugh down the administration's Mexican programme, and it could hardly be expected to receive the grave consideration of the Senate. What Mexico has to fear is the rapid increase of the old American opinion, that we were appointed by Destiny to devour her, and that in

spoiling her we are only fulfilling "our mission," discharging, as we may say, a high moral and religious duty. It is not that we have any animosity toward Mexico, but that we are the Heaven-appointed rulers of America, of which she happens to be no small part. By a happy ordination, and a wise direction of our skill as missionaries militant, we never waste our time and our valor on strong countries; and as wolves do not seek to make meals of lions, preferring mutton, so we have no taste for those very American countries which are inhabited by the English race, and in which exist those great political institutions of the enjoyment of which we are so proud. The obligation to take Mexico is admitted by most Americans, though some would proceed more rapidly in the work of acquisition than others; but no one hints that we ought to have Canada. Our government has repeatedly offered to purchase Cuba of Spain, which offer that country holds to be an insult; but it has not yet thought proper to seek possession of Jamaica. Destiny, in our case, is as judicious as it is imperative, and means that we shall find our account in doing her work. Had she favored some other nations as much as we are favored, they might have flourished till now, instead of becoming wrecks on the sandy shores of the Sea of Time.

The conviction that Mexico is to be ours is no new idea. It is as old, almost, as the American nation. We found Spain in our path very soon after she had behaved in so friendly a manner to us during the Revolution; and one of the earliest thoughts of the West was to get her out of the way. This was "inevitable," and "Manifest Destiny" was as actively at work in the days of Rodgers Clarke as in those of Walker, but with better reason; for the control that Spain exercised over the navigation of the Mississippi was contrary to common sense. In a few years, the acquisition of Louisiana (nominally from France, but really from Spain) removed the evil of which the West complained; but the idea of seizure remained, and was strengthened by

the deed that was meant to extinguish it. That Louisiana had been obtained without the loss of a life, and for a sum of money that could be made to sound big only when reduced to *francs*, was quite enough to cause the continuance of that system of agitation which had produced results so great with means so small. Enmity to Spain remained, after the immediate cause of it had ceased to exist. War with that country was expected in 1806, and the West anxiously desired it, meaning to invade Mexico. Hence the popularity of Aaron Burr in that part of the Union, and the favor with which his schemes were regarded by Western men. Burr was a generation in advance of his Atlantic contemporaries, but he was not in advance of the Ultramontanes, only abreast of them, and well adapted to be their leader, from his military skill and his high political rank; for his duel with Hamilton had not injured him in their estimation. His connection with the war party, however, proved fatal to it, and probably was the cause of the non-realization of its plans fifty years ago. President Jefferson hated Colonel Burr with all the intensity that philosophy can give to political rivalry; and so the whole force of the national government was brought to bear against the arch-plotter, who fell with a great ruin, and for the time Mexico was saved. Then came Napoleon's attack on Spain, which necessarily postponed all attempts on countries that might become subject to him; and before the Peninsular War had been decided, we were ourselves involved in war with England, which gave us work enough at home, without troubling "our neighbor." But the events of that war helped to increase the spirit of acquisition in the South and the Southwest, while they put an end forever to plans for the conquest of Canada. The "aid and comfort" which the Spaniards afforded to both Indians and Britons, from Florida, led to the seizure of Florida by our forces in time of peace with Spain, and to the purchase of that country. The same year that saw our title to Florida perfected saw the end of

Spanish rule in Mexico. The first effect of this change was unfavorable to the extension of American dominion. Mexico became a republic, taking the United States for a model. Principle and vanity alike dictated forbearance on our side, and for some years the new republic was looked upon with warm regard by the American people; and had her experiment proved successful, our territory never could have been increased at her expense. But that experiment proved a total failure. Not even France herself could have done worse for republicanism than was done by Mexico. Internal wars, constant political changes, violations of faith, and utter disregard of the terms of the Constitution,—these things brought Mexico into contempt, and revived the idea that North America had been especially created for the use of the Anglo-Saxon race and the abuse of negroes. As a nation, too, Mexico had been guilty of many acts of violence toward the United States, which furnished themes for those politicians who were interested in bringing on a war between the two countries. The attempt to enforce Centralism on Texas, which contained many Americans, increased the ill-will toward Mexico. The end came in 1846, when we made war on that country, a war resulting in the acquisition of much Mexican territory,—Texas, Upper California, and New Mexico. It cannot be said we behaved illiberally in our treatment of Mexico, the position of the parties considered; for we might have taken twice as much of her land as we did take, and not have paid her a farthing: and we paid her \$15,000,000, besides assuming the claims which Americans held against her, amounting to \$3,250,000 more. The war "blooded" the American people, and made the idea of acquiring Mexico a national one; whereas before it had a sectional character. The question of absorbing that country was held to be merely one of time; and had it not been for the existence of slavery, much more of Mexico would have been acquired ere now, either by purchase or by war. There have

been few men at the head of Mexican affairs, since the peace of 1848, who were not ready to sell us any portion of their country to which we might have laid claim, if we had tendered them the choice between our purse and our sword. We paid \$10,000,000 for the Mesilla Valley, and for certain navigation privileges in the Colorado river and the Gulf of California,—a circumstance that shows how resolute is our determination to have Mexico, and also that we are not disposed to have the process of acquisition marked by shabby details.

The law that governs the course of conquest is of a plain and obvious character. Occasionally there may arise some conqueror, like Timour, who shall sweep over countries apparently for no other purpose but to play the part of the destroying angel, though it is not difficult to see that even such a man has his uses in the orderings of Providence for the government of the world. But the rule is, that conquest shall, quite as much as commerce, be a gainful business. Conquerors who proceed systematically go from bad lands to good lands, and from good lands to better ones. To get out of the desert into a land flowing with milk and honey is as much the object of modern and uncalled Gentiles as ever it was with ancient called and chosen Jews. Historians appear inclined to censure Darius, because, instead of invading Hellas, equally weak and fertile, he sought to conquer the poor Scythians, who conquered him. The Romans organized robbery, and had a wonderful skill in selecting peoples for enemies who were worth robbing. "The Brood of Winter," who overthrew the Roman Empire, poured down upon lands where grew the grape and the rose. The Saracens, who were carried forward, in the first instance, by fanaticism, had the streams of their conquests lengthened and broadened and deepened by the wealth and weakness of Greeks and Persians and Goths and Africans. Had those streams poured into deserts, by the deserts they would soon have been absorbed, and we should have known the Mahome-

tan superstition only as we know twenty others of those forms of faith produced by the East,—as something sudden, strange, and short-lived. But it was fed by the riches which its votaries gained, the reward of their piety, and the cement of their religious edifice. The Normans, that most chivalrous of races, and, like all chivalrous races, endowed with a keen love of gain, did not seize upon poor countries, but upon the best lands they could take and hold,—the beautiful Neustria, the opulent Sicily, and the fertile England, so admirably situated to become the seat of empire. So, it will be found, have all conquering, absorbing races proceeded, not even excluding the Pilgrim Fathers, who, if they paid the Indians for their lands, generally contrived to get good measure for small disbursements, and to order things so that the lands purchased should be fat and fair in saintly eyes.

Tried by the standard of conquest, the course of the American people toward Mexico is the most natural in the world. Mexico possesses immense wealth, and incalculable capabilities in the way of increasing that wealth; and she is no more competent to defend herself against a powerful neighbor than Sicily was to maintain her independence against the Romans. We are her neighbor, with a population abounding in adventurers domestic and imported, and with politicians who carve out states that shall make them senators and representatives and governors, and perhaps even presidents. As we get nearer to Mexico, the population is more lawless, less inclined to observe those rules upon faith in which the weak must depend for existence. The eagles are gathered about the carcass, and think that to forbid its division among them would be to perpetrate a great moral wrong. The climate of Mexico seems to invite the Northern adventurer to that country. "In general," says Mr. Butterfield, (who has just published a volume that might be called "The American Conqueror's Guide-Book in Mexico," and to which we take this occasion to express

our obligations,)—"in general, the Republic, with the exception of the coast and a few other places, which from situation are extremely hot, enjoys an even and temperate climate; free from the extremes of heat and cold, in consequence of which the most of the hills in the cold regions are covered with trees, which never lose their foliage, and often remind the traveller of the beautiful scenery of the valleys of Switzerland. In Tierra Caliente we are struck by the groves of mimosas, liquid amber, palms, and other gigantic plants characteristic of tropical vegetation; and finally, in Tierra Templada, by the enormous *haciendas*, many of which are of such extent as to be lost to the sight in the horizon with which they blend." This picture is calculated to incite the armed apostles of American liberty, and to render them impatient until they shall have carried the blessings of civilization to Mexico, rewarding themselves for their active benevolence by the appropriation of lands so admirably adapted to the labors of the descendants of Ham, whom it would be impious in them to leave unprovided with the best fields to work out *their* mission,—which is, to produce the greatest possible crops with the least possible expenditure of capital and care, for the good of that superior race which kindly supplies the deficiencies of Heaven with respect to Africa,—a second Providence, as it were, and slightly tinged with selfishness.

We need not dwell upon the importance of second causes in the government of mankind. We find them at work in fixing the future of Mexico. The final cause of the absorption of Mexico by the United States will be the restless appropriating spirit of our people; but this might leave her a generation more of national life, were it not that her territory presents a splendid field for slave-labor, and that, both from pecuniary and from political motives, our slaveholders are seeking the increase of the number of Servile States. Mexico is capable of producing an unlimited amount of sugar and an enormous amount of cotton. There

is a demand for both these articles,—a demand that is constantly increasing, and which is so great, and grows so rapidly, that the melancholy prospect of rum without sugar has presented itself to some minds, not to speak of only half-allowance to all the tea-tables of Christendom. Africa is beginning to wear shirts, and the stamp of more than one Yankee manufacturer has been indorsed on the backs of many African chiefs. Slave-labor, we are assured, can alone afford an adequate supply of cotton and sugar; for none but negroes can labor on the plantations where cane and cotton are raised, and they will labor only under compulsion, and compulsion can be had only under the system of slavery. The point seems to be as clearly established as reason can establish it, though the negroes might object to the process adopted and to the conclusion drawn; but they are interested parties, and not to be regarded therefore. We must add, that the quality of Mexican sugar is as good as the yield is enormous, and, were the cane-fields in our hands, it would be impious to doubt of there being a fall of a mill on the pound all the world over. Compared with such a gain to the consuming classes, what would it matter that the producers were "expended" every four or five years, thereby furnishing an argument in favor of the revival (we should say extension, for it appears to be lively enough) of the slave-trade between Africa and America? So is it with Mexican cotton, which propagates itself, and is not raised annually from the seed, as in our cotton-growing States. In the Hot Land of Mexico, the laborers in the cotton-fields merely keep these fields clear from weeds, as we should say,—no easy task, it may be assumed, with a soil so luxuriant, and where frost is unknown. Yet the amount of cotton produced annually in the Hot Land is shamefully small, not exceeding ten million pounds,—a mere bagatelle, which Manchester would devour in a week. Consider what an increase in cottons and calicoes, what a gain in shirts and sheets, would follow from the seizure

of those fields by Americans from Mississippi and Alabama; and let no idle notions concerning national morality prevent the increase of those comforts which the poor now know, but which never came to the knowledge of Cæsar Augustus, and which were unknown to Solomon in all his glory. Where would have been the great English nation, if the adventurous cut-throats who followed Norman William from Saint Valery to Hastings had been troubled with squeamish notions about the rights of the Saxons?

There are other articles, besides cotton and sugar, in the production of which slave-labor pays, and pays well, too; and all these articles Mexico is capable of yielding immensely. The world needs more rice; rice can be cultivated only by negroes, or people much like them; and rice can be raised in Mexico in incredible quantities, under a judicious system of industry, such as, we are constantly assured, slavery ever has been and ever will be. Tobacco is another Mexican article, and also one in producing which negroes can be profitably employed; and as tobacco is becoming scarce, while consumers of it are on the increase, it would seem to be our duty to prepare the fields of Tabasco for more extended cultivation, — since there, as well as in many other parts of Mexico, tobacco almost as good as the best that is grown in Cuba can be produced. Coffee, indigo, and hemp are Mexican articles, and can all be cultivated by slave-labor. Maize is grown in every part of the country, yielding three hundred fold in the Hot Land, and twice that rate in one district; and maize is a slave-grown article. Smaller articles there are, but valuable, in raising which slaves would be found useful, — among them cocoa, vanilla, and *frijoles*, the last being to the Mexicans what the potato is to the Irish, the common food of the common people. On the supposition that slaves could be made to labor well in wheat-fields, — and under a stringent system of slavery this would be far from impossible, — Mexico might afford profit-

able employment to myriads of Africans in the course of civilization and Christianization. Wheat returns sixty for one in the best valleys of the Temperate Region; and when we call to mind that flour is becoming a luxury to poor white people even in America, the propriety of having those valleys filled up with a black population of great industrial capability stands admitted; and as black people have an unaccountable aversion to working for others, the necessity of slavery is established by the high price of flour, and the capacity of the white races for consuming twice as much as is now produced in the whole world.

It would be no difficult matter to show that Mexico is the most productive of countries, whether we consider the variety of the articles there grown, or the capabilities of the land for increasing their quantity. To the manufacturer and the merchant she is as attractive as she is to the agriculturist; and her mineral wealth is apparently inexhaustible, and has passed into a proverb. During the thirteen generations since the Spanish Conquest, the value of the gold and silver exported is estimated at \$4,640,204,889; and this is considered a very low estimate by those best qualified to judge of its correctness. Mr. Butterfield expresses the opinion that the annual export is now near \$40,000,000, much of which is smuggled out of the country. The land is also rich in the common metals, the production of which, as well as of gold and silver, would be incalculably increased, should Mexico pass under the dominion of an energetic race, greedy of other men's wealth, if not profuse of its own.

We have said enough to show the capabilities of Mexico as a slaveholding country; and of the desire of American slaveholders to push their industrial system into countries adapted to it, there are, unfortunately, but too many proofs. They are prompted by the love of power and the love of wealth to obtain possession of Mexico, and the energy that is ever displayed by them when pursuing a favorite object will not allow us to doubt

what the end of the contest upon which the United States are about to enter must be. We have, then, to consider the character of the people upon whom slavery is to be forced, and the probable effect of their subjugation to American dominion. The subject is far from being agreeable, and the consideration of it gives rise to the most painful thoughts that can move the mind.

The exact number of people in Mexico it is not possible to state. Mr. Mayer estimated that in 1850 the proximate actual population was 7,626,831, classed as follows:—Whites, 1,100,000; Indians, 4,354,886; Mestizos, Zambos, Mulattoes, etc., 2,165,345; Negroes, 6,600. Only one-seventh of the population belongs to that class, or caste, to which, according to the common sentiment in the United States, dominion over the earth has been given. The other six-sevenths are, in American estimation, and would so become in fact, should Mexico own our rule, mere political Pariahs; and if they should escape personal slavery, it would be through their rapid extinction under the blasting effects of civilization. There are, at this time, it may be assumed, 7,000,000 human beings in Mexico to whom few Americans are capable of conceding the full rights of humanity. Of these, about one-third, the negroes and the mixed races, from the fact that they have African blood in their veins, would be outlawed by the mere conquest of Mexico by American arms, so far as relates to the higher conditions of life. As several of our States have already compelled free negroes to choose between slavery and banishment, and as the American settlers of Mexico would proceed principally from States in which the sentiment prevails that has led to the adoption of so illiberal a policy, a third of the native population would, it is likely, be reduced to a condition of chattel slavery within a very short time after the change of government had been effected. There is not an argument used in behalf of the rigid slave codes of several of our States which would not be applicable to the en-

slavement of the black and mixed Mexicans, all of whom would be of darker skins and less enlightened minds than the slaves that would be taken to the conquered land by the conquerors. How could the slaves thus taken there be allowed to see even their inferiors in the enjoyment of personal freedom? If the State of Arkansas can condescend to be afraid of a few hundred free negroes and mulattoes, and can illustrate its fear by turning them out of their homes in mid-winter, what might not be expected from a ruling caste in a new country, with two and a half millions of colored people to strike terror into the souls of those comprising it? Just or humane legislation could not be looked for at the hands of such men, who would be guilty of that cruelty which is born of injustice and terror. The white race of Mexico would join with the intrusive race to oppress the mixed races; and as the latter would be compelled to submit to the iron pressure that would be brought to bear upon them, more than two millions of slaves would be added to the servile population of America, and would become the basis of a score of Representatives in the national legislature, and of as many Presidential Electors; so that the practice of the grossest tyranny would give to the Slaveholding States, *per saltum*, as great an increase of political power as the Free States could expect to achieve through a long term of years illustrated by care and toil and the most liberal expenditure of capital.

The Indians would fare no better than the mixed races, though the mode of their degradation might differ from that which would be pursued toward the latter. The Indians of Mexico are a race quite different from the Indians whom we have exterminated or driven to the remote West. They are a sad, a superstitious, and an inert people, upon whom Spanish tyranny has done its perfect work. Nominally Christians, they are nearly as much devoted to paganism as were their ancestors of the age of the Conquistadores. They are the most finished conservatives on the

face of the earth, and see ruin in change quite as readily as if they lived in New England and their opinions were worth quoting on State Street. The traveller can see in Mexican fields, to-day, the manner in which those fields were cultivated in the early days of the last Montezuma, before the Spaniard had entered the land,—as in Canada he can occasionally find men following the customs that were brought, more than two centuries ago, from Brittany or Normandy. The Indians are practically enslaved by two things: they are so attached to the soil on which they are born as to regard expulsion from it as the greatest of all punishments,—thus being much like those serfs who, in some other countries, are legally bound to the land, and are sold with it; and they are forever in debt, the consequence of reckless indulgence, and of that inability to think of the morrow which is the most prominent characteristic of the inferior races of men. This has caused the existence of the system of *peonage*, of which so much has been said in this country, in the attempts that have been made to show that slavery already prevails in Mexico. But American planters never would be content with peonage, which does not give to the employer any power over the Indians' offspring, or convey to him any of those *rights* of property in his fellow-men which form the most attractive feature of slavery as it exists in the United States. They would demand something more than that; and the system of *repartimientos*, under which the Indians of the time of Cortés were divided among the conquerors, with the land, would not improbably follow the annexation of Mexico to the United States. The natives would be compelled to labor far more vigorously than they now labor, and their burdens would be increased in the same ratio in which the American is more energetic and exacting than the Mexican. Under such a system, the Indians would vanish as rapidly as they did from Hayti, when a similar system was adopted there, soon after the discovery of America. Then would arise a demand for the revival of

the slave-trade with Africa, and on the same ground on which African slavery was introduced into America,—because the negro is better able than the Indian to meet the demands which the white man makes upon the weaker races who happen to be placed in his power. With such unlimited fields for the production of sugar and cotton, those leading agencies of Christianity and civilization, it would never do for the world to deny to the new school of planters a million of negroes, so necessary to the full development of the purpose of the American crusaders. Observe what a gain it would be to the shipping interest, could the seas become haleyonized through the conquest of prejudices by men who believe that God is just, and that He has made of one flesh and one blood all the nations of the earth!

Even if it should not be sought to enslave the Indians of Mexico, that race would not be the less doomed. There seems to be no chance for Indians in any country into which the Anglo-Saxon enters in force. A system of free labor would be as fatal to the Mexican Indians as a system of slave labor. The whites who would throng to Mexico, on its conquest by Americans, and on the supposition that slavery should not be established there, would regard the Indians with sentiments of strong aversion. They would hate them, not only because they were Indians,—which would be deemed reason enough,—but as competitors in industry, who could afford to work for low wages, their wants being few, and the cost of their maintenance small. It is charged against the Indians that they are not flesh-eaters; and white men prefer meat to any other description of food. Place a flesh-eating race in antagonism with a race that lives on vegetables, and the former will eat up the latter. The sentiment of the whites toward the Indians is not unlike that which has been expressed by an eminent American statesman, who says that the cause of the failure of Mexico to establish for herself a national position is to be sought and found in her acknowl-

edgment of the political equality of her Indian population. He would have them degraded, if not absolutely enslaved; and degradation, situated as they are, implies their extinction. This is the opinion of one of the ablest men in the Democratic party, who, though a son of Massachusetts, is ready to go as far in behalf of slavery as any son of South Carolina.

Another eminent Democrat, no less a man, indeed, than President Buchanan, is committed to very different views. He is the patron of Juárez, whom he would support with all the power of the United States, and whose government he would carry to "the halls of the Montezumas" in the train of an American army. Now Juárez is a pure-blooded and full-blooded Indian. Not a drop of Castilian blood,

blue or black, flows in his veins. He is a genuine Toltec, a member of that mysterious race which flourished in the Valley of Mexico ages before the arrival of the Aztecs, and the marvellous remains of whose works astonish the traveller in Yucatan and Guatemala. He is a native of Oajaca, one of the Pacific States, and the same that contained the vast estates bestowed upon Cortés, to whom the Valley of Oajaca furnished his title of Marquis. A poor Indian boy, and a fruit-seller, Juárez found a patron, who saw his cleverness, and gave him an education, and so enabled him to play no common part in his country,—the independence of which he seems prepared to destroy, in the hope, perhaps, of securing for it a stable and well-ordered government.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Ludwig van Beethoven. Leben und Schaffen. Herausgegeben von Adolph Bernhard Marx. 2 vols. 8vo. Berlin, 1859. pp. 379, 389.

SECOND NOTICE.

THE English or American reader, whose only biography of Beethoven has been the translation of Schindler's work by Moscheles, will be pleased to find scattered through Marx's two volumes a number of interesting extracts from the "Conversation-Books." These are not always given exactly as in the originals, although the sense is preserved intact. For instance, (Vol. I. p. 341,) speaking of the original overture to "Leonore,"—afterwards printed as Op. 138,—Marx says, "It shows us, as in a mirror of past happiness, a view of that which is hereafter to reward Leonore and raise Florestan from his woe. Yes, Beethoven himself is in theory of this opinion. In his Conversation-Books we read the following:—

"Aristotle, in his 'Poetics,' remarks, 'Tragic heroes must at first live in great happiness and splendor.' This we see in Egmont. Wenn sie nun [so] recht glücklich sind, [so] kommt mit [auf] einem

Mal das Schicksal und schlingt einen Knoten um ihr Haupt [über ihren Haupte] den sie nicht mehr zu lösen vermögen. Muth und Trotz tritt an die Stelle [der Reue] und verwegen sehen sie dem Geschehe, [und sie sehen verwegen dem Geschehe,] ja, dem Tod in's Aug'."

The words in brackets show the variations from the original; they are slight, but will soon be seen to have significance.

Again, Marx says, (Vol. II. p. 214, note,) "In one of the Conversation-Books Schindler remarks, 'Ich bin sehr gespannt auf die Characterisirung [der Sätze] der B dur Trio. . . . Der erste Satz träumt von lauter Glückseligkeit [Glück und Zufriedenheit]. Auch Muthwille, heiteres Tändeln und Eigensinn (mit Permission—Beethovenscher) ist darin.'" [Should be "und Eigensinn (Beethovenische) ist darin, mit Permission."]

On page 217 of the same volume is part of a conversation between Beethoven and his friend Peters, dated 1819. The Conversation-Book from which it is taken is dated, in Beethoven's own hand, "March and April, 1820."

But enough for our purpose, which is to prove that Marx knows nothing of the Con-

versation-Books from personal inspection, although he always quotes them in such a manner as to impress the reader with the idea that the extracts made are his own. Now, 1st, all his extracts are in the second edition of Schindler's "Biography;" 2d, all the variations from the original are found word for word in Schindler's excerpts; 3d, the first of the above three examples, which Marx takes for an expression of Beethoven's views, was written by Schindler himself, for his master's perusal!

But though a biography give us nothing new in relation to the hero, still it may be of great interest and value from the manner in which well-known authorities are collected and digested, and the facts presented in a picturesque, fascinating, living narrative. Such a work is Irving's "Goldsmith." Such a work is *not* Marx's "Beethoven." It is neither one thing nor another, — neither a biography nor a critical examination of the master's works. It is a little of both, — an attempt to combine the two, and a very unsuccessful one. Biography and criticism are so strangely mixed up, jumbled together, — anecdotes of different periods so absurdly brought into juxtaposition, — chronology so oddly abused, — that one can obtain a far better idea of the man Beethoven by reading Marx's authorities than his digest of them; and as to his works, those upon which we want information, which we have no opportunity to hear, which have not been subjects of criticism and discussion for a whole generation, — on these he has little or nothing to say.

But the extreme carelessness with which Marx cites his authorities is worthy of notice; here are a few examples.

Vol. I. p. 13. Here we find the well-known anecdote of Beethoven's playing several variations upon Righini's air, "Veni Amore," from memory, and improvising others, before the Abbé Sterkel. Wegeler is the original authority for the anecdote, the point of which depends upon the fact that the printed variations were a composition by Beethoven. Marx here and elsewhere in his book attributes them to Sterkel!

Ib. p. 31. Speaking of the pleasure Van Swieten took in Beethoven's playing of Bach's fugues, and of the dislike of the latter to being urged to play, Marx quotes as follows: "He came then (relates Ries,

who became his pupil in 1800) back to me with clouded brow and out of temper," etc. To me, — Ries, — a boy of sixteen, — and Beethoven already the composer all of whose works half a dozen publishers were ready to take at any prices he chose to fix! — Ries relates no such thing. Wegeler does, but of a period five years before Ries came to Vienna; moreover, he relates it in relation to Beethoven's dislike to being urged to play in mixed companies, — the fact having no relation whatever to Van Swieten's weekly music-parties.

Ib. p. 33. Beethoven is now twenty-five. "At this time, as it seems, there has been no talk of ill health." Directly against the statement of Wegeler.

Ib. p. 38. The Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra, Op. 15, "Probably composed in 1800, since it was offered to Hofmeister Jan. 5, 1801." He relates from Wegeler, that Beethoven wrote the finale when suffering violently from colic. How is it possible for a man to overlook the next line, "I helped him as much as I could with simple remedies," and not associate it with Wegeler's statement that he himself left Vienna "in the middle of 1796"? This fixes the date absolutely four or five years earlier than Marx's probability. He is equally unlucky in his reading of the letters of Hofmeister; for the Concerto offered him Jan. 5, 1801, was not this one, but that in B flat, Op. 19.

Ib. p. 186. The Sonata, Op. 22, "Out of the year 1802." If Marx will turn to the letters to Hofmeister again, he will find this Sonata offered for publication with the Concerto.

Ib. p. 341. "Schindler, who, however, first became acquainted with Beethoven in 1808, and first came into close connection with him in 1813." Compare Schindler, 2d ed. p. 95. "It was in the year 1814 that I first became personally acquainted with Beethoven." In 1808 Schindler was a boy of thirteen years, in a Gymnasium, and had not yet come to Vienna.

Vol. II. p. 36. Sonata, Op. 57. "The finale, as Ries relates, was begotten in a night of storm"; and on this text Marx discourses through a page or two. Ries relates no such thing.

Ib. p. 179. "Once more, relates Schindler, the two (Goethe and Beethoven) met each other," etc. For Schindler, read Lenz.

Ib. p. 191. "The Philharmonic Society in London presented to him a magnificent grand-pianoforte of Broadwood's manufacture." Schindler says expressly, "Presented by Ferd. Ries, John Cramer, and Sir George Smart." Cannot Marx read German?

Ib. p. 329. We give one more instance of Marx's method of citing authorities, — a very curious one. It is an extract from a letter written to the Schotts in Mayence, signed A. Schindler, containing an account of Beethoven's last hours, and published in the "*Cäcilia*" in full. Here is the passage: —

"When I came to him, on the morning of the 24th of March, (relates *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*, a musical friend and composer, of Grätz, who had hastened thither to see Beethoven once more,) I found his whole countenance distorted, and him so weak, that, with the greatest exertions, he could bring out but two or three intelligible words." *Anselm Hüttenbrenner*!

Throughout these volumes we find a certain vagueness of statement in connection with the names of musicians with whom Beethoven came in contact, which raises the question, whether Marx has no biographical dictionary in his house, not even a copy of Schilling's *Encyclopædia*, for which he wrote so many biographies, and "indeed all the articles signed A. B. M."? At times, however, the statements are not so vague. For instance, — in the anecdote already referred to, Marx makes the two Rombergs and Franz Ries introduce the "fifteen-year-old virtuoso" to Sterkel, — that is, in 1785 or '86. At that date, (see Schilling,) Andreas Romberg was a boy of eighteen, Bernard a boy of fifteen; moreover, they did not come to Bonn until 1790, when Beethoven was nearly twenty years old. In 1793-4 Marx makes Schenck "the to him [Beethoven] well-known and valued composer of the 'Dorfbarbier,'" — which opera was not written until some years later. In 1815 died Beethoven's "friend and countryman, Salomon of Bonn, in London." It is possible that Beethoven may have occasionally seen Salomon at Bonn, but that violinist went to London at least as early as 1781, after having then been for several years in Prince Henry's chapel in Berlin.

These things may, perhaps, strike the

reader as of minor importance, mere blemishes. So be it then; we will turn to a vexed question, which has a literary importance, and see what light Marx throws upon it. We refer to Bettine's letters to Goethe upon Beethoven, and the composer's letters to her, the authority of which has been strongly questioned. Marx gives them, Vol. II. pp. 121-135, and we turned eagerly to them, expecting to find, from one who has for thirty years or more lived in the same city with the authoress, the *questio vexata* fully put to rest. Nothing of the kind. He quotes them from Schindler with Schindler's remarks upon them, to which he gives his assent. As to the letters of Beethoven to Bettine, he has not even done that lady the justice to give them as she has printed them, but rests satisfied with a copy confessedly taken from the English translation! Of these Marx says, — "These letters, — one has not the right, perhaps, to declare them outright creations of fancy; at all events, there is no judicial proof of this, no more than of their authenticity, — if they are not imagined, they are certainly translated . . . from Beethoven into the Bettine speech. Never — compare all the letters and writings of Beethoven which are known with these Bettine epistles — never did Beethoven so write. . . . If he wrote to Bettine, then she has poetized [*überdichtet*] his letters, — and she has not done even this well; we have in them Beethoven as seen in the mirror Bettine." He adds in a note, "In the highest degree girl-like and equally un-Beethovenlike are these constant repetitions: 'liebe, liebe, — liebe, liebe, — liebe, gute, — bald, bald'!"

What does Marx say to this beginning of a letter to Tiedje, — "Jeden Tag schwebte mir immer folgende Brief an Sie, Sie, Sie, immer vor"? Or to these repetitions from a series of notes written also from Töplitz in the summer of 1812? "Leben Sie wohl, liebe, gute A." "Liebe, gute A., seit ich gestern," etc. "Scheint der Mond . . . so sehen Sie den kleinsten, kleinsten aller Menschen bei sich," etc.

And so on this point Marx leaves us just as wise as we were before. There is a gentleman who can decide by a word as to the authenticity of these letters of Beethoven, since he originally furnished them for publication in the English translation of Schindler's "Biography." We refer to Mr. Chor-

ley, of the "London Athenæum." Meanwhile we venture to give Marx's opinion as much weight as we think it deserves, and continue to believe in the letters; more especially because, as published by Bettine herself in 1848, each is remarkable for certain peculiarly Beethoven-like abuses of punctuation, orthography, and capital letters, which carry more weight to our minds than the unsupported opinions of a dozen Professors Marx.

Justice requires that we pass from merely biographical topics, which are evidently not the forte of Professor Marx, to some of those upon which he has bestowed far more space, and doubtless far more labor and pains, and upon which, in this work, he doubtless also rests his claims to our applause.

On page 199 of Vol. I. begins a division of the work, entitled by the author "*Chorische Werke*." In previous chapters, Beethoven's pianoforte compositions—sonatas, trios, the quintett, etc., up to Op. 54, exclusive of the concertos for that instrument and orchestra—have been treated. In this we have a very pleasing account of the gradual progress of the composer from the concerto to the full splendor of the grand symphony.

"The composer Beethoven," says Marx, "was, as we have seen, also a virtuoso. No

one can be both, without feeling himself drawn to the composition of concertos. These works then follow, and in close relation to the pianoforte compositions of Beethoven, with and without the accompaniment of solo instruments; and to them others, which may just here be best brought under one general head for notice. From them we look directly upward to orchestral and symphonic works. To all these we give the general name of 'choral' works, for want of a better,—a term which in fact belongs but to vocal music, and is exceedingly ill adapted to a part of the compositions now under consideration. The term, however, is used here as pointing at the significance of the orchestra to Beethoven."

Marx's theory of Beethoven's progress, taking continually bolder and loftier flights until he reaches the symphony, must necessarily be based upon the chronology of the works in question,—a basis which he adopts, but evidently, in the case of two or three of them, with some hesitation; yet the theory has too great a charm for him to be lightly thrown aside.

We will bring into a table the compositions which he is now considering, together with his dates of their composition, that we may obtain a clearer view of their bearings upon the point in question.

Concerto in C for Pianoforte and Orchestra,	Op. 15.	1800.	(See p. 38.)
do. in B flat,	Op. 19.	1801.	
do. in C minor,	Op. 37.	Not dated.	
Six Quatuors for Bowed Instruments,	Op. 18.	Published in 1801-2, but "begun earlier."	
Quintett,	Op. 29.	1802.	
Septett,	Op. 20.	Not dated.	
Prometheus, Ballet,	Op. 43.	Performed March 28, 1801.	
Grand Symphony,	Op. 21.	1799 or 1800.	
do. do.	Op. 36.	Performed 1800.	

A glance at the dates in this table throws doubt upon the theory; the doubt is increased by the consideration that all these important works are, according to Marx,

the labor of only three years! But let us turn back and collect into another table the pianoforte works which are also attributed to the same epoch.

Pianoforte Trio,	Op. 11.	1799.
Three Pianoforte Sonatas,	Op. 10.	1799.
Two do. do.	Op. 14.	1799.
Adelaide, Song,	Op. 46.	1798 or '99.
Sonata for Piano and Horn,	Op. 17.	1800.
do. Pathétique,	Op. 13.	1800.
Christus am Oelberg, Cantata,	Op. 85.	1800.
Quintett,	Op. 16.	1801.
Sonata,	Op. 22.	1802.
do.	Op. 26.	1802.
do.	Op. 28.	1802.

From this list we have excluded works which Marx says were *published* (*herausgegeben*) during these years, selecting only those which he calls "aus dem Jahre," — belonging to such a year.

Marx himself (Vol. I. p. 246 *et seq.*) shows us that the works above mentioned, dated 1802, belong to an earlier period; for in the "first months" of that year Beethoven fell into a dangerous illness, which unfitted him for labor throughout the season.

We have, then, as the labor of three years, three grand pianoforte concertos with orchestra, six string quartetts, a quintett, a septett, a grand ballet, and two symphonies, for *great* works; and for minor productions, — by-play, — nine pianoforte solo sonatas, one for pianoforte and horn, a pianoforte trio, a quintett, the "Adelaide," and the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," — a productiveness (and such a productiveness!) not surpassed by Mozart or Handel in their best and most marvellous years.

But these twenty-eight works, in fact, belong only in part to those three years. The first concerto was finished before June, 1796; the second in Prague, 1798; the third was performed late in the autumn of 1800. A performance of the first symphony is recorded at least ten, of the second at least three, months before that of the ballet. As this — the "Prometheus" — was written expressly for Vígano, the arranger of the action, it is not to be supposed that any great lapse of time took place between the execution of the order for and the production of the music. In fact, Marx has no authorities, beyond Lenz's notices of the *publication* of the works in the above lists, for the dates which he has given to them; none whatever for placing the works of the first of our lists in that order; certainly none for placing Op. 37 before Op. 18, Op. 29 before Op. 20, and Op. 43 before Op. 21 and Op. 36. And yet, at the close of his remarks upon the septett, Op. 20, we read, "Each of the compositions here noticed" (namely, those in the first list down to the septett) "is a step away from the pianoforte to the orchestra. In the midst of them appears the first (!) orchestral work since the chivalrous ballet, to which the boy (?) Beethoven in former days gave being. It was again to be a ballet, — 'Gli Uomini di Prometeo.'" Then follow remarks upon the ballet, closing thus:

"On the 'Prometheus' he had tried the strength of his pinions; in the first symphony, 'Grande Sinfonie,' Op. 21, he floated calmly upon them at those heights where the spirit of Mozart had rested."

No, Herr Professor Marx, your pretty fancy is without basis. Chronology, "the eye of History," makes sad work of your theory. Pity that in your "researches" you met not one of those lists of the members of the Electoral Chapel at Bonn, which would have shown you that the young Beethoven learned to wield the orchestra in that best of all schools, the orchestra itself!

Three chapters of Book Second (Vol. I. pp. 239-307) are entitled "Helden Weihe," (Consecration of the Hero,) "Die Sinfonie Heroica und die ideale Musik," (The Heroic Symphony and Ideal Music,) and "Die Zukunft vor dem Richterstuhl der Vergangenheit" (The Future before the Judgment-Seat of the Past). Save the first fourteen pages, which are given to Beethoven's sickness in 1802, the testament which he wrote at that time, and some remarks upon the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," these chapters are devoted to the "Heroic Symphony," — its history, its explanation, and a polemical discourse directed against the views of Wagner, Berlioz, Oulibichef, and others.

The circumstances under which this remarkable work was written, the history of its origin and completion, are so clearly related by Ries and Schindler, that it seems hardly possible to make any great blunder in repeating them. Marx has, however, a very happy talent for getting out of the path, even when it lies directly before him.

"When, therefore, Bernadotte," says he, "at that time French Ambassador at Vienna, and sharer in the admiration which the Lichnowskis and others of high rank felt for Beethoven, proposed to him to pay his homage to the hero [Napoleon] in a grand instrumental work, he found the artist in the best disposition thereto; perhaps such thoughts had already occurred to his mind. In the year 1802, in autumn, he put his hand already to the work, began first in the following year earnestly to labor upon it, and, with many interruptions, and the production of various compositions in the mean time, completed it in 1804."

From this passage, and from remarks in connection with it, it is clear that Professor

Marx supposes Bernadotte to have been in Vienna in 1802-3, and to have ordered this symphony of Beethoven. Schindler's words, when speaking of his conversation with the composer in 1823, on this topic, are, — "Beethoven erinnerte sich lebhaft, dass Bernadotte wirklich zuerst die Idee zur Sinfonie Eroica in ihm rege gemacht hat" (Beethoven remembered distinctly that it really was Bernadotte who first awakened in him the idea of the "Heroic Symphony"). On turning to the article on Bernadotte in the "Conversations-Lexicon," we find that the period of his embassy embraced but a few months of the year 1798.

It seems to us a very suggestive and important fact toward the comprehension of Beethoven's design in this work, that the conception of it had been floating before his mind and slowly assuming definite form during the space of four years, before he put hand to the composition. Six years passed from the date of its conception before it lay complete upon his table, with the single word "Bonaparte" in large letters at the top of the title-page, and "L. Beethoven" at the bottom, with nothing between. And what, according to Marx, is this product of so much study and labor? A musical description of a battle; a funeral march to the memory of the fallen; the gathering of the armies for their homeward march; a description of the blessings of peace. A most lame and impotent interpretation! Marx somewhere says, that Beethoven never wrought twice upon the same idea; hence the funeral march of the Symphony cannot have been originally intended in honor of a hero, — we agree with him so far, — for this task he had once already accomplished in the Sonata, Op. 26. But then, if the first movement of the Symphony be a battle-piece, how came its author to compose another, and one so entirely different, in 1812?

How any one — with the recollection of Beethoven's fondness for describing character in music, even in youth upon the pianoforte, — with the "Coriolanus Overture" before him, and the "Wellington's Victory at Vittoria" at hand, — and, above all, with any knowledge of the composer's love for the universal, the all-embracing, and his contempt for minute musical painting, as shown by his sarcasms upon passages in Haydn's "Creation" — can sup-

pose the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" to be in the main intended as a battle-picture, passes our comprehension. It may be so. It is but a matter of opinion. We have nothing from Beethoven himself upon the point, unless we may suppose, that, when, four years later, he printed upon the programme, at the first performance of the "Pastoral Symphony," "Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting," he was guarding against a mistake which had been made as to the intent of the "Eroica."

We have no space to waste in following Marx, either through his exposition of his battle theory, his explanations of the other movements of the Symphony, or his polemics against previous writers. His programme seems to us little, if at all, better than those which he controverts. Instead of this, we venture to offer our own to the reader's common sense, which, if it does not satisfy, at least shows that Marx has not put the question forever at rest.

"Rather the expression of feeling than musical painting" seems to us a key to the understanding of this, as well as of the "Pastoral Symphony." Mere musical painting, and the composition of works to order, — as is proved by the "Wellington's Victory," the "Coriolanus Overture," the music to "Prometheus," to the "Ruins of Athens," the "Glorreiche Augenblick," to say nothing of minor works, such as the First and Second Concertos, the Horn Sonata, etc., — Beethoven could and did despatch with extreme rapidity; but works of a different order, for which he could take his own time, and which were to be the expression of the grand feelings of his own great heart, — the composition of these was no light holiday-task. He could "make music" with all ease and rapidity; and had this been his aim, the extreme productiveness of the first years in Vienna shows that he might, perhaps, have rivalled Father Haydn himself in the number of his instrumental compositions. His difficulty was not in writing music, but in mastering the poetic conception, and finding that tone-speech which should express in epic progress, yet in obedience to the laws of musical form, the emotions, feelings, sentiments to be depicted. Hence the great length of time during which many of his works were subjects of meditation and study. Hence the six years which

elapsed between the conception and completion of the "Heroic Symphony."

Beethoven passed his youth near the borders of France, under a government which allowed a republican personal freedom to its subjects. He was himself a strong republican, and old enough, when the crushed people over the border at length arose in their terrible energy against the King, to sympathize with them in their woe, perhaps in their vengeance. What to us is the horrible history of those years was to him the exciting news of the day; and it is not difficult to imagine the changes of feeling with which he would follow the political changes in France, the hopes of humanity now apparently lost in the gloom of the Reign of Terror, and now the rising of the day-star, precursor of a glorious day of republican freedom, in the marvellous successes of the cool, determined, energetic, stoical young conqueror of Italy, living, when Bernadotte fired his imagination by his descriptions of him, with his wife, the widow of Beauharnais, in a small house in an obscure street of the capital.

To us, then, the first movement of the "Heroic Symphony" is a study of character. In the "Coriolanus Overture" we have one side of a hero depicted: here we see him in all his aspects; we behold him in sorrow and in joy, in weakness and in strength, in the struggle and in victory,—overcoming opposition, and reducing all elements of discord to harmony and order by the force of his energetic will. It may be either a description of Napoleon, as Beethoven at that time understood his character,—we are inclined to this opinion,—or it may be a more general picture of a hero, to which the career of Napoleon had furnished but the original conception. The second movement is to us the wail of a nation ground to the dust by the iron heel of despotism,—France under the old *régime*,—France in the Reign of Terror,—France needing, as few nations have needed, the advent of a hero. The scherzo, with its trio, is not a form for minute painting of *how* the hero comes and saves; nor is this necessary; it has been sufficiently indicated in the first movement. We hear in it the awakening to new life, from the first whispers of hope, uttered mysteriously and with trembling lips, to the bright and

cheering expression of a nation's joy,—not loudly and boisterously, — (Beethoven never gives such a language to the depths of happiness,) — in the exquisite passages for the horns in the trio. We agree with Marx in feeling the finale to be a picture of the blessings of that peace and quiet which the hero once more restores,—but peace and quiet where liberty and law, justice and order reign.

One fact in relation to the finale of this symphony has caused Professor Marx no little trouble. The movement is a theme and variations, with a fugue, and was also published by Beethoven as a "Theme and Variations for the Pianoforte," Op. 35, dedicated to Moritz Lichnowsky. The theme is from the finale of the "Prometheus." Now what could induce Beethoven to make this use of so important a work, as such a finale to such a symphony, is to our Professor a puzzle. It troubles him on page 70, (Vol. I.) again on page 212, and finally on page 274. The same theme three times employed,—he may say four, for it is one of the six "Contredanses" by Beethoven, which appeared about that time,—and the third time *so* employed! Lenz happens to have overlooked the fact,—and so has Marx,—that the Variations for the Pianoforte, Op. 35, were advertised in the "Leipziger Musikalische Zeitung," already in November, 1803. How long Beethoven had kept them by him, how long it had taken them to make the then slow journey from Vienna to Leipzig, to be engraved, corrected, and made ready for sale, we are not informed. A very simple theory will account for all the phenomena in this case.

A very beautiful theme in the finale of "Prometheus" is admired. Beethoven composes variations upon it, and, to render it more worthy of his friend Lichnowsky, adds the fugue. The work becomes a favorite, and, the theme being originally descriptive of the happiness of man in a state of culture and refinement, he decides to arrange it for orchestra, and give it a place in the new symphony. How if Lichnowsky proposed it?

A large proportion of the three chapters under consideration, as, indeed, of many others, is directed against Oulibichef,— "Oulibichef-Thersites," as he names him in the Table of Contents. The very different manner in which he treats this

gentleman, throughout his work, from that in which he speaks of Berlioz, Wagner, Lenz, is striking; but Oulibichef is dead, and cannot reply. Some of the Russian's contrapuntal objections to the "Heroic Symphony" are well answered; but, as we are satisfied with the poetic explanation of the work by neither, we must confess, that, after the crystalline clearness of Oulibichef, the muddy wordiness of Marx is not to edification.

We turn now to the chapters devoted to the opera "Leonore," afterwards "Fidelio,"—one of the most interesting topics in Beethoven's musical history. Here, at length, we do find something beyond what Ries and Schindler have recorded,—no longer the close coincidence in matters of fact with Lenz; indeed, the account of the changes made in transforming the three-act "Leonore" into the two-act "Fidelio" we consider the best piece of historic writing in the volumes,—the one which gives us the greatest number of new facts, and most clearly and chronologically arranged. It is really quite unfortunate for Professor Marx, that Professor Otto Jahn of Bonn gave us, some years since, in his preface to the Leipzig edition of "Leonore," precisely the same facts, from precisely the same sources, and in some cases, we had almost said, in precisely the same words. The "coincidence" here is striking,—as we cannot suppose Marx ever saw Jahn's publication, since he makes no reference to it. In the errors with which Marx spices his narrative occasionally, the coincidence ceases. Here are some instances.—According to Marx, one reason of the ill success of the opera at Vienna, in 1805-6, was the popularity of that upon the same subject by Paer. The Viennese first heard the latter in 1809.—Again, at the first production of the "Fidelio," in 1814, Marx says, the Leonore Overture No. 3 was played because that in E flat was not finished. Seyfried says expressly, the overture to the "Ruins of Athens."—Marx speaks of the proposals made to Beethoven in 1823 to compose the "Melusine," and still another text,—and so speaks as to leave the impression, that, from the "fall of the opera" in 1806, the composer had purposely kept aloof from the stage. Does the Professor know nothing of Beethoven's application in 1807 to the Theater-Direktion of the imperial playhouses, to be

employed as regular operatic composer?—of the opera "Romulus?"—of his correspondence with Koerner, Rellstab, and still others? It appears not.

We must close our article somewhere; it is already, perhaps, too long; we add, therefore, but a general remark or two.

To many readers Marx's discussions of Beethoven's last works will be found of interest and value, though written in that turgid, vague, confused style—"words, words, words"—which the Germans denominate by the expressive term, *Geschwätz*. This is especially the case with his essays upon the great "Missa Solemnis," and the "Ninth Symphony."

We cannot rise from the perusal of this "Life of Beethoven" without feeling something akin to indignation. Were it a possible supposition, we should imagine it to be a thing manufactured to sell,—and, indeed, in some such manner as this: The labors of Lenz taken without acknowledgment for the skeleton of the work; Wegeler, Ries, Schindler, and Seyfried at hand for citations, where Lenz fails to give more than a reference; Oulibichef on the table to supply topics for polemical discussion; a few periodicals and papers, which have come accidentally into his possession, to afford here and there an anecdote or a letter; the works of Professor A. B. Marx supplying the necessary authorities upon points in musical science. As for any original research, that is out of the question. Why stop to verify a fact, to decide a disputed point, to search out new matter? The market waits,—the publisher presses,—so, hurry-skurry, away we go,—and the book is done! Seriously, such a book, from one with such opportunities at command, is a disgrace to the institution in which its author occupies the station of Professor.

When Schindler wrote, Johann van Beethoven, the brother, and Carl van Beethoven, the nephew, were still alive, and feelings of delicacy led him to do little more than hint at those domestic and family relations and sorrows which for several years rendered the great composer much of the time unfit for labor, and which at last brought him to the grave. When Marx wrote, all had passed away, who could be wounded by a plain statement of the facts in the case. Until we have such a statement, none but he

who has gone through the labor of studying the original authorities, as they exist in Berlin, can know the real greatness, perhaps also the weaknesses, of Beethoven in those last years. None can know how his heart was torn, — how he poured out, concentrated all the love of his great heart upon his adopted son, but to learn “how sharper than the serpent’s tooth it is to have a thankless child.” Nothing of all this in Marx. He quotes Schindler, and therewith enough.

Long as this article has become, we have referred to but the more important of the passages which in reading we marked for comment, — enough, however, we judge, to show that the biography of Ludwig van Beethoven still remains to be written.

The American Draught-Player; or the Theory and Practice of the Scientific Game of Chequers. By HENRY SPAYTH. Buffalo, New York. Printed for the Author.

ALMOST everybody plays the game of draughts, but few have any insight into its beauties; and many who look upon chess as a science rather than an amusement regard draughts as a childish game, never suspecting what eminent ability and painful research have been expended in explaining a game which is inferior to chess only in variety and far superior in scientific precision. Mr. Spayth’s book is accordingly addressed to a comparatively narrow circle of readers; but those who are competent to judge of its merits will find it a work of great value. The author, who is an enthusiastic votary of the game, and has no superior among our American amateurs, offers a judicious selection from the treatises of such foreign writers as the severe and critical Anderson, the brilliant but capricious Drummond, Robert Martin, perhaps the first of living players, Hay, Sinclair, and Wylie, besides many valuable games from Sturges and Payne, who will never be rendered obsolete by modern improvements, — together with the labors of such acknowledged masters in America as Bethell, Mercer, Ash, Drysdale, and Young, and the contributions of such rising players as Howard, Brooks, Fisk, Boughton, Janvier, Hull, and Thwing.

But his labors have not been merely those of a compiler. Out of fifteen hundred games, more than five hundred are the composition of Mr. Spayth himself.

The results of so much labor and skill cannot, of course, be fully criticized by us. The merits of the volume can be fairly tested only by long and constant use. We shall, however, venture to point out some faults in Mr. Spayth’s treatment, premising that his is by far the best treatise upon the game yet published, and the only treatise worthy of the name that has ever appeared in this country. Anderson’s arrangement of the games, which Mr. Spayth has adopted, is both clear and concise; and we are glad to see that our author has adhered to the old system of draught-notation, which is infinitely superior to any of the new plans. The condensation and clear presentation of Paterson’s somewhat abstruse essay on “The Move and its Changes” is every way admirable, and many of the problems are remarkable for beauty and difficulty.

We think that too much prominence has been given to certain openings. While glad to see that model of all openings, the *Old Fourteenth*, which is to draughts what the *Gioco Piano* is to chess, illustrated by 186 games, of which 127 are original with the author, the brilliant *Fife* (the *Muzio* of chess-players) explained by 67 games, the *Suter* by 72 games, and the *Single Corner* by 258 games, we regret that only 24 specimens should be given of the *Double Corner*, 42 (and only 11 of these original) of the *Defiance*, and 51 (with but 14 original) of the fascinating and intricate *Ayrshire Lassie*, an opening of which American students know very little. We regret this meagre explanation of the three latter openings all the more that we expected a particularly full and lucid presentment of them from Mr. Spayth.

The definition of certain openings seems to us also incorrect and inconsistent. The Scottish school, whom Mr. Spayth has sometimes followed too closely, as in this instance, are singularly deficient as theorists, and have never given the game anything like a philosophical treatment. The *Whilter* is not “formed by the first three or five moves.” The bare notion of forming one opening in two different ways is absurd and contradictory. The time will come when draught-players will understand that

the *Whilter* is formed by the first three moves, namely, 11.15—23.19—7.11, or else, 10.15—23.19—7.10, which is really the same thing. The distinctive move of the opening is 7.11; there is nothing characteristic in the 9.14—22.17, which may intervene: those moves leave the game free to develop itself into a *Fife*, a *Suter*, or even an *Old Fourteenth*; but the move of 7.11 determines the opening at once and finally. Then, under the title of the *Double Corner* the author includes several distinct openings,—and so, too, under the *Bristol*. In this latter case, the Scottish treatises are right and Mr. Spayth is wrong. A strange confusion is also caused by the attempt to include a number of different openings under the head of “Irregular.”

It is useless to linger over the exhaustive plan of all our draught-writers, but, in adopting their plan, Mr. Spayth's fault has been merely that of his predecessors, and his merits are all his own. The true plan for a draught-treatise is that adopted by Staunton in his chess-writings. No man has time to write a treatise which shall embody the entire practice of the game; and even if such an exhaustive treatise were written, no man would ever have time to master its instructions. But the theory can be fully set forth, and is as yet almost entirely undeveloped. The subject of odds alone presents an extensive field for future investigations.

We have found fault with Mr. Spayth's new volume wherever we honestly could; and we dismiss it with an emphatic repetition of the opinion, that it is by far the best work upon the game that has ever been published.

The Adopted Heir. By MISS PARDOE.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

MISS PARDOE ought to do better than this. There is much ability displayed in her “Court of France”; and she has written a very clever story, entitled “The Romance of the Harem.” But this book is thoroughly feeble and commonplace. The customary rich and whimsical nabob, whom we all know so well, has returned to England, and is deliberating upon the claims to his wealth of his several relations. His decision is soon formed, but

shrouded in an impenetrable mystery, which is open to the usual objection to the novelist's impenetrable mysteries, of being perfectly transparent. Having divined who will be the heir, after reading forty pages, we are a little impatient that Miss Pardoe should cherish the secret with every imaginable precaution until the 350th page, when she brings it out with a flourish, as if no human sagacity could possibly have discovered it.

This keeping secrets that are no secrets, the besetting weakness of novelists, was once quite affecting. When Nicholas Nickleby acted at Mr. Crummles's theatre, a thrill of terror ran through the unsophisticated spectators, as the wicked relation poked a sword at him in the dark in every direction except where his legs were plainly visible. But readers are more exacting now. And we are all frightfully sagacious. Long reading of novels gives a fatal skill in anticipating their issues. If in the first chapter the poor little brother runs away to sea, his anxious friends may bewail his loss, but we remain calm in the conviction that he will return, yellow and rich, precisely in time to frustrate the designs of the wicked, and to reward innocence and constancy with ten thousand a year. All the good people in a story may be puzzled to detect the author of an alarming fraud; but we know better, and, fixing with more than a detective's accuracy upon the gentlemanly, plausible villain, drag him forth long before our author is ready to present him to our (theoretically) astonished eyes. The whole village may be deceived by the venerable stranger, with his white hair and benevolent spectacles, but our unerring eye instantly discerns in him Black Donald, the robber-captain; and if we do not tremble for our heroine, it is only because we are morally certain that her deadly peril is only an excuse for her inevitable lover's “dashing up on a coal-black barb, urged to his utmost speed,” and delivering the desolate fair, who has won our regard alike by her indignant virtue, and the skill with which, while laboring under uncontrollable agitation, she constructs sentences so ponderous and intricate that Mr. Burke's periods are trifles in comparison. And we know all this, simply because there are certain things to be done, and only so many people to do them. Miss Austen, indeed, could keep

her secrets impenetrable; but the art died with her, and our common sense is daily insulted by these weak attempts at mystery. If the secret is one that cannot be kept, why, let the author tell it us at once, and we can then follow with sympathy the attempts to baffle those in the story who are trying to detect it, instead of being offended with a shallow artifice. Here lies the artistic error of that very clever book, "Paul Ferroll." We all see at once that Mr. Ferroll murdered his wife, and the author would have lost nothing and gained much by taking us into his confidence.

The style of the "Adopted Heir" is at once pompous and feeble. From writers of the Mrs. Southworth school we should expect nothing else; but Miss Pardoe was capable of something better.

Fanny. From the French of ERNEST FEYDEAU. New York: Evert D. Long & Co.

If there be any one thing worse than French immorality, it is French morality. This is a moral book, *à la Française*, and weak as ditch-water. Nor is the ditch-water improved by being particularly dirty.

Edward, who is a mere boy, is in love with Fanny. This is natural enough. Fanny, who is decidedly an old girl, who has been married for fifteen years, and who has three children, is not less desperately in love with Edward, whom she regards with a most charming sentiment, in which the timid passion of the maiden blends gracefully with the maturer regard of an aunt or a grandmother. This is not quite so natural. Certainly, it can hardly be that she is fascinated by Edward, who is the most disgustingly silly young monkey to be found in the whole range of French novels. But the mystery is at once disclosed when we read the description of Fanny's husband. He is "a species of bull with a human face." "His smile was not unpleasing, and his look without any malicious expression, but clear as crystal." We begin to comprehend his inferiority to Edward,—to sympathize with the youth's horror at the sight of this obnoxious husband, "who seems to him," as M. Janin says in his preface, "a hero—what do I say?—a giant!—to the loving, timid, frag-

ile child." "In fine, a certain air of calm rectitude pervaded his person." Execrable wretch! could anything be more repulsive to true and delicate sentiment (as before, *à la Française*)? "I should say his age was about forty." Our wrath at this last atrocity can hardly be controlled. It seems as if M. Feydeau, by collecting in one individual all the qualities which most excite his abhorrence and contempt, had succeeded in giving us, in Fanny's husband, a very tolerable specimen of a gentleman. We pardon all to the somewhat middle-aged lady, whose "feelings are too many for her"; and we only regret that M. Feydeau did not see the eminent propriety of increasing the lady's admiration by having this brutal husband pull Edward's divine nose or kick the adored person of the *pauvre enfant* down stairs.

Life Without and Life Within: or, Reviews, Narratives, Essays, and Poems. By MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, Author of "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," "At Home and Abroad," "Art, Literature, and the Drama," etc. Edited by her Brother, ARTHUR B. FULLER. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase.

OF this volume little more need be said than that, had Margaret Fuller Ossoli edited it, she might have reduced its size. Yet it is not surprising that love and reverence should seek with diligence and save with care whatever had emanated from her pen; and if the matter thus laid before the world take something from her reputation, it also completes the standard by which to measure her power. She appears to have been without creative faculty, yet her perception of the gift in others was often remarkable, and it pleased her to hold the possessor of it up to admiration. Hence she devoted much time and attention to the critical examination of art, music, and literature, and succeeded in giving the works and lives which she reviewed a fresh interest and a fuller meaning. Her articles on Goethe and Beethoven, in this volume, furnish ample evidence of her capacity to appreciate the works and the men of genius, and that, if she could not give good reasons for the aberrations and eccentricities of their courses, she at least had a heart large enough to look kindly upon them. Of books she was

a student and a lover; and in the short notices of new ones, which are transferred from "The Tribune" to these pages, there is hardly one that has not some thought of value to author as well as reader. Indeed, all her prose writings are suggestive, and thus are capable of opening vistas in the quickened mind which were unknown before. Authors of this class often dart a ray into the recesses of our souls, so that we see what they never saw, gain what they never gave. A book that increases mental activity is incomparably better than one that multiplies learning. The value of knowledge that lies in libraries is overestimated by all save those who read Nature's runes. The Countess Ossoli gathered from the garners, rather than from the glorious field, and therefore she does not range with the marked originals. In this rank she was not born. Her poems — which we think injudiciously published — place her far down among the multitude. From these untuneful utterances we gladly turn to her prose. There she shows strength of character and goodness of heart. One aim, never lost sight of, is perceptible through all, and gives unity to the whole; this is a fervent desire to ennoble human life; consequently her works will long have influence, and continue to call forth praise.

Lectures on the English Language. By GEORGE P. MARSH. New York: Charles Scribner, 1860. pp. vi., 697.

AN American scholar of wide range, at the same time thorough and unpretentious, is a rarity; a philologist who is neither perversely wrongheaded nor the victim of a preconceived theory is a still greater one; yet we find both characters pleasantly united in the author of these Lectures. Decided in his opinions, Mr. Marsh is modest in expressing them, because they are the result of various culture and long reflection, and these have taught him that time and study often render the most positive conclusions doubtful, especially in regard to such a topic as Language. Deservedly honored with diplomatic employment in Europe, he has done credit to the choice of the Government by turning the long leisure of a foreign mission to as great profit by study and observation as if

he had been a Travelling Fellow and these had been the conditions of his tenure.

Addressed to a mixed audience, to the laity rather than to students, these Lectures are more popular than scholastic in their character. Mr. Marsh alludes to this with something like regret in his Preface. We look upon this as by no means a misfortune. The book will, for this very reason, reach and interest a much larger number of readers; and while there is nothing in it to scare away those who read for mere entertainment, they whose studies have led them into the same paths with the author will continually recognize those signs, trifling, but unmistakable, which distinguish the work of a master from that of a journeyman. Scholarship is indicated not only by readiness of allusion, and variety and aptness of illustration, but by a thorough self-possession and chastened eloquence of style. A genius for language comes doubtless by nature, but Mr. Marsh is too wise a man to believe that a knowledge of it comes in the same way; his learning has that ripened clearness which tells of olden vintages and of long storing in the crypts of the brain; he has nothing in common with the easy generalizers who know as little of roots as Shelley's skylark, and who, seeking a shelter in welcome clouds, pour forth "profuse strains of unpremeditated art" upon questions which above all others are limited by exact science and unyielding fact.

We believe we are not going too far when we say that Mr. Marsh's book is the best treatise of the kind in the language. It abounds in nice criticism and elegant discussion on matters of taste, showing in the author a happy capacity for æsthetic discrimination as well as for linguistic attainment. He does not profess to deal with some of the deeper problems of language, but nevertheless makes us feel that they have been subjects of thoughtful study, and, within the limits he has imposed upon himself, he is often profound without the pretence of it.

We have spoken warmly of this volume, for it has both interested and instructed us, and because we consider it one of the few thoroughly creditable productions of Cisatlantic scholarship. We hope the appreciation it meets with will be such that we shall soon have occasion to thank Mr. Marsh for another volume on some kindred theme

The Marble Faun. A Romance of Monte Beni. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

It is, we believe, more than thirty years since Mr. Hawthorne's first appearance as an author; it is twenty-three since he gave his first collection of "Twice-told Tales" to the world. His works have received that surest warranty of genius and originality in the widening of their appreciation downward from a small circle of refined admirers and critics, till it embraced the whole community of readers. With just enough encouragement to confirm his faith in his own powers, those powers had time to ripen and toughen themselves before the gales of popularity could twist them from the balance of a healthy and normal development. Happy the author whose earliest works are read and understood by the lustre thrown back upon them from his latest! for then we receive the impression of continuity and cumulation of power, of peculiarity deepening to individuality, of promise more than justified in the keeping: unhappy, whose autumn shows only the aftermath and rowen of an earlier harvest, whose would-be replenishments are but thin dilutions of his fame!

The nineteenth century has produced no more purely original writer than Mr. Hawthorne. A shallow criticism has sometimes fancied a resemblance between him and Poe. But it seems to us that the difference between them is the immeasurable one between talent carried to its ultimate, and genius,—between a masterly adaptation of the world of sense and appearance to the purposes of Art, and a so thorough conception of the world of moral realities that Art becomes the interpreter of something profounder than herself. In this respect it is not extravagant to say that Hawthorne has something of kindred with Shakspeare. But that breadth of nature which made Shakspeare incapable of alienation from common human nature and actual life is wanting to Hawthorne. He is rather a denizen than a citizen of what men call the world. We are conscious of a certain remoteness in his writings, as in those of Donne, but with such a difference that we should call the one super- and the other subter-sensual. Hawthorne is psychological and metaphysical. Had he

been born without the poetic imagination, he would have written treatises on the Origin of Evil. He does not draw characters, but rather conceives them and then shows them acted upon by crime, passion, or circumstance, as if the element of Fate were as present to his imagination as to that of a Greek dramatist. Helen we know, and Antigone, and Benedick, and Falstaff, and Miranda, and Parson Adams, and Major Pendennis,—these people have walked on pavements or looked out of club-room windows; but what are these idiosyncrasies into which Mr. Hawthorne has breathed a necromantic life, and which he has endowed with the forms and attributes of men? And yet, grant him his premises, that is, let him once get his morbid tendency, whether inherited or the result of special experience, either incarnated as a new man or usurping all the faculties of one already in the flesh, and it is marvellous how subtly and with what truth to as much of human nature as is included in a diseased consciousness he traces all the finest nerves of impulse and motive, how he compels every trivial circumstance into an accomplice of his art, and makes the sky flame with foreboding or the landscape chill and darken with remorse. It is impossible to think of Hawthorne without at the same time thinking of the few great masters of imaginative composition; his works, only not abstract because he has the genius to make them ideal, belong not specially to our clime or generation; it is their moral purpose alone, and perhaps their sadness, that mark him as the son of New England and the Puritans.

It is commonly true of Hawthorne's romances that the interest centres in one strongly defined protagonist, to whom the other characters are accessory and subordinate,—perhaps we should rather say a ruling Idea, of which all the characters are fragmentary embodiments. They remind us of a symphony of Beethoven's, in which, though there be variety of parts, yet all are infused with the dominant motive, and heighten its impression by hints and far-away suggestions at the most unexpected moment. As in Rome the obelisks are placed at points toward which several streets converge, so in Mr. Hawthorne's stories the actors and incidents seem but vistas through which we see the moral from different points of view,—a mor-

al pointing skyward always, but inscribed with hieroglyphs mysteriously suggestive, whose incitement to conjecture, while they baffle it, we prefer to any prosaic solution.

Nothing could be more original or imaginative than the conception of the character of Donatello in Mr. Hawthorne's new romance. His likeness to the lovely statue of Praxiteles, his happy animal temperament, and the dim legend of his pedigree are combined with wonderful art to reconcile us to the notion of a Greek myth embodied in an Italian of the nineteenth century; and when at length a soul is created in this primeval pagan, this child of earth, this creature of mere instinct, awakened through sin to a conception of the necessity of atonement, we feel, that, while we looked to be entertained with the airiest of fictions, we were dealing with the most august truths of psychology, with the most pregnant facts of modern history, and studying a profound parable of the development of the Christian Idea.

Everything suffers a sea-change in the depths of Mr. Hawthorne's mind, gets rimmed with an impalpable fringe of melancholy moss, and there is a tone of sadness in this book as in the rest, but it does not leave us sad. In a series of remarkable and characteristic works, it is perhaps the most remarkable and characteristic. If you had picked up and read a stray leaf of it anywhere, you would have exclaimed, "Hawthorne!"

The book is steeped in Italian atmosphere. There are many landscapes in it full of breadth and power, and criticisms of pictures and statues always delicate, often profound. In the Preface, Mr. Hawthorne pays a well-deserved tribute of admiration to several of our sculptors, especially to Story and Akers. The hearty enthusiasm with which he elsewhere speaks of the former artist's "Cleopatra" is no surprise to Mr. Story's friends at home, though hardly less gratifying to them than it must be to the sculptor himself.

A Trip to Cuba. By Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. pp. 251.

For readers of the "Atlantic," this little volume will need no further commenda-

tion than the mere statement that nearly a quarter of it is made up of hitherto unpublished material. Here and there it seems to us a little too personal, and the public is made the confidant of matters in which it has properly no concern. This, perhaps, is more the fault of the present generation than of the author; but it is something we feel bound to protest against, wherever we meet it. In other respects, the book is one which we may thank not only for entertainment, but for instruction. In its vivid picturesqueness, it furnishes the complement to Mr. Dana's "To Cuba and Back." Mrs. Howe has the poet's gift of making us see what she describes, and she is as lively and witty as a French *Marquise* of the seventeenth century, when a *De* in the name, petticoats, and Paris were an infallible receipt for cleverness. Toward the end of her volume, Mrs. Howe enters a spirited and telling protest against a self-constituted censorship, which would insist on a traveller's squaring his impressions with some foregone theory of right and wrong, instead of thankfully allowing facts to rectify his theory. A traveller is bound to tell us what he saw, not what he expected or wished to see; and it is only by comparing the different views of many independent observers that we who tarry at home can arrive at any approximate notion of absolute fact. The general inferiority of modern books of travel is due to the fact that their authors write in the fear of their special fragment of a public, and report of foreign countries as if they were *drummers* for Exeter Hall or the Southern Planters' Association, rather than servants of Truth.

Poems by Two Friends. Columbus, Ohio: Follett, Foster, & Co. 1860. pp. 162.

THE Two Friends are Messrs. John J. Piatt and W. D. Howells. The readers of the "Atlantic" have already had a taste of the quality of both, and, we hope, will often have the same pleasure again. The volume is a very agreeable one, with little of the crudeness so generally characteristic of first ventures,—not more than enough to augur richer maturity hereafter. Dead-ripeness in a first book is a fatal symptom, sure sign that the writer is doomed forever to that pale limbo of

faultlessness from which there is no escape upwards or downwards.

We can scarce find it in our hearts to make any distinctions in so happy a partnership; but while we see something more than promise in both writers, we have a feeling that Mr. Piatt shows greater originality in the choice of subjects, and Mr. Howells more instinctive felicity of phrase in the treatment of them. Both of them seem to us to have escaped remarkably from the prevailing conventionalisms of verse, and to write in metre because they have a genuine call thereto. We are pleased with a thorough Western flavor in some of the poems, especially in such pieces as "The Pioneer Chimney" and "The Movers." We welcome cordially a volume in which we recognize a fresh and authentic power, and expect confidently of the writers a yet higher achievement ere long. The poems give more than glimpses of a faculty not so common that the world can afford to do without it.

Vanity Fair. Frank J. Thompson, 113 Nassau Street, New York. (Weekly.)

THIS is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America, —and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own,—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*.

Twenty Years Ago and Now. By T. S. ARTHUR. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

IN attempting a novel, Mr. Arthur has gone beyond his powers. This story is not new, and is not interesting; and its only merits are the quiet, unpretending style and kindly spirit shown in the author's little tales of mercantile life, many of which are very good.

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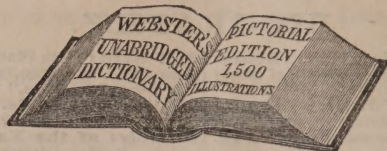
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INSTINCT.

"INSTINCT is a great matter," quoth Falstaff, when called upon to find out a device, a "starting-hole," to hide himself from the open and apparent shame of having run away from the fight and hacked his sword like a handsaw with his own dagger. Like a valiant lion, he would not turn upon the true prince, but ran away upon instinct. Although the peculiar circumstances of the occasion upon which the subject was presented to Falstaff's mind were not very favorable to a calm consideration of it, he was undoubtedly correct in saying that instinct is a great matter. "If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit," says Falstaff, "as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff"; and it is proper that his authority should be quoted, even upon a question of metaphysical science.

That psychological endowment of animals which we denominate instinct has in every age been a matter full of wonder; and men of thought have found few more interesting subjects of inquiry. But it is confessed that little has been satisfactorily made out concerning the nature and limitations of instinct. In former times the habits and mental characteristics of those orders of animated being

which are inferior to man were observed with but a careless eye; and it was late before the phenomena of animal life received a careful and reverent examination. It is vain to inquire what instinct is, before there has been an accurate observation of its manifestations. It is only from its outward manifestations that we can know anything of that marvellous inward nature which is given to animals. We cannot know anything of the essential constitution of mind, but can know only its properties. This is all we know even of matter. "If material existence," says Sir William Hamilton, "could exhibit ten thousand phenomena, and if we possessed ten thousand senses to apprehend these ten thousand phenomena of material existence, of existence absolutely and in itself we should be then as ignorant as we are at present." But this limitation of human knowledge has not always been kept in view. Men have been solicitous to penetrate into the higher mysteries of absolute and essential existence. But in thus reaching out after the unattainable, we have often passed by the only knowledge which it was possible for us to gain. Much vague speculation concerning instinct has arisen from the attempt to resolve the problem of its

ultimate nature; and perhaps much more might have been made out with certainty about it, if no greater task had been attempted than to classify the phenomena which it exhibits and determine the nature of its manifestations. In regard to instinct, as well as everything else, we must be content with finding out what it seems to us to be, rather than what it is. Even with this limitation, the inquiry will prove sufficiently difficult. The properties of instinct are a little more inscrutable than those of the human mind, inasmuch as we have our own consciousness to assist us in this case, while we are left to infer the peculiarities of instinct from its outward manifestations only. And moreover, the inquiry involves an understanding of the workings of the human mind; for it is only when viewed in contrast with the rational endowments of man that the character of instinct is best known. All other questions connected with the subject are subordinate to this one of the apparent difference between instinct and reason.

Many definitions have been given of instinctive actions. These differ widely in their extent, and are for the most part quite inadequate. Some writers have ranged under this term all those customary habits and actions which are common to all the individuals of a species. According to this definition, almost every action of animated life is instinctive. But the general idea of an instinctive action is much more restricted; it is one that is performed without instruction and prior to experience,—and not for the immediate gratification of the agent, but only as the means for the attainment of some ulterior end. To apply the term instinct to the regular and involuntary movements of the bodily organs, such as the beating of the heart and the action of the organs of respiration, is manifestly an extension of the ordinary acceptance of the term. Organic actions of a similar character are also performed by plants, and are purely mechanical. "In the lowest and simplest class of excited movements," says Müller, "the nervous system would

not appear to be concerned. They result from stimuli directly applied to the muscles, which immediately excite their contractility; and they are evidently of the same character with the motions of plants." Thus, the heart is excited to pulsation by the direct contact of the blood with the muscle. The hand of a sleeping child closes upon any object which gently touches the palm. And it is in this way, doubtless, that the Sea Anemone entraps its prey, or anything else that may come in contact with its tentacles. But so far are these movements from indicating of themselves the action of any instinctive principle, that they are no proof of animality; for a precisely analogous power is possessed by the sensitive plant known as the Fly-Trap of Venus (*Dionæa muscipula*): "any insect touching the sensitive hairs on the surface of its leaf instantly causes the leaf to shut up and enclose the insect, as in a trap; nor is this all; a mucilaginous secretion acts like a gastric juice on the captive, digests it, and renders it assimilable by the plant, which thus feeds on the victim, as the Actinea feeds on the Annelid or Crustacean it may entrap." In the animal organization a large class of reflex actions are excited, not by a direct influence, but indirectly by the agency of the nerves and spinal cord. Such actions are essentially independent of the brain; for they occur in animals which have no brain, and in those whose brain has been removed. However marvellous these functions of organic life may be, there is nothing in them at all resembling that agency properly called instinct, which may be said to take the place in the inferior tribes of reason in man. To refer these operations to the same source as the wonderful instinct that guides the bird in its long migratory flight, or in the construction of its nest, would be to make the bird a curiously constructed machine which is operated by impressions from without upon its sentient nerves.

Those actions have sometimes been called instinctive which arise from the appetites and passions; and they have

been referred to instinct, doubtless, because they have one characteristic of instinct,—that they are not acquired by experience or instruction. “But they differ,” says Professor Bowen, “at least in one important respect from those instincts of the lower animals which are usually contrasted with human reason. The objects towards which they are directed are prized for their own sake; they are sought as *ends*; while instinct teaches brutes to do many things which are needed only as means for the attainment of some ulterior purpose.” When the butterfly extracts the nectar from the flowers which she loves most, she meets a want of her physical nature which demands satisfaction at the moment; but when, in opposition to her appetite, she proceeds to the flowerless shrub to deposit her eggs upon the leaves best suited to support her unthought-of progeny, she is not influenced by any desire for the immediate gratification of her senses, but is led to the act by some dim impulse, in order that an ultimate object may be provided for to which she has no reference at the time. We are surprised to find it declared, in the very interesting “Psychological Inquiries” of Sir B. C. Brodie, that the desire for food is the simplest form of an instinct, and that such an instinct goes far towards explaining others which are more complicated. It is true that the appetites and passions of animals have an ultimate object, but they are impelled to action by a desire for immediate gratification only; but when we speak of an instinct, we mean something more than a mere want or desire,—we have chiefly in view the end beyond the blind instrumentality by which it is reached.

When we watch the movements of a young bee, as it first goes forth from its waxy cradle, we are forced to recognize an influence at work which is unlike reason, and which is neither appetite nor any mechanical principle of organic life. Rising upon the comb, and holding steadily with its tiny feet, with admirable adroitness the young bee smooths its

wings for its first flight, and rubs its body with its fore legs and antennæ; then walking along the comb to the mouth of the hive, it mounts into the air, flies forth into the fields, alights upon the proper flowers, extracts their juices, collects their pollen, and, kneading it into little balls, deposits them in the sacks upon its feet; and then returning to its hive, it delivers up the honey and the wax and the bread which it has gathered and elaborated. In the hive it works the wax with its paws and feelers into an hexagonal cell with a rhomboidal bottom, the three plates of which form such angles with each other as require the least wax and space in the construction of the cell. All these complex operations the bee performs as adroitly, on the first morning of its life, as the most experienced workman in the hive. The tyro gatherer sought the flowery fields upon untried wings, and returned to its home from this first expedition with unerring flight by the most direct course through the trackless air.

This is one instance of that great class of actions which are allowed on all hands to be strictly instinctive. In the fact, that the occult faculties which urge the bee to make honey and construct geometrical cells are in complete development when it first emerges from its cell, we recognize one of the most striking characteristics of instinct,—its existence prior to all experience or instruction. The insect tribes furnish us with many instances in which the young being never sees its parents, and therefore all possibility of its profiting from their instructions or of its imitating their actions is cut off. The solitary wasp, for example, is accustomed to construct a tunnelled nest in which she deposits her eggs and then brings a number of living caterpillars and places them in a hole which she has made above each egg; being very careful to furnish just caterpillars enough to maintain the young worm from the time of its exclusion from the egg till it can provide for itself, and to place them so as to be readily accessible the moment food is required. But what is most curious of all is

the fact that the wasp does not deposit the caterpillars unhurt, for thus they would disturb or perhaps destroy the young; nor does she sting them to death, for thus they would soon be in no state of proper preservation; but, as if understanding these contingencies, she inflicts a disabling wound. Yet the wasp does not feed upon caterpillars herself, nor has she ever seen a wasp provide them for her future offspring. She has never seen a worm such as will spring from her egg, nor can she know that her egg will produce a worm; and besides, she herself will be dead long before the unknown worm can be in existence. Therefore she works blindly; without knowing that her work is to subserve any useful purpose, she works to a purpose both definite and important; and her acts are uniform with those of all solitary wasps that have lived before her or that will live after her; so that we are compelled to refer these untaught actions to some constant impulse connected with the special organization of the wasp,—an innate tact, uniform throughout the species, of which we, not possessing anything of the kind, can form only a poor conception, but which we call instinct.

There have been some philosophers, however, who have exercised their ingenuity in tracing so-called instinctive actions to the operation of experience. The celebrated Doctor Erasmus Darwin gave, as an illustration of this view, his opinion that the young of animals know how to swallow from their experience of swallowing *in utero*. Without going into any refutation of this position, we would only remark, in passing, that the act of swallowing is not an instinctive action at all, but a purely mechanical one. Would not Doctor Darwin have rejoiced greatly, if he could have brought to the support of his theory the observation of our own great naturalist, Agassiz, who, knowing the savage snap of one of the large, full-grown Testudinata, is said to have asserted, that, under the microscope, he has seen the juvenile turtle snapping precociously *in embryo*?

But not only is instinct prior to all experience, it is even superior to it, and often leads animals to disregard it,—the spontaneous impulse which Nature has given them being their best guide. The carrier-pigeon or the bird of passage, taken a long distance from home by a circuitous route, trusting to this "pilot-sense," flies back in a straight course; and the hound takes the shortest way home through fields where he has never previously set foot.

The existence of instinct prior to all experience or instruction, and its perfection in the beginning, render cultivation and improvement not only unnecessary, but impossible. As it is with the individual, so it is with the race. One generation of the irrational tribes does not improve upon the preceding or educate its successor. The web which you watched the spider weaving in your open window last summer, carefully measuring off each radius of her wheel and each circular mesh by one of her legs, was just such a web as the spider wove of old when she was pronounced to be "little upon the earth, yet exceeding wise."

This incapacity for education is what so widely separates instinct from the rational powers of man. Man gathers knowledge and transmits it from generation to generation. He is not born with a ready skill, but with a capacity for it. His mind is formed destitute of all connate knowledge, that it may acquire the knowledge of all things. "Man's imperfection at his nativity is his perfection; while the perfection of brutes at their nativity is their imperfection." No rational being has ever arrived at such perfection that he cannot still improve; he can travel on from one attainment to another in a perpetual progress of improvement. He is, moreover, free to choose his own path of action; while the being of instinct is governed by a power which is not subject to his will, and which confines him to a narrow path which he cannot leave. But instinct, within its narrow limits, in many cases quite transcends reason in its achievements.

"Man's attainments in his own concerns,
 Matched with the expertness of the brutes in
 theirs,
 Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far be-
 hind."

Perhaps man has never made a structure as perfect in all its adaptations as the honeycomb. Yet when Virgil spoke of the belief that bees have a portion of the mind divine, nothing was known of the wonderful mathematical properties of this beautiful fabric; and the demonstration of them which has been made within the present century is beyond the comprehension of far the larger part of mankind. If the bee comprehended the problem which it has been working out for these many ages before man was able to solve it, would its intellectual powers be inferior to his in degree, if they were the same in kind? The water-spider weaves for herself a cocoon, makes it impervious to water, and fastens it by loose threads to the leaves of plants growing at the bottom of a still pool. She carries down air in a bag made for this purpose, till the water is expelled from the cell through the opening below. The spider lived quite dry in her little air-chamber beneath the water ages before the diving-bell was invented; but that she understood anything of the doctrines of space and gravity, no one would venture to assert.

It has been the belief of some philosophers, and poets as well, that man has taken the hint for some of the arts he now practises from the brute creation. Democritus represents him as having derived the arts of weaving and sewing from the spider, and the art of building of tempered clay from the swallow; and we also read in Pliny's "Natural History," that the nest of the swallow suggested to Toxius, the son of Cælus, the invention of mortar. According to Lucretius, men learned music from the song of birds, and Pope describes them as learning from the mole to plough, from the nautilus to sail, and from bees and ants to form a political community. Perhaps we were behind the beaver in fell-

ing timber, in leading dams across rivers, and in building cabin villages, — behind the wasp in making paper, and behind the squirrel and spider in crossing streams upon rafts. So, if man had needed any example of war and violence and wrong, he had only to go to the ant-hill and see the red ants invade the camps of the black and bear off their little negro prisoners into slavery.

Whatever truth there may be in these ideas, it is at least conceivable that man may have profited from the example of these animals. He has copied from patterns set by Nature in tree and leaf and flower and plant; he has formed the Gothic arch and column from the trunks and interlacing boughs of the lofty avenue, the Corinthian capital from the acanthus foliage embracing a basket, and classic urns and vases from flowers. But no one could describe one species of the brute world as having derived a similar lesson from another, and much less from trees and plants. No species of animals has learnt anything new even from man, except within the narrow sphere of domestication.

It is only in particulars that instinct appears superior to reason in the works it achieves. When an animal is taken, ever so little, out of the ordinary circumstances in which its instincts act, it is apt to behave very foolishly. If a woodpecker's egg is hatched by a bird which builds an open nest upon the branches of a tree, when the young bird is grown large enough to shuffle about in the nest, induced by its instinct to suppose that its nest is in a hole walled round on all sides by the tree, with a long, narrow entrance down from above, it does not see that it has been inducted into the open nest of another bird, and is sure to tumble out. The bee and the ant, in a few particulars, show wonderful sagacity; but remove them from the narrow compass of their instincts, and all their wisdom is at an end. That animals are so wise in a few things and so wanting in wisdom in all others shows that they are endowed with a mental principle essentially of a

different nature from that of the human race. "They do many things even better than ourselves," says Descartes; "but this does not prove them to be endowed with reason, for this would prove them to have more reason than we have, and that they should excel us in all other things also"; for reason can act not only in one direction, but in all.

But it will be said that instinct is not invariable,—that it often displays a capacity of accommodating itself, like reason, to circumstances, and is therefore a principle the same in kind with it,—or else that the animal has something of the rational faculty superadded to the instinctive. But does the animal make these variations in its conduct from a true perception of their meaning and purpose?

It is very natural for us to ascribe to reason those actions of other animals which would be ascribable to reason, if performed by man. "If," says Keller, (an old German writer,) "the fly be enabled to choose the place which suits her best for the deposition of her eggs, (as, for instance, in my sugar-basin, in which I placed a quantity of decaying wheat,) she takes a correct survey of every part and selects that in which she believes her ova will be the best preserved and her young ones well cared for." The fly, in this instance, apparently exercises an intelligent choice; but does any one doubt that the selection she makes is determined wholly by a blind, uncalculating instinct? The beaver selects a site for his dam at a place where the depth, width, and rapidity of the stream are most fit. There is a tree upon the bank, and food and materials for his work in the vicinity. If a man should attempt to build a beaver's dam, he would abstractly consider all these elements of fitness. The outward manifestations of the quality of abstraction are equally observable in either case. But we must not hastily conclude, because the beaver in one instance acts in a manner apparently reasonable, that he has any reason of his own; for, when we come to study the habits of this animal, we find that he displays all the character-

istics of the instinctive principle. If animals are endowed with instincts which apparently act so much like reason in the ordinary course of their operations, we should not at once conclude that there is any need of endowing them with a modicum of reason to account for their deviations from this course, which do not outwardly resemble the acts of reason any more strongly. And besides, it is said, that, if we refer the variations to an intelligent principle, we must refer the ordinary conduct to the same principle. To use an old illustration,—if a bird is reasonable and intelligent, when, on perceiving the swollen waters of the stream approach her half-finished nest, she builds higher up the bank, she was intelligent while making her first nest, and was always intelligent; for how otherwise, it is asked, could she know when to lay down instinct and take up reason?

Instinct aims at certain definite ends; but these ends cannot always be reached by the same means, especially when places and circumstances are not the same. Accommodation is necessary, or it could not always produce the effects for which it is intended. Would the instinct of the spider be complete, if, after it has guided her to spin a web so neat and trim and regular, it did not also lead her to repair her broken snare, when the cords have been sundered by the struggles of some powerful captive? But this pliancy of the spider's instinct is no more remarkable than the contingent operation of the instincts of many species of animals. "It is remarkable," says Kirby, "that many of the insects which are occasionally observed to emigrate are not usually social animals, but seem to congregate, like swallows, merely for the purpose of emigration." When certain rare emergencies occur, which render it necessary for the insects to migrate, a contingent instinct develops itself, and renders an unsocial species gregarious.

It is probable that most of our domesticated species, exhibiting as they do in that condition attainments foreign to their natural habits and faculties in a wild

state, were endowed with provisional instincts with a view to their association with man. But generally the docility of animals does not extend to attainments which are radically different from their habits and faculties in a wild state. Casual acquirements, which have no relation to their exigencies in their natural condition, never become hereditary, and are not, therefore, instinctive. A young pointer-dog, which has never been in the fields before, will not only point at a covey of partridges, but will remain motionless, like a well-trained dog. The fact that the sagacity of the pointer is hereditary shows that it is the development of an instinctive propensity; for simple knowledge is not transmitted by blood from one generation to another. We have heard of a pig that pointed game, and of another that was learned in letters; but we ascertain in every such instance that their foreign acquirements do not reappear in their progeny, but end with the pupils of the time being. The pig's peculiarity of pointing did not arise from the development of a provisional instinct, because it does not become hereditary; but the same act in the pointer-dog is instinctive,—for, when once brought out by associating with man, it has remained with the breed, being a part of the animal's nature, which existed in embryo till it was developed by a companionship with man, for whose use this faculty was alone intended.

Although the animals which especially display these exceptional or contingent instincts are those which are fitted for the use and comfort of man and may be domesticated, it is doubtless true that many other species are in some degree provided with them, and that they thus have a plasticity in their nature which enables them to exercise, under particular circumstances, unlooked-for attention, foresight, and caution. And besides, it is only in analogy with the laws of the physical world that instinct should admit of a slightly diversified application.

It is to be noticed in this connection that many animals are gifted with a won-

derful sensibility of the senses,—the action of which is sometimes mistaken not only for the action of instinct, but for that of reason also. The acuteness of the sense of smell in the dog, which enables him to trace the steps of his master for miles through crowded streets by the infinitesimal odor which his footsteps left upon the pavement, is quite beyond our conception. Equally incomprehensible to us are the keenness of sight and wide range of vision of the eagle, which enable him to discover the rabbit nipping the clover amid the thick grass at a distance at which a like object would be to us altogether imperceptible. The chameleon is enabled to seize the little insects upon which it feeds by darting forth its wonderfully constructed tongue with such rapidity and with such delicacy of perception that "wonder-loving sages" have told us that it feeds upon the air.

It has been the belief of some observers that some animals have senses by which they are enabled to take cognizance of things which are not revealed directly to our senses. It is easy enough to conceive of beings endowed with a more perfect perception of the external world, both in its condition and the number of objects it presents, than we have, by means of other organs of outward perception. Voltaire, in one of his philosophical romances, represents an inhabitant of one of the planets of the Dog-Star as inquiring of the Secretary of the Academy of Sciences in the planet of Saturn, at which he had recently arrived in a journey through the heavens, how many senses the men of his globe had; and when the Academician answered, that they had seventy-two, and were every day complaining of the smallness of the number, he of the Dog-Star replied, that in his globe they had very near one thousand senses, and yet with all these they felt continually a sort of listless inquietude and vague desire which told them how very imperfect they were. But we shall not travel so far as this for our illustrations. We have all seen in the fields and about our houses birds and insects which seem to take cog-

nizance of the electric state of the atmosphere; and we have learnt to feel quite sure, when, early in the morning of a summer's day, we see fresh piles of sand around the holes of the ants, that a storm is approaching, although the sky may as yet be cloudless and the air perfectly serene. In like manner birds perceive the approach of rain, and are all busy oiling and smoothing their feathers in preparation for it; and then, before the clouds break away, they come out from their retreats and joyfully hail the return of fair weather. So, by some analogous sense, the birds of passage are informed of the approach of winter and the return of spring.

It is doubtless true that in some animals the senses are immediately connected with instincts which assist and extend their operation. Metaphysicians and physiologists are agreed that the perception of distance is an acquired knowledge. The sense of sight by itself principally makes us conversant with extension only. The painting upon the retina of the eye presents all external things with flat surfaces and at the same distance. Before we can have any correct ideas of distance, we must be able to compare the result of the sense of sight with the result of the sense of feeling. By experience we in time come to judge something of distance by the size of the image which an object makes upon the retina, but more by our acquired knowledge of the form and color of external things. It is true that the eyes of many animals are constructed like those of man; but they do not learn to judge of distance by the same slow process. It is known from experiment that some animals have a perfect conception of distance at the moment of their birth; and the young of the greater part of animals possess some instinctive perception of this kind. "A fly-catcher, for example, just come out of its shell, has been seen to peck at an insect with an aim as perfect as if it had been all its life engaged in learning the art." And so when the hen takes her chickens out into the field for the first time to feed,

they seem to perceive very distinctly the relative distance of all objects about them, and will run by the straightest course when she calls them to pick up the little grains which she points out to them. Without this instinctive power of determining the relative distance and figure of objects, the young of most animals would perish before their sense of sight could be perfected, as ours is, by experience.

We have now noticed the chief characteristics of instinct: its existence prior to all experience or instruction; its incapacity of improvement, except within the narrow sphere of domestication; its limitation to a few objects, and the certainty of its action within these limits; the distinctness and permanence of its character for each species; and its constant hereditary nature. In regard to the uniformity of instinct throughout each species, it may be further remarked, that this seems to be very constantly preserved in the lowest divisions of the animal kingdom. Among the Articulates, also, instinct appears almost unvarying; and it is in this department among the insect tribes that the most striking manifestations of instinct are to be met with. When we arrive among the higher orders of the Vertebrates, we find in some species that each individual is capable of some modification of its actions, according to the particular circumstances in which it finds itself placed. But throughout the long series of animals, from the polype to man, there is instinctive action more or less in amount in every species, with, perhaps, the exception of man alone. The variety of that endowment, which is adapted to definite objects, means, and results, in each particular one of the five hundred thousand species estimated to be now living, may well call forth our admiration and astonishment at the magnitude and extent of the prospective contrivance of the Creator. How various the relations of all these animals to each other and to the inanimate world about them! and yet how admirable the adjustments of that immaterial principle which regulates their

lives, so as to secure the well-being of each and the symmetry of the general plan !

There has been much diversity of opinion as to the existence of instincts in the human species,—some making the whole mind of man nothing but a bundle of instincts, and others wholly denying him any endowment of this nature, while others still have given him a complex mental nature, and have, moreover, declared that intellect and instinct in him are so interwoven that it is impossible to tell where the one begins and the other ends. But we believe, with the author of "Ancient Metaphysics," that in Nature, however intimately things are blended together and run into each other like different shades of the same color, the species of things are absolutely distinct, and that there are certain fixed boundaries which separate them, however difficult it may be for us to find them out. In regard to intelligence and instinct, the two principles seem to us to be not more distinctly and widely separated in their nature than in the provinces of their operation.

Sir Henry Holland, who believes that intelligence and instinct are blended in man, admits that instincts, properly so called, form the *minimum* in relation to reason, and are difficult of definition from their connection with his higher mental functions, but that, wherever we can truly distinguish them, they are the same in principle and manner of operation as those of other animals. He makes one distinction, however, between the instincts of man and those of lower animals,—that in the former they have more of individual character, are far less numerous and definite in relation to the physical conditions of life, and more various and extensive in regard to his moral nature. But, on the other hand, Sir B. C. Brodie seems to be of opinion that the majority of instincts belonging to man resemble those of the inferior animals, inasmuch as they relate to the preservation of the individual and the continuation of the species; and that when man first began to exist,

and for some generations afterwards, the range of his instincts was much more extensive than it is at the present time. When authorities so eminent as these differ so widely upon the question, to what human instincts relate, we see at least that it is very difficult to define and distinguish these instincts, and we may be led to doubt their existence at all. Of that marvellous endowment which guides the bee to fabricate its cells according to laws of the most rigid mathematical exactness, and guides the swallow in its long flight to its winter home, we agree with Professor Bowen, that there is no trace whatever in human nature. The actions of man which have been loosely described as instinctive belong for the most part to those classes of actions which we have already shown to be in no proper sense of the word instinctive, that is, those concerned in the appetites and in the functions of organic life. There are also numerous automatic and habitual actions which are liable to be mistaken for instincts. Some have included in the category of instincts those intuitive perceptions and primary beliefs which are a part of our constitution, and are the foundation of all our knowledge. But these propensities of thought and feeling are of a higher nature than mere instincts; they are immutable laws of the human mind, which time and physical changes cannot reach; they do not seem to depend upon the physical organization, but to be inherent in the soul itself. If these are instincts, then, why are not all the ways in which the mind exerts itself instincts also, and reason itself an instinct?

There is hardly any human action, feeling, or belief, which has not been ranged under the term instinct. Hunger and thirst have been called instincts; so have the faculty of speech, the use of the right hand in preference to the left, the love of society, the desire to possess property, the desire to avoid danger and prolong life, and the belief in supernatural agencies, upon which is engrafted the religious sentiment. We cannot, in this paper, attempt to analyze these and

many other similar examples which have been given as illustrations of instinct in treatises of high repute, and show that they do not at all come within that class of actions which we contrast with reason. In regard to those actions of early infancy which have often been adduced as illustrations of instinct, the physiologists of the present day are agreed that they are as mechanical as the act of breathing. To place these upon the same level with the complex and wonderful operations of the bee, the ant, and the beaver, is to admit that the instincts of the latter are merely reflex actions following impressions on the nerves of sense.

On the other hand, whether the animals inferior to man ever exercise any conscious process of reasoning is a question which has often been discussed, and upon which there is no general agreement. Instances of the remarkable sagacity of some domesticated animals are often adduced as proofs of reasoning on their part. Some of these wonderful feats may be traced to the unconscious faculty of imitation, which even in man often appears as a blind propensity, although he exercises an active and rational imitation as well. Sometimes the mere association of ideas, or the perception by animals that one thing is accompanied by another or that one event follows another, is mistaken for that higher principle which in man judges, reflects, and understands causes and effects. When the dog sees his master take down his gun, his blandishments show that he anticipates a renewal of the pleasures of the chase. He does not reflect upon past pleasures; but, seeing the gun in his master's hand, a confused idea of the feelings that were associated with the gun in times past is called up. So the ox and the horse learn to associate certain movements with the voice and gesture of man. And so a fish, about the most stupid of all animals, comes to a certain spot at a certain signal to be fed. These combinations are quite elementary. This is quite another thing from that reciprocal action of ideas on each other by which

man perceives the relations of things, understands the laws of cause and effect, and not only forms judgments of the past, but draws conclusions which are laws for the future. We find in the brute no power of attending to and arranging its thoughts,—no power of calling up the past at will and reflecting upon it. The animal has the faculty of memory, and, when this is awakened, the object remembered may be accompanied by a train or attendance of accessory notions which have been connected with the object in the animal's past experience. But it never seems to be able to exercise the purely voluntary act of recollection. It is not capable of comparing one thing with another, so far as we can judge. If the animal could exercise any true act of comparison, there would be no limit to the exercise of it, and the animal would be an intelligent being; for the result of a simple act of comparison is judgment, and reasoning is only a double act of comparison. We have the authority of Sir William Hamilton for saying that the highest function of mind is nothing higher than comparison. Hence comes thought,—hence, the power of discovering truth,—and hence, the mind's highest dignity, in being able to ascend unassisted to the knowledge of a God. Those who hold that the minds of the inferior animals are essentially of the same nature with that of the human race, and differ only in degree, should reflect that the distinguishing attribute of the human mind does not admit of degrees. The faculty of comparison, in all its various applications, must be either wholly denied or else wholly attributed. Hence, Pope is not philosophical, when he applies the epithet "half-reasoning" to the elephant. "As reasoning," says Coleridge, "consists wholly in a man's power of seeing whether any two ideas which happen to be in his mind are or are not in contradiction with each other, it follows of necessity, not only that all men have reason, but that every individual has it in the same degree." We gather also from the same acute writer that in the simple determination, "black

is not white," all the powers are implied that distinguish man from other animals. If, then, the brute reasoned at all, he would be a rational being, and would improve and gain knowledge by experience; and, moreover, he would be a moral agent, accountable for his conduct. "Would not the brute," asks an able writer in the "*Zoological Journal*," "take a survey of his lower powers, and would he not, as man does, either rightly use or pervert them, at his pleasure?"

It has been suggested by some one, that, by the law of merciful adaptation, which extends throughout the universe, thought would not be imprisoned and pent up forever in an intelligence wanting the power of expression. But it is also to be noticed that the want of an articulate language or a system of general signs puts it out of the power of animals to perform a single act of reasoning. The use of language to communicate wants and feelings is not peculiar to "word-dividing men," though enjoyed by them in a much higher degree than by other animals. Doubtless every species of social animals has some kind of language, however imperfect it may be. "We never watch the busy workers of the ant-hill," says Acheta Domestica, (the author of "*Episodes of Insect-Life*,") "stopping as they encounter and laying their heads together, without being pretty certain that they are saying to each other something quite as significant as 'Fine day.'" And when the morning wakes the choral song of the birds, they seem to be telling each other of their happiness. But though animals have a language appropriate to the expression of their sensations and emotions, they have no words, "those shadows of the soul, those living sounds." Words are symbols of thoughts, and may be considered as a revelation of the human mind. It is this use of language as an instrument of thought, as a system of general signs, which, according to Bishop Whately, distinguishes the language of man from that of the brute; and the same eminent authority declares that without such a system of general signs

the reasoning process could not be conducted.

It is true, that we often see in the inferior animals manifestations of deductions of intellect similar to those of the human mind,—only that they are not made by the animals themselves, but for them and above their conscious perception. "When a bee," says Dr. Reid, "makes its combs so geometrically, the geometry is not in the bee, but in that great Geometrician who made the bee, and made all things in number, weight, and measure." Since the animal is not conscious of the intelligence and design which are manifested in its instincts, which it obeys and works out, the conscious life of the individual must be wholly a life within the senses. The senses alone can give the animal only an empirical knowledge of the world of its observation. The senses may register and report facts, but they can never arrive at an understanding of necessary truths; the source of this kind of knowledge is the rational mind, which has an active disposition to draw out these infallible laws and eternal truths from its own bosom. The main tendency of the rational mind is not towards mere phenomena, but their scientific explanation. It seeks to trace effects, as presented to us by the senses, back to the causes which produced them; or contemplating things wholly metaphysical, it seeks to follow out the laws which it has itself discovered, till they have gone through a thousand probable contingencies and lost themselves in numberless results. It is on account of this capacity and tendency of the human mind to look through fact to law, through individuals to classes, through effects to causes, through phenomena to general principles, that the late Dr. Burnap was led to declare, in a very interesting course of lectures which he delivered before the Lowell Institute a few years since, that he considered the first characteristic difference between the highest species of animals and the lowest race of man to be a capacity of science. But is not the whole edifice of human science built upon the simple faculty of comparison?

This is the ultimate analysis of all the highest manifestations of the human mind, whether of judgment, or reason, or intellect, or common sense, or the power of generalization, or the capacity of science. We have already quoted Hamilton to this effect, and we, moreover, have his authority for saying that the faculty of discovering truth, by a comparison of the notions we have obtained by observation and experience, is the attribute by which man is distinguished as a creature higher than the animals. We might also cite Leibnitz to the effect that men differ from animals in being capable of the formation of necessary judgments, and hence capable of demonstrative sciences.

But notwithstanding it seems so apparent that what is customarily called reason is the distinguishing endowment which makes man the "paragon of animals," we very often meet with attempts to set up some other distinction. We cannot here go into an examination of these various theories, or even allude to them specially. We will, however, briefly refer to a view which was recently advanced in one of our leading periodicals, inasmuch as it makes prominent a distinction which we wish to notice, although it seems to us to be only subordinate to the distinguishing attribute of the human mind which we have already pointed out. It is said that self-consciousness is what makes the great difference between man and other animals; that the latter do not separate themselves consciously from the world in which they exist; and that, though they have emotions, impulses, pains, and pleasures, every change of feeling in them takes at once the form of an outward change either in place or position. It is not intended, however, to be said that they have no conscious perception of external things. We cannot possibly conceive of an animal without this condition of consciousness. A consciousness of an outward world is an essential quality of the animal soul; this distinguishes the very lowest form of animal life from the vegetable world; and hence it cannot possibly be, as has been sug-

gested by some, that there are any animate beings which have no endowments superior to those which belong to plants. The plant is not conscious of an outward world, when it sends out its roots to obtain the nourishment which is fitting for itself; but the polype, which is fixed with hundreds of its kind on the same coral-stock, and is able only to move its mouth and tentacles, is aware of the presence of the little crawl-fish upon which it feeds, and throws out its lasso-cells and catches it. The world of which the polype has any perception is not a very large one. The outer world of a bird is vastly greater; and man knows a world without, which is immeasurably large beyond that of which any other animal is conscious, because both his physical organs and his mental faculties bring him into far the most diversified and intimate relations with all created things. He sees in every flower of the garden and every beast of the field, in the air and in the sea, in the earth beneath his feet and in the starry heavens above him, countless meanings which are hidden to all the living world besides. To him there is a world which has existed and a world that will exist. "Man," says Protagoras, "is the measure of the universe." But he has a greater dignity in being able to apprehend the world of thought within. "Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm or little world," says Sir Thomas Browne, "I find myself something more than the great." Man can make himself an object to himself and gain the deepest insight into the workings of his own mind. This internal perception seems never to be developed in other animals. We have already observed that they have no thought of their own. The intelligence and design which they often manifest in their actions are not the workings of their own minds. The intelligence and design belong to Him who impressed the thought upon the animal's mind and unceasingly sustains it in action. They themselves are not conscious of any thought, but only of "certain dim imperious influences" which urge them on. They are conscious

of feelings and desires and impulses. We could not conceive of the existence of these affections in animals without their having an immediate knowledge of them. Even "the function of voluntary motion," says Hamilton, "which is a function of the animal soul in the Peripatetic doctrine, ought not, as is generally done, to be excluded from the phenomena of consciousness and mind." The conscious life of the irrational tribes seems, then, to be a life almost wholly within the senses. They have nothing of that higher conscious personality which belongs to man and is an attribute of a free intellect.

A general statement of the points made out in the foregoing inquiry will more clearly show our conception of the nature and limitations of instinct. First, we limited the word instinct so as to exclude all those automatic and mechanical actions concerned in the simple functions of organic life, — as also to exclude the operations of the passions and appetites, since these seek no other end than their own gratification. Then it was shown that instinct exists prior to all experience or memory; that it comes to an instant or speedy perfection, and is not capable of any improvement or cultivation; that its objects are precise and limited; that within its proper sphere it often appears as the highest wisdom, but beyond this is only foolishness; that it uses complex and laborious means to provide for the future, without any prescience of it; that it performs important and rational operations which the animal neither intends nor knows anything about; that it is perma-

nent for each species, and is transmitted as an hereditary gift of Nature; and that the few variations in its action result from the development of provisional faculties, or from blind imitation. We were led to conclude that instinct is not a free and conscious possession of the animal itself. We found some points of resemblance between intelligence in man and instinct in other animals, — but at the same time points of dissimilarity, such as to make the two principles appear radically unlike.

This brief summary presents nearly all that we can satisfactorily make out respecting instinct; and at the same time it shows how much is still wanting to a complete solution of all the questions which it involves. And then there are higher mysteries connected with the subject, which we do not attempt to penetrate, — mysteries in regard to the creation and the maintenance of instinctive action: whether it be the result of particular external conditions acting on the organization of animals, or whether, as Sir Isaac Newton thought, the Deity himself is virtually the active and present moving principle in them; — and mysteries, too, about the future of the brute world: whether, as Southey wrote,

"There is another world
For all that live and move, — a better world."

If we ever find a path which seems about to lead us up to these mysteries, it speedily closes against us, and leaves us without any rational hope of attaining their solution.

MY OWN STORY.

"Oh, tell her, brief is life, but love is long."

"WHAT have I got that you would like to have? Your letters are tied up and directed to you. Mother will give them to you, when she finds them in my desk. I could execute my last will myself, if it were not for giving her additional pain. I will leave everything for her to do except this: take these letters, and when I am dead, give them to Frank. There is not a reproach in them, and they are full of wit; but he won't laugh, when he reads them again. Choose now, what will you have of mine?"

"Well," I said, "give me the gold pen-holder that Redmond sent you after he went away."

Laura rose up in her bed, and seized me by my shoulder, and shook me, crying between her teeth, "You love him! you love him!" Then she fell back on her pillow. "Oh, if he were here now! He went, I say, to marry the woman he was engaged to before he saw you. He was nearly mad, though, when he went. The night mother gave them their last party, when you wore your black lace dress, and had pink roses in your hair, somehow I hardly knew you that night. I was in the little parlor, looking at the flowers on the mantelpiece, when Redmond came into the room, and, rushing up to me, bent down and whispered, 'Did you see her go? I shall see her no more; she is walking on the beach with Maurice.' He sighed so loud that I felt embarrassed; for I was afraid that Harry Lothrop, who was laughing and talking in a corner with two or three men, would hear him; but he was not aware that they were there. I did not know what to do, unless I ridiculed him. 'Follow them,' I said. 'Step on her flounces, and Maurice will have a chance to humiliate you with some of his cutting, exquisite politeness.' He never answered a word, and I would not look at him, but presently I under-

stood that there were tears falling. Oh, you need not look towards me with such longing; he does not cry for you now. They seemed to bring him to his senses. He stamped his foot; but the carpet was thick; it only made a thud. Then he buttoned his coat, giving himself a violent twist as he did it, and looked at me with such a haughty composure, that, if I had been you, I should have trembled in my shoes. He walked across the room toward the group of men.—'Ah, Harry,' he said, 'where is Maurice?' 'Don't you know?' they all cried out; 'he has gone as Miss Denham's escort?' 'By Jove!' said Harry Lothrop,—'Miss Denham was as handsome as Cleopatra, to-night. Little Maurice is now singing to her. Did he take his guitar under his arm? It was here; for I saw a green bag near his hat, when we came in to-night.' Just then we heard the twang of a guitar under the window, and Redmond, in spite of himself, could not help a grimace.—'Is it not a droll world?' said Laura, after a pause; "things come about so contrariwise."

She laughed such a shrill laugh, that I shuddered to hear it, and I fell a-crying.

"But," she continued, "I am going, I trust, where a key will be given me for this cipher."

Tears came into her eyes, and an expression of gentleness filled her face.

"It is strange," she said, "when I know that I must die, that I should be so moved by earthly passions and so interested in earthly speculations. My heart supplicates God for peace and patience, and at the same moment my thoughts float away in dreams of the past. I shall soon be wiser; I am convinced of that. The doctrine of compensation extends beyond this world; if it be not so, why should I die at twenty, with all this mysterious suffering of soul? You must not wonder over me, when I am gone, and ask your-

self, 'Why did she live?' Believe that I shall know why I lived, and let it suffice you and encourage you to go on bravely. Live and make your powers felt. Your nature is affluent, and you may yet learn how to be happy."

She sighed softly, and turned her face to the wall, and moved her fingers as sick people do. She waited for me to cease weeping: my tears rained over my face so that I could neither see nor speak.

After I had become calmer, she moved toward me again and took my hand: her own trembled.

"It is for the last time, Margaret. My good, skilful father gives me no medicine now. My sisters have come home; they sit about the house like mourners, with idle hands, and do not speak with each other. It is terrible, but it will soon be over."

She pulled at my hand for me to rise. I staggered up, and met her eyes. Mine were dry now.

"Do not come here again. It will be enough for my family to look at my coffin. I feel better to think you will be spared the pain."

I nodded.

"Good-bye!"

A sob broke in her throat.

"Margaret,"—she spoke like a little child,—*"I am going to heaven."*

I kissed her, but I was blind and dumb. I lifted her half out of the bed. She clasped her frail arms round me, and hid her face in my bosom.

"Oh, I love you!" she said.

Her heart gave such a violent plunge, that I felt it, and laid her back quickly. She waved her hand to me with a determined smile. I reached the door, still looking at her, crossed the dark threshold, and passed out of the house. The bold sunshine smote my face, and the insolent wind played about me. The whole earth was as brilliant and joyous as if it had never been furrowed by graves.

Laura lived some days after my interview with her. She sent me no message, and I did not go to see her. From the

garret-windows of our house, which was half a mile distant from Laura's, I could see the windows of the room where she was lying. Three tall poplar-trees intervened in the landscape. I thought they stood motionless so that they might not intercept my view while I watched the house of death. One morning I saw that the blinds had been thrown back and the windows opened. I knew then that Laura was dead.

The day after the funeral I gave Frank his letters, his miniature, and the locket which held a ring of his hair.

"Is there a fire?" he asked, when I gave them to him; "I want to burn these things."

I went to another room with him.

"I'll leave everything here to-day; and may I never see this cursed place again! Did she die, do you know, because I held her promise that she would be my wife?"

He threw the papers into the grate, and crowded them down with his boot, and watched them till the last blackened flake disappeared. He then took from his neck a hair chain, and threw that into the fire also.

"It is all done now," he said.

He shook my hand with a firm grasp and left me.

A month later Laura's mother sent me a package containing two bundles of letters. It startled me to see that the direction was dated before she was taken ill:—"To be given to Margaret in case of my death. June 5th, 1848." They were my letters, and those which she had received from Harry Lothrop. On this envelop was written, "Put these into the black box he gave you." The gold pen-holder came into my hands also. *Departure* was engraved on the handle, and Laura's initials were cut in an emerald in its top. The black box was an ebony, gold-plated toy, which Harry Lothrop had given me at the same time Redmond gave Laura the pen-holder. It was when they went away, after a whole summer's visit in our little town, the year before. I locked the letters in the black box, and,

"Whether from reason or from impulse only,"

I know not, but I was prompted to write a line to Harry Lothrop.

"Do not," I said, "write Laura any more letters. Those you have already written to her are in my keeping, for she is dead. Was it not a pleasant summer we passed together? The second autumn is already at hand: time flies the same, whether we are dull or gay. For all this period what remains except the poor harvest of a few letters?"

I received in answer an incoherent and agitated letter. What was the matter with Laura? he asked. He had not heard from her for months. Had any rupture occurred between her and her friend Frank? Did I suppose she was ever unhappy? He was shocked at the news, and said he must come and learn the particulars of the event. He thanked me for my note, and begged me to believe how sincere was his friendship for my poor friend.

"Redmond," he continued, "is, for the present, attached to the engineer corps to which I belong, and he has offered to take charge of my business while I am a day or two absent. He is in my room at this moment, holding your note in his hand, and appears painfully disturbed."

It was now a little past the time of year when Redmond and Harry Lothrop had left us,—early autumn. After their departure, Laura and I had been sentimental enough to talk over the events of their visit. Recalling these associations, we created an illusion of pleasure which of course could not last. Harry Lothrop wrote to Laura, but the correspondence declined and died. As time passed on, we talked less and less of our visitors, and finally ceased to speak of them. Neither of us knew or suspected the other of any deep or lasting feeling toward the two friends. Laura knew Redmond better than I did; at least, she saw him oftener; in fact, she knew both in a different way. They had visited her alone; while I had met them almost entirely in society. I never found so much time to spare as she seemed to have; for everybody liked her, and everybody sought her. As often as

we had talked over our acquaintance, she was wary of speaking of Redmond. Her last conversation with me revealed her thoughts, and awakened feelings which I thought I had buffeted down. The tone of Harry Lothrop's note perplexed me, and I found myself drifting back into an old state of mind I had reason to dread.

As I said, the autumn had come round. Its quiet days, its sombre nights, filled my soul with melancholy. The lonesome moan of the sea and the waiting stillness of the woods were just the same a year ago; but Laura was dead, and Nature grieved me. Yet none of us are in one mood long, and at this very time there were intervals when I found something delicious in life, either in myself or the atmosphere.

"Moreover, something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams."

A golden morning, a starry night, the azure round of the sky, the undulating horizon of sea, the blue haze which rose and fell over the distant hills, the freshness of youth, the power of beauty,—all gave me deep voluptuous dreams.

I can afford to confess that I possessed "beauty; for half my faults and miseries arose from the fact of my being beautiful. I was not vain, but as conscious of my beauty as I was of that of a flower, and sometimes it intoxicated me. For, in spite of the comforting novels of the Jane Eyre school, it is hardly possible to set an undue value upon beauty; it defies ennui.

As I expected, Harry Lothrop came to see me. The sad remembrance of Laura's death prevented any ceremony between us; we met as old acquaintances, of course, although we had never conversed together half an hour without interruption. I began with the theme of Laura's illness and death, and the relation which she had held toward me. All at once I discovered, without evidence, that he was indifferent to what I was saying; but I talked on mechanically, and like a phantasm the truth came to my mind. The real man was there,—not

the one I had carelessly looked at and known through Laura.

I became silent.

He twisted his fingers in the fringe of my scarf, which had fallen off, and I watched them.

"Why," I abruptly asked, "have I not known you before?"

He let go the fringe, and folded his hands, and in a dreamy voice replied, —

"Redmond admires you."

"What a pity!" I said. "And you, — you admire me, or yourself, just now; which?"

He flushed slightly, but continued with a bland voice, which irritated and interested me.

"All that time I was so near you, and you scarcely saw me; what a chance I had to study you! Your friend was intelligent and sympathetic, so we struck a league of friendship: I could dare so much with her, because I knew that she was engaged to marry Mr. Ballard. I own that I have been troubled about her since I went away. How odd it is that I am here alone with you in this room! how many times I have wished it! I liked you best here; and while absent, the remembrance of it has been inseparable from the remembrance of you, — a picture within a picture. I know all that the room contains, — the white vases, and the wire baskets, with pots of Egyptian lilies and damask roses, the books bound in green and gold, the engravings of nymphs and fauns, the crimson bars in the carpet, the flowers on the cushions, and, best of all, the arched window and its low seat. But I had promised myself never to see you: it was all I could do for Laura. She is dead, and I am here."

I rose and walked to the window, and looked out on the misty sea, and felt strangely.

"Another lover," I thought, — "and Redmond's friend, and Laura's. But it all belongs to the comedy we play."

He came to where I stood.

"I know you so well," he said, — "your pride, your self-control, even your foibles: but they attract one, too. You did not

escape heart-whole from Redmond's influence. He is not married yet, but he will be; he is a chivalrous fellow. It was a desperate matter between you two, — a hand-to-hand struggle. It is over with you both, I believe: you are something alike. Now may I offer you my friendship? If I love you, let me say so. Do not resist me. I appeal to the spirit of coquetry which tempted you before you saw me to-night. You are dressed to please me."

I was thinking what I should say, when he skilfully turned the conversation into an ordinary channel. He shook off his dreamy manner, and talked with his old vivacity. I was charmed a little; an association added to the charm, I fancy. It was late at night when he took his leave. He had arranged it all; for a man brought his carriage to the door and drove him to the next town, where he had procured it to come over from the railway.

When I was shut in my room for the night, rage took possession of me. I tore off my dress, twisted my hair with vehemence, and hurried to bed and tried to go to sleep, but could not, of course. As when we press our eyelids together for meditation or sleep, violet rings and changing rays of light flash and fade before the darkened eyeballs, so in the dark unrest of my mind the past flashed up, and this is what I saw: —

The county ball, where Laura and I first met Redmond, Harry Lothrop, and Maurice. We were struggling through the crowd of girls at the dressing-room door, to rejoin Frank, who was waiting for us. As we passed out, satisfied with the mutual inspection of our dresses of white silk, which were trimmed with bunches of rose-geranium, we saw a group of strangers close by us, buttoning their gloves, looking at their boots, and comparing looks. Laura pushed her fan against my arm; we looked at each other, and made signs behind Frank, and were caught in the act, not only by him, but by a tall gentleman in the group which she had signalled me to notice.

The shadow of a smile was travelling over his face as I caught his eye, but he turned away so suddenly that I had no opportunity for embarrassment. An usher gave us a place near the band, at the head of the hall.

"Do not be reckless, Laura," I said,—
"at least till the music gives you an excuse."

"You are obliged to me, you know," she answered, "for directing your attention to such attractive prey. Being in bonds myself, I can only use my eyes for you: don't be ungrateful."

The band struck up a crashing polka, and she and Frank whirled away, with a hundred others. I found a seat and amused myself by contrasting the imperturbable countenances of the musicians with those of the dancers. The perfumes the women wore floated by me. These odors, the rhythmic motion of the dancers, and the hard, energetic music exhilarated me. The music ended, and the crowd began to buzz. The loud, inarticulate speech of a brilliant crowd is like good wine. As my acquaintances gathered about me, I began to feel its electricity, and grew blithe and vivacious. Presently I saw one of the ushers speaking to Frank, who went down the hall with him.

"Oh, my prophetic soul!" said Laura, "they are coming."

Frank came back with the three, and introduced them. Redmond asked me for the first quadrille, and Harry Lothrop engaged Laura. Frank said to me behind his handkerchief,—"*It's en règle*; I know where they came from; their fathers are brave, and their mothers are virtuous."

The quadrille had not commenced, so I talked with several persons near; but I felt a constraint, for I knew I was closely observed by the stranger, who was entirely quiet. Curiosity made me impatient for the dance to begin; and when we took our places, I was cool enough to examine him. Tall, slender, and swarthy, with a delicate moustache over a pair of thin scarlet lips, penetrating eyes, and a tranquil air. My antipodes in looks, for

I was short and fair; my hair was straight and black like his, but my eyes were blue, and my mouth wide and full.

"What an unnaturally pleasant thing a ball-room is!" he said,—"*before the dust rises and the lights flare, I mean.* But nobody ever leaves early; as the freshness vanishes, the extravagance deepens. Did you ever notice how much faster the musicians play as it grows late? When we open the windows, the fresh breath of the night increases the delirium within. I have seen the quietest women toss their faded bouquets out of the windows without a thought of making a comparison between the flowers and themselves."

"My poor geraniums!" I said,—"*what eloquence!*"

He laughed, and answered,—

"My friend Maurice yonder would have said it twice as well."

We were in the promenade then, and stopped where the said Maurice was fanning himself against the wall.

"May I venture to ask you for a waltz, Miss Denham? it is the next dance on the card," said Maurice;—"but of course you are engaged."

I gave him my card, and he began to mark it, when Redmond took it, and placed his own initials against the dance after supper, and the last one on the list. He left me then, and I saw him a moment after talking with Laura.

We passed a gay night. When Laura and I equipped for our ten miles' ride, it was four in the morning. Redmond helped Frank to pack us in the carriage, and we rewarded him with a knot of faded leaves.

"This late event," said Laura, with a ministerial air, after we had started, "was a providential one. You, my dear Frank, were at liberty to pursue your favorite pastime of whist, in some remote apartment, without being conscience-torn respecting me. I have danced very well without you, thanks to the strangers. And you, Margaret, have had an unusual opportunity of displaying your latent forces. Three such different men! But let us drive fast. I am in want of the

cup of tea which mother will have waiting for me."

We arrived first at my door. As I was going up the steps, Laura broke the silence; for neither of us had spoken since her remarks.

"By the way, they are coming here to stay awhile. They are anxious for some deep-sea fishing. They'll have it, I think."

I heard Frank's laugh of delight at Laura's wit, as the carriage drove off.

It was our last ball that season.

It was late in the spring; and when Redmond came with his two friends and settled at the hotel in our town, it was early summer. When I saw them again, they came with Laura and Frank to pay me a visit. Laura was already acquainted with them, and asked me if I did not perceive her superiority in the fact.

"Let us arrange," said Harry Lothrop, "some systematic plan of amusement by sea and land. I have a pair of horses, Maurice owns a guitar, and Redmond's boat will be here in a few days. Jones, our landlord, has two horses that are tolerable under the saddle. Let us ride, sail, and be serenaded. The Lake House, Jones again, is eight miles distant. This is Monday; shall we go there on horse-back Wednesday?"

Laura looked mournfully at Frank, who replied to her look,—

"You must go; I cannot; I shall go back to business to-morrow."

I glanced at Redmond; he was contemplating a portrait of myself at the age of fourteen.

"Shall we go?" Laura asked him.

"Nothing, thank you," he answered.

We all laughed, and Harry Lothrop said,—

"Redmond, my boy, how fond you are of pictures!"

Redmond, with an unmoved face, said,—

"Don't be absurd about my absent-mindedness. What were you saying?" And he turned to me.

"Do you like our plan," I asked, "of going to the Lake House? There is a

deep pond, a fine wood, a bridge,—perch, pickerel,—a one-story inn with a veranda,—ham and eggs, stewed quince, elderberry wine,—and a romantic road to ride over."

"I like it."

Frank opened a discussion on fishing; Laura and I withdrew, and went to the window-seat.

"I am light-hearted," I said.

"It is my duty to be melancholy," she replied; "but I shall not mope after Frank has gone."

"After them the deluge," said I. "How long will they stay?"

"Till they are bored, I fancy."

"Oh, they are going; we must leave our recess."

Frank and she remained; the others bid us good-night.

"I shall not come again till Christmas," he said. "These college-chaps will amuse you and make the time pass; they are young,—quite suitable companions for you girls. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

He sighed, and, drawing Laura's arm in his, rose to go. She groaned loudly, and he nipped her ears.

"Good-bye, Margaret; let Laura take care of you. There is a deal of wisdom in her."

We shook hands, Laura moaning all the while, and they went home.

Frank and Laura had been engaged three years. He was about thirty, and was still too poor to marry.

Wednesday proved pleasant. We had an early dinner, and our cavalcade started from Laura's. I rode my small bay horse Folly, a gift from my absentee brother. His coat was sleeker than satin; his ears moved perpetually, and his wide nostrils were always in a quiver. He was not entirely safe, for now and then he jumped unexpectedly; but I had ridden him a year without accident, and felt enough acquainted with him not to be afraid.

Redmond eyed him.

"You are a bold rider," he said.

"No," I answered,— "a careful one. Look at the bit, and my whip, too. I cut

his hind legs when he jumps. Observe that I do not wear a long skirt. I can slip off the saddle, if need be, without danger."

"That's all very well; but his eyes are vicious; he will serve you a trick some day."

"When he does, I'll sell him for a cart-horse."

Laura and Redmond rode Jones's horses. Harry Lothrop was mounted on his horse Black, a superb, thick-maned creature, with a cluster of white stars on one of his shoulders. Maurice rode a wall-eyed pony. Our friends Dickenson and Jack Parker drove two young ladies in a carriage,—all the saddle-horses our town could boast of being in use. We were in high spirits, and rode fast. I was occupied in watching Folly, who had not been out for several days. At last, tired of tugging at his mouth, I gave him rein, and he flew along. I tucked the edge of my skirt under the saddle-flap, slanted forward, and held the bridle with both hands close to his head. A long sandy reach of road lay before me. I enjoyed Folly's fierce trotting; but, as I expected, the good horse Black was on my track, while the rest of the party were far behind. He soon overtook me. Folly snorted when he heard Black's step. We pulled up, and the two horses began to sidle and prance, and throw up their heads so that we could not indulge in a bit of conversation.

"Brute!" said Harry Lothrop,—*"if I were sure of getting on again, I would dismount and thrash you awfully."*

"Remember Pickwick," I said; *"don't do it."*

I had hardly spoken, when the strap of his cap broke, and it fell from his head to the ground. I laughed, and so did he.

"I can hold your horse while you dismount for it."

I stopped Folly, and he forced Black near enough for me to seize the rein and twist it round my hand; when I had done so, Folly turned his head, and was tempted to take Black's mane in his teeth; Black felt it, reared, and came down with

his nose in my lap. I could not loose my hands, which confused me, but I saw Harry Lothrop making a great leap. Both horses were running now, and he was lying across the saddle, trying to free my hand. It was over in an instant. He got his seat, and the horses were checked.

"Good God!" he said, *"your fingers are crushed."*

He pulled off my glove, and turned pale when he saw my purple hand.

"It is nothing," I said.

But I was miserably fatigued, and prayed that the Lake House might come in sight. We were near the wood, which extended to it, and I was wondering if we should ever reach it, when he said,—

"You must dismount, and rest under the first tree. We will wait there for the rest of the party to come up."

I did so. Numerous were the inquiries, when they reached us. Laura, when she heard the story, declared she now believed in Ellen Pickering. Redmond gave me a searching look, and asked me if the one-story inn had good beds.

"I can take a nap, if necessary," I answered, *"in one of Mrs. Sampson's rush-bottomed chairs on the veranda. The croak of the frogs in the pond and the buzz of the bluebottles shall be my lullaby."*

"No matter how, if you will rest," he said, and assisted me to remount.

We rode quietly together the rest of the way. After arriving, we girls went by ourselves into one of Mrs. Sampson's sloping chambers, where there was a low bedstead, and a thick feather-bed covered with a patchwork-quilt of the *"Job's Trouble"* pattern, a small, dim looking-glass surmounted by a bunch of *"sparrow-grass,"* and an unpainted floor ornamented with home-made rugs which were embroidered with pink flower-pots containing worsted rose-bushes, the stalks, leaves, and flowers all in bright yellow. We hung up our riding-skirts on ancient wooden pegs, for we had worn others underneath them suitable for walking, and then tilted the wooden chairs at a comfortable angle against the wall, put our

feet on the rounds, and felt at peace with all mankind.

"Alas!" I said, "it is too early for currant-pies."

"I saw," said one of the girls, "Mrs. Sampson poking the oven, and a smell of pies was in the air."

"Let us go into the kitchen," exclaimed Laura.

The proposal was agreeable; so we went, and found Mrs. Sampson making plum-cake.

"The pies are green-gooseberry-pies," whispered Laura,—"very good, too."

"Miss Denham," shrieked Mrs. Sampson, "you haven't done growing yet.—How's your mother and your grandmother?—Have you had a revival in your church?—I heard of the young men down to Jones's,—our minister's wife knows their fathers,—first-rate men, she says.—I thought you would be here with them.—'Sampson,' I said this morning, as soon as I dressed, 'do pick some gooseberries. I'll have before sundown twenty pies in this house.' There they are,—six gooseberry, six custard, and, though it's late for them, six mince, and two awful great pigeon pies. It's poor trash, I expect; I'm afraid you can't eat it; but it is as good as anybody's, I suppose."

We told her we should devour it all, but must first catch some fish; and we joined the gentlemen on the veranda. A boat was ready for us. Laura, however, refused to go in it. It was too small; it was wet; she wanted to walk on the bridge; she could watch us from that; she wanted some flowers, too. Like many who are not afraid of the ocean, she held ponds and lakes in abhorrence, and fear kept her from going with us. Harry Lothrop offered to stay with her, and take lines to fish from the bridge. She assented, and, after we pushed off, they strolled away.

The lake was as smooth and white as silver beneath the afternoon sun and a windless sky; it was bordered with a mound of green bushes, beyond which stretched deep pine woods. There was no shade, and we soon grew weary. Jack

Parker caught all the fish, which flopped about our feet. A little way down, where the lake narrowed, we saw Laura and Harry Lothrop hanging over the bridge.

"They must be interested in conversation," I thought; "he has not lifted his line out of the water once."

Redmond, too, looked over that way often, and at last said,—

"We will row up to the bridge, and walk back to the house, if you, Maurice, will take the boat to the little pier again."

"Oh, yes," said Maurice.

We came to the bridge, and Laura reached out her hand to me.

"Why, dear!" she exclaimed, "you have burnt your face. Why did you," turning to Redmond, "paddle about so long in the hot sun?"

Her words were light enough, but the tone of her voice was savage. Redmond looked surprised; he waved his hand deprecatingly, but said nothing. We went up toward the house, but Laura lingered behind, and did not come in till we were ready to go to supper.

It was past sundown when we rose from the ruins of Mrs. Sampson's pies. We voted not to start for home till the evening was advanced, so that we might enjoy the gloom of the pine wood. We sat on the veranda and heard the sounds of approaching night. The atmosphere was like powdered gold. Swallows fluttered in the air, delaying to drop into their nests, and chirped their evening song. We heard the plunge of the little turtles in the lake, and the noisy crows as they flew home over the distant tree-tops. They grew dark, and the sky deepened slowly into a soft gray. A gentle wind arose, and wafted us the sighs of the pines and their resinous odors. I was happy, but Laura was unaccountably silent.

"What is it, Laura?" I asked, in a whisper.

"Nothing, Margaret,—only it seems to me that we mortals are always riding or fishing, eating or drinking, and that we never get to living. To tell you the truth, the pies were too sour. Come, we must go," she said aloud.

Redmond himself brought Folly from the stable.

"We will ride home together," he said. "My calm nag will suit yours better than Black. Why does your hand tremble?"

He saw my shaking hands, as I took the rein; the fact was, my wrists were nearly broken.

"Nothing shall happen to-night, I assure you," he continued, while he tightened Folly's girth.

He contrived to be busy till all the party had disappeared down a turn of the road. As he was mounting his horse, Mrs. Sampson, who was on the steps, whispered to me,—

"He's a beautiful young man, now!"

He heard her; he had the ear of a wild animal; he took off his hat to Mrs. Sampson, and we rode slowly away.

As soon as we were in the wood, Redmond tied the bridles of the horses together with his handkerchief. It was so dark that my sight could not separate him from his horse. They moved beside me, a vague, black shape. The horses' feet fell without noise in the cool, moist sand. If our companions were near us, we could not see them, and we did not hear them. Horses generally keep an even pace, when travelling at night,—subdued by the darkness, perhaps,—and Folly went along without swaying an inch. I dropped the rein on his neck, and took hold of the pommel. My hand fell on Redmond's. Before I could take it away, he had clasped it, and touched it with his lips. The movement was so sudden that I half lost my balance, but the horses stepped evenly together. He threw his arm round me, and recoiled from me as if he had received a blow.

"Take up your rein," he said, with a strange voice,—*"quick!—we must ride fast out of this."*

I made no reply, for I was trying to untie the handkerchief. The knot was too firm.

"No, no," he said, when he perceived what I was doing, "let it be so."

"Untie it, Sir!"

"I will not."

I put my face down between the horses' necks and bit it apart, and thrust it into my bosom.

"Now," I said, "shall we ride fast?"

He shook his rein, and we rode fiercely,—past our party, who shouted at us,—through the wood,—over the brow of the great hill, from whose top we saw the dark, motionless sea,—through the long street,—and through my father's gateway into the stable-yard, where I leaped from my horse, and, bridle in hand, said, "Good night!" in a loud voice.

Redmond swung his hat and galloped off.

Early next morning, Laura sent me a note:—

"DEAR MARGARET,—I have an ague, and mean to have it till Sunday night. The pines did it. Did you bring home any needles? On Monday, mother will give one of her whist-parties. I shall add a dozen or two of our set; you will come.

"P. S. What do you think of Mr. Harry Lothrop? Good young man, eh?"

I was glad that Laura had shut herself up for a few days; I dreaded to see her just now. I suffered from an inexplicable feeling of pride and disappointment, and did not care to have her discover it. Laura, like myself, sometimes chose to protect herself against neighborly invasions. We never kept our doors locked in the country; the sending in of a card was an unknown process there. Our acquaintances walked in upon us whenever the whim took them, and it now and then happened to be an inconvenience to us who loved an occasional fit of solitude. I determined to keep in-doors for a few days also. Whenever I was in an unquiet mood, I took to industry; so that day I set about arranging my drawers, making over my ribbons, and turning my room upside down. I rehung all my pictures, and moved my bottles and boxes. Then I mended my stockings, and marked my clothes, which was not a necessary piece of work, as I never left home. I next attacked the parlor,—washed all the

vases, changed the places of the furniture, and distressed my mother very much. When evening came, I brushed my hair a good deal, and looked at my hands, and went to bed early. I could not read then, though I often took books from the shelves, and I would not think.

Sunday came round. The church-bells made me lonesome. I looked out of the window many times that day, and, fixing on the sash one of my father's ship-glasses, swept the sea, and peered at the islands on the other side of the bay, gazing through their openings, beyond which I could see the great dim ocean. Mother came home from church, and said young Maurice was there, and inquired about me. He hoped I did not take cold; his friend Redmond had been hoarse ever since our ride, and had passed most of the time in his own room, drumming on the window-pane and whistling dirges. Mother dropped her acute eyes on me, while she was telling me this; but I yawned all expression from my face.

As Monday night drew near, my numbness of feeling began to pass off; thought came into my brain by plunges. Now I desired; now I hoped. I dressed myself in black silk, and wore a cape of black Chantilly lace. I made my hair as glossy as possible, drew it down on my face, and put round my head a band composed of minute sticks of coral. When all was done, I took the candle and held it above my head and surveyed myself in the glass. I was very pale. The pupils of my eyes were dilated, as if I had received some impression that would not pass away. My lips had the redness of youth; their color was deepened by my paleness.

"How handsome I am!" I thought, as I set down the candle.

When I entered Laura's parlor, she came toward me and said,—

"Artful creature! you knew well, this warm night, that every girl of us would wear a light dress; so you wore a black one. How well you understand such matters! You are very clever; your real sensibility adds effect to your cleverness. I see how it is. Come into this corner.

Have you got a fan? Good gracious! black, with gold spangles;—where *do* you buy your things? I can tell you now," she continued, "my conversation on the bridge the other day."

She hesitated, and asked me if I liked her new muslin. She did look well in it; it was a white fabric, with red rose-buds scattered over it. Her delicate face was shadowed by light brown curls. She was attractive, and I told her so, and she began again:—

"Harry Lothrop said, as he was impaling the half of a worm,—

"Redmond is a handsome fellow, is he not?"

"He is too awfully thin," I answered, "but his eyes are good."

"He gave me a crafty side-look, like that of a parrot, when he means to bite your finger.

"Your friend, too," he added, "is really one of the most beautiful girls I ever saw,—a coquette with a heart."

"Let down your line into the water," I said.

"He laughed a little laugh. By-the-by, there is an insidious tenacity about Mr. Harry Lothrop which irritates me; but I like him, for I think he understands women. I feel at ease with him, when he is not throwing out his tenacious feelers. Then he said,—

"Redmond is engaged to his cousin. The girl's mother had the charge of him through his boyhood. He is ardently attached to her,—the mother, I mean. She is most anxious to call Redmond her son."

"Didn't you have a bite?" I said.

"Well, I think the bait is off the hook," he answered; and then we were silent and pondered the water.

"There are some people I must speak to,"—and Laura moved away without looking at me.

I opened my fan, but felt chilly. A bustle near me caused me to raise my eyes; Redmond was speaking to a lady. He was in black, too, and very pale. He turned toward me and our eyes met. His expression agitated me so that I uncon-

sciously rose to my feet and warned him off with my fan; but he seemed rooted to the spot. Laura took care of us both; she came and stood between us. I saw her look at him so sweetly and so mournfully, that he understood her in a moment. He shook his head and walked abruptly into another room. Laura went again from me without giving me a look. Maurice came up and I made room for him beside me. We talked of the riding-party, and then of our first meeting at the ball. He told me that Redmond's boat had arrived, and what a famous boat it was, and "what jolly sprees we fellows had, cruising about with her." I asked him about his guitar, and when we might hear him play. He grew more chatty and began to tell me about his sister, when Redmond and Harry Lothrop came over to us, which ended his chat.

The party was like all parties,—dull at first, and brighter as it grew late. The old ladies played whist in one room, and the younger part of the company were in another. Champagne was not a prevalent drink in our village, but it happened that we had some that night.

"It may be a sinful beverage," said an old lady near me, "but it is good."

Redmond opened a bottle for me, we clinked glasses, and drank to an indefinite, silent wish.

"One more," he asked, "and let us change glasses."

Presently a cloud of delicate warmth spread over my brain, and gave me courage to seek and meet his glance. There must have been an expression of irresolution in my face, for he looked at me inquiringly, and then his own face grew very sad. I felt awkward from my intuition of his opinion of my mood, when he relieved me by saying something about Shelley,—a copy of whose poems lay on a table near. From Shelley he went to his boat, and said he hoped to have some pleasant excursions with Laura and myself. He "would go at once and talk with Laura's mother about them." I watched him through the door, while he spoke to her. She was in a low chair, and

he leaned his face on one hand close to hers. I saw that his natural expression was one of tranquillity and courage. He was not more than twenty-two, but the firmness of the lines about his mouth belied his youth.

"He has a wonderful face," I thought, "and just as wonderful a will."

I felt my own will rise as I looked at him,—a will that should make me mistress of myself, powerful enough to contend with, and resist, or turn to advantage any controlling fate which might come near me.

"Do you feel like singing?" Harry Lothrop inquired. "Do you know Byron's song, 'One struggle more and I am free'?"

"Oh, yes!" I replied,— "it is set to music which suits my voice. I will sing it."

Laura had been playing polkas with great spirit. Since the Champagne, the old ladies had closed their games of whist for talking, and, as it was nearly time to go, the company was gay. There was laughing and talking when I began, but silence soon after, for the wine made my voice husky and effective. I sang as if deeply moved.

"Lord!" I heard Maurice say to Laura, as I rose from the piano, "what a girl! she's really tragic."

I caught Harry Lothrop's eye, as I passed through the door to go up-stairs; it was burning; I felt as if a hot coal had dropped on me. Maurice ran into the hall and sprang upon the stair-railing to ask me if he might be my escort home. That night he serenaded me. He was a good-hearted, cheerful creature; conceited, as small men are apt to be,—conceit answering for size with them,—but pleasantly so, and I learned to like him as much as Redmond did.

The summer days were passing. We had all sorts of parties,—parties in houses and out-of-doors; we rode and sailed and walked. Laura walked and talked much with Harry Lothrop. We did not often see each other alone, but, when we met, were more serious and affectionate

with each other. We did not speak, except in a general way, of Redmond and Harry Lothrop. I did not avoid Redmond, nor did I seek him. We had many a serious conversation in public, as well as many a gay one; but I had never met him alone since the night we rode through the pines.

He went away for a fortnight. On the day of his return he came to see me. He looked so glad, when I entered the room, that I could not help feeling a wild thrill. I went up to him, but said nothing. He held out both his hands. I retreated. An angry feeling rushed into my heart.

"No," I said. "Whose hand did you hold last?"

He turned deadly pale.

"That of the woman I am going to marry."

I smiled to hide the trembling of my lips, and offered my hand to him; *but he waved it away*, and fell back on his chair, hurriedly drawing his handkerchief across his face. I saw that he was very faint, and stood against the door, waiting for him to recover.

"More than I have played the woman and the fool before you."

"Yes."

"I thought so. You seem experienced."

"I am."

"Forgive me," he said, gently; "being only a man, I think you can. Good God!" he exclaimed, "what an infernal self-possession you show!"

"Redmond, is it not time to end this? The summer has been a long one,—has it not?—long enough for me to have learned what it is to live. Our positions are reversed since we have become acquainted. I am for the first time forgetting self, and you for the first time remembering self. Redmond, you are a noble man. You have a steadfast soul. Do not be shaken. I am not like you; I am not simple or single-hearted. But I imitate you. Now come, I beg you will go."

"Certainly, I will. I have little to say."

August had nearly gone when Maurice told me they were about to leave. Laura said we must prepare for retrospection and the fall sewing.

"Well," I said, "the future looks gloomy, and I must have some new dresses."

Maurice came to see me one morning in a state of excitement to say we were all going to Bird Island to spend the day, dine at the light-house, and sail home by moonlight. Fifteen of the party were going down by the sloop Sapphire, and Redmond had begged him to ask if Laura and I would go in his boat.

"Do go," said Maurice; "it will be our last excursion together; next week we are off. I am broken-hearted about it. I shall never be so happy again. I have actually whimpered once or twice. You should hear Redmond whistle nowadays. Harry pulls his moustache and laughs his oily laughs, but he is sorry to go, and kicks his clothes about awfully. By the way, he is going down in the sloop because Miss Fairfax is going,—he says,—that tall young lady with crinkled hair;—he hates her, and hopes to see her sick. May I come for you in the morning, by ten o'clock? Redmond will be waiting on the wharf."

"Tell Redmond," I answered, "that I will go; and will you ask Harry Lothrop not to engage himself for all the reels to Miss Fairfax?"

He promised to fulfil my message, and went off in high spirits. I wondered, as I saw him going down the walk, why it was that I felt so much more natural and friendly with him than with either of his friends. I often talked confidentially to him; he knew how I loved my mother, and how I admired my father, and I told him all about my brother's business. He also knew what I liked best to eat and to wear. In return, he confided his family secrets to me. I knew his tastes and wishes. There was no common ground where I met Redmond and Harry Lothrop. There were too many topics between Redmond and myself to be avoided, for us to venture upon private or fa-

miliar conversation. Harry Lothrop was an accomplished, fastidious man of the world. I dreaded boring him, and so I said little. He was several years older than Redmond, and possessed more knowledge of men, women, and books. Redmond had no acquirements, he knew enough by nature, and I never saw a person with more fascination of manner and voice.

The evening before the sailing-party, I had a melancholy fit. I was restless, and after dark I put a shawl over my head and went out to walk. I went up a lonesome road, beyond our house. On one side I heard the water washing against the shore with regularity, as if it were breathing. On the other side were meadows, where there were cows crunching the grass. A mile farther was a low wood of oaks, through which ran a path. I determined to walk through that. The darkness and a sharp breeze which blew against me from limitless space made me feel as if I were the only human creature the elements could find to contend with. I turned down the little path into the deeper darkness of the wood, sat down on a heap of dead leaves, and began to cry.

"Mine is a miserable pride," was my thought,—“that of arming myself with beauty and talent and going through the world conquering! Girls are ignorant, till they are disappointed. The only knowledge men proffer us is the knowledge of the heart; it becomes us to profit by it. Redmond will marry that girl. He must, and shall. I will empty the dust and ashes of my heart as soon as the fire goes down: that is, I think so; but I know that I do not know myself. I have two natures,—one that acts, and one that is acted upon,—and I cannot always separate the one from the other.”

Something darkened the opening into the path. Two persons passed in slowly. I perceived the odor of violets, and felt that one of them must be Laura. Waiting till they passed beyond me, I rose and went home.

The next morning was cloudy, and the

sea was rough with a high wind; but we were old sailors, and decided to go on our excursion. The sloop and Redmond's boat left the wharf at the same time. We expected to be several hours beating down to Bird Island, for the wind was ahead. Laura and I, muffled in cloaks, were placed on the thwarts and neglected; for Redmond and Maurice were busy with the boat. Laura was silent, and looked ill. Redmond sat at the helm, and kept the boat up to the wind, which drove the hissing spray over us. The sloop hugged the shore, and did not feel the blast as we did. I slid along my seat to be near Redmond. He saw me coming, and put out his hand and drew me towards him, looking so kindly at me that I was melted. Trying to get at my handkerchief, which was in my dress-pocket, my cloak flew open, the wind caught it, and, as I rose to draw it closer, I nearly fell overboard. Redmond gave a spring to catch me, and the boat lost her headway. The sail flapped with a loud bang. Maurice swore, and we chopped about in the short sea.

"It is your destiny to have a scene, wherever you are," said Laura. "If I did not feel desperate, I should be frightened. But these green, crawling waves are so opaque, if we fall in, we shall not see ourselves drown."

"Courage! the boat is under way," Maurice cried out; "we are nearly there."

And rounding a little point, we saw the light-house at last. The sloop anchored a quarter of a mile from the shore, the water being shoal, and Redmond took off her party by instalments.

"What the deuce was the matter with you at one time?" asked Jack Parker. "We saw you were having a sort of convulsion. Our cap'n said you were bold chaps to be trifling with such a top-heavy boat."

"Miss Denham," said Redmond, "thought she could steer the boat as well as I could, and so the boat lost headway."

Harry Lothrop gave Redmond one of

his soft smiles, and a vexed look passed over Redmond's face when he saw it.

We had to scramble over a low range of rocks to get to the shore. Redmond anchored his boat by one of them. Bird Island was a famous place for parties. It was a mile in extent. Not a creature was on it except the light-house keeper, his wife, and daughter. The gulls made their nests in its rocky borders; their shrill cries, the incessant dashing of the waves on the ledges, and the creaking of the lantern in the stone tower were all the sounds the family heard, except when they were invaded by some noisy party like ours. They were glad to see us. The light-house keeper went into the world only when it was necessary to buy stores, or when his wife and daughter wanted to pay a visit to the mainland.

The house was of stone, one story high, with thick walls. The small, deep-set windows and the low ceilings, gave the rooms the air of a prison; but there was also an air of security about them: for, in looking from the narrow windows, one felt that the house was a steadfast ship in the circle of the turbulent sea, whose waves from every point seemed advancing towards it. A pale, coarse grass grew in the sand of the island. It was too feeble to resist the acrid breath of the ocean, so it shuddered perpetually, and bent landward, as if invoking the protection of its stepmother, the solid earth.

"It is perfect," said Redmond to me; "I have been looking for this spot all my life; I am ready to swear that I will never leave it."

We were sitting in a window, facing each other. He looked out toward the west, and presently was lost in thought. He folded his arms tightly across his breast, and his eyes were a hundred miles away. The sound of a fiddle in the long alley which led from the house to the tower broke his reverie.

"We shall be uproarious before we leave," I said; "we always are, when we come here."

The fun had already set in. Some of

the girls had pinned up their dresses, and borrowed aprons from the light-house keeper's wife, and with scorched faces were helping her to make chowder and fry fish. Others were arranging the table, assisted by the young men, who put the dishes in the wrong places. Others were singing in the best room. One or two had brought novels along, and were reading them in corners. It was all merry and pleasant, but I felt quiet. Redmond entered into the spirit of the scene. I had never seen him so gay. He chatted with all the girls, interfering or helping, as the case might be. Maurice brought his guitar, and had a group about him at the foot of the tower-stairs. He sung loud, but his voice seemed to fluctuate;—now it rang through the tower, now it was half overpowered by the roar of the sea. His poetical temperament led him to choose songs in harmony with the place, not to suit the company,—melancholy words set to wild, fitful chords, which rose and died away according to the skill of the player. I had gone near him, for his singing had attracted me.

"You are inspired," I said.

He nodded.

"You never sung so before."

"I feel old to-day," he answered, and he swept his hands across all the strings; "my ditties are done."

After dinner Laura asked me to go out with her. We slipped away unseen, and went to the beach, and seated ourselves on a great rock whose outer side was lapped by the water. The sun had broken through the clouds, but shone luridly, giving the sea a leaden tint. The wind was going down. We had not been there long, when Redmond joined us. He asked us to go round the island in his boat. Laura declined, and said she would sit on the rock while we went, if I chose to go. I did choose to go, and he brought the boat to the rock. He hoisted the sail half up the mast, and we sailed close to the shore. It rose gradually along the east side of the island, and terminated in a bold ledge which curved into the sea. We ran inside the curve, where the water

was nearly smooth. Redmond lowered the sail and the boat drifted toward the ledge slowly. A tongue of land, covered with pale sedge, was on the left side. Above the ledge, at the right, we could see the tower of the light-house. Redmond tied down the helm, and, throwing himself beside me, leaned his head on his hand, and looked at me a long time without speaking. I listened to the water, which plashed faintly against the bows. He covered his face with his hands. I looked out seaward over the tongue of land; my heart quaked, like the grass which grew upon it. At last he rose, and I saw that he was crying,—the tears rained fast.

"My soul is dying," he said, in a stifled voice; "I am not more than mortal,—I cannot endure it."

I pointed toward the open sea, which loomed so vague in the distance.

"The future is like that,—is it not? Courage! we must drift through it; we shall find something."

He stamped his foot on the deck.

"Women always talk so; but men are different. If there is a veil before us, we must tear it away,—not sit muffled in its folds, and speculate on what is behind it. Rise."

I obeyed him. He held me firmly. We were face to face.

"Look at me."

I did. His eyes were blazing.

"Do you love me?"

"No."

He placed me on the bench, hoisted the sail, untied the helm, and we were soon ploughing round to the spot where we had left Laura; but she was gone. On the rock where she was, perched a solitary gull, which flew away with a scream as we approached.

That day was the last that I saw Redmond alone. He was at the party at Laura's house which took place the night before they left. We did not bid each other adieu.

After the three friends had gone, they sent us gifts of remembrance. Redmond's keepsake was a white fan with forget-me-

nots painted on it. To Laura he sent the pen-holder, which was now mine.

We missed them, and should have felt their loss, had no deep feeling been involved; for they gave an impetus to our dull country life, and the whole summer had been one of excitement and pleasure. We settled by degrees into our old habits. At Christmas, Frank came. He looked worried and older. He had heard something of Laura's intimacy with Harry Lothrop, and was troubled about it, I know: but I believe Laura was silent on the matter. She was quiet and affectionate toward him during his visit, and he went back consoled.

The winter passed. Spring came and went, and we were deep into the summer when Laura was taken ill. She had had a little cough, which no one except her mother noticed. Her spirits fell, and she failed fast. When I saw her last, she had been ill some weeks, and had never felt strong enough to talk as much as she did in that interview. She nerved herself to make the effort, and as she bade me farewell, bade farewell to life also. And now it was all over with her!

I fell asleep at length, and woke late. It seemed as if a year had dropped out of the procession of Time. My heart was still beating with the emotion which stirred it when Redmond and I were together last. Recollection had stung me to the quick. A terrible longing urged me to go and find him. The feeling I had when we were in the boat, face to face, thrilled my fibres again. I saw his gleaming eyes; I could have rushed through the air to meet him. But, alas! exaltation of feeling lasts only a moment; it drops us where it finds us. If it were not so, how easy to be a hero! The dull reaction of the present, like a slow avalanche, crushed and ground me into nothingness.

"Something must happen at last," I thought, "to amuse me, and make time endurable."

What can a woman do, when she knows that an epoch of feeling is rounded off,

finished, dead? Go back to her story-books, her dress-making, her worsted-work? Shall she attempt to rise to mediocrity on the piano or in drawing, distribute tracts, become secretary of a Dorcas society? or shall she turn her mind to the matter of cultivating another lover at once? Few of us women have courage enough to shoulder out the corpses of what men leave in our hearts. We keep them there, and conceal the ruins in which they lie. We grow cunning and artful in our tricks, the longer we practise them. But how we palpitate and shrink and shudder, when we are alone in the dark!

After Redmond departed, I had locked up my feelings and thrown the key away. The death of Laura, and the awakening of my recollections, caused by the appearance of Harry Lothrop, wrenched the door open. Hitherto I had acted with the bravery of a girl; I must now behave with the resolution of a woman. I looked into my heart closely. No skeleton was there, but the image of a living man, — *Redmond*.

"I love him," I confessed. "To be his wife and the mother of his children is the only lot I ever care to choose. He is noble, handsome, and loyal. But I cannot belong to him, nor can he ever be mine.

'Of love that never found his earthly close
What sequel?'

What did he do with the remembrance of me? He scattered it, perhaps, with the ashes of the first cigar he smoked after he went from me,—made a mound of it, maybe, in honor of Duty. I am as ignorant of him as if he no longer existed; so this image must be torn away. I will not burn the lamp of life before it, but will build up the niche where it stands into a solid wall."

The ideal happiness of love is so sweet and powerful, that, for a while, adverse influences only exalt the imagination. When Laura told me of Redmond's engagement, it did but change my dream of what might be into what might have been. It was a mirage which continued while he

was present and faded with his departure. Then my heart was locked in the depths of will, till circumstance brought it a power of revenge. I think now, if we had spoken freely and truly to each other, I should have suffered less when I saw his friend. We feel better when the funeral of our dearest friend is over and we have returned to the house. There is to be no more preparation, no waiting; the windows may be opened, and the doors set wide; the very dreariness and desolation force our attention towards the living.

"Something will come," I thought; and I determined not to have any more reveries. "Mr. Harry Lothrop is a pleasant riddle; I shall see him soon, or he will write."

It occurred to me then that I had some letters of his already in my possession,—those he had written to Laura. I found the ebony box, and, taking from it the sealed package, unfolded the letters one by one, reading them according to their dates. There was a note among them for me, from Laura.

"When you read these letters, Margaret," it said, "you will see that I must have studied the writer of them in vain. You know now that he made me unhappy; not that I was in love with him much, but he stirred depths of feeling which I had no knowledge of, and which between Frank, my betrothed husband, and myself had no existence. But '*le roi s'amuse*.' Perhaps a strong passion will master this man; but I shall never know. Will you?"

I laid the letters back in their place, and felt no very strong desire to learn anything more of the writer. I did not know then how little trouble it would be,—my share of making the acquaintance.

It was not many weeks before Mr. Lothrop came again, and rather ostentatiously, so that everybody knew of his visit to me. But he saw none of the friends he had made during his stay the year before. I happened to see him com-

ing, and went to the door to meet him. Almost his first words were,—

"Maurice is dead. He went to Florida,—took the fever,—which killed him, of course. He died only a week after—after Laura. Poor fellow! did he interest you much? I believe he was in love with you, too; but musical people are never desperate, except when they play a false note."

"Yes," I answered; "I was fond of him. His conceit did not trouble me, and he never fatigued me; he had nothing to conceal. He was a commonplace man; one liked him, when with him,—and when away, one had no thought about him."

"I alone am left you," said my visitor, putting his hat on a chair, and slowly pulling off his gloves, finger by finger.

He had slender, white hands, like a woman's, and they were always in motion. After he had thrown his gloves into his hat, he put his finger against his cheek, leaned his elbow on the arm of his chair, crossed his legs, and looked at me with a cunning self-possession. I glanced at his feet; they were small and well-booted. I looked into his face; it was not a handsome one; but he had magnetic eyes, of a lightish blue, and a clever, loose mouth. It is impossible to describe him,—just as impossible as it is for a man who was born a boor to attain the bearing of a gentleman; any attempt at it would prove a bungling matter, when compared with the original. He felt my scrutiny, and knew, too, that I had never looked at him till then.

"Do you sing nowadays?" he asked, tapping with his fingers the keys of the piano behind him.

"Psalms."

"They suit you admirably; but I perceive you attend to your dress still. How effective those velvet bands are! You look older than you did two years ago."

"Two years are enough to age a woman."

"Yes, if she is miserable. Can you be unhappy?" he asked, rising, and taking a seat beside me.

There was a tone of sympathy in his voice which made me shudder, I knew not why. It was neither aversion nor liking; but I dreaded to be thrown into any tumult of feeling. I realized afterward more fully that it is next to impossible for a passionate woman to receive the sincere addresses of a manly man without feeling some fluctuation of soul. Ignorant spectators call her a coquette for this. Happily, there are teachers among our own sex, women of cold temperaments, able to vindicate themselves from the imputation. They spare themselves great waste of heart and some generous emotion,—also remorse and self-accusations regarding the want of propriety, and the other ingredients which go to make up a white-muslin heroine.

Harry Lothrop saw that my cheek was burning, and made a movement toward me. I tossed my head back, and moved down the sofa; he did not follow me, but smiled and mused in his old way.

And so it went on,—not once, but many times. He wrote me quiet, persuasive, eloquent letters. By degrees I learned his own history and that of his family, his prospects and his intentions. He was rich. I knew well what position I should have, if I were his wife. My beauty would be splendidly set. I was well enough off, but not rich enough to harmonize all things according to my taste. I was proud, and he was refined; if we were married, what better promise of delicacy could be given than that of pride in a woman, refinement in a man? He brought me flowers or books, when he came. The flowers were not delicate and inodorous, but magnificent and deep-scented; and the material of the books was stalwart and vigorous. I read his favorite authors with him. He was the first person who ever made any appeal to my intellect. In short, he was educating me for a purpose.

Once he offered me a diamond cross. I refused it, and he never asked me to accept any gift again. His visits were not frequent, and they were short. However great the distance he accomplished

to reach me, he staid only an evening, and then returned. He came and went at night. In time I grew to look upon our connection as an established thing. He made me understand that he loved me, and that he only waited for me to return it; but he did not say so.

I lived an idle life, inhaling the perfume of the flowers he gave me, devouring old literature, the taste for which he had created, and reading and answering his letters. To be sure, other duties were fulfilled. I was an affectionate child to my parents, and a proper acquaintance for my friends. I never lost any sleep now, nor was I troubled with dreams. I lived in the outward; all my restless activity, that constant questioning of the heavens and the earth, had ceased entirely. Five years had passed since I first saw Redmond. I was now twenty-four. The Fates grew tired of the monotony of my life, I suppose, for about this time it changed.

My oldest brother, a bachelor, lived in New York. He asked me to spend the winter with him; he lived in a quiet hotel, had a suite of rooms, and could make me comfortable, he said. He had just asked somebody to marry him, and that somebody wished to make my acquaintance. I was glad to go. My heart gave a bound at the prospect of change; I was still young enough to dream of the impossible, when any chance offered itself to my imagination; so I accepted my brother's invitation with some elation.

I had been in New York a month. One day I was out with my future sister, on a shopping raid; with our hands full of little paper parcels, we stopped to look into Goupil's window. There was always a rim of crowd there, so I paid no attention to the jostles we received. We were looking at an engraving of Ary Scheffer's *Françoise de Rimini*. "Not the worst hell," muttered a voice behind me, which I knew. I started, and pulled Leonora's arm; she turned round, and the fringe of her cloak-sleeve caught a button on the overcoat of one of the gentlemen standing together. It was Redmond; the

other was his "ancient," Harry Lothrop. Leonora was arrested; I stood still, of course. Redmond had not seen my face, for I turned it from him; and his head was bent down to the task of disengaging his button.

"Each only as God wills

Can work; God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first,"

I thought, and turned my head. He instinctively took off his hat, and then planted it back on his head firmly, and looked over to Harry Lothrop, to whom I gave my hand. He knew me before I saw him, I am convinced; but his dramatic sense kept him silent,—perhaps a deeper feeling. There was an expression of pain in his face, which impelled me to take his arm.

"Let us move on, Leonora," I said; "these are some summer friends of mine," and I introduced them to her.

My chief feeling was embarrassment, which was shared by all the party; for Leonora felt that there was something unusual in the meeting. The door of the hotel seemed to come round at last, and as we were going in, Harry Lothrop asked me if he might see me the next morning.

"Do come," I answered aloud.

We all bowed, and they disappeared.

"What an elegant Indian your tall friend is!" said Leonora.

"Yes,—of the Camanche tribe."

"But he would look better hanging from his horse's mane than he does in a long coat."

"He is spoiled by civilization and white parents. But, Leonora, stay and dine with me, in my own room. John will not come home till it is time for the opera. You know we are going. You must make me splendid; you can torture me into style, I know."

She consented, provided I would send a note to her mother, explaining that it was my invitation, and not her old John's, as she irreverently called him. I did so, and she was delighted to stay.

"This is fast," she said; "can't we have Champagne and black coffee?"

She fell to rummaging John's closets, and brought out a dusty, Chinese-looking affair, which she put on for a dressing-gown. She found some Chinese straw shoes, and tucked her little feet into them, and then braided her hair in a long tail, and declared she was ready for dinner. Her gayety was refreshing, and I did not wonder at John's admiration. My spirits rose, too, and I astonished Leonora at the table with my chat; she had never seen me except when quiet. I fell into one of those unselfish, unasking moods which are the glory of youth: I felt that the pure heaven of love was in the depths of my being; my soul shone like a star in its atmosphere; my heart throbbed, and I cried softly to it,—"Live! live! he is here!" I still chatted with Leonora and made her laugh, and the child for the first time thoroughly liked me. We were finishing our dessert, when we heard John's knock. We allowed him to come in for a moment, and gave him some almonds, which he leisurely cracked and ate.

"Somehow, Margaret," he said, "you remind me of those women who enjoy the Indian festival of the funeral pile. I have seen the thing done; you have something of the sort in your mind; be sure to immolate yourself handsomely. Women are the deuse."

"Finish your almonds, John," I said, "and go away; we must dress."

He put his hand on my arm, and whispered,—

"Smother that light in your eyes, my girl; it is dangerous. And you have lived under your mother's eye all your life! You see what I have done,"—indicating Leonora with his eyebrows,—
"taken a baby on my hands."

"John, John!" I inwardly ejaculated, "you are an idiot."

"She shall never suffer what you suffer; she shall have the benefit of the experience which other women have given me."

"Very likely," I answered; "I know we often serve you as pioneers merely."

He gave a sad nod, and I closed the door upon him.

"Put these pins into my hair, Leonora,

and tell me, how do you like my new dress?"

"Paris!" she cried.

It was a dove-colored silk with a black velvet stripe through it. I showed her a shawl which John had given me,—a pale-yellow gauzy fabric with a gold-thread border,—and told her to make me up. She produced quite a marvellous effect; for this baby understood the art of dress to perfection. She made my hair into a loose mass, rolling it away from my face; yet it was firmly fastened. Then she shook out the shawl, and wrapped me in it, so that my head seemed to be emerging from a pale-tinted cloud. John said I looked outlandish, but Leonora thought otherwise. She begged him for some Indian perfume, and he found an aromatic powder, which she sprinkled inside my gloves and over my shawl.

We found the opera-house crowded. Our seats were near the stage. John sat behind us, so that he might slip out into the lobby occasionally; for the opera was a bore to him. The second act was over; John had left his seat; I was opening and shutting my fan, mechanically, half lost in thought, when Leonora, who had been looking at the house with her lorgnette, turned and said,—

"Is not that your friend of this morning, on the other side, in the second row, leaning against the third pillar? There is a queenish-looking old lady with him. He hasn't spoken to her for a long time, and she continually looks up at him."

I took her glass, and discovered Redmond. He looked back at me through another; I made a slight motion with my handkerchief; he dropped his glass into the lap of the lady next him and darted out, and in a moment he was behind me in John's seat.

"Who is with you?" he asked.

"Brother," I answered.

"You intoxicate me with some strange perfume; don't fan it this way."

I quietly passed the fan to Leonora, who now looked back and spoke to him. He talked with her a moment, and then she discreetly resumed her lorgnette.

"What happened for two years after I left B.? The last year I know something of."

"Breakfast, dinner, and tea; the ebb and flow of the tide; and the days of the week."

"Nothing more?" And his voice came nearer.

"A few trifles."

"They are under lock and key, I suppose?"

"We do not carry relics about with us."

"There is the conductor; I must go. Turn your face toward me more."

I obeyed him, and our eyes met. His searching gaze made me shiver.

"I have been married," he said, and his eyes were unflinching, "and my wife is dead."

All the lights went down, I thought; I struck out my arm to find Leonora, who caught it and pressed it down.

"I must get out," I said; and I walked up the alley to the door without stumbling.

I knew that I was fainting or dying; as I had never fainted, I did not know which. Redmond carried me through the cloak-room and put me on a sofa.

"I never can speak to him again," I thought, and then I lost sight of them all.

A terribly sharp pain through my heart roused me, and I was in a violent chill. They had thrown water over my face; my hair was matted, and the water was dripping from it on my naked shoulders. The gloves had been ripped from my hands, and Leonora was wringing my handkerchief.

"The heat made you faint, dear," she said.

John was walking up and down the room with a phlegmatic countenance, but he was fuming.

"My new dress is ruined, John," I said.

"Hang the dress! How do you feel now?"

"It is drowned; and I feel better; shall we go home?"

He went out to order the carriage, and Leonora whispered to me that she had forgotten Redmond's name.

"No matter," I answered. I could not have spoken it then.

When John came, Leonora beckoned to Redmond to introduce himself. John shook hands with him, gave him an intent look, and told us the carriage was ready. Redmond followed us, and took leave of us at the carriage-door.

Leonora begged me to stay at her house; I refused, for I wished to be alone. John deposited her with her mother, and we drove home. He gave me one of his infallible medicines, and told me not to get up in the morning. But when morning came, I remembered Harry Lothrop was coming, and made myself ready for him. As human nature is not quite perfect, I felt unhappy about him, and rather fond of him, and thought he possessed some admirable qualities. I never could read the old poets any more without a pang, unless he were with me, directing my eye along their pages with his long white finger! I never should smell tuberoses again without feeling faint, unless they were his gift!

By the time he came I was in a state of romantic regret, and in that state many a woman has answered, "Yes!" He asked me abruptly if I thought it would be folly in him to ask me to marry him. The question turned the tide.

"No," I answered,— "not folly; for I have thought many times in the last two years, that I should marry you, if you said I must. But now I believe that it is not best. You have pursued me patiently; your self-love made the conquest of me a necessary pleasure. That was well enough for me; for you made me feel all the while, that, if I loved you, you were worth possessing. And you are. I like you. But my feeling for you did not prevent my fainting away at the opera-house last night, when Redmond told me that his wife was dead."

"So," he said, "the long-smothered fire has broken out again! Chance does not befriend me. He saw you last night, and yielded. He said yesterday he should not tell you. He asked me about you after we left you, and wished to know if I

had seen you much for the last year. I offered him your last letter to read,—am I not generous?—but he refused it.

“‘When I see her,’ he asked, ‘am I at liberty to say what I choose?’”

“On that I could have said, ‘No.’ Redmond and I have not seen each other since the period of my first visit to you. He has been nursing his wife in the mean time, taking journeys with her, and trying all sorts of cures; and now he seems tied to his aunt and mother-in-law. He was merely passing through the city with her, and this morning they have gone again.—Well,” after a pause, “there is no need of words between us. I have in my possession a part of you. Beautiful women are like flowers which open their leaves wide enough for their perfume to attract wandering bees; the perfume is wasted, though the honey may be hid.”

“Alas, what a lesson this man is giving me!” I thought.

“Farewell, then,” he said. He bit his lips, and his clenched hands trembled; but he mastered his emotion. “You must think of me.”

“And see you, too,” I answered. “Everything comes round again, if we live long enough. Dramatic unities are never preserved in life; if they were, how poetical would all these things be! But Time whirls us round, showing us our many-sided feelings as carelessly as a child rattles the bits of glass in his kaleidoscope.”

“So be it!” he replied. “Adieu!”

That afternoon I staid at home, and put John’s room in order, and cleaned the dust from his Indian idols, and was extremely busy till he came in. Then I kissed his whiskers, and told him all my sins, and cried once or twice during my confession. He petted me a good deal, and made me eat twice as much dinner as I wanted; he said it was good for me, and I obeyed him, for I felt uncommonly meek that day.

Soon after, Redmond sent me a long letter. He said he had been, from a boy, under an obligation to his aunt, the mother of his wife. It was a common story,

and he would not trouble me with it. He was married soon after Harry Lothrop’s first visit to me, at the time they had received the news of Laura’s death. How much he had thought of Laura afterward, while he was watching the fading away of his pale blossom! His aunt had been ill since the death of her daughter, restless, and discontented with every change. He hoped she was now settled among some old friends with whom she might find consolation. In conclusion, he wrote,—“My aunt noticed our hasty exit from the opera-house that night, when I was brute enough to nearly kill you. I told her that I loved you. She now feels, after a struggle, that she must let me go. ‘Old women have no rights,’ she said to me yesterday. Margaret, may I come, and never leave you again?”

My answer may be guessed, for one day he arrived. It was the dusk of a cheery winter day, the time when home wears so bright a look to those who seek it. It was an hour before dinner, and I was waiting for John to come in. The amber evening sky gleamed before the windows, and the fire made a red core of light in the room. John’s sandal-wood boxes gave out strange odors in the heat, and the pattern of the Persian rug was just visible. A servant came to the door with a card. I held it to the grate, and the fire lit up his name.

“Show him up-stairs,” I said.

I stood in the doorway, and heard his step on every stair. When he came, I took him by the hand, and drew him into the room. He was speechless.

“Oh, Redmond, I love you! How long you were away!”

He kneeled by me, and put my arms round his neck, and we kissed each other with the first, best kiss of passion.

John came in, and I reached out my hand to him and said, “This is my husband.”

“That’s comfortable,” he answered.

“Won’t you stay to dinner?”

“Oh, yes,” replied Redmond; “this is my hotel.”

“I see,” said John.

But after dinner they had a long talk together. John sent me to my room, and I was glad to go. I walked up and down, crying, I must say, most of the time, asking forgiveness of myself for my faults, and remembering Laura and Maurice,—and then thinking Redmond was mine, with a contraction of the heart which threatened to stifle me.

John took us up to Leonora's that evening; he said he wanted to see if Puss would be tantalized with the sight of such a beautiful romantic couple just from fairy-land, who were now prepared "to live in peace."

We were married the next day in a church in a by-street. John was the only witness, and flourished a large silk handkerchief, so that it had the effect of a triumphal banner. Redmond put the ring

on the wrong finger,—a mistake which the minister kindly rectified. All I had new for the occasion was a pair of gloves.

One morning after my marriage, when Redmond and John were smoking together, I was turning over some boxes, for I was packing to go home on a visit to our mother. I called Redmond to leave his pipe and come to me.

"You have not seen any of my property. Look, here it is:—

"One bitten handkerchief.

"A fan never used.

"A gold pen-holder.

"A draggled shawl."

"Margaret," he said, taking my chin in his hand and bringing his eyes close to mine, "I am wild with happiness."

"Your pipe has gone out," we heard John say.

THE PLAYMATE.

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years ;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow ;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
She smooths her silken gown, —
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems, —
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice :
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine ?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours, —
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers ?

O playmate in the golden time !
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea, —
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !

THE MAROONS OF SURINAM.

WHEN that eccentric individual, Captain John Gabriel Stedman, resigned his commission in the English navy, took the oath of abjuration, and was appointed ensign in the Scots brigade employed for two centuries by Holland, he little knew that "their High Mightinesses the States of the United Provinces" would send him out, within a year, to the forests of Guiana, to subdue rebel negroes. He never imagined that the year 1773 would behold him beneath the rainy season in a tropical country, wading through marshes and splashing through lakes, exploring with his feet for submerged paths, commanding impracticable troops and commanded by an insufferable colonel, feeding on greegree worms and fed upon by mosquitoes, howled at by jaguars, hissed at by serpents, and shot at by those exceedingly unattainable gentlemen, "still longed for, never seen," the Maroons of Surinam.

Yet, as our young ensign sailed up the Surinam river, the world of tropic beauty came upon him with enchantment. Dark, moist verdure was close around him, rippling waters below; the tall trees of the jungle and the low mangroves beneath were all hung with long vines and lianas, a maze of cordage, like a fleet at anchor; odd monkeys travelled ceaselessly up and down these airy paths, in armies, bearing their young, like knapsacks, on their backs; macaws and humming-birds, winged jewels, flew from tree to tree. As they neared Paramaribo, the river became a smooth canal among luxuriant plantations, the air was perfumed music, redolent of orange-blossoms and echoing with the songs of birds and the sweet plash of oars; gay barges came forth to meet them; "while groups of naked boys and girls were promiscuously playing and flouncing, like so many tritons and mermaids, in the water." And when the troops disembarked,—five hundred fine young men, the oldest not thirty, all arrayed in new uniforms and bearing orange-

flowers in their caps, a bridal wreath for beautiful Guiana,—it is no wonder that the Creole ladies were in ecstasy, and the boyish recruits little foresaw the day, when, reduced to a few dozens, barefooted and ragged as filibusters, their last survivors would gladly reëmbark from a country beside which even Holland looked dry and even Scotland comfortable.

For over all that earthly paradise there brooded not alone its terrible malaria, its days of fever and its nights of deadly chill, but the worse shadows of oppression and of sin, which neither day nor night could banish. The first object which met Stedman's eye, as he stepped on shore, was the figure of a young girl stripped to receive two hundred lashes, and chained to a hundred-pound-weight. And the few first days gave a glimpse into a state of society worthy of this exhibition,—men without mercy, women without modesty, the black man a slave to the white man's passions, and the white man a slave to his own. The present West Indian society in its worst forms is probably a mere dilution of the utter profligacy of those days. Greek or Roman decline produced nothing more debilitating or destructive than the ordinary life of a Surinam planter, and his one virtue of hospitality only led to more unbridled excesses and completed the work of vice. No wonder that Stedman himself, who, with all his peculiarities, was essentially simple and manly, soon became disgusted, and made haste to get into the woods and cultivate the society of the Maroons.

The rebels against whom this expedition was sent were not the original Maroons of Surinam, but a later generation. The originals had long since established their independence, and their leaders were flourishing their honorary silver-mounted canes in the streets of Paramaribo. Fugitive negroes had begun to establish themselves in the woods from the time when the colony was finally ceded by

the English to the Dutch, in 1674. The first open outbreak occurred in 1726, when the plantations on the Seramica river revolted; it was found impossible to subdue them, and the government very imprudently resolved to make an example of eleven captives, and thus terrify the rest of the rebels. They were tortured to death, eight of the eleven being women; this drove the others to madness, and plantation after plantation was visited with fire and sword. After a long conflict, their chief, Adoe, was induced to make a treaty, in 1749. The rebels promised to keep the peace, and in turn were promised freedom, money, tools, clothes, and, finally, arms and ammunition.

But no permanent peace was ever made upon a barrel of gunpowder as a basis, and of course an explosion followed this one. The colonists naturally evaded the last item of the bargain, and the rebels, receiving the gifts and remarking the omission of the part of Hamlet, asked contemptuously if the Europeans expected negroes to subsist on combs and looking-glasses? New hostilities at once began; a new body of slaves on the Ouca river revolted; the colonial government was changed in consequence, and fresh troops shipped from Holland; and after four different embassies had been sent into the woods, the rebels began to listen to reason. The black generals, Captain Araby and Captain Boston, agreed upon a truce for a year, during which the colonial government might decide for peace or war, the Maroons declaring themselves indifferent. Finally the government chose peace, delivered ammunition, and made a treaty, in 1761; the white and black plenipotentiaries exchanged English oaths and then negro oaths, each tasting a drop of the other's blood during the latter ceremony, amid a volley of remarkable incantations from the black *gadoman* or priest. After some final skirmishes, in which the rebels almost always triumphed, the treaty was at length accepted by all the various villages of Maroons. Had they known that at this very time five thousand slaves

in Berbice were just rising against their masters and were looking to them for assistance, the result might have been different; but this fact had not reached them, nor had the rumors of insurrection in Brazil, among negro and Indian slaves. They consented, therefore, to the peace. "They write from Surinam," says the "Annual Register" for January 23, 1761, "that the Dutch governor, finding himself unable to subdue the rebel negroes of that country by force, hath wisely followed the example of Governor Trelawney at Jamaica, and concluded an amicable treaty with them; in consequence of which, all the negroes of the woods are acknowledged to be free, and all that is past is buried in oblivion." So ended a war of thirty-six years, and in Stedman's day the original three thousand Ouca and Seramica Maroons had multiplied (almost incredibly) to fifteen thousand.

But for the slaves not sharing in this revolt it was not so easy to "bury the whole past in oblivion." The Maroons had told some very plain truths to the white ambassadors, and had frankly advised them, if they wished for peace, to mend their own manners and treat their slaves humanely. But the planters learned nothing by experience,—and indeed, the terrible narrations of Stedman were confirmed by those of Alexander, so lately as 1831. Of course, therefore, in a colony comprising eighty thousand blacks to four thousand whites, other revolts were stimulated by the success of this one. They reached their highest point in 1772, when an insurrection on the Cottica river, led by a negro named Baron, almost gave the finishing blow to the colony; the only adequate protection being found in a body of slaves liberated expressly for that purpose,—a dangerous and humiliating precedent. "We have been obliged to set three or four hundred of our stoutest negroes free to defend us," says an honest letter from Surinam in the "Annual Register" for September 5, 1772. Fortunately for the safety of the planters, Baron presumed too much upon his numbers, and injudiciously built a camp too

near the sea-coast, in a marshy fastness, from which he was finally ejected by twelve hundred Dutch troops, though the chief work was done, Stedman thinks, by the "black rangers" or liberated slaves. Checked by this defeat, he again drew back into the forests, resuming his guerrilla warfare against the plantations. Nothing could dislodge him; bloodhounds were proposed, but the moisture of the country made them useless; and thus matters stood when Stedman came sailing, amid orange-blossoms and music, up the winding Surinam.

Our young officer went into the woods in the condition of Falstaff, "heinously unprovided." Coming from the unbounded luxury of the plantations, he found himself entering "the most horrid and impenetrable forests, where no kind of refreshment was to be had,"—he being provisioned only with salt pork and peas. After a wail of sorrow for this inhuman neglect, he bursts into a gush of gratitude for the private generosity which relieved his wants at the last moment by the following list of supplies:—"24 bottles best claret, 12 ditto Madeira, 12 ditto porter, 12 ditto cider, 12 ditto rum, 2 large loaves white sugar, 2 gallons brandy, 6 bottles muscadell, 2 gallons lemon-juice, 2 gallons ground coffee, 2 large Westphalia hams, 2 salted bullocks' tongues, 1 bottle Durham mustard, 6 dozen spermaceti candles." The hams and tongues seem, indeed, rather a poor halfpennyworth to this intolerable deal of sack; but this instance of Surinam privation in those days may open some glimpse at the colonial standards of comfort. "From this specimen," moralizes our hero, "the reader will easily perceive, that, if some of the inhabitants of Surinam show themselves the disgrace of the creation by their cruelties and brutality, others, by their social feelings, approve themselves an ornament to the human species. With this instance of virtue and generosity I therefore conclude this chapter."

But the troops soon had to undergo worse troubles than those of the *commis-*

sariat. The rainy season had just set in. "As for the negroes," said Mr. Klynhaus, the last planter with whom they parted, "you may depend on never seeing a soul of them, unless they attack you off guard; but the climate, the climate, will murder you all." Bringing with them constitutions already impaired by the fevers and dissipation of Paramaribo, the poor boys began to perish long before they began to fight. Wading in water all day, hanging their hammocks over water at night, it seemed a moist existence, even compared with the climate of England and the soil of Holland. It was "Invent a shovel and be a magistrate," even more than Andrew Marvell found it in the United Provinces. In fact, Raynal evidently thinks that nothing but Dutch experience in hydraulics could ever have cultivated Surinam.

The two gun-boats which held one division of the expedition were merely old sugar-barges, roofed over with boards, and looking like coffins. They were pleasantly named the "Charon" and the "Cerberus," but Stedman thought that the "Sudden Death" and the "Wilful Murder" would have been titles more appropriate. The chief duty of the troops consisted in lying at anchor at the intersections of wooded streams, waiting for rebels who never came. It was dismal work, and the raw recruits were full of the same imaginary terrors which have haunted other heroes less severely tested: the monkeys never rattled the cocoa-nuts against the trees, but they all heard the axes of Maroon wood-choppers; and when a sentinel declared, one night, that he had seen a negro go down the river in a canoe, with his pipe lighted, the whole force was called to arms—against a firefly. In fact, the insect race brought by far the most substantial dangers. The rebels eluded the military, but the chigres, locusts, scorpions, and bush-spiders were ever ready to come half-way to meet them; likewise serpents and alligators proffered them the freedom of the forests and exhibited a hospitality almost excessive. Snakes twenty feet long hung their se-

ductive length from the trees; jaguars volunteered their society through almost impenetrable marshes; vampire bats perched by night with lulling endearments upon their toes. When Stedman describes himself as killing thirty-eight mosquitoes at one stroke, we must perhaps pardon something to the spirit of martyrdom. But when we add to these the other woes of his catalogue,—prickly-heat, ring-worm, putrid-fever, “the growling of Colonel Fougéaud, dry, sandy savannas, unfordable marshes, burning hot days, cold and damp nights, heavy rains, and short allowance,”—we can hardly wonder that three captains died in a month, and that in two months his detachment of forty-two was reduced to a miserable seven.

Yet, through all this, Stedman himself kept his health. His theory of the matter almost recalls the time-honored prescription of “A light heart and a thin pair of breeches,” for he attributes his good condition to his keeping up his spirits and kicking off his shoes. Daily bathing in the river had also something to do with it,—and, indeed, hydropathy (this may not be generally known) was first learned of the West India Maroons, who did their “packing” in wet clay,—and it was carried by Dr. Wright to England. But his extraordinary personal qualities must have contributed most to his preservation. Never did a “meagre, starved, black, burnt, and ragged tatterdemalion,” as he calls himself, carry about him such a fund of sentiment, philosophy, poetry, and art. He had a great faculty for sketching, as the engravings in his volumes, with all their odd peculiarities, show; his deepest woes he coined always into couplets, and fortified himself against hopeless despair with Ovid and Valerius Flaccus, Pope’s “Homer” and Thomson’s “Seasons.” Above all reigned his passion for natural history, a ready balm for every ill. Here he was never wanting to the occasion, and, to do justice to Dutch Guiana, the occasion never was wanting to him. Were his men sickening, the peccaries were always healthy

without, and the cockroaches within the camp; just escaping from a she-jaguar, he satisfies himself, ere he flees, that the print of her claws on the sand is precisely the size of a pewter dinner-plate; bitten by a scorpion, he makes sure of his scientific description in case he should expire of the bite; is the water undrinkable, there is at least some rational interest in the number of legs possessed by the centipedes which preoccupy it. This is the highest triumph of man over his accidents, when he thus turns his pains to gains, and becomes an entomologist in the tropics.

Meanwhile the rebels kept their own course in the forests, and occasionally descended upon plantations beside the very river on whose upper waters the useless troops were sickening and dying. Stedman himself made several campaigns, with long intervals of illness, before he came any nearer to the enemy than to burn a deserted village or destroy a rice-field. Sometimes they left the Charon and the Cerberus moored by grape-vines to the pine-trees, and made expeditions into the woods single file. Our ensign, true to himself, gives the minutest schedule of the order of march, and the oddest little diagram of manikins with cocked hats, and blacker manikins bearing burdens. First, negroes with bill-hooks to clear the way; then the van-guard; then the main body, interspersed with negroes bearing boxes of ball-cartridges; then the rear-guard, with many more negroes, bearing camp-equipage, provisions, and new rum, surnamed “kill-devil,” and appropriately followed by a sort of palanquin for the disabled. Thus arrayed, they marched valorously forth into the woods, to some given point; then they turned, marched back to the boats, then rowed back to camp, and straightway went into the hospital. Immediately upon this, the coast being clear, Baron and his rebels marched out again and proceeded to business.

In the course of years, these Maroons had acquired their own peculiar tactics. They built stockaded fortresses on marshy

islands, accessible by fords which they alone could traverse. These they defended further by sharp wooden pins, or crows'-feet, concealed beneath the surface of the miry ground,—and, latterly, by the more substantial protection of cannon, which they dragged into the woods, and learned to use. Their bush-fighting was unique. Having always more men than weapons, they arranged their warriors in threes,—one to use the musket, another to take his place, if wounded or slain, and a third to drag away the body. They had Indian stealthiness and swiftness, with more than Indian discipline; discharged their fire with some approach to regularity, in three successive lines, the signals being given by the captain's horn. They were full of ingenuity: marked their movements for each other by scattered leaves and blazed trees; ran zigzag, to dodge bullets; gave wooden guns to their unarmed men, to frighten the plantation negroes on their guerrilla expeditions; and borrowed the red caps of the black rangers whom they slew, to bewilder the aim of the others. One of them, finding himself close to the muzzle of a ranger's gun, threw up his hand hastily. "What!" he exclaimed, "will you fire on one of your own party?" "God forbid!" cried the ranger, dropping his piece, and was instantly shot through the body by the Maroon, who the next instant had disappeared in the woods.

These rebels were no saints: their worship was obi-worship; the women had not far outgrown the plantation standard of chastity, and the men drank "kill-devil" like their betters. Stedman was struck with the difference between the meaning of the word "good" in rebellious circles and in reputable. "It must, however, be observed that what we Europeans call a good character was by the Africans looked upon as detestable, especially by those born in the woods, whose only crime consisted in avenging the wrongs done to their forefathers." But if martial virtues be virtues, such were theirs. Not a rebel ever turned traitor or informer, ever flinched in battle or under torture,

ever violated a treaty or even a private promise. But it was their power of endurance which was especially astounding; Stedman is never weary of paying tribute to this, or of illustrating it in sickening detail; indeed, the records of the world show nothing to surpass it; "the lifted axe, the agonizing wheel" proved powerless to subdue it; with every limb lopped, every bone broken, the victims yet defied their tormentors, laughed, sang, and died triumphant.

Of course, they repaid these atrocities in kind. If they had not, it would have demonstrated the absurd paradox, that slavery educates higher virtues than freedom. It bewilders all the relations of human responsibility, if we expect the insurrectionary slave to commit no outrages; if slavery have not depraved him, it has done him little harm. If it be the normal tendency of bondage to produce saints like Uncle Tom, let us all offer ourselves at auction immediately. It is Cassy and Dred who are the normal protest of human nature against systems which degrade it. Accordingly, these poor, ignorant Maroons, who had seen their brothers and sisters flogged, burned, mutilated, hanged on iron hooks, broken on the wheel, and had been all the while solemnly assured that this was paternal government, could only repay the paternalism in the same fashion, when they had the power. Stedman saw a negro chained to a red-hot distillery-furnace; he saw disobedient slaves, in repeated instances, punished by the amputation of a leg, and sent to boat-service for the rest of their lives; and of course the rebels borrowed these suggestions. They could bear to watch their captives expire under the lash, for they had previously watched their parents. If the government rangers received twenty-five florins for every rebel right-hand which they brought in, of course they risked their own right-hands in the pursuit. The difference was, that the one brutality was that of a mighty state, and the other was only the retaliation of the victims. And after all, Stedman never ventures to assert that the

imitation equalled the original, or that the Maroons had inflicted nearly so much as they had suffered.

The leaders of the rebels, especially, were men who had each his own story of wrongs to tell. Baron, the most formidable, had been the slave of a Swedish gentleman, who had taught him to read and write, taken him to Europe, promised to manumit him on his return,—and then, breaking his word, sold him to a Jew. Baron refused to work for his new master, was publicly flogged under the gallows, fled to the woods next day, and became the terror of the colony. Joli Cœur, his first captain, was avenging the cruel wrongs of his mother. Bonny, another leader, was born in the woods, his mother having taken refuge there just previously, to escape from his father, who was also his master. Cojo, another, had defended his master against the insurgents until he was obliged by ill usage to take refuge among them; and he still bore upon his wrist, when Stedman saw him, a silver band, with the inscription,—“True to the Europeans.” In dealing with wrongs like these, Mr. Carlyle would have found the despised negroes quite as ready as himself to take the total-abstinence pledge against rose-water.

In his first two months' campaign, Stedman never saw the trace of a Maroon; in the second, he once came upon their trail; in the third, one captive was brought in, two surrendered themselves voluntarily, and a large party was found to have crossed a river within a mile of the camp, ferrying themselves on palm-trunks, according to their fashion. Deep swamps and scorching sands,—toiling through briers all day, and sleeping at night in hammocks suspended over stagnant water, with weapons supported on sticks crossed beneath,—all this was endured for two years and a half, before Stedman personally came in sight of the enemy.

On August 20th, 1775, the troops found themselves at last in the midst of the rebel settlements. These villages and forts bore a variety of expressive names, such as “Hide me, O thou surrounding verd-

ure,” “I shall be taken,” “The woods lament for me,” “Disturb me, if you dare,” “Take a tasting, if you like it,” “Come, try me, if you be men,” “God knows me and none else,” “I shall moulder before I shall be taken.” Some were only plantation-grounds with a few huts, and were easily laid waste; but all were protected more or less by their mere situations. Quagmires surrounded them, covered by a thin crust of verdure, sometimes broken through by one man's weight, when the victim sank hopelessly into the black and bottomless depths below. In other directions there was a solid bottom, but inconveniently covered by three or four feet of water, through which the troops waded breast-deep, holding their muskets high in the air, unable to reload them when once discharged, and liable to be picked off by rebel scouts, who ingeniously posted themselves in the tops of palm-trees.

Through this delectable region Colonel Fougéaud and his followers slowly advanced, drawing near the fatal shore where Captain Meyland's detachment had just been defeated, and where their mangled remains still polluted the beach. Passing this point of danger without attack, they suddenly met a small party of rebels, each bearing on his back a beautifully-woven hamper of snow-white rice: these loads they threw down, and disappeared. Next appeared an armed body from the same direction, who fired upon them once and swiftly retreated; and in a few moments the soldiers came upon a large field of standing rice, beyond which lay, like an amphitheatre, the rebel village. But between the village and the field had been piled successive defences of logs and branches, behind which simple redoubts the Maroons lay concealed. A fight ensued, lasting forty minutes, during which nearly every soldier and ranger was wounded, but, to their great amazement, not one was killed. This was an enigma to them until after the skirmish, when the surgeon found that most of them had been struck, not by bullets, but by various substitutes, such

as pebbles, coat-buttons, and bits of silver coin, which had penetrated only skin-deep. "We also observed that several of the poor rebel negroes, who had been shot, had only the shards of Spa-water cans, instead of flints, which could seldom do execution; and it was certainly owing to these circumstances that we came off so well."

The rebels at length retreated, first setting fire to their village; a hundred or more lightly built houses, some of them two stories high, were soon in flames; and as this conflagration occupied the only neck of land between two impassable morasses, the troops were unable to follow, and the Maroons had left nothing but rice-fields to be pillaged. That night the military force was encamped in the woods; their ammunition was almost gone; so they were ordered to lie flat on the ground, even in case of attack; they could not so much as build a fire. Before midnight an attack was made on them, partly with bullets and partly with words; the Maroons were all around them in the forest, but their object was a puzzle: they spent most of the night in bandying compliments with the black rangers, whom they alternately denounced, ridiculed, and challenged to single combat. At last Fougéaud and Stedman joined in the conversation, and endeavored to make this midnight volley of talk the occasion for a treaty. This was received with inextinguishable laughter, which echoed through the woods like a concert of screech-owls, ending in a *charivari* of horns and hallooing. The Colonel, persisting, offered them "life, liberty, victuals, drink, and all they wanted"; in return, they ridiculed him unmercifully: he was a half-starved Frenchman, who had run away from his own country, and would soon run away from theirs; they profoundly pitied him and his soldiers; they would scorn to spend powder on such scarecrows; they would rather feed and clothe them, as being poor white slaves, hired to be shot at and starved for four-pence a day. But as for the planters, overseers, and rangers, they should die, every one of them, and Bonny should be

governor of the colony. "After this, they tinkled their bill-hooks, fired a volley, and gave three cheers; which being answered by the rangers, the clamor ended, and the rebels dispersed with the rising sun."

Very aimless nonsense it certainly appeared. But the next day put a new aspect on it; for it was found, that, under cover of all this noise, the Maroons had been busily occupied all night, men, women, and children, in preparing and filling great hampers of the finest rice, yams, and cassava, from the adjacent provision-grounds, to be used for subsistence during their escape, leaving only chaff and refuse for the hungry soldiers. "This was certainly such a masterly trait of generalship in a savage people, whom we affected to despise, as would have done honor to any European commander."

From this time the Maroons fulfilled their threats. Shooting down without mercy every black ranger who came within their reach,—one of these rangers being, in Stedman's estimate, worth six white soldiers,—they left Colonel Fougéaud and his regulars to die of starvation and fatigue. The enraged Colonel, "finding himself thus foiled by a naked negro, swore he would pursue Bonny to the world's end." But he never got any nearer than to Bonny's kitchen-gardens. He put the troops on half-allowance, sent back for provisions and ammunition,—and within ten days changed his mind, and retreated to the settlements in despair. Soon after, this very body of rebels, under Bonny's leadership, plundered two plantations in the vicinity, and nearly captured a powder-magazine, which was, however, successfully defended by some armed slaves.

For a year longer these expeditions continued. The troops never gained a victory, and they lost twenty men for every rebel killed; but they gradually checked the plunder of plantations, destroyed villages and planting-grounds, and drove the rebels, for the time at least, into the deeper recesses of the woods or into the adjacent province of Cayenne. They had

the slight satisfaction of burning Bonny's own house, a two-story wooden hut, built in the fashion of our frontier guard-houses. They often took single prisoners,—some child, born and bred in the woods, and frightened equally by the first sight of a white man and of a cow,—or some warrior, who, on being threatened with torture, stretched forth both hands in disdain, and said, with Indian eloquence,—“These hands have made tigers tremble.” As for Stedman, he still went bare-footed, still quarrelled with his colonel, still sketched the scenery and described the reptiles, still reared gree-gree worms for his private kitchen, still quoted good poetry and wrote execrable, still pitied all the sufferers around him, black, white, and red, until finally he and his comrades were ordered back to Holland in 1776.

Among all that wasted regiment of weary and broken-down men, there was probably no one but Stedman who looked backward with longing as they sailed down the lovely Surinam. True, he bore all his precious collections with him,—parrots and butterflies, drawings on the backs of old letters, and journals kept on bones and cartridges. But he had left behind him a dearer treasure; for there runs through all his eccentric narrative a single thread of pure romance, in his love for his beautiful quadroon wife and his only son.

Within a month after his arrival in the colony, our susceptible ensign first saw Joanna, a slave-girl of fifteen, at the house of an intimate friend. Her extreme beauty and modesty first fascinated him, and then her piteous narrative,—for she was the daughter of a planter, who had just gone mad and died in despair from the discovery that he could not legally emancipate his own children from slavery. Soon after, Stedman was dangerously ill, was neglected and alone; fruits and cordials were anonymously sent to him, which proved at last to have come from Joanna, and she came herself, ere long, and nursed him, grateful for the visible sympathy he had shown to her. This completed the conquest; the passionate young Englishman, once recovered, loaded her with

presents, which she refused,—talked of purchasing her and educating her in Europe, which she also declined, as burdening him too greatly,—and finally, amid the ridicule of all good society in Paramaribo, surmounted all legal obstacles and was united to the beautiful girl in honorable marriage. He provided a cottage for her, where he spent his furloughs, in perfect happiness, for four years.

The simple idyl of their loves was unbroken by any stain or disappointment, and yet always shadowed with the deepest anxiety for the future. Though treated with the utmost indulgence, she was legally a slave, and so was the boy of whom she became the mother. Cojo, her uncle, was a captain among the rebels against whom her husband fought. And up to the time when Stedman was ordered back to Holland, he was unable to purchase her freedom, nor could he, until the very last moment, procure the emancipation of his boy. His perfect delight at this last triumph, when obtained, elicited some satire from his white friends. “While the well-thinking few highly applauded my sensibility, many not only blamed, but publicly derided me for my paternal affection, which was called a weakness, a whim.” “Nearly forty beautiful boys and girls were left to perpetual slavery by their parents of my acquaintance, and many of them without being so much as once inquired after at all.”

But Stedman was a true-hearted fellow, if his sentiment did sometimes run to rodomontade; he left his Joanna only in the hope that a year or two in Europe would repair his ruined fortunes, and he could return to treat himself to the purchase of his own wedded wife. He describes, with unaffected pathos, their parting scene,—though, indeed, there were several successive partings,—and closes the description in a manner worthy of that remarkable combination of enthusiasms which characterized him. “My melancholy having surpassed all description, I at last determined to weather one or two painful years in her absence; and in the afternoon went to dissipate my mind

at a Mr. Roux' cabinet of Indian curiosities; where as my eye chanced to fall on a rattlesnake, 'I will, before I leave the colony, describe this dangerous reptile.'

It was impossible to write the history of the Maroons of Surinam except through the biography of our Ensign, (at last promoted Captain,) because nearly all we know of them is through his quaint and picturesque narrative, with its profuse illustrations by his own hand. It is not fair, therefore, to end without chronicling his safe arrival in Holland, on June 3d, 1777. It is a remarkable fact, that, after his life in the woods, even the Dutch looked slovenly to his eyes. "The inhabitants, who crowded about us, appeared but a disgusting assemblage of ill-formed and ill-dressed rabble,—so much had my prejudices been changed by living among Indians and blacks: their eyes seemed to resemble those of a pig; their complexions were like the color of foul linen; they seemed to have no teeth, and to be covered over with rags and dirt. This prejudice, however, was not against these people only, but against all Europeans in general, when compared to the sparkling eyes, ivory teeth, shining skin, and remarkable cleanliness of those I had left behind me." Yet, in spite of these superior attractions, he never recrossed the Atlantic; for his Joanna died soon after, and his promising son, being sent to the father, was educated in England, became a midshipman in the navy, and was lost at sea. With his elegy, in which the last depths of bathos are sadly sounded by a mourning parent,—who is induced to print them only by "the effect they had on the sympathetic and ingenious Mrs. Cowley,"—the "Narrative of a Five Years' Expedition" closes.

The war, which had cost the government forty thousand pounds a year, was ended, and left both parties essentially as when it began. The Maroons gradually returned to their old abodes, and, being unmolested themselves, left others unmolested thenceforward. Originally three thou-

sand,—in Stedman's time, fifteen thousand,—they were estimated at seventy thousand by Captain Alexander, who saw Guiana in 1831,—and a recent American scientific expedition, having visited them in their homes, reported them as still enjoying their wild freedom, and multiplying, while the Indians on the same soil decay. The beautiful forests of Surinam still make the morning gorgeous with their beauty, and the night deadly with their chill; the stately palm still rears, a hundred feet in air, its straight gray shaft and its head of verdure; the mora builds its solid, buttressed trunk, a pedestal for the eagle; the pine of the tropics holds out its myriad hands with water-cups for the rain and dews, where all the birds and the monkeys may drink their fill; the trees are garlanded with epiphytes and convolvuli, and anchored to the earth by a thousand vines. High among their branches, the red and yellow mocking-birds still build their hanging nests, uncouth storks and tree-porcupines cling above, and the spotted deer and the tapir drink from the sluggish stream below. The night is still made noisy with a thousand cries of bird and beast; and the stillness of the sultry noon is broken by the slow tolling of the *campanero*, or bell-bird, far in the deep, dark woods, like the chime of some lost convent. And as Nature is unchanged there, so apparently is man; the Maroons still retain their savage freedom, still shoot their wild game and trap their fish, still raise their rice and cassava, yams and plantains,—still make cups from the gourd-tree and hammocks from the silk-grass plant, wine from the palm-tree's sap, brooms from its leaves, fishing-lines from its fibres, and salt from its ashes. Their life does not yield, indeed, the very highest results of spiritual culture; its mental and moral results may not come up to the level of civilization, but they rise far above the level of slavery. In the changes of time, the Maroons may yet elevate themselves into the one, but they will never relapse into the other.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

SHE had remained, during all that day, with a sick neighbor,—those eastern wilds of Maine in that epoch frequently making neighbors and miles synonymous,—and so busy had she been with care and sympathy that she did not at first observe the approaching night. But finally the level rays, reddening the snow, threw their gleam upon the wall, and, hastily donning cloak and hood, she bade her friends farewell and sallied forth on her return. Home lay some three miles distant, across a copse, a meadow, and a piece of woods,—the woods being a fringe on the skirts of the great forests that stretch far away into the North. That home was one of a dozen log-houses lying a few furlongs apart from each other, with their half-cleared demesnes separating them at the rear from a wilderness untrampled save by stealthy native or deadly panther tribes.

She was in a nowise exalted frame of spirit,—on the contrary, rather depressed by the pain she had witnessed and the fatigue she had endured; but in certain temperaments such a condition throws open the mental pores, so to speak, and renders one receptive of every influence. Through the little copse she walked slowly, with her cloak folded about her, lingering to imbibe the sense of shelter, the sunset filtered in purple through the mist of woven spray and twig, the companionship of growth not sufficiently dense to band against her the sweet home-feeling of a young and tender wintry wood. It was therefore just on the edge of the evening that she emerged from the place and began to cross the meadow-land. At one hand lay the forest to which her path wound; at the other the evening star hung over a tide of falling orange that slowly slipped down the earth's broad side to sadden other hemispheres with sweet regret. Walking rapidly now, and with her eyes wide-open, she distinctly saw in the air before her what was not

there a moment ago, a winding-sheet,—cold, white, and ghastly, waved by the likeness of four wan hands,—that rose with a long inflation and fell in rigid folds, while a voice, shaping itself from the hollowness above, spectral and melancholy, sighed,—“The Lord have mercy on the people! The Lord have mercy on the people!” Three times the sheet with its corpse-covering outline waved beneath the pale hands, and the voice, awful in its solemn and mysterious depth, sighed, “The Lord have mercy on the people!” Then all was gone, the place was clear again, the gray sky was obstructed by no deathly blot; she looked about her, shook her shoulders decidedly, and, pulling on her hood, went forward once more.

She might have been a little frightened by such an apparition, if she had led a life of less reality than frontier settlers are apt to lead; but dealing with hard fact does not engender a flimsy habit of mind, and this woman was too sincere and earnest in her character, and too happy in her situation, to be thrown by antagonism merely upon superstitious fancies and chimeras of the second-sight. She did not even believe herself subject to an hallucination, but smiled simply, a little vexed that her thought could have framed such a glamour from the day's occurrences, and not sorry to lift the bough of the warder of the woods and enter and disappear in their sombre path. If she had been imaginative, she would have hesitated at her first step into a region whose dangers were not visionary; but I suppose that the thought of a little child at home would conquer that propensity in the most habituated. So, biting a bit of spicy birch, she went along. Now and then she came to a gap where the trees had been partially felled, and here she found that the lingering twilight was explained by that peculiar and perhaps electric film which sometimes sheathes the sky in diffused light for very many

hours before a brilliant aurora. Suddenly, a swift shadow, like the fabulous flying-dragon, writhed through the air before her, and she felt herself instantly seized and borne aloft. It was that wild beast—the most savage and serpentine and subtle and fearless of our latitudes—known by hunters as the Indian Devil, and he held her in his clutches on the broad floor of a swinging fir-bough. His long sharp claws were caught in her clothing, he worried them sagaciously a little, then, finding that ineffectual to free them, he commenced licking her bare white arm with his rasping tongue and pouring over her the wide streams of his hot, fetid breath. So quick had this flashing action been that the woman had had no time for alarm; moreover, she was not of the screaming kind: but now, as she felt him endeavoring to disentangle his claws, and the horrid sense of her fate smote her, and she saw instinctively the fierce plunge of those weapons, the long strips of living flesh torn from her bones, the agony, the quivering disgust, itself a worse agony,—while by her side, and holding her in his great lithe embrace, the monster crouched, his white tusks whetting and gnashing, his eyes glaring through all the darkness like balls of red fire,—a shriek, that rang in every forest hollow, that startled every winter-housed thing, that stirred and woke the least needle of the tasselled pines, tore through her lips. A moment afterward, the beast left the arm, once white, now crimson, and looked up alertly.

She did not think at this instant to call upon God. She called upon her husband. It seemed to her that she had but one friend in the world; that was he; and again the cry, loud, clear, prolonged, echoed through the woods. It was not the shriek that disturbed the creature at his relish; he was not born in the woods to be scared of an owl, you know; what then? It must have been the echo, most musical, most resonant, repeated and yet repeated, dying with long sighs of sweet sound, vibrated from rock to river and back again from depth to depth of cave and cliff. Her thought flew after it; she

knew, that, even if her husband heard it, he yet could not reach her in time; she saw that while the beast listened he would not gnaw,—and this she *felt* directly, when the rough, sharp, and multiplied stings of his tongue retouched her arm. Again her lips opened by instinct, but the sound that issued thence came by reason. She had heard that music charmed wild beasts,—just this point between life and death intensified every faculty,—and when she opened her lips the third time, it was not for shrieking, but for singing.

A little thread of melody stole out, a rill of tremulous motion; it was the cradle-song with which she rocked her baby;—how could she sing that? And then she remembered the baby sleeping rosily on the long settee before the fire,—the father cleaning his gun, with one foot on the green wooden rundle,—the merry light from the chimney dancing out and through the room, on the rafters of the ceiling with their tassels of onions and herbs, on the log walls painted with lichens and festooned with apples, on the king's-arm slung across the shelf with the old pirate's-cutlass, on the snow-pile of the bed, and on the great brass clock,—dancing, too, and lingering on the baby, with his fringed gentian eyes, his chubby fists clenched on the pillow, and his fine breezy hair fanning with the motion of his father's foot. All this struck her in one, and made a sob of her breath, and she ceased.

Immediately the long red tongue was thrust forth again. Before it touched, a song sprang to her lips, a wild sea-song, such as some sailor might be singing far out on trackless blue water that night, the shrouds whistling with frost and the sheets glued in ice,—a song with the wind in its burden and the spray in its chorus. The monster raised his head and flared the fiery eyeballs upon her, then fretted the imprisoned claws a moment and was quiet; only the breath like the vapor from some hell-pit still swathed her. Her voice, at first faint and fearful, gradually lost its quaver, grew under her control and subject to her modulation; it

rose on long swells, it fell in subtle cadences, now and then its tones pealed out like bells from distant belfries on fresh sonorous mornings. She sung the song through, and, wondering lest his name of Indian Devil were not his true name, and if he would not detect her, she repeated it. Once or twice now, indeed, the beast stirred uneasily, turned, and made the bough sway at his movement. As she ended, he snapped his jaws together, and tore away the fettered member, curling it under him with a snarl,—when she burst into the gayest reel that ever answered a fiddle-bow. How many a time she had heard her husband play it on the homely fiddle made by himself from birch and cherry-wood! how many a time she had seen it danced on the floor of their one room, to the patter of wooden clogs and the rustle of homespun petticoat! how many a time she had danced it herself!—and did she not remember once, as they joined clasps for right-hands-round, how it had lent its gay, bright measure to her life? And here she was singing it alone, in the forest, at midnight, to a wild beast! As she sent her voice trilling up and down its quick oscillations between joy and pain, the creature who grasped her uncurled his paw and scratched the bark from the bough; she must vary the spell; and her voice spun leaping along the projecting points of tune of a hornpipe. Still singing, she felt herself twisted about with a low growl and a lifting of the red lip from the glittering teeth; she broke the hornpipe's thread, and commenced unravelling a lighter, livelier thing, an Irish jig. Up and down and round about her voice flew, the beast threw back his head so that the diabolical face fronted hers, and the torrent of his breath prepared her for his feast as the anaconda slimes his prey. Frantically she darted from tune to tune; his restless movements followed her. She tired herself with dancing and vivid national airs, growing feverish and singing spasmodically as she felt her horrid tomb yawning wider. Touching in this manner all the slogan and keen clan cries, the beast moved

again, but only to lay the disengaged paw across her with heavy satisfaction. She did not dare to pause; through the clear cold air, the frosty starlight, she sang. If there were yet any tremor in the tone, it was not fear,—she had learned the secret of sound at last; nor could it be chill,—far too high a fervor throbbed her pulses; it was nothing but the thought of the log-house and of what might be passing within it. She fancied the baby stirring in his sleep and moving his pretty lips,—her husband rising and opening the door, looking out after her, and wondering at her absence. She fancied the light pouring through the chink and then shut in again with all the safety and comfort and joy, her husband taking down the fiddle and playing lightly with his head inclined, playing while she sang, while she sang for her life to an Indian Devil. Then she knew he was fumbling for and finding some shining fragment and scoring it down the yellowing hair, and unconsciously her voice forsook the wild war-tunes and drifted into the half-gay, half-melancholy Rosin the Bow.

Suddenly she woke pierced with a pang, and the daggered tooth penetrating her flesh;—dreaming of safety, she had ceased singing and lost it. The beast had regained the use of all his limbs, and now, standing and raising his back, bristling and foaming, with sounds that would have been like hisses but for their deep and fearful sonority, he withdrew step by step toward the trunk of the tree, still with his flaming balls upon her. She was all at once free, on one end of the bough, twenty feet from the ground. She did not measure the distance, but rose to drop herself down, careless of any death, so that it were not this. Instantly, as if he scanned her thoughts, the creature bounded forward with a yell and caught her again in his dreadful hold. It might be that he was not greatly famished; for, as she suddenly flung up her voice again, he settled himself composedly on the bough, still clasping her with invincible pressure to his rough, ravenous breast, and listening in a fascination to the sad,

strange U-la-lu that now moaned forth in loud, hollow tones above him. He half closed his eyes, and sleepily reopened and shut them again.

What rending pains were close at hand! Death! and what a death! worse than any other that is to be named! Water, be it cold or warm, that which buoys up blue ice-fields, or which bathes tropical coasts with currents of balmy bliss, is yet a gentle conqueror, kisses as it kills, and draws you down gently through darkening fathoms to its heart. Death at the sword is the festival of trumpet and bugle and banner, with glory ringing out around you and distant hearts thrilling through yours. No gnawing disease can bring such hideous end as this; for that is a fiend bred of your own flesh, and this—is it a fiend, this living lump of appetites? What dread comes with the thought of perishing in flames! but fire, let it leap and hiss never so hotly, is something too remote, too alien, to inspire us with such loathly horror as a wild beast; if it have a life, that life is too utterly beyond our comprehension. Fire is not half ourselves; as it devours, arouses neither hatred nor disgust; is not to be known by the strength of our lower natures let loose; does not drip our blood into our faces from foaming chaps, nor mouth nor snarl above us with vitality. Let us be ended by fire, and we are ashes, for the winds to bear, the leaves to cover; let us be ended by wild beasts, and the base, cursed thing howls with us forever through the forest. All this she felt as she charmed him, and what force it lent to her song God knows. If her voice should fail! If the damp and cold should give her any fatal hoarseness! If all the silent powers of the forest did not conspire to help her! The dark, hollow night rose indifferently over her; the wide, cold air breathed rudely past her, lifted her wet hair and blew it down again; the great boughs swung with a ponderous strength, now and then clashed their iron lengths together and shook off a sparkle of icy spears or some long-lain weight of snow from their heavy

shadows. The green depths were utterly cold and silent and stern. These beautiful haunts that all the summer were hers and rejoiced to share with her their bounty, these heavens that had yielded their largess, these stems that had thrust their blossoms into her hands, all these friends of three moons ago forgot her now and knew her no longer.

Feeling her desolation, wild, melancholy, forsaken songs rose thereon from that frightful aerie,—weeping, wailing tunes, that sob among the people from age to age, and overflow with otherwise unexpressed sadness,—all rude, mournful ballads,—old tearful strains, that Shakespeare heard the vagrants sing, and that rise and fall like the wind and tide,—sailor-songs, to be heard only in lone mid-watches beneath the moon and stars,—ghastly rhyming romances, such as that famous one of the “Lady Margaret,” when

“She slipped on her gown of green

A piece below the knee,—

And 'twas all a long, cold winter's night

A dead corse followed she.”

Still the beast lay with closed eyes, yet never relaxing his grasp. Once a half-whine of enjoyment escaped him,—he fawned his fearful head upon her; once he scored her cheek with his tongue: savage caresses that hurt like wounds. How weary she was! and yet how terribly awake! How fuller and fuller of dismay grew the knowledge that she was only prolonging her anguish and playing with death! How appalling the thought that with her voice ceased her existence! Yet she could not sing forever; her throat was dry and hard; her very breath was a pain; her mouth was hotter than any desert-worn pilgrim's;—if she could but drop upon her burning tongue one atom of the ice that glittered about her!—but both of her arms were pinioned in the giant's vice. She remembered the winding-sheet, and for the first time in her life shivered with spiritual fear. Was it hers? She asked herself, as she sang, what sins she had committed, what life she had led, to find her punishment so soon and in these

pangs,—and then she sought eagerly for some reason why her husband was not up and abroad to find her. He failed her,—her one sole hope in life; and without being aware of it, her voice forsook the songs of suffering and sorrow for old Covenanting hymns,—hymns with which her mother had lulled her, which the class-leader pitched in the chimney-corners,—grand and sweet Methodist hymns, brimming with melody and with all fantastic involutions of tune to suit that ecstatic worship,—hymns full of the beauty of holiness, steadfast, relying, sanctified by the salvation they had lent to those in worse extremity than hers,—for they had found themselves in the grasp of hell, while she was but in the jaws of death. Out of this strange music, peculiar to one character of faith, and than which there is none more beautiful in its degree nor owning a more potent sway of sound, her voice soared into the glorified chants of churches. What to her was death by cold or famine or wild beasts? “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,” she sang. High and clear through the frore fair night, the level moonbeams splintering in the wood, the scarce glints of stars in the shadowy roof of branches, these sacred anthems rose,—rose as a hope from despair, as some snowy spray of flower-bells from blackest mould. Was she not in God’s hands? Did not the world swing at His will? If this were in His great plan of providence, was it not best, and should she not accept it?

“He is the Lord our God; His judgments are in all the earth.”

Oh, sublime faith of our fathers, where utter self-sacrifice alone was true love, the fragrance of whose unrequired subjection was pleasant as that of golden censers swung in purple-vapored chancels!

Never ceasing in the rhythm of her thoughts, articulated in music as they thronged, the memory of her first communion flashed over her. Again she was in that distant place on that sweet spring morning. Again the congregation rustled out, and the few remained, and she trembled to find herself among them.

How well she remembered the devout, quiet faces, too accustomed to the sacred feast to glow with their inner joy! how well the snowy linen at the altar, the silver vessels slowly and silently shifting! and as the cup approached and passed, how the sense of delicious perfume stole in and heightened the transport of her prayer, and she had seemed, looking up through the windows where the sky soared blue in constant freshness, to feel all heaven’s balms dripping from the portals, and to scent the lilies of eternal peace! Perhaps another would not have felt so much ecstasy as satisfaction on that occasion; but it is a true, if a later disciple, who has said, “The Lord bestoweth his blessings there, where he findeth the vessels empty.”—“And does it need the walls of a church to renew my communion?” she asked. “Does not every moment stand a temple four-square to God? And in that morning, with its buoyant sunlight, was I any dearer to the Heart of the World than now?” “My beloved is mine, and I am his,” she sang over and over again, with all varied inflection and profuse tune. How gently all the winter-wrapt things bent toward her then! into what relation with her had they grown! how this common dependence was the spell of their intimacy! how at one with Nature had she become! how all the night and the silence and the forest seemed to hold its breath, and to send its soul up to God in her singing! It was no longer despondency, that singing. It was neither prayer nor petition. She had left imploring, “How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord?” “Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death!” “For in death there is no remembrance of thee”;—with countless other such fragments of supplication. She cried rather, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me”;—and lingered, and repeated, and sang again, “I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.”

Then she thought of the Great Deliverance, when he drew her up out of many

waters, and the flashing old psalm pealed forth triumphantly:—

“The Lord descended from above,
and bow'd the heavens hie:
And underneath his feet he cast
the darknesse of the skie.
On cherubs and on cherubins
full royally he road:
And on the wings of all the winds
came flying all abroad.”

She forgot how recently, and with what a strange pity for her own shapeless form that was to be, she had quaintly sung,—

“Oh, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare!”

She remembered instead,—“In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore”; and, “God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me”; “He will swallow up death in victory.” Not once now did she say, “Lord, how long wilt thou look on? rescue my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions,”—for she knew that “the young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God.” “O Lord, thou pre-servest man and beast!” she said.

She had no comfort or consolation in this season, such as sustained the Christian martyrs in the amphitheatre. She was not dying for her faith; there were no palms in heaven for her to wave; but how many a time had she declared,—“I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!” And as the broad rays here and there broke through the dense covert of shade and lay in rivers of lustre on crystal sheathing and frozen fretting of trunk and limb and on the great spaces of refraction, they builded up visibly that house, the shining city on the hill, and singing, “Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the Great King,” her vision climbed to that higher picture where the angel shows the dazzling thing, the holy

Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, with its splendid battlements and gates of pearls, and its foundations, the eleventh a jacinth, the twelfth an amethyst,—with its great white throne, and the rainbow round about it, in sight like unto an emerald:—“And there shall be no night there,—for the Lord God giveth them light,” she sang.

What whisper of dawn now rustled through the wilderness? How the night was passing! And still the beast crouched upon the bough, changing only the posture of his head, that again he might command her with those charmed eyes;—half their fire was gone; she could almost have released herself from his custody; yet, had she stirred, no one knows what malevolent instinct might have dominated anew. But of that she did not dream; long ago stripped of any expectation, she was experiencing in her divine rapture how mystically true it is that “he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.”

Slow clarion cries now wound from the distance as the cocks caught the intelligence of day and reëchoed it faintly from farm to farm,—sleepy sentinels of night, sounding the foe's invasion, and translating that dim intuition to ringing notes of warning. Still she chanted on. A remote crash of brushwood told of some other beast on his depredations, or some night-belated traveller groping his way through the narrow path. Still she chanted on. The far, faint echoes of the chancicleers died into distance,—the crashing of the branches grew nearer. No wild beast that, but a man's step,—a man's form in the moonlight, stalwart and strong,—on one arm slept a little child, in the other hand he held his gun. Still she chanted on.

Perhaps, when her husband last looked forth, he was half ashamed to find what a fear he felt for her. He knew she would never leave the child so long but for some direst need,—and yet he may have laughed at himself, as he lifted and wrapped it with awkward care, and, loading his gun

and strapping on his horn, opened the door again and closed it behind him, going out and plunging into the darkness and dangers of the forest. He was more singularly alarmed than he would have been willing to acknowledge; as he had sat with his bow hovering over the strings, he had half believed to hear her voice mingling gayly with the instrument, till he paused and listened if she were not about to lift the latch and enter. As he drew nearer the heart of the forest, that intimation of melody seemed to grow more actual, to take body and breath, to come and go on long swells and ebbs of the night-breeze, to increase with tune and words, till a strange, shrill singing grew ever clearer, and, as he stepped into an open space of moonbeams, far up in the branches, rocked by the wind, and singing, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," he saw his wife,—his wife,—but, great God in heaven! how? Some mad exclamation escaped him, but without diverting her. The child knew the singing voice, though never heard before in that unearthly key, and turned toward it through the veiling dreams. With a celerity almost instantaneous, it lay, in the twinkling of an eye, on the ground at the father's feet, while his gun was raised to his shoulder and levelled at the monster covering his wife with shaggy form and flaming gaze,—his wife so ghastly white, so rigid, so stained with blood, her eyes so fixedly bent above, and her lips, that had indurated into the chiselled pallor of marble, parted only with that flood of solemn song.

I do not know if it were the mother-instinct that for a moment lowered her eyes,—those eyes, so lately riveted on heaven, now suddenly seeing all life-long bliss possible. A thrill of joy pierced and shivered through her like a weapon, her voice trembled in its course, her glance lost its steady strength, fever-flushes chased each other over her face, yet she never once ceased chanting. She was quite aware, that, if her husband shot now, the ball must pierce her body before reaching

any vital part of the beast,—and yet better that death, by his hand, than the other. But this her husband also knew, and he remained motionless, just covering the creature with the sight. He dared not fire, lest some wound not mortal should break the spell exercised by her voice, and the beast, enraged with pain, should rend her in atoms; moreover, the light was too uncertain for his aim. So he waited. Now and then he examined his gun to see if the damp were injuring its charge, now and then he wiped the great drops from his forehead. Again the cocks crowed with the passing hour,—the last time they were heard on that night. Cheerful home sound then, how full of safety and all comfort and rest it seemed! what sweet morning incidents of sparkling fire and sunshine, of gay household bustle, shining dresser, and cooing baby, of steaming cattle in the yard, and brimming milk-pails at the door! what pleasant voices! what laughter! what security! and here —

Now, as she sang on in the slow, endless, infinite moments, the fervent vision of God's peace was gone. Just as the grave had lost its sting, she was snatched back again into the arms of earthly hope. In vain she tried to sing, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God,"—her eyes trembled on her husband's, and she could think only of him, and of the child, and of happiness that yet might be, but with what a dreadful gulf of doubt between! She shuddered now in the suspense; all calm forsook her; she was tortured with dissolving heats or frozen with icy blasts; her face contracted, growing small and pinched; her voice was hoarse and sharp,—every tone cut like a knife,—the notes became heavy to lift,—withheld by some hostile pressure,—impossible. One gasp, a convulsive effort, and there was silence,—she had lost her voice.

The beast made a sluggish movement,—stretched and fawned like one awaking,—then, as if he would have yet more of the enchantment, stirred her slightly with his muzzle. As he did so, a sidelong hint of the man standing below with the raised

gun smote him ; he sprung round furiously, and, seizing his prey, was about to leap into some unknown airy den of the topmost branches now waving to the slow dawn. The late moon had rounded through the sky so that her gleam at last fell full upon the bough with fairy frosting ; the wintry morning light did not yet penetrate the gloom. The woman, suspended in mid-air an instant, cast only one agonized glance beneath,—but across and through it, ere the lids could fall, shot a withering sheet of flame,—a rifle-crack, half heard, was lost in the terrible yell of desperation that bounded after it and filled her ears with savage echoes, and in the wide arc of some eternal descent she was falling ;—but the beast fell under her.

I think that the moment following must have been too sacred for us, and perhaps the three have no special interest again till they issue from the shadows of the wilderness upon the white hills that skirt their home. The father carries the child hushed again into slumber, the mother follows with no such feeble step as might be anticipated,—and as they slowly climb the steep under the clear gray sky and the paling morning star, she stops to gather a spray of the red-rose berries or a

feathery tuft of dead grasses for the chimney-piece of the log-house, or a handful of brown ones for the child's play,—and of these quiet, happy folk you would scarcely dream how lately they had stolen from under the banner and encampment of the great King Death. The husband proceeds a step or two in advance ; the wife lingers over a singular foot-print in the snow, stoops and examines it, then looks up with a hurried word. Her husband stands alone on the hill, his arms folded across the babe, his gun fallen,—stands defined against the pallid sky like a bronze. What is there in their home, lying below and yellowing in the light, to fix him with such a stare ? She springs to his side. There is no home there. The log-house, the barns, the neighboring farms, the fences, are all blotted out and mingled in one smoking ruin. Desolation and death were indeed there, and beneficence and life in the forest. Tomahawk and scalping-knife, descending during that night, had left behind them only this work of their accomplished hatred and one subtle foot-print in the snow.

For the rest,—the world was all before them, where to choose.

URANIA.

HAST thou forgotten whose thou art ?

To what high service consecrate ?

I gave thee not a noble heart

To wed with such ignoble fate.

I found thee where the laurels grow

'Round the lonely Delphian shrine ;

There, where the sacred fountains flow,

I found thee, and I made thee mine.

I gave thy soul to agony,

And strange unsatisfied desire,

That thou mightst dearer be to me,

And worthier of thy burning lyre.

O child, thy fate had made thee God,
To thee such powers divine were given;
The paths of fire thou mightst have trod
Had led thee to the stars of heaven.

And those who in the early dawn
Of beauty sat and sang of day,
Deep in their twilight shades withdrawn,
Had heard thy coming far away,—

With haunting music sweet and strange,
And airs ambrosial blown before,
Vague breathings of the floral change
That glorifies the hills of yore :

Had felt the joy those only find
Who in their secret souls have known
The mystery of the poet mind
That through all beauty feels its own :

Had felt the God within them rise
To meet thy radiant soul divine;
Had searched with their prophetic eyes
The midnight luminous of thine.

So fondly did Urania deem!
So proudly did she prophesy!
Oh, ruin of a noble dream
She thought too glorious to die!

Nor knew thy passionate songs of yore
Were as a promise unfulfilled,—
A stately portal set before
The palace thou shalt never build!

For is it come to this, at last?
And thou forever must remain
A godlike statue, formed and cast
In marble attitude of pain,—

Proud lips that in their scorn are mute,
And haunting eyes of anguished love,
One hand that grasps a silent lute,
And one convulsed hand above

That will not strike? Ah, scorn and shame!
Shame for the apostate unforgiven,
Beholding an unconquered fame
In undiscovered fields of heaven!

For Beauty not by one alone
In her completeness is revealed:

The smiles and tears her face hath shown
To thee from others are concealed.

Men see not in the midnight sky
All miracles she worketh there :
It is the blindness of the eye
That paints its darkness on the air.

Two friends who wander by the shore
Look not upon the selfsame seas,
Hearing two voices in the roar,
Because of different memories.

For him whose love the sea hath drowned,
It moans the music of his wrong ;
For him whose life with love is crowned,
It breaks upon the beach in song.

So dreaming not another's dream,
But still interpreting thine own,
By woodland wild and quiet stream
Thou wanderest in the world alone.

Then what thou slayest none can save :
Silent and dark oblivion rolls
Over the glory in the grave
Of fierce and suicidal souls.

From that dark wave no pleading ghost
With pointing hand shall ever rise,
To say,— The world hath treasure lost,
And here the buried treasure lies !

Beware, and yet beware ! my fear
Unfolds a vision in the gloom
Of Beauty borne upon her bier,
And Darkness crouching in the tomb.

Beware, and yet beware ! her end
Is thine ; or else, her shadowy hearse
Beside, thy spirit shall descend
The vast sepulchral universe,

And, with the passion that remains
In desolated hearts, implore
The spectre sitting bound in chains
To yield what he shall not restore :—

The mystery whose soul divine
Breathed love, and only love, on thee ;
Which better far had not been thine,
Than, having been, to cease to be.

MARY SOMERVILLE.

THERE have been in every age a few women of genius who have become the successful rivals of man in the paths which they have severally chosen. Three instances are of our time. Mrs. Browning is called a poet even by poets; the artists admit that Rosa Bonheur is a painter; and the mathematicians accord to Mary Somerville a high rank among themselves.

"In pure mathematics," said Humboldt, "Mrs. Somerville is strong." Of no other woman of the age could the remark have been made; and this would probably be true, were the walks of science as marked by the feminine footprint as are those of literature. To read mathematical works is an easy task; the formulæ can be learned and their meaning apprehended: to read the most profound of them, with such appreciation that one stands side by side with the great minds who originated them, requires a higher order of intellect; and far-reaching indeed is that which, pondering in the study on a few phenomena known by observation, develops the theory of worlds, traces back for ages their history, and sketches the outline of their future destiny.

Caroline Herschel, the sister of Sir William, was doubtless gifted with much of the Herschel talent, and, under other circumstances, her mind might have turned to original research; but she belonged rather to the last century, and Hanover was not a region favorable to intellectual efforts in her sex. She lived the life of a simple-hearted, truth-loving woman; most worthy of the name she bore, she made notes for her brother, she swept the heavens and found comets for him, she computed and tabulated his observations; it seems never to have occurred to her to be other than the patient, helping sister of a truly great man.

Mrs. Somerville's life has been more individual. She is the daughter of Admiral Fairfax, and was born in Fifeshire,

Scotland, December 26, 1780, in the house of her uncle, the father of her present husband.

The home training and the school education of the daughters of Great Britain are very unlike those of their American sisters. The manners and customs of the Old World change so slowly, that one can scarcely assent to a remark made by Sir John Herschel:—"The Englishman sticks to his old ways, but is not cemented to them." The Englishwoman submits to authority from her infancy; belonging to the middle class, she does not expect the higher education of the nobility; a woman, she is not supposed to desire to enter into the studies of her brothers. A governess, generally the daughter of a curate, who prefers this position to that of "companion" to a fine lady, is provided for her in her early years. If the choice be fortunate and the parents watchful, the young girl is thoroughly taught in a few branches of what are commonly considered feminine studies. She learns to read and to speak French; tutors are employed for music and drawing: every young lady above the rank of the tradesman's daughter plays well upon the piano; every one has her portfolio of drawings, in which sketches from Nature can always be found, and frequently the family portraits. The history of the country is considered a study suitable for girls; the Englishman expects that his daughter shall know something of the past, of which he is so justly proud.

But the more solid book-learning given to the girls of New England, even in the public schools, is known only to the daughters of the higher classes, and among them an instance like that of Lady Jane Grey could scarcely now be found. As the girls and boys are never taught in the same schools, no taste is aroused by the example of manly studies. An English girl is astonished to hear that an Amer-

ican girl passes a public examination, like her brothers, and with them competes for prizes; she doubts the truthfulness of some of the representations of life found in American novels; and so little is the freedom of manners understood, that the American traveller is frequently asked,—“Can it really be as Mrs. Stowe represents in America? Does a young lady really give a party herself?”

The difference that one would expect is found between the women of England or Scotland and the women of New England. The young Englishwoman is tasteful and elegant, mindful of all the proprieties and graces of social life; she speaks slowly and cautiously, and gives her opinions with great modesty. These are not at present the characteristics of the American girl.

Mary Fairfax passed through the usual routine. At fourteen she had read the books to be found in her father's house, including the few works on Navigation which were necessary to him in his profession. She had thus obtained an idea of the world of science, and it was dull to return to worsted-work for amusement. The needle, which has been the fetter of so many women, became, however, in her hand, magnetic, and pointed her to her destiny. She was in the habit of taking her work into her brother's study, and listening to his recitations; the revelations of Geometry were thus opened to her; she listened and worked for a time, until the desire to know more of this region of form and law, of harmony and of relations, became too strong to be resisted; the worsted was thrown aside, and she ventured to ask the tutor to instruct her. The honest man told her that he was no mathematician; he could lend her Euclid, but he could do no more.

The first great step was now taken; Euclid was quickly read; other books were borrowed from other friends; Bonycastle's and Euler's Algebra were obtained, and she exulted in the use of those mystic symbols, x , y , and z . Her parents looked on with indifference; so that the

music were not neglected and the governess reported well of her studies, they felt there was no harm in her amusing herself as she chose. When the days of the governess were over, the young lady “came out” in Edinburgh, and mingled much with the best society. This most picturesque city had long been the resort of the most gifted minds; men of literature and men of science made the charm of its winter life. Never was it more the gathering-place of intellect than in the early part of this century; but there was no room for a woman of genius, and the young girl's friends advised her to conceal her pursuits. Move as quietly, however, and as unobtrusively as she might in the brilliant circle, her genius was not without recognition. There was a word of encouragement from Professor Playfair. “Persevere in your study,” said he; “it will be a source of happiness to you when all else fails; for it is the study of truth.” She had a champion, too, in the dreaded critic, Jeffrey. “I am told,” said a friend, writing to him, “that the ladies of Edinburgh are literary, and that one of them sets up as a blue-stockings and an astronomer.” “The lady of whom you speak,” replied Jeffrey, “may wear blue stockings, but her petticoats are so long that I have never seen them.”

Mrs. Somerville has been twice married. Her first husband, a gentleman of the name of Greig, regarded her pursuits as her parents had, simply with indifference. Dr. Somerville, her present husband, has taken the utmost pains to secure her time for her studies, and has himself relieved her from many household cares.

The simplicity of character which belonged to her in early life was not lost when her reputation became established. The Royal Society, whose doors do not open at every knock, admitted her to membership, and, by their order, her bust was sculptured by Chantrey, and now adorns the hall of the Society in Somerset House. During the sittings for this purpose, a lady, a friend of the sculptor,

begged him to introduce her to Mrs. Somerville. Chantrey consented, and made a dinner-party for the purpose. The two ladies were placed side by side at table, and the benevolent artist rejoiced to perceive, from the flow of talk, that they were mutually pleased. The next day, to his astonishment, his friend called on him in a state of great indignation, believing herself the victim of a practical joke. "How could you do so?" said she. "You knew that I did not want to know *that* Mrs. Somerville; I wanted to know the astronomer: that lady talked of the theatre, the opera, and common things."

The anecdote so often told of Laplace's compliment is literally true. Mrs. Somerville dined with this great geometer in Paris. "I write books," said Laplace, "that no one can read. Only two women have ever read the '*Mécanique Céleste*'; both are Scotch women: Mrs. Greig and yourself."

Upon the "*Mécanique Céleste*" Mrs. Somerville's greatest work is founded. "I simply translated Laplace's work," said she, "from algebra into common language." That is, she did what very few men and no other woman could do. It is of this work of Laplace that Bonaparte said, "I will give to it my first *six months* of leisure." The student who reads it by the aid of Dr. Bowditch's notes has little idea of the difficulties to be met in the original work. Even Dr. Bowditch himself said, "I never come across one of Laplace's '*Thus it plainly appears*,' without feeling sure that I have got hours of hard study before me, to fill up the chasm and show *how* it plainly appears."

This "translation into common language" was undertaken at the request of Lord Brougham, who desired a mathematical work suited to the "Library of Useful Knowledge." The manuscript was submitted to Sir John Herschel, who expressed himself "delighted with it,—that it was a book for posterity, but quite above the class for which Lord Brougham's course was intended." It was pub-

lished at once, and became the text-book for the students of Cambridge.

"The Connection of the Physical Sciences" and the "Physical Geography" are the later works of Mrs. Somerville. These volumes have probably been more read in our country than in Europe; for it is a common remark of the scientific writers of Great Britain, that their "readers are found in the United States." They contain vast collections of facts in all branches of Physical Science, connected together by the delicate web of Mrs. Somerville's own thought, showing an amount and variety of learning to be compared only to that of Humboldt.

Provided with an "open sesame" to her heart, in the shape of a letter from her old friend, Lady Herschel, we sought the acquaintance of Mrs. Somerville in the spring of 1858. She was at that time residing in Florence, and, sending the letter and a card to her by the servant, we awaited the reply in the large Florentine parlor, in the fireplace of which a wood-fire blazed, suggestive of English comfort,—a suggestion which in Italy rarely becomes a reality.

There was the usual delay; then a footstep came slowly through the outer room, and a very old man, exceedingly tall, with a red silk handkerchief around his head, entered, and introduced himself as Doctor Somerville. He is proud of his wife; a pardonable weakness in any man, especially so in the husband of Mary Somerville. He began at once to talk of her. "Mrs. Somerville," he said, "was much interested in the Americans, for she claimed a connection with the family of Washington. Washington's half-brother, Lawrence, married Anne Fairfax, who was of the Scotch family of that name. When Mrs. Somerville's father, as Lieutenant Fairfax, was ordered to America, General Washington wrote to him as a family relative, and invited him to his house. Lieutenant Fairfax applied to his commanding officer for leave to accept the invitation, and it was refused; they never met. Much to the regret of the Somervilles, the letter of

Washington has been lost. The Fairfaxes of Virginia are of the same family, and occasionally some member of the American branch visits his Scotch cousins."

While Doctor Somerville was talking of these things, Mrs. Somerville came tripping into the room, speaking with the vivacity of a young person. She was seventy-seven years old, but appeared twenty years younger. Her face is pleasing, the forehead low and broad, the eyes blue,—the features so regular, that, as sculptured by Chantrey, in the bust at Somerset House, they convey the idea of a very handsome woman. Neither this bust nor the picture of her, however, gives a correct impression, except in the outline of the head and shoulders. She spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and was slightly affected by deafness.

At this time, Mrs. Somerville was re-writing her "Physical Geography." She said that she worked as well as when she was younger, but was more quickly fatigued; yet, in order to gain time, she had given up her afternoon nap, without apparent injury to her health. Her working hours were in the morning, and she never refused a visitor after noon. For her first work she said she computed a good deal; and here she stepped quickly into an adjoining room, and brought out a mass of manuscript computations made for that work, the mere sight of which would give a headache to most women. The conversation was rather of the familiar and chatty order, and marked by great simplicity. She touched upon the recent discoveries in chemical science, —upon California, its gold and its consequences, some good from which she thought would be found in the improvement of seamanship, —on the nebulae, more and more of which she thought would be resolved, while yet there might exist irresolvable nebulous matter, such as composed the tails of comets, or the satellites of the planets, which she thought had other uses than as their subordinates. Of Doctor Whewell's attempt to prove

that our planet is the only one inhabited she spoke with disapprobation; she said she believed that the other planets might be inhabited by beings of a higher order than ourselves.

On subsequent visits, Mrs. Somerville had much to say of the Americans. She regretted that she so rarely received scientific articles from America; the papers of Lieutenant Maury alone reached her. She spoke of the late Doctor Bowditch with great interest, and said she had had some correspondence with one of his sons; of Professor Peirce as a great mathematician; and she was much interested in the successful photography of the stars by Mr. Whipple. To a traveller, thousands of miles from home, the mere mention of familiar names is cheering.

Mrs. Somerville resides in Florence on account of the health of her husband. A little garden, well-stocked with rose-bushes, which she shows with great pride to her visitors, furnishes her with a means of healthy recreation after her severe studies. Her children are a son by Mr. Greig and two daughters by Doctor Somerville. In early life, Mrs. Somerville was a fine musician: the daughters have inherited this talent; and having lived long in Florence, they speak Italian with a perfect accent. "I speak Italian," said Mrs. Somerville; "but no one could ever take me for other than a Scotchwoman."

No one can make the acquaintance of this remarkable woman without increased admiration for her. The ascent of the steep and rugged path of science has not unfitted her for the drawing-room circle; the hours of devotion to close study have not been incompatible with the duties of the wife and the mother; the mind that has turned to rigid demonstration has not thereby lost its faith in the truths which figures will not prove. "I have no doubt," said she, in speaking of the heavenly bodies, "that in another state of existence we shall know more about these things."

Mary Somerville

ROBA DI ROMA.

MAY IN ROME.

MAY has come again,—“the delicate-footed May,” her feet hidden in flowers as she wanders over the Campagna, and the cool breeze of the Campagna blowing back her loosened hair. She calls to us from the open fields to leave the wells of damp churches and shadowy streets, and to come abroad and meet her where the mountains look down from roseate heights of vanishing snow upon plains of waving grain. The hedges have put on their best draperies of leaves and flowers, and, girdled in at their waist by double osier bands, stagger luxuriantly along the road like a drunken Bacchanal procession, crowned with festive ivy, and holding aloft their snowy clusters of elder-blossoms like *thyrsi*. Among their green robes may be seen thousands of beautiful wild-flowers,—the sweet-scented *laurus-tinus*, all sorts of running vetches and wild sweet-pea, the delicate vases of dewy morning-glories, clusters of eglantine or sweetbrier roses, fragrant acacia-blossoms covered with bees and buzzing flies, the gold of glowing gorses, and scores of purple and yellow flowers, of which I know not the names. On the gray walls, vines, grass, and the humble class of flowers which go by the ignoble name of weeds straggle and cluster; and over them, held down by the green cord of the stalk, balance the bursted balloons of hundreds of flaming scarlet poppies that seem to have fed on fire. The undulating swell of the Campagna is here ablaze with them for acres, and there deepening with growing grain, or snowed over with myriads of daisies. Music and song, too, are not wanting; hundreds of birds are in the hedges. The lark, “from his moist cabinet rising,” rains down his trills of incessant song from invisible heights of blue sky; and whenever one passes the wayside groves, a nightingale is sure to bubble into song. The oranges, too, are

in blossom, perfuming the air; locust-trees are tasselled with odorous flowers; and over the walls of the Campagna villa bursts a cascade of vines covered with foamy *Banksia* roses.

The Carnival of the kitchen-gardens is now commencing. Peas are already an old story, strawberries are abundant, and cherries are beginning to make their appearance, in these first days of May; old women sell them at every corner, tied together in tempting bunches, as in “the cherry-orchard” which Miss Edgeworth has made fairy-land in our childish memories. Asparagus also has long since come; and artichokes make their daily appearance on the table, sliced up and fried, or boiled whole, or coming up roasted and gleaming with butter, with more outside capes and coats than an ideal English coachman of the olden times. *Finocchi*, too, are here, tasting like anisette, and good to mix in the salads. And great beans lie about in piles, the *contadini* twisting them out of their thick pods with their thumbs, to eat them raw. Nay, even the *signoria* of the noble families do the same, as they walk through the gardens, and think them such a luxury that they eat them raw for breakfast. But over and above all other vegetables are the lettuces, which are one of the great staples of food for the Roman people, and so crisp, fresh, delicate, and high-flavored, that he who eats them once will hold Nebuchadnezzar no longer a subject for compassion, but rather of envy. Drowned in fresh olive-oil and strong with vinegar, they are a feast for the gods; and even in their natural state, without condiments, they are by no means to be despised. At the corners of the streets they lie piled in green heaps, and are sold at a *baiocco* for five heads. At noontide, the *contadini* and laborers feed upon them without even the condiment of salt, crunching their white teeth through the crisp, wet leaves, and alternating a bite at a great

wedge of bread; and toward nightfall, one may see carts laden high up with closely packed masses of them, coming in from the Campagna for the market. In a word, the *fiesta* of the vegetables, at which they do not eat, but are eaten, and the Carnival of the kitchen-garden have come.

But—a thousand, thousand pardons, O mighty Cavolo!—how have I dared omit thy august name? On my knees, O potentest of vegetables, I crave forgiveness! I will burn at thy shrine ten waxen candles, in penance, if thou wilt pardon the sin and shame of my forgetfulness! The smoke of thy altar-fires, the steam of thy incense, and the odors of thy sanctity rise from every hypæthral shrine in Rome. Out-doors and in-doors, wherever the foot wanders, on palatial stairs or in the hut of poverty, in the convent pottage and the *Lepre* soup, in the wooden platter of the beggar and the silver tureen of the prince, thou fillest our nostrils, thou satisfiest our stomach. Thou hast no false pride; great as thou art, thou condescendest to be exchanged for a *baiocco*. Dear enchantress! to thee, and to thy glorious cousin Broccoli, that tender-hearted, efflorescent nymph, the Egeria of the *osteria con cucina*, the peerless maid that goes with the steak and accepts martyrdom without moan, to drive away the demon of Hunger from her devoted followers,—all honor! Far away, whenever I inhale thy odor, I shall think of “Roman Joys”; a whiff from thine altar in a foreign land will bear me back to the Eternal City, “the City of the Soul,” the City of the Cabbage, the home of the Dioscouri, *Cavolo* and *Broccoli*! Yes, as Paris is recalled by the odor of chocolate, and London by the damp steam of malt, so shall Rome come back when my nostrils are filled with thy penetrative fragrance!

Saunter out at any of the city-gates, or lean over the wall at San Giovanni, (and where will you find a more charming spot?) or look down from the windows of the Villa Negroni, and your eye will surely fall on one of the Roman kitchen-gardens, patterned out in even rows and

squares of green. Nothing can be prettier or more tasteful in their arrangement than these variegated carpets of vegetables. A great cistern of running water crowns the height of the ground, which is used for the purposes of irrigation, and towards nightfall the vent is opened, and you may see the gardeners unbanking the channelled rows to let the inundation flow through hundreds of little lanes of intersection and canals between the beds, and then banking them up at the entrance when a sufficient quantity of water has entered. In this way they fertilize and refresh the soil, which else would parch under the continuous sun. And this, indeed, is all the fertilization they need,—so strong is the soil all over the Campagna. The accretions and decay of thousands of years have covered it with a loam whose richness and depth are astonishing. Dig where you will, for ten feet down, and you do not pass through its wonderfully fertile loam into gravel, and the slightest labor is repaid a hundred-fold.

As one looks from the Villa Negroni windows, he cannot fail to be impressed by the strange changes through which this wonderful city has passed. The very spot on which Nero, the insane emperor-artist, fiddled while Rome was burning has now become a vast kitchen-garden, belonging to Prince Massimo, (himself a descendant, as he claims, of Fabius Cunctator,) where men no longer, but only lettuces, asparagus, and artichokes, are ruthlessly cut down. The inundations are not for mock sea-fights among slaves, but for the peaceful purposes of irrigation. And though the fiddle of Nero is only traditional, the trumpets of the French, murdering many an unhappy strain near by, are a most melancholy fact. In the bottom of the valley, a noble old villa, covered with frescoes, has been turned into a manufactory of bricks, and the very Villa Negroni itself is now doomed to be the site of a railway station. Yet here the princely family of Negroni lived, and the very lady at whose house Lucrezia Borgia took her famous

revenge may once have sauntered under the walls, which still glow with ripening oranges, to feed the gold-fish in the fountain, or walked with stately friends through the long alleys of clipped cypresses, and pic-nicked *alla Giorgione* on lawns which are now but kitchen-gardens, dedicated to San Cavolo. It pleases me, also, descending in memories to a later time, to look up at the summer-house built above the gateway, and recall the days when Shelley and Keats came there to visit their friend Severn, the artist, (for that was his studio,) and look over the same alleys and gardens, and speak words one would have been so glad to hear,—and, coming still later down, to recall the hearty words and brave heart of America's best sculptor and my dear friend, Crawford.

But to return to the kitchen-gardens. Pretty as they are to the eye, they are not considered to be wholesome; and no Roman will live in a house near one of them, especially if it lie on the southern and western side, so that the Sirocco and the prevalent summer winds blow over it. The daily irrigation, in itself, would be sufficient to frighten all Italians away; for they have a deadly fear of all effluvia arising from decomposing vegetable substances, and suppose, with a good deal of truth, that, wherever there is water on the earth, there is decomposition. But this is not the only reason; for the same prejudice exists in regard to all kinds of gardens, whether irrigated or not,—and even to groves of trees and clusters of bushes, or vegetation of any kind, around a house. This is the real reason why, even in their country villas, their trees are almost always planted at a distance from the house, so as to expose it to the sun and to give it a free ventilation; these they do not care for; damp is their determined foe, and therefore they will not purchase the luxury of shade from trees at the risk of the damp it is supposed to engender. On the north, however, gardens are not thought to be so prejudicial as on the south and west,—as the cold, dry winds come from the

former direction. The malaria, as we call it, though the term is unknown to Romans, is never so dangerous as after a slight rain, just sufficient to wet the surface of the earth without deeply penetrating it; for decomposition is then stimulated, and the miasma arising from the Campagna is blown abroad. So long as the earth is dry, there is no danger of fever, except at morning and nightfall, and then simply because of the heavy dews which the porous and baked earth then inhales and expires. After the autumn has given a thorough, drenching rain, Rome is healthy and free from fever.

Rome has with strangers the reputation of being unhealthy; but this opinion I cannot think well founded,—to the extent, at least, of the common belief. The diseases of children there are ordinarily very light, while in America and England they are terrible. Scarlet and typhus fevers, those fearful scourges in the North, are known at Rome only under most mitigated forms. Cholera has shown no virulence there; and for diseases of the throat and lungs the air alone is almost curative. The great curse of the place is the intermittent fever, in which any other illness is apt to end. But this, except in its peculiar phase of *Perniciosa*, though a very annoying, is by no means a dangerous disease, and has the additional advantage of a specific remedy. The Romans themselves of the better class seldom suffer from it, and I cannot but think that with a little prudence it may be easily avoided. Those who are most attacked by it are the laborers and *contadini* on the Campagna; and how can it be otherwise with them? They sleep often on the bare ground, or on a little straw under a *capanna* just large enough to admit them on all-fours. Their labor is exhausting, and performed in the sun, and while in a violent perspiration they are often exposed to sudden draughts and checks. Their food is poor, their habits careless, and it would require an iron constitution to resist what they endure. But, despite the life they lead and their various exposures, they are for the most

part a very strong and sturdy class. This intermittent fever is undoubtedly a far from pleasant thing; but Americans who are terrified at it in Rome give it no thought in Philadelphia, where it is more prevalent,—and while they call Rome unhealthy, live with undisturbed confidence in cities where scarlet and typhus fevers annually rage.

It is a curious fact, that the French soldiers, who in 1848 made the siege of Rome, suffered no inconvenience or injury to their health from sleeping on the Campagna, and that, despite the prophesies to the contrary, very few cases of fever appeared, though the siege lasted during all the summer months. The reason of this is doubtless to be found in the fact that they were better clothed, better fed, and in every way more careful of themselves, than the *contadini*. Foreigners, too, who visit Rome, are very seldom attacked by intermittent fever; and it may truly be said, that, when they are, it is, for the most part, their own fault. There is generally the grossest inconsistency between their theories and their practice. Believing as they do that the least exposure will induce fever, they expose themselves with singular recklessness to the very causes of fever. After hurrying through the streets and getting into a violent perspiration, they plunge at once into some damp pit-like church or chill gallery, where the temperature is at least ten degrees lower than the outer air. The bald-headed, rosy John Bull, steaming with heat, doffs at once the hat which he wore in the street, and, of course, is astounded, if the result prove just what it would be anywhere else,—and if he take cold and get a fever, charges it to the climate, and not to his own stupidity and recklessness. Beside this, foreigners will always insist on carrying their home-habits with them wherever they go, and it is exceedingly difficult to persuade any one that he does not understand the climate better than the Italians themselves, whom he puts down as a poor set of timid ignoramuses. However, the longer one lives in Rome, the more he learns to

value the Italian rules of health. There is probably no people so careful in these matters as the Italians, and especially the Romans. They understand their own climate, and they have a special dislike of death. In France and England suicides are very common; in Italy they are almost unknown. The American recklessness of life completely astounds the Italian. He enjoys life, studies every method to preserve it, and considers any one who risks it unnecessarily as simply a fool.

What, then, are their rules of life? In the first place, in all their habits they are very regular. They eat at stated times, and cannot be persuaded to partake of anything in the intervals. If it be not their hour for eating, they will refuse the choicest viands, and will sit at your table fasting, despite every temptation you can offer them. They are also very abstemious in their diet, and gluttony is the very rarest of vices. I do not believe there is another nation in Europe that eats so sparingly. In the morning they take a cup of coffee, generally without milk, sipping in it some light *brioche*. Later in the day they take a slight lunch of soup and macaroni, with a glass of wine. This lasts them until dinner, which begins with a watery soup; after which the *lesso* or boiled meat comes on and is eaten with one vegetable, which is less a dish than a garnish to the meat; then comes a dish of some vegetable eaten with bread; then, perhaps, a chop, or another dish of meat, garnished with a vegetable; some light *dolce* or fruit, and a cup of black coffee,—the latter for digestion's sake,—finish the repast. The quantity is very small, however, compared to what is eaten in England, France, America, or, though last, not least, Germany. Late in the evening they have a supper. When dinner is taken in the middle of the day, lunch is omitted. This is the rule of the better classes. The workmen and middle classes, after their cup of coffee and bit of bread or *brioche* in the morning, take nothing until night, except another cup of coffee and bread,—and their din-

ner finishes their meals after their work is done. From my own observation, I should say that an Italian does not certainly eat more than half as much as a German, or two-thirds as much as an American. The climate will not allow of gormandizing, and much less food is required to sustain the vital powers than in America, where the atmosphere is so stimulating to the brain and the digestion, or in England, where the depressing effects of the climate must be counteracted by stimulants. Go to any *table d'hôte* in the season, and you will at once know all the English who are new comers by their bottle of ale or claret or sherry or brandy; for the Englishman assimilates with difficulty, and unwillingly puts off his home-habits. The fresh American will always be recognized by the morning-dinner, which he calls a breakfast.

If you wish to keep your health in Italy, follow the example of the Italians. Eat a third less than you are accustomed to at home. Do not drink habitually of brandy, porter, ale, or even Marsala, but confine yourselves to the lighter wines of the country or of France. Do not walk much in the sun; "only Englishmen and dogs" do that, as the proverb goes; and especially take heed not to expose yourself, when warm, to any sudden changes of temperature. If you have heated yourself with walking in the sun, be careful not to go at once, and especially towards nightfall, into the lower and shaded streets, which have begun to gather the damps, and which are kept cool by the high, thick walls of the houses. Remember that the difference of temperature is very great between the narrow, shaded streets and the high, sunny Pincio. If you have the misfortune to be of the male sex, and especially if you suffer under the sorrow of the first great Cæsar in being bald, buy yourself a little skullcap, (it is as good as his laurels for the purpose,) and put it on your head whenever you enter the churches and cold galleries. Almost every fever here is the result of suddenly checked transpiration of the skin; and if you will take the precaution

to cool yourself before entering churches and galleries, and not to expose yourself while warm to sudden changes of temperature, you may live twenty years in Rome without a fever. Do not stand in draughts of cold air, and shut your windows when you go to bed. There is nothing an Italian fears like a current of air, and with reason. He will never sit between two doors or two windows. If he has walked to see you and is in the least warm, pray him to keep his hat on until he is cool, if you would be courteous to him. You will find that he will always use the same *gentilezza* to you. The reason why you should shut your windows at night is very simple. The night-air is invariably damp and cold, contrasting greatly with the warmth of the day, and it is then that the miasma from the Campagna drifts into the city. And oh, my American friends! repress your national love for hot rooms and great fires, and do not make an oven of your *salon*. Bake yourselves, kiln-dry yourselves, if you choose, in your furnaced houses at home, but, if you value your health, "reform that altogether" in Italy. Increase your clothing and suppress your fires, and you will find yourselves better in head and in pocket. With your great fires you will always be cold and always have colds; for the houses are not tight, and you only create great draughts thereby. You will not persuade an Italian to sit near them;—"Scusa, Signore," he will say, "*mi fa male; se non gli dispiace, mi metto in questo cantone*,"—and with your permission he takes the farthest corner away from the fire. Seven winters in Rome have convinced me of the correctness of their rule. Of course, you do not believe me or them; but it would be better for you, if you did,—and for me, too, when I come to visit you.

But I must beg pardon for all this advice; and as my business is not to write a medical thesis here, let me return to pleasanter things.

Scarcely does the sun drop behind St. Peter's on the first day of May, before bonfires begin to blaze from all the country

towns on the mountain-sides, showing like great beacons. This is a custom founded in great antiquity, and common to the North and South. The first of May is the Festival of the Holy Apostles in Italy; but in Germany, and still farther north, in Sweden and Norway, it is *Walpurgisnacht*, when goblins, witches, hags, and devils hold high holiday, mounting on their brooms for the Brocken. And it was on this night that Mephistopheles carried Faust on his wondrous ride, and showed him the spectre of Margaret with the red line round her throat. Miss Bremer, in her "Life in Dalecarlia," gives the following account of the origin of this custom:—"It is so old," she says, "that there is no perfect certainty either of its origin or signification. It is, however, believed that it derives its origin from a heathen sacrificatory festival; and there is ground for the acceptance that children were sacrificed alive at this very feast,—and this, in fact, in order to expel or reconcile the evil spirits, of whom the people believed, that, partly flying, partly riding, they commenced their passages over fields and woods at the beginning of spring, and which are to this day called enchanter, witches, nymphs, and so forth. It is also believed that about this time the spirits of the earth came forth from out of the bosom of the earth and the heart of the mountains in order to seek intercourse with the children of men. Fires were frequently kindled upon the sepulchral hills, and at these, sacrifices were offered, chiefly to the good powers, namely, to those who provide for a fruitful year. At present I should scarcely think there is an individual who believes in such superstitious stuff. But they still, as in days of yore, kindle fires upon the mountains on this night, and still look upon it as a bad omen, if any common or ugly-formed creature, whether beast or man, makes its appearance at the fire."

In the Neapolitan towns great fires are built on this festival, around which the people dance, jumping through the flames, and flinging themselves about in every wild and fantastic attitude. It is probably

a relic of some old sacrificatory festival to Maia, who has given her name to this month,—the custom still remaining after its significance is gone.

The month of May is the culmination of the spring and the season of seasons at Rome. No wonder that foreigners who have come when winter sets in and take wing before April shows her sky sometimes growl at the weather, and ask if this is the beautiful Italian clime. They have simply selected the rainy season for their visit; and one cannot expect to have sun the whole year through, without intermission. Where will they find more sun in the same season? where will they find milder and softer air? Days even in the middle of winter, and sometimes weeks, descend as it were from heaven to fill the soul with delight; and a lovely day in Rome is lovelier than under any other sky on earth. But just when foreigners go away in crowds, the weather is settling into the perfection of spring, and then it is that Rome is most charming. The rains are over, the sun is a daily blessing, all Nature is bursting into leaf and flower, and one may spend days on the Campagna without fear of colds and fever. Stay in Rome during May, if you wish to feel its beauty.

The best rule for a traveller who desires to enjoy the charms of every clime would be to go to the North in the winter and to the South in the spring and summer. Cold is the speciality of the North, and all its sports and gayeties take thence their tone. The houses are built to shut out the demon of Frost, and protect one from his assaults of ice and snow. Let him howl about your windows and scrawl his wonderful landscapes on your panes and pile his fantastic wreaths outside, while you draw round the blazing hearth and enjoy the artificial heat and warm in the social converse that he provokes. Your punch is all the better for his threats; by contrast you enjoy the more. Or brave him outside in a flying sledge, careering with jangling bells over white wastes of snow, while the stars, as you go, fly through the naked trees that are glit-

tering with ice-jewels, and your blood tingles with excitement, and your breath is blown like a white incense to the skies. That is the real North. How tame he will look to you, when you go back in August and find a few hard apples, a few tough plums, and some sour little things which are apologies for grapes! He looks sneaky enough then, with his make-believe summer, and all his furs off. No, then is the time for the South. All is simmering outside, and the locust saws and shrills till he seems to heat the air. You stay in the house at noon, and know what a virtue there is in thick walls which keep out the fierce heats, in gaping windows and doors that will not shut because you need the ventilation. You will not now complain of the stone and brick floors that you cursed all winter long, and on which you now sprinkle water to keep the air cool in your rooms. The blunders and stupidities of winter are all over. The breezy *loggia* is no longer a joke. You are glad enough to sit there and drink your wine and look over the landscape. Manuccia brings in a great basket of grapes that are grapes, which the wasp envies you as you eat, and comes to share. And here are luscious figs bursting with seedy sweetness, and apricots rusted in the sun, and velvety peaches that break into juice in your mouth, and great black-seeded *cocomeri*. Nature empties her cornucopia of fruits and flowers and vegetables all over your table. Luxuriously you enjoy them and fan yourself and take your *siesta*, with full appreciation of your *dolce far niente*. When the sun begins to slope westward, if you are in the country, you wander through the green lanes festooned with vines and pluck the grapes as you go; or, if you are in the city, you saunter the evening long through the streets, where all the world are strolling, and take your *granito* of ice or sherbet, and talk over the things of the day and the time, and pass as you go home groups of singers and serenaders with guitars, flutes, and violins,—serenade, perhaps, sometimes, yourself; and all the time the great

planets and stars palpitate in the near heavens, and the soft air full of fragrance blows against your cheek. And you can really say, This is Italy! For it is not what you do, so much as what you feel, that makes Italy.

But pray remember, when you go there, that in the South every arrangement is made for the nine hot months, and not for the three cold and rainy ones you choose to spend there, and perhaps your views may be somewhat modified in respect of this "miserable people," who, you say, "have no idea of comfort,"—meaning, of course, English comfort. Perhaps, I say; for it is in the nature of travellers to come to sudden conclusions upon slight premises, to maintain with obstinacy preconceived notions, and to quarrel with all national traits except their own. And being English, unless you have a friend in India who has made you aware that cane-bottom chairs are India-English, you will be pretty sure to believe that there is no comfort without carpets and coal; or being an American, you will be apt to undervalue a gallery of pictures with only a three-ply carpet on the floor, and to "calculate," that, if they could see your house in Washington Street, they would feel rather ashamed. However, there is a great deal of human nature in mankind, wherever you go,—except in Paris, perhaps, where Nature is rather inhuman and artificial. And when I instance the Englishman and American as making false judgments, let me not be misunderstood as supposing them the only nations in that category. No, no! did not my Parisian acquaintance the other day assure me very gravely, after lamenting the absurdity of the Italians' not speaking French instead of their own language,—“But, Sir, what is this Italian? nothing but bad French!”—and did not another of that same polished nation, in describing his travels to Naples, say, in answer to the question, whether he had seen the grand old temples of Pæstum,—“Ah, yes, I have seen Pæstum; 'tis a detestable country!—like the Campagna of Rome”? I am

perfectly aware that there are differences of opinion.

Let me, then, beg you to remain in Rome during the month of May, if you can possibly make your arrangements to do so.

May is the month of the Madonna, and on every *fiesta*-day you will see at the corners of the streets a little improvised shrine, or it may be only a festooned print of the Madonna hung against the walls of some house or against the back of a chair, and tended by two or three children, who hold out to you a plate, as you pass, and beg for charity, sometimes, I confess, in the most pertinacious way,—the money thus raised to be expended in oil for the lamps before the Madonna shrines in the streets. The monasteries of nuns are also busy with processions and celebrations in honor of “the Mother of God,” which are carried on pleasantly within their precincts and seen only of female friends. Sometimes you will meet a procession of ladies outside the gates following a cross on foot, while their carriages come after in a long file. These are societies which are making the pilgrimage of the Seven Basilicas outside the Walls. They set out early in the morning, stopping in each basilica for a half-hour to say their prayers, and return to Rome at Ave Maria.

Life, too, is altogether changed now. All the windows are wide open, and there is at least one head and shoulders leaning out at every house. And the poorer families are all out on their door-steps, working and chatting together, while their children run about them in the streets, sprawling, playing, and fighting. Many a beautiful theme for the artist is now to be found in these careless and characteristic groups; and curly-headed Saint Johns may be seen in every street, half naked, with great black eyes and rounded arms and legs. It is this which makes Rome so admirable a residence for an artist. All things are easy and careless in the out-of-doors life of the common people,—all poses unsought, all groupings accidental, all action unaffected and

unconscious. One meets Nature at every turn,—not braced up in prim forms, not conscious in manners, not made up into the fashionable or the proper, but impulsive, free, and simple. With the whole street looking on, they are as unconscious and natural as if they were where no eye could see them,—ay, and more natural, too, than it is possible for some people to be, even in the privacy of their solitary rooms. They sing at the top of their lungs as they sit on their door-steps at their work, and often shout from house to house across the street a long conversation, and sometimes even read letters from upper windows to their friends below in the street. The men and women who cry their fruits, vegetables, and wares up and down the city, laden with baskets or panniers, and often accompanied by a donkey, stop to chat with group after group, or get into animated debates about prices, or exercise their wits and lungs at once in repartee in a very amusing way. Everybody is in dishabille in the morning, but towards twilight the girls put on their better dresses, and comb their glossy raven hair, heaping it up in great solid braids, and, hanging two long golden ear-rings in their ears and *collane* round their full necks, come forth conquering and to conquer, and saunter bare-headed up and down the streets, or lounge about the doorways or piazzas in groups, ready to give back to any jeerer as good as he sends. You see them marching along sometimes in a broad platoon of five or six, all their brows as straight as if they had been ruled, and their great dark eyes flashing out under them, ready in a moment for a laugh or a frown. What stalwart creatures they are! What shoulders, bosoms, and backs they have! what a chance for the lungs under those stout *busti*! and what finished and elegant heads! They are certainly cast in a large mould, with nothing belittled or meagre about them, either in feature or figure.

Early in the morning you will see streaming through the streets or gathered together in picturesque groups, some

standing, some couching on the pavement, herds of long-haired goats, brown and white and black, which have been driven, or rather which have followed their shepherd, into the city to be milked. The majestic, long-bearded, patriarchal rams shake their bells and parade solemnly round, while the silken females clatter their little hoofs as they run from the hand of the milker when he has filled his can. The shepherd is kept pretty busy, too, milking at everybody's door; and before the fashionable world is up at nine, the milk is gone and the goats are off.

You may know that it is May by the orange and lemon stands, which are erected in almost every piazza. These are little booths covered with canvas, and fantastically adorned with lemons and oranges intermixed, which, piled into pyramids and disposed about everywhere, have a very gay effect. They are generally placed near a fountain, the water of which is conducted through a *canna* into the centre of the booth, and there, finding its own level again, makes a little spilling fountain from which the *bibite* are diluted. Here for a *baiocco* one buys lemonade or orangeade and all sorts of curious little drinks or *bibite*, with a feeble taste of anisette or some other herb to take off the mawkishness of the water; — or for a half-*baiocco* one may have the lemonade without sugar, and in this way it is usually drunk. On all *festadays*, little portable tables are carried round the streets, hung to the neck of the *limonaro*, and set down at convenient spots, or whenever a customer presents himself, and the cries of "*Acqua fresca, — limonaro, limonaro, — chi vuol bere?*" are heard on all sides; and I can assure you, that, after standing on tiptoe for an hour in the heat and straining your neck and head to get sight of some Church procession, you are glad enough to go to the extravagance of even a lemonade with sugar; and smacking your lips, you bless the institution of the *limonaro* as one which must have been early instituted by the Good Samaritan. Listen to his

own description of himself in one of the popular *canzonetti* sung about the streets by wandering musicians to the accompaniment of a violin and guitar: —

"Ma per altro son uomo ingegnoso,
Non possiedo, ma sono padrone;
Vendo l' acqua con spirito e limone
Finche dura d' estate il calor.

"Ho un capello di paglia, — ma bello!
Un zinale di sopra fino;
Chi mi osserva nel mio tavolino,
Gli vien sete, se sete non ha.

"Spaccio spirti, siroppi, acquavite
Fo 'ranciate di nuova invenzione;
Voi vedete quante persone
Chiedono acqua, — e rispondo, — Son quà!"

The *limonaro* is the exponent, the algebraic power, of the Church processions which abound this month; and he is as faithful to them as Boswell to Johnson; — wherever they appear, he is there to console and refresh. Nor is his office a sinecure now; and let us hope that he has his small profits, as well as the Church, — though they spell theirs differently.

The great procession of the year takes place this month on Corpus Domini, and is well worth seeing, as being the very finest and most characteristic of all the Church festivals. It was instituted in honor of the famous miracle at Bolsena, when the wafer dripped blood, and is, therefore, in commemoration of one of the cardinal doctrines of the Roman Church, Transubstantiation, and one of its most theological miracles. The Papal procession takes place in the morning, in the piazza of Saint Peter's; and if you would be sure of it, you must be on the spot as soon as eight o'clock at the latest. The whole circle of the piazza itself is covered with an awning, festooned gayly with garlands of box, under which the procession passes; and the ground is covered with yellow sand, over which box and bay are strewn. The celebration commences with morning mass in the basilica, and that over, the procession issues from one door, and, making the whole circuit of the piazza, returns into the church. First come the *Seminaristi*, or scholars and attend-

ants of the various hospitals and charity-schools, such as San Michele and Santo Spirito,—all in white. Then follow the brown-cowled, long-bearded Franciscans, the white Carmelites, and the black Benedictines, bearing lighted candles and chanting hoarsely as they go. You may see pass before you now all the members of these different conventual orders that there are in Rome, and have an admirable opportunity to study their physiognomies in mass. If you are a convert to Romanism, you will perhaps find in their bald heads and shaven crowns and bearded faces a noble expression of reverence and humility; but, suffering as I do under the misfortune of being a heretic, I could but remark on their heads an enormous development of the two organs of reverence and firmness, and a singular deficiency in the upper forehead, while there was an almost universal enlargement of the lower jaw and of the base of the brain. Being, unfortunately, a friend of Phrenology, as well as a heretic, I drew no very auspicious augury from these developments; and looking into their faces, the physiognomical traits were narrow-mindedness, bigotry, or cunning. The Benedictine heads showed more intellect and will; the Franciscans more dulness and good-nature.

But while I am criticizing them, they are passing by, and a picturesque set of fellows they are. Much as I dislike the conventual creed, I should be sorry to see the costume disappear. Directly on the heels of their poverty come the three splendid triple crowns of the Pope, glittering with gorgeous jewels, and borne in triumph on silken embroidered cushions, and preceded by the court jeweller. After them follow the chapters, canons, and choirs of the seven basilicas, chanting in lofty altos and solid basses and clear ringing tenors from their old Church books, each basilica bearing a typical tent of colored stripes and a wooden campanile and a bell which is constantly rung. Next come the canons of the churches and the *monsignori*, in splendid dresses and rich capes of beautiful lace falling below their

waists; the bishops clad in cloth of silver with mitres on their heads; the cardinals brilliant in gold embroidery and gleaming in the sun; and at last the Pope himself, borne on a platform splendid with silver and gold, with a rich canopy over his head. Beneath this he kneels, or rather, seems to kneel; for, though his splendid draperies and train are skilfully arranged so as to present this semblance, being drawn behind him over two blocks which are so placed as to represent his heels, yet in fact he is seated on a sunken bench or chair, as any careful eye can plainly see. However, kneeling or sitting, just as you will, there he is, before an altar, holding up the *ostia*, which is the *corpus Domini*, "the body of God," and surrounded by officers of the Swiss guards in glittering armor, chamberlains in their beautiful black and Spanish dresses with ruffs and swords, attendants in scarlet and purple costumes, and the *guardia nobile* in their red dress uniforms. Nothing could be more striking than this group. It is the very type of the Church,—pompous, rich, splendid, imposing. After them follow the dragoons mounted,—first a company on black horses, then another on bays, and then a third on grays; foot-soldiers with flashing bayonets bring up the rear, and the procession is over. As the last soldiers enter the church, there is a stir among the gilt equipages of the cardinals which line one side of the piazza,—the horses toss their scarlet plumes, the liveried servants sway as the carriages lumber on, and you may spend a half-hour hunting out your own humble vehicle, if you have one, or throng homeward on foot with the crowd through the Borgo and over the bridge of Sant' Angelo.

This grand procession strikes the note of all the others, and in the afternoon each parish brings out its banners, arrays itself in its choicest dresses, and with pomp and music bears the *ostia* through the streets, the crowd kneeling before it, and the priests chanting. During the next *ottava* or eight days, all the processions take place in honor of this festi-

val; and when the week has passed, everything ends with the Papal procession in Saint Peter's piazza, when, without music, and with uncovered heads, the Pope, cardinals, *monsignori*, canons, and the rest of the priests and officials, make the round of the piazza, bearing great Church banners.

One of the most striking of their celebrations took place this year at the church of San Rocco in the Ripetta, when the church was made splendid with lighted candles and gold bands, and a preacher held forth to a crowded audience in the afternoon. At Ave Maria there was a great procession, with banners, music, and torches, and all the evening the people sauntered to and fro in crowds before the church, where a platform was erected and draped with old tapestries, from which a band played constantly. Do not believe, my dear Presbyterian friend, that these spectacles fail deeply to affect the common mind. So long as human nature remains the same, this splendor and pomp of processions, these lighted torches and ornamented churches, this triumphant music and glad holiday of religion will attract more than your plain conventicles, your ugly meeting-houses, and your compromise with the bass-viol. For my own part, I do not believe that music and painting and all the other arts really belong to the Devil, or that God gave him joy and beauty to deceive with, and kept only the ugly, sour, and sad for himself. We are always better when we are happy; and we are about as sure of being good when we are happy, as of being happy when we are good. Cheerfulness and happiness are, in my humble opinion, duties and habits to be cultivated; but, if you don't think so, I certainly would not deny you the privilege of being wretched: don't let us quarrel about it.

Rather let us turn to the Artists' Festival, which takes place in this month, and is one of the great attractions of the season. Formerly, this festival took place at Cerbara, an ancient Etruscan town on the Campagna, of which only

certain subterranean caves remain. But during the revolutionary days which followed the disasters of 1848, it was suspended for two or three years by the interdict of the Papal government, and when it was again instituted, the place of meeting was changed to Fidenæ, the site of another Etruscan town, with similar subterranean excavations, which were made the head-quarters of the festival. But the new railway to Bologna having been laid out directly over this ground, the artists have been again driven away, and this year the *festa* was held, for the first time, in the grove of Egeria, one of the most beautiful spots on the whole Campagna,—and here it is to be hoped it will have an abiding rest.

This festival was instituted by the German artists, and, though the artists of all nations now join in it, the Germans still remain its special patrons and directors. Early in the morning, the artists rendezvous at an appointed *osteria* outside the walls, dressed in every sort of grotesque and ludicrous costume which can be imagined. All the old dresses which can be rummaged out of the studios or theatres, or pieced together from masking wardrobes, are now in requisition. Indians and Chinese, ancient warriors and mediæval heroes, militia-men and Panches, generals in top-boots and pig-tails, doctors in gigantic wigs and small-clothes, Falstaffs and justices "with fair round belly with good capon lined," magnificent foolscaps, wooden swords with terrible inscriptions, gigantic chapeaus with plumes made of vegetables, in a word, every imaginable absurdity is to be seen. Arrived at the place of rendezvous, they all breakfast, and then the line of march is arranged. A great wooden cart, adorned with quaint devices, garlanded with laurel and bay, bears the president and committee. This is drawn by great white oxen, who are decorated with wreaths and flowers and gay trappings, and from it floats the noble banner of Cerbara or Fidenæ. After this follows a strange and motley train,—some mounted on donkeys, some on horses, and some afoot,—and the line of

march is taken up for the grove of Egeria. What mad jests and wild fun now take place it is impossible to describe; suffice it to say, that all are right glad of a little rest when they reach their destination.

Now begin to stream out from the city hundreds of carriages,—for all the world will be abroad to-day to see,—and soon the green slopes are swarming with gay crowds. Some bring with them a hamper of provisions and wine, and, spreading them on the grass, lunch and dine when and where they will; but those who would dine with the artists must have the order of the *mezzo baiocco* hanging to their buttonhole, which is distributed previously in Rome to all the artists who purchase tickets. Some few there are who also bear upon their breasts the nobler medal of *troppo merito*, gained on previous days, and those are looked upon with due reverence.

But before dinner or lunch there is a high ceremony to take place,—the great feature of the day. It is the mock-heroic play. This year it was the meeting of Numa with the nymph Egeria at the grotto; and thither went the festive procession; and the priest, befilletted and draped in white, burned upon the altar as a sacrifice a great toy sheep, whose offence “smelt to heaven”; and then from the niches suddenly appeared Numa, a gallant youth in spectacles, and Egeria, a Spanish artist with white dress and fillet, who made vows over the smoking sheep, and then were escorted back to the sacred grove with festal music by a joyous, turbulent crowd.

Last year, however, at Fidenæ, it was better. We had a travesty of the taking of Troy, which was eminently ludicrous, and which deserves a better description than I can give. Troy was a space inclosed within paper barriers, about breast-high, painted “to present a wall,” and within these were the Trojans, clad in red, and all wearing gigantic paper helmets. There was old Priam, in spectacles, with his crown and robes,—Laocoön, in white, with a white wool beard and wig,

—Ulysses, in a long, yellow beard and mantle,—and Æneas, with a bald head, in a blue, long-tailed coat, and tall dickey, looking like the traditional Englishman in the circus who comes to hire the horse. The Grecians were encamped at a short distance. All had round, basket-work shields,—some with their names painted on them in great letters, and some with an odd device, such as a cat or pig. There were Ulysses, Agamemnon, Ajax, Nestor, Patroclus, Diomedes, Achilles, “all honorable men.” The drama commenced with the issuing of Paris and Helen from the walls of Troy,—he in a tall, black French hat, girdled with a gilt crown, and she in a white dress, with a great wig hanging round her face in a profusion of carrotty curls. Queer figures enough they were, as they stepped along together, caricaturing love in a pantomime, he making terrible demonstrations of his ardent passion, and she finally falling on his neck in rapture. This over, they seated themselves near by two large pasteboard rocks, he sitting on his shield and taking out his flute to play to her, while she brought forth her knitting and ogled him as he played. While they were thus engaged, came creeping up with the stage stride of a double step, and dragging one foot behind him, Menelaus, whom Thersites had, meantime, been taunting, by pointing at him two great ox-horns. He walked all round the lovers, pantomiming rage and jealousy in the accredited ballet style, and then, suddenly approaching, crushed poor Paris's great black hat down over his eyes. Both, very much frightened, then took to their heels and rushed into the city, while Menelaus, after shaking Paris's shield, in defiance, at the walls, retired to the Grecian camp. Then came the preparations for battle. The Trojans leaned over their paper battlements, with their fingers to their noses, twiddling them in scorn, while the Greeks shook their fists back at them. The battle now commenced on the “ringing plains of Troy,” and was eminently absurd. Paris, in hat and pantaloons, (*à la mode de*

Paris,) soon showed the white feather, and incontinently fled. Everybody hit nowhere, fiercely striking the ground or the shields, and always carefully avoiding, as on the stage, to hit in the right place. At last, however, Patroclus was killed, whereupon the battle was suspended, and a grand *tableau* of surprise and horror took place, from which at last they recovered, and the Greeks prepared to carry him off on their shoulders. Then terrible to behold was the grief of Achilles. Homer himself would have wept to see him. He flung himself on the body, and shrieked, and tore his hair, and violently shook the corpse, which, under such demonstrations, now and then kicked up. Finally, he rises and challenges Hector to single combat, and out comes the valiant Trojan, and a duel ensues with wooden axes. Such blows and counter blows were never seen, only they never hit, but often whirled the warrior who dealt them completely round; they tumbled over their own blows, panted with feigned rage, lost their robes and great pasteboard helmets, and were even more absurd than Richmond and Richard ever were on the country boards at a fifth-rate theatre. But Hector is at last slain and borne away, and a ludicrous lay figure is laid out to represent him, with bunged-up eyes and a general flabbiness of body and want of features, charming to behold. On their necks the Trojans bear him to their walls, and with a sudden jerk pitch him over them head first, and he tumbles, in a heap, into the city. Then Ulysses harangues the Greeks. He has brought out a *quartuola* barrel of wine, which, with most expressive pantomime, he shows to be the wooden horse that must be carried into Troy. His proposition is joyfully accepted, and, accompanied by all, he rolls the cask up to the walls, and, flourishing a tin cup in one hand, invites the Trojans to partake. At first there is confusion in the city, and fingers are twiddled over the walls, but after a time all go out and drink, and become ludicrously drunk, and stagger about, embracing each other in the most maudlin style. Even

Helen herself comes out, gets tipsy with the rest, and dances about like the most disreputable of Mænades. A great scena, however, takes place as they are about to drink. Laocöon, got up in white wool, appears, and violently endeavors to dissuade them, but in vain. In the midst of his harangue, a long string of blown up sausage-skins is dragged in for the serpent, and suddenly cast about his neck. His sons and he then form a group, the sausage-snake is twined about them,—only the old story is reversed, and he bites the serpent instead of the serpent biting him,—and all die in agony, travestying the ancient group.

All, being now drunk, go in, and Ulysses with them. A quantity of straw is kindled, the smoke rises, the Greeks approach and dash in the paper walls with clubs, and all is confusion. Then Æneas, in his blue long-tailed circus-coat, broad white hat, and tall shirt-collar, carries off old Anchises on his shoulders with a cigar in his mouth, and bears him to a painted section of a vessel, which is rocked to and fro by hand, as if violently agitated by the waves. Æneas and Anchises enter the boat, or rather stand behind it so as to conceal their legs, and off it sets, rocked to and fro constantly,—Æolus and Tramontana following behind, with bellows to blow up a wind, and Fair Weather, with his name written on his back, accompanying them. The violent motion, however, soon makes Æneas sick, and as he leans over the side in a helpless and melancholy manner, and almost gives up the ghost, as well as more material things, the crowd burst into laughter. However, at last they reach two painted rocks, and found Latium, and a general rejoicing takes place.—The donkey who was to have ended all by dragging the body of Hector round the walls came too late, and this part of the programme did not take place.

So much of the entertainment over, preparations are made for dinner. In the grove of Egeria the plates are spread in circles, while all the company sing part-songs and dance. At last all is ready, the

signal is given, and the feast takes place after the most rustic manner. Great barrels of wine covered with green branches stand at one side, from which flagons are filled and passed round, and the good appetites soon make direful gaps in the beef and mighty plates of lettuce. After this, and a little sauntering about for digestion's sake, come the afternoon sports. And there are donkey races, and tilting at a ring, and foot-races, and running in sacks. Nothing can be more picturesque than the scene, with its motley masqueraders, its crowds of spectators seated along the slopes, its little tents here and there, its races in the valley, and, above all, the glorious mountains looking down from the distance. Not till the golden light slopes over the Campagna, gilding the skeletons of aqueducts, and drawing a delicate veil of beauty over the mountains, can we tear ourselves away, and rattle back in our carriage to Rome.

The wealthy Roman families, who have villas in the immediate vicinity of Rome, now leave the city to spend a month in them and breathe the fresh air of spring. Many and many a tradesman who is well to do in the world has a little *vigna* outside the gates, where he raises vegetables and grapes and other fruits; and every *festa-day* you will be sure to find him and his family out in his little *villetta*, wandering about the grounds or sitting beneath his arbors, smoking and chatting with his children around him. His friends who have no villas of their own here visit him, and often there is a considerable company thus collected, who, if one may judge from their cheerful countenances and much laughter, enjoy themselves mightily. Knock at any of these villa-gates, and, if you happen to have the acquaintance of the owner, or are evidently a stranger of respectability, you will be received with much hospitality, invited to partake of the fruit and wine, and overwhelmed with thanks for your *gentilezza* when you take your leave; for the Italians are a most good-natured and social people, and nothing pleases them better than a stranger who breaks the

common round of topics by accounts of his own land. Everything new is to them wonderful, just as it is to a child. They are credulous of everything you tell them about America, which is to them in some measure what it was to the English in the days of Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins, and say "*Per Bacco!*" to every new statement. And they are so magnificently ignorant, that you have *carte blanche* for your stories. Never did I know any one staggered by anything I chose to say, but once. I was walking with my respectable old *padrone*, Nisi, about his little garden one day, when an ambition to know something about America inflamed his breast.

"Are there any mountains?" he asked.

I told him "Yes," and, with a chuckle of delight, he cried,—

"*Per Bacco!* And have you any cities?"

"Yes, a few little ones,"—for I thought I would sing small, contrary to the general "*Ercles vein*" of my countrymen. He was evidently pleased that they were small, and, swelling with natural pride, said,—

"Large as Rome, of course, they could not be"; then, after a moment, he added, interrogatively, "And rivers, too,—have you any rivers?"

"A few," I answered.

"But not as large as our Tiber," he replied,—feeling assured, that, if the cities were smaller than Rome, as a necessary consequence, the rivers that flowed by them must be in the same category.

The bait now offered was too tempting. I measured my respectable and somewhat obese friend carefully with my eye, for a moment, and then hurled this terrible fact at him:—

"We have some rivers three thousand miles long."

The effect was awful. He stood and stared at me, as if petrified, for a moment. Then the blood rushed into his face, and, turning on his heel, he took off his hat, said suddenly, "*Buona sera,*" and carried my fact and his opinions together up into his private room. I am afraid that Don Pietro decided, on consideration, that I

had been taking unwarrantable liberties with him, and exceeding all proper bounds, in my attempt to impose on his good-nature. From that time forward he asked me no more questions about America.

And here, by the way, I am reminded of an incident, which, though not exactly pertinent, may find here a parenthetical place, merely as illustrating some points of Italian character. One fact and two names relating to America they know universally,—Columbus and his discovery of America, and Washington.

“Sì, *Signore*,” said a respectable person some time since, as he was driving me to see a carriage which he wished to sell me, and therefore desired to be particularly polite to me and my nation,—“a great man, your Vashintoni! but I was sorry to hear, the other day, that his father had died in London.”

“His father dead, and in London?” I stammered, completely confounded at this extraordinary news, and fearing lest I had been too stupid in misunderstanding him.

“Yes,” he said, “it is too true that his father Vellintoni is dead. I read it in the *Diario di Roma*.”

But better than this was the ingenious argument of a *Frate*, whom I met on board a steamer in going from Leghorn to Genoa, and who, having pumped out the fact that I was an American, immediately began to “improve” it in a discourse on Columbus. So he informed me that Columbus was an Italian, and that he had discovered America, and was a remarkable man; to all of which I readily assented, as being true, if not new. But now a severe abstract question began to tax my friend’s powers. He said, “But how could he ever have imagined that the continent of America was there? That’s the question. It is extraordinary indeed!” And so he sat cogitating, and saying, at intervals, “*Curioso! Straordinario!*” At last “a light broke in upon his brain.” Some little bird whispered the secret. His face lightened, and, looking at me, he said, “Perhaps he may have read that it was there in some old

book, and so went to see if it were or no.” Vainly I endeavored to show him that this view would deprive Columbus of his greatest distinction. He answered invariably, “But without having read it, how could he ever have known it?”—thus putting the earth upon the tortoise and leaving the tortoise to account for his own support.

Imagine that I have told you these stories sitting under the vine and fig-tree of some *villetta*, while Angiolina has gone to call the *padrone*, who will only be too glad to see you. But, *ecco!* at last our *padrone* comes. No, it is not the *padrone*, it is the *vignaruolo*, who takes care of his grapes and garden, and who recognizes us as friends of the *padrone*, and tells us that we are ourselves *padroni* of the whole place, and offers us all sorts of fruits.

One old custom, which existed in Rome some fifteen years ago, has now passed away with other good old things. It was the celebration of the *Fravolata* or Strawberry-Feast, when men in gala-dress at the height of the strawberry-season went in procession through the streets, carrying on their heads enormous wooden platters heaped with this delicious fruit, accompanied by girls in costume, who, beating their *tamburelli*, danced along at their sides and sung the praises of the strawberry. After threading the streets of the city, they passed singing out of the gates, and at different places on the Campagna spent the day in festive sports and had an out-door dinner and dance.

One of these festivals still exists, however, in the picturesque town of Genzano, which lies above the old crater now filled with the still waters of Lake Nemi, and is called the *Infiorata di Genzano*, “The Flower-Festival of Genzano.” It takes place on the eighth day of the Corpus Domini, and receives its name from the popular custom of spreading flowers upon the pavements of the streets so as to represent heraldic devices, figures, arabesques, and all sorts of ornamental designs. The people are all dressed in their

effective costumes,—the girls in *busti* and silken skirts, with all their corals and jewels on, and the men with white stockings on their legs, their velvet jackets dropping over one shoulder, and flowers and rosettes in their conical hats. The town is then very gay, the bells clang, the incense steams from the censer in the church, where the organ peals and mass is said, and a brilliant procession marches over the strewn flower-mosaic, with music and crucifixes and Church-banners. Hundreds of strangers, too, are there to look on; and on the Cesarini Piazza and under the shadow of the long avenues of ilexes that lead to the tower are hundreds of handsome girls, with their snowy *tovaglie* peaked over their heads. The rub and thrum of *tamburelli* and the clinking of castanets are heard, too, as twilight comes on, and the *salterello* is danced by many a group. This is the national Roman dance, and is named from the little jumping step which characterizes it. Any number of couples dance it, though the dance is perfect with two. Some of the movements are very graceful and piquant, and particularly that where one of the dancers kneels and whirls her arms on high, clicking her castanets, while the other circles her round and round, striking his hands together, and approaching nearer and nearer, till he is ready to give her a kiss, which she refuses: of course it is the old story of every national dance,—love and repulse, love and repulse, until the maiden yields. As one couple panting and rosy retires, another fresh one takes its place, while the bystanders play on the accordion the whirling, circling, never-ending tune of the Tarantella, which would “put a spirit of youth in everything.”

If you are tired of the festival, roam up a few paces out of the crowd, and you stand upon the brink of Lake Nemi. Over opposite, and crowning the height

where the little town of Nemi perches, frowns the old feudal castle of the Colonna, with its tall, round tower, where many a princely family has dwelt and many an unprincely act has been done. There, in turn, have dwelt the Colonna, Borgia, Piccolomini, Cenci, Frangipani, and Braschi, and there the descendants of the last-named family still pass a few weeks in the summer.* Below you, silent and silvery, lies the lake itself,—and rising around it, like a green bowl, tower its richly wooded banks, covered with gigantic oaks, ilexes, and chestnuts. This was the ancient grove dedicated to Diana, which extended to L’ Ariccia; and here are still to be seen the vestiges of an ancient villa built by Julius Cæsar. Here, too, if you trust some of the antiquaries, once stood the temple of Diana Nemorensis,† where human sacrifices were offered, and whose chief-priest, called *Rex Nemorensis*, obtained his office by slaying his predecessor, and reigned over these groves by force of his personal arm. Times have, indeed, changed since the priesthood was thus won and baptized by blood; and as you stand there, and look, on the one side, at the site of this ancient temple, which some of the gigantic chestnut-trees may almost have seen in their youth, and, on the other side, at the campanile of the Catholic church at Genzano, with its flower-strewn pavements, you may have as sharp a contrast between the past and the present as can easily be found.

* On the Genzano side stands the castellated villa of the Cesarini Sforza, looking peacefully across the lake at the rival tower, which in the old baronial days it used to challenge,—and in its garden-pond you may see stately white swans oaring their way with rosy feet along.

† The better opinion of late seems to be that it was on the slopes of the Val d’Ariccia. But “who shall decide, when doctors disagree?”

THRENODIA.

ADDRESSED TO ALFRED TENNYSON, P. L., IN RESPONSE TO VERSES OF HIS
 "ON A LATE EVENT IN ENGLAND."

I HEARD you in your English home, —
 I read you by my little brook,
 Thousands of miles from British foam,
 Hid in my dear New England nook :
 But heard you with a sullen look ;
 But read you with a gloomy brow ;
 And thus unto my Muse I spoke : —
 Who is there to write history now ?

Hallam is dead ! and Prescott gone !
 And Irving sleeps at Sunnyside !
 And now that Lord has wandered on,
 Whose laurels must with theirs abide :
 I greatly mourned the man who died
 First on this dismal roll of death, —
 And him, of all observers eyed,
 My townsman here, who spent his breath

In telling of the things of Spain,
 And doing friendly things to friends,
 Prescott, well known beyond the main
 And past the Pillars, to earth's ends :
 Both had my tears : but England sends
 Another word across the seas,
 Might rouse the dying from his bed :
 Oh, bear it gently, ocean-breeze !
 That bitter word, — Thy friend is dead !

Macaulay dead, who made to live
 Past kingdoms, with his vivid brain !
 Who could such warmth to shadows give,
 By the mere magic of his pen,
 That Charles and England rose again !
 Well sleeps he 'mid the Abbey's dust :
 And, Laureate ! thy funereal verse
 Shall have such echo as it must
 From hearts just wrung at Irving's hearse.

These are two names to mark the year
 As one of memorable woe,
 Two men to the two nations dear
 Laid in one fatal winter low !
 About the streets the mourners go ;
 But I within my chamber rest,
 Or walk the room with measured tread,
 Murmuring, with head upon my breast,
 My God ! and is Macaulay dead ?

GENERAL MIRANDA'S EXPEDITION.

In November, 1805, a good-looking foreigner, gentlemanlike in dress and in manner, and apparently fifty years of age, arrived in New York from England, and took lodgings at Mrs. Avery's, State Street. He called himself George Martin; but this incognito was intended only for the vulgar. Some of the principal citizens of New York, who recollected his first visit to this country twenty years before, knew him as Don Francisco de Miranda of Caracas, one of the most distinguished adventurers of that revolutionary era,—a favorite of the Empress of Russia, a friend of Mr. Pitt, and second in command under Dumouriez in the Belgian campaign of 1793. To these gentlemen he avowed that for many years he had meditated the independence of the Spanish-American Colonies, and meant to make an attempt to carry out his plans. On Evacuation Day, a New York festival, which is now nearly worn out, they invited him to a Corporation dinner, as a foreign officer of rank, and toasted him, wishing him the same success in South America that we had had here. He then went to Washington, under the name of Molini. There, as everywhere, he was received by the best society as General Miranda. The President and the Secretary of State, Mr. Madison, granted him several private interviews. In January he returned to New York,—and on the 2d of February departed thence mysteriously in the *Leander*, a ship belonging to Mr. Samuel G. Ogden, merchant.

While the *Leander* lay at anchor off Staten Island, a gentleman notified the Naval Officer of the Port, that large quantities of arms and ammunition had been taken on board of her in boats, at night. He was informed in return, that the *Leander* was cleared for Jacquemel, and that no law existed to prevent her from sailing. No other attempt was made to detain her; but a few weeks later, rumors affecting the character of the ship

broke out in a more decided form. It was generally believed at the Tontine Coffee-House that the *Leander* had been fitted out by Miranda to attack the Spanish possessions in the West India Islands or on the Main. And yet the New York journals took no notice of her until the 21st of February, nineteen days after she sailed. In the mean time the Marquis Yrujo, backed by the French Ambassador, had made a formal complaint to Government, and had caused the insertion in the "*Philadelphia Gazette*" of a series of interrogatories to Mr. Madison, which indirectly accused the Administration of encouraging Miranda's preparations, or at least of conniving at the expedition. This perverse Marquis, who gave Mr. Jefferson a taste of the annoyance which Genet, Adet, and Fauchet had inflicted upon the previous administrations, was clamorous and persisting. The authorities in Washington thought it proper to order the arrest of Mr. Ogden, and of Colonel William Smith, son-in-law of John Adams and Surveyor of the Port of New York, under the Act of 1794. The prisoners were taken before Judge Tallmadge of the United States District Court. They were refused counsel, and were forced by threats of imprisonment to submit to a searching examination. They were then held to bail, both as principals and witnesses, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. Soon after, the President removed Colonel Smith from his office.

Such a waste of editorial raw-material appears very singular to newspaper-readers of the present day, accustomed as they are to see in print everything that has happened or that might have happened; but we must recollect that our grandfathers found the excitement necessary to civilized man in party politics, national and local. This game they played with a fierce eagerness which is now limited to a small class of inferior men.

To the violence and personal spitefulness of their newspaper articles we have fortunately nothing comparable, even in the speeches of Honorable Members on Helper and John Brown. The "*Tu quoque*" and the "*Vos damnamini*" were their favorite logical processes, and "Fool" and "Liar" the simple and conclusive arguments with which they established a principle. Not that these ancients suffered at all from a lack of stirring news. Bonaparte's wonderful campaigns, (Austerlitz had just been heard of in New York,) the outrages on our sailors by English cruisers, our merchantmen plundered by French and Spanish privateers, the irritating behavior of the Dons in Louisiana, kept them abundantly supplied with this staff of mental life. But they did not care much for news in the abstract as news, unless they could work it up into political ammunition and discharge it at each other's heads. We must not forget, too, that newspaper-editing, the "California of the spiritually vagabond," as Carlyle calls it, was a recent discovery, and that the rich mine was but surface-worked. "Our own Reporter" was, like Milton's original lion, only half unearthed; and deep hidden from mortal eyes as yet lay the sensation-items-man, who has made the last-dying-speech-and-confession style of literature the principal element of our daily press.

At last the Federal editors gave tongue. It was high time; the town was in an uproar. They perceived that Miranda might become a useful ally against Mr. T. Jefferson. His expedition came opportunely, as the Mammoth Cheese and Black Sally were beginning to grow stale. Mr. Lang opened the cry in the "New York Gazette" by asserting the complicity of Government, on the authority of a "gentleman of the first respectability,"—meaning Mr. Rufus King.—Cheetham, of the "Citizen," barked back at Lang, a would-be "Solomon," "a foul and abominable slanderer." Mr. King, he could prove, had been examined, and had nothing to reveal.—Tom Paine wrote to the "Citizen" to mention that he had known

Miranda in New York in 1783 and in Paris in 1793. Mr. Littlepage of Virginia, Chamberlain to the King of Poland, had then informed him that the Empress Catharine had given Miranda four thousand pounds "as a retaining fee," and that Mr. Pitt had also paid him twelve hundred pounds for his services in the Nootka Sound business.—All the Federal papers charged the Government with connivance. You knew the destination of the *Leander*; you did not prevent her from sailing; you nourished the offence until it attained maturity, and then, after permitting the principals to go upon this expedition, you seize upon the accessories who remain at home. And in how shameful and illegal a way! You examine them before a single judge, with no counsel to advise them. You force them to criminate themselves, and to sign their confessions, by the threat of imprisonment; and you punish Colonel Smith before you have tried him, by depriving him of his office. Why, such a proceeding is worse than any "Inquisitorial Tribunal" or "Star-Chamber Court."—Nonsense! answered the Democrats. Ogden's and Smith's testimony does not implicate the Government in the least. It only proves that Smith has been the dupe of Miranda. The President knew nothing about the matter. If the object of the *Leander's* outfit was so generally spoken of, why did it escape the notice of the Marquis Yrujo? Why did he not demand her seizure before she sailed? This charge against the Government is a mere Federal trick. Your friends, the British, are at the bottom of the expedition, and they have artfully employed Rufus King, a Federal chief, to throw the blame upon the Executive of the United States. By ascribing to those who administer the government the atrocities committed by Transatlantic rulers, you aim a deadly blow at the character of our system; and your conduct, base in any view we can take of it, is particularly reprehensible in the delicate state of our relations with Spain.

Mr. Cadwallader Colden, of counsel for

the defendants, made a motion before Judge Tallmadge for an order to prevent the District Attorney from using the preliminary evidence taken at the private examinations. "It was a proceeding," he said, "arbitrary and subversive of the first principles of law and liberty,"—"which would have disgraced the reign of Charles and stained the character of Jeffries." The District Attorney was heard in opposition, and was successful.

On the 7th of April, the Grand Jury found a bill against Smith, Ogden, Miranda, and Thomas Lewis, captain of the *Leander*, for "setting on foot and beginning with force and arms a certain military enterprise or expedition, to be carried on from the United States against the dominions of a foreign prince: to wit, the dominions of the King of Spain; the said King of Spain then and there being at peace with the United States." The Grand Jury, as an evidence of their impartiality, or of the public feeling, also handed the Judge a presentment of himself, which he put into his pocket, censuring his conduct in the private examinations, because "unusual, oppressive, and contrary to law."

The trial was set down for the 14th of July. Messrs. Ogden and Smith did not wait so long for a hearing. They laid their case at once before the public, in two memorials addressed to Congress, complaining bitterly of the prosecution, not to say persecution, instituted against them by the authorities in Washington, and of the cruel and oppressive measures taken by Judge Tallmadge to carry out the mandates of his superiors. If they had done wrong, they urged, it was innocently. A war with Spain was imminent. The critical position of the Louisiana Boundary question, the President's Message of the 6th of December, and the documents accompanying it, left no doubts on that point. Were they not right, then, in supposing, that, under these circumstances, the President would encourage an expedition against the colonies of a hostile power? As evidence of Mr. Jef-

ferson's knowledge of Miranda's schemes, they stated that the General had brought with him from England a letter to "a gentleman of the first consequence in New York," (Mr. King,) which contained a sketch of his project: this letter was forwarded to the Secretary of State and laid before the President by him. Miranda then went to Washington, saw the President and the Secretary, and wrote to the memorialists that he had fully unfolded his plans to both. In the course of a long conversation with Mr. Madison, he asked for pecuniary assistance and for open encouragement, on the ground that individuals might not be willing to join in the enterprise, if Government did not approve it,—particularly as a bill was then before Congress to prohibit the exportation of arms. He also requested leave of absence for Colonel Smith, who wished to accompany him. Mr. Madison answered, that the sentiments of the President could not be doubted, but that the Government of the United States could afford no assistance of any kind. Private individuals were at liberty to act as they pleased, provided they did not violate the laws; and New York merchants would always advance money, if they saw their advantage in it. As to the bill Miranda had spoken of, it was unlikely that it would pass,—and, in fact, it did not. It was impossible, Mr. Madison added, to grant leave of absence to Colonel Smith, although he thought him better fitted for military employment than for the custom-house. He closed the interview by recommending the greatest discretion.

Miranda, continued the memorialists, remained fourteen days in Washington after this conversation, and returned to New York confident of the silent approval of Government. Eleven days before the *Leander* sailed, he sent a letter to Mr. Madison, inclosing another to Mr. Jefferson, both of which he read to Ogden and to Smith. He assured Mr. Madison that he had conformed in every way to the intentions of Government, and requested him to keep the secret. To Mr. Jefferson he wrote in a strain more fash-

ionable ten years before than then, but well adapted to the sentimentality, both scientific and political, of the "Philosophic President." Here it is:—

"I have the honor to send you, inclosed, the 'Natural and Civil History of Chili,' of which we conversed at Washington,—and in which you will, perhaps, find more than in those which have been before published on the same subject, concerning this beautiful country.

"If ever the happy prediction, which you have pronounced on the future destiny of our dear Columbia, is to be accomplished in our day, may Providence grant that it may be under your auspices, and by the generous efforts of her own children! We shall then, in some sort, behold the revival of that age, the return of which the Roman bard invoked in favor of the human race:—

'The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finished course; Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From this first orb, in radiant circles run.'

On Miranda's reports, these letters, and the fact that the *Leander* had not been seized, they rested their case, and prayed for the interference of Congress in their behalf.

Congress unanimously granted the petitioners leave to withdraw. Such evidence as this, not only hearsay, but heard from the party most interested in misrepresenting the Administration, was not entitled to much consideration. It had, moreover, the additional disadvantage of proving nothing against the President and Secretary, even if every word of it were admitted as true.

Public attention was diverted from the *Leander*, Captain Lewis, to the *Leander*, Captain Whitby. This English frigate was cruising off Sandy Hook, bringing to inward and outward bound vessels, searching them for articles contraband of war, and helping herself to able-bodied seamen who looked like British subjects. All of which was meekly submitted to in 1806. Mr. Jefferson could not overcome his doubts as to the constitutionality of a

fleet, and the Opposition had the twofold pleasure of chuckling over the insults offered by John Bull to a government with French proclivities, and of reproaching the party in power with its supineness and want of spirit.

But the accident of the 25th of April brought the American people to a proper sense of their situation, for the moment. On that day, His British Majesty's ship *Leander* fired a round-shot into the sloop *Richard*, bound to New York, and killed the man at the helm, John Pierce. The body was brought to the city and borne through the principal streets, in the midst of universal excitement, anger, and cries for vengeance. Black streamers were displayed from the houses; shops were closed; the newspapers appeared in mourning. A public funeral was attended by the whole population. Captain Whitby was indicted for murder, and took care to keep out of the reach of United States law-officers. This homicide happened just in time for the May election in New York. Both parties attempted to make use of it. The Federalists proclaimed that the blood of Pierce was on the head of Jefferson and his followers. These retorted, that the English pirates were the friends and comrades of the Federalists. Cheetham had seen the first lieutenant of the *Leander*, disguised, in company with eight or ten of them, some days after the murder!!! And the Democratic Republicans, as was and is still usual, had a majority at the polls.

From time to time short paragraphs appeared in the papers, advertising Miranda's success. "His flag was flying on every fort from Cumana to Laguayra." "The whole of this fine country may be considered as lost to Spain." Then came tidings of sadder complexion. He had been beaten off with the loss of forty men, taken prisoners. The Spaniards had threatened to hang them as pirates, but they would not dare to do it. The British had furnished Miranda with forty Spanish prisoners, as hostages, "to avenge the threatened insult to the feelings of every friend to the rights of self-govern-

ment in every part of the world." At last, news arrived from the Gulf which left Miranda's failure in his first attempt to land no longer doubtful. This, of course, made the position of Ogden and Smith more dangerous, and their case more difficult to manage.

When the trial of Colonel Smith came on, public interest revived, and became stronger than before. The court-room was crowded by intelligent spectators during the whole course of the proceedings. The case was peculiar, and had almost a dramatic interest. Here was a Government prosecution against a man well known in the community, for an offence new to our courts; and the heads of that Government, Jefferson and Madison, were indirectly on trial at the same time:—"For, if Smith and Ogden are acquitted," said the Federal papers, "then must the whole guilt rest on the Administration." Apart from the political interest of the trial, the eminence of the counsel employed would have commanded an audience anywhere. Never, since New York has had courts of justice, have so many distinguished lawyers adorned and dignified her bar as in the first twenty years of this century. In this case, nearly all of the leaders were retained: Nathan Sandford, District Attorney, and Pierrepont Edwards, for the prosecution; for the defence, Cadwallader Colden, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, Thomas Addis Emmet, Richard Harrison, and Washington Morton.*

Mr. Colden handed the Clerk a list of his witnesses, and requested him to call their names. Among them were those of Madison, Dearborn, Gallatin, Granger, and Robert Smith, all members of the Government. He then read the affidavit of service of subpoenas upon them on the 25th of May, and, inasmuch as these gentlemen had not obeyed the subpoena, and as Colonel Smith could not safely proceed to trial without their testi-

mony, he moved that an attachment issue against them.

The District Attorney opposed the motion, on the ground that the testimony of these witnesses could not possibly be of any use to the defendant. None of them were present in New York when the *Leander* was fitted out. And even if it could be shown by these witnesses that the Administration had approved of this illegal expedition, it would not help the defendant. This is a country governed by laws, and not by arbitrary edicts. If Colonel Smith had violated these laws, he had rendered himself liable to punishment. He could not escape by making the President a *particeps criminis*. An amusing letter was read from Madison, Dearborn, and Smith, which stated, "that the President, taking into view the state of our public affairs, has specially signified to us that our official duties cannot consistently therewith be at this juncture dispensed with." They suggested that a commission should issue for the purpose of taking their respective testimonies.

Colden insisted that this was an attempt of the Executive to interfere with the Judiciary, which ought not to be tolerated. Counsel in criminal cases had always the right to stand face to face with witnesses. It was outrageous that the President should first approve of the conduct of Colonel Smith, then order a prosecution against him and forbid his witnesses to attend the trial.

The Court refused to grant an attachment. And later in the trial, when the defence offered Rufus King to prove the President's knowledge and approbation of the enterprise, the Court decided against the admission of the evidence.

The history of the expedition in New York, as shown by the testimony, was briefly this:—Colonel Smith introduced Miranda to Ogden; and Ogden agreed to furnish his armed ship *Leander*, and to load her with the necessary provisions, stores, arms, and ammunition. He estimated his expenditure at seventy thousand dollars. Miranda had brought with him from London a bill of exchange on

* Judge Patterson, of the United States Court, occupied the bench with Judge Tallmadge, until ill-health obliged him to withdraw. He died soon after.

New York for eight hundred pounds, which had been paid, and had drawn bills on England and on Trinidad for seven thousand pounds, which had not been paid. This was all that Ogden had received. But if the enterprise were successful, he was to be paid two hundred per cent. advance on the ship and cargo. Smith had engaged fifteen or twenty officers, without informing them of the object of the expedition, but expressly stipulating in writing that they would not be employed against England or France, and giving them a general verbal assurance that they would speedily make their fortunes. In this he was sincere, for he took his son from college and sent him with Miranda. Smith had employed John Fink, a Bowery butcher, to engage men who could serve on horseback. Fink enlisted twenty-three at fifteen dollars a month, and fifteen more as a bounty. They were not to be taken out of the territory of the United States. Some of them were told that the President was raising a mounted guard; others, that they were to guard the mail from Washington to New Orleans. One of Fink's papers was shown on the trial, indorsed, "Muster-Roll for the President's Guard." Smith had furnished the bounty-money, but it did not appear that he had authorized these misrepresentations of Fink, who developed a talent in this business which forty years later would have made his fortune as an emigrant-runner. Abundant proofs of the purchase of military clothing, arms, powder, shot, and cannon were produced.

The Counsel for Colonel Smith, unable to get the connivance of the Administration before the Jury in the shape of evidence, coolly assumed it as established, and urged it in defence of their client. They used his memorial to Congress as their brief, enlarged upon the arbitrary conduct of the Judge in the examinations and upon the tyrannical interference of the President with their witnesses. As Mr. Emmet cleverly and classically remarked, quoting from Tacitus's description of the funeral of Junia, "Perhaps

their very absence rendered them more decided witnesses in our favor." They also maintained that the Act of 1794, under which the prisoner was indicted, did not prohibit an enterprise of this character. Even if it did, no proof existed that this expedition was organized in New York. On the contrary, it was known that Miranda had gone hence to Jacquemel, and had made his preparations there, in a port out of our jurisdiction.

This point made, they boldly went a step farther, and declared that the United States were actually at war with Spain. The affair of the Kempers, and of Flanagan in Louisiana, the obstruction of the Mobile River, the depredations upon our commerce by Spanish privateers, were sufficient proof of a state of war. We had a right to meet force by force. The President must have been of this opinion, else he could not have violated his trust by authorizing this expedition.

The case for the defence, considered in a logical point of view, was desperate; but no case is desperate before a Jury; and when Mr. Colden, Mr. Hoffman, and Mr. Emmet had each in his own peculiar mode of eloquence appealed to the Jury to protect their client, already punished by removal from his place, without a trial or even a hearing, for an offence committed with the sanction of his superior officers,—when they compared this State prosecution to the attempts made by despotic European governments to crush innocent men by the machinery of law, and asserted that it was instituted solely to gratify the malice of the King of Spain, a bitter enemy to the United States,—and when they enlarged upon the grandeur of an undertaking to give liberty to the down-trodden victims of Colonial tyranny, comparing Miranda and his friends to our own Revolutionary heroes, there could be but little doubt of the verdict. But there was an uneasy feeling after the District Attorney had closed. He demolished with ease the arguments of the other side, for not one of them had sufficient strength to stand alone. Smith's perpetual excuse, that he had been led

astray by the belief of connivance in Washington, was preposterous. If he had been anxious to know the sentiments of Government on the subject, he might at any time within six days have ascertained whether Miranda told him truth or not. He spoke of the cruelty and reckless folly of all such attempts upon a neighboring people; asked the Jury how they would like to see an armed force landed upon our shores to take part with one or the other of the great political parties; and closed with a few strong words, as true at this day as then:—"If you acquit the defendant, you say to the world that the United States have renounced the law of nations,—that they permit their citizens not only to violate their own laws with impunity, but to invade the people of other countries with hostile force in a time of peace, as avarice, ambition, or the thought of plunder may dictate. Such a decision would justify the acts of the pirate on the ocean, and would sink our national character to the barbarism of savage tribes."

The Jury were out two hours, and brought in a verdict of not guilty, which gave great satisfaction to Federal editors. A few days afterward, Mr. Ogden was acquitted.*

This is a brief account of the first filibuster-trial in the United States. Other heroes of this profession, compared with whom Smith and Ogden were spotless,

* Mr. Jefferson, after the expiration of his second term, wrote to Don Valentino de Formonda as follows:—

"Your predecessor [Yrujo] wished it to be believed that we were in unjustifiable coöperation in Miranda's expedition.

"I solemnly and on my personal truth and honor declare to you that this was entirely without foundation, and that there was neither coöperation nor connivance on our part. He informed us he was about to attempt the liberation of his native country from bondage, and intimated a hope of our aid, or connivance at least. He was at once informed, that, though we had great cause of complaint against Spain, and even of war, yet, whenever we should think proper to act as her enemy, it should be openly and aboveboard, and that our hostility should never be exercised by such petty

have since come before our courts only to be turned loose upon the world again. No other result is to be anticipated. It is an established principle with our fellow-citizens, that no man is happy, or ought to be, who lives under any other system of government than our own. Let a lawyer pronounce the magic formula, "Liberty to the oppressed," or "Free institutions to the victims of despotism," and, *presto!*—rascality is metamorphosed into merit. After all, it makes such a difference, when it is only our neighbor's ox that is gored!

Here closed the first act of the expedition. Colonel Smith lost his office, and Mr. Ogden stopped payment. The passengers by the *Leander* fared worse. There were two hundred men on board: one hundred and twenty belonged to the ship; the others had been engaged by Smith and his agent Fink as officers, dragoons, printers, and armorers. With the exception of two or three, none of them had seen their commander or knew their destination. The officers, all gentlemen "of crooked fortunes," supposed that they were sailing to enlarge the area of freedom somewhere in America; but what particular region of the Spanish dominions was to be subjected to this wholesome treatment they neither knew nor cared, provided they could improve their own financial condition. Both officers and privates were for the most part serviceable, steady men, worthy of a more efficient leader.

means. We had no suspicion that he expected to engage men here, but merely to purchase military stores. Against this there was no law, nor, consequently, any authority for us to interpose. On the other hand, we deemed it improper to betray his voluntary communication to the agents of Spain. Although his measures were many days in preparation at New York, we never had the least intimation or suspicion of his engaging men in his enterprise until he was gone; and I presume that the secrecy of his proceedings kept them equally unknown to the Marquis Yrujo and to the Spanish Consul at New York, since neither of them gave us any information of the enlistment of men until it was too late for any measures taken at Washington to prevent their departure."

On the 12th of February, they were overhauled and searched by H. B. M. ship *Cleopatra*. Nineteen men with American protections were carried off in the frigate's boat, and twelve native Americans taken out of prizes sent back to replace them. The *Leander's* papers were examined and pronounced unsatisfactory. Miranda was obliged to go on board the *Cleopatra*, where he had a long private conversation with the captain. He returned with full liberty to proceed, and with a written pass to prevent detention or search by British cruisers. This adventure was made to give an air of respectability to the enterprise; and Miranda hinted to his suite that the English captain had promised to join him with his frigate. A day or two later, the *Leander* took other airs upon herself. Meeting a small Spanish schooner, laden with logwood, off the Haytian coast, Lewis fired into her, and ordered the captain on board with his papers, for the mere pleasure of exercising power. The Spaniard, as soon as he got back to his own craft, made the best of his way home and gave the first alarm.

On the 18th of February, they cast anchor at Jacquemel. Lewis went immediately to Port-au-Prince, to engage the Emperor, a ship commanded by his brother, to join the expedition. Miranda remained behind to organize his followers. He at last announced to them that he intended to land near Caracas; the whole country would rise at his name; his brave Americans would form the nucleus and the heart of a great army; there was no Spanish force in the province to resist him. In a general order, "Parole, America; Countersign, Liberty," he assigned to his officers their rank in the Columbian army, distributing them into the Engineers, Artillery, Dragoons, Riflemen, and Foot. Another general order, "Parole, Warren; Countersign, Bunker's Hill," fixed the uniforms of the different corps,—to be distinguished by blue, yellow, or green facings. All hands were set to work upon the crowded deck. Printers struck off proclamations and

blank commissions in the name of "Don Francisco de Miranda, Commander-in-Chief of the Columbian Army"; carpenters made pike-handles; armorers repaired the arms bought in New York; (they had cost little, and were worth less;) the regimental tailor and his disciples stitched the gay facings upon the new uniforms; files of awkward fellows were put through the manual exercise by an old drill-sergeant; and the young gentlemen officers read diligently in treatises on war, or listened to the discourses of their general upon the noble art. In the midst of this stir of preparation, Lewis returned unsuccessful, without the ship Emperor; but Miranda seemed in no hurry to depart. He continued his lectures and his drilling until the 28th of March. At last he hoisted the new Columbian flag,—a tricolor, blue, yellow, and red,—fired a grand salute, and stood gallantly out of the harbor, where he had wasted six precious weeks.

Captain Lewis had chartered at Port-au-Prince the *Bee*, a small, unarmed schooner, and had bought the *Bacchus*, a vessel of the same class, last from Laguayra, whose captain and men disappeared mysteriously after their arrival at Jacquemel. Some of the *Leander's* hands volunteered for the schooners, to get out of the crowded ship; others were forced on board, to make up a crew. The little fleet steered for Bonair, but, through the ignorance of their pilot, or of their captain, found themselves, after a ten-days' cruise, seventy miles to leeward, off the Gulf of Venezuela. The *Leander* was a dull sailer, and, with the wind and current against her, it took them four days to beat up to the Island of Aruba, and seven more to reach Bonair. On the evening of the 27th of April, they were lying to off Puerto Cabello, preparing to land, and sure of success, when they made out two Spanish *guardacostas* close in shore, beating up to windward. Miranda thought them unworthy of attention, and gave the order to stand in. But the pilot mistook the landmarks, owing to the darkness, and missed the point agreed upon for

landing. The Bacchus was sent in to reconnoitre and did not return, although signals of recall were repeated throughout the night. About midnight signals were noticed passing between the fort at Puerto Cabello and the *guardacostas*; Captain Lewis beat to quarters, and kept his men at their guns until morning. At daybreak the Bacchus was seen close in shore, carrying a press of sail and closely pursued by the Spanish vessels. The Leander bore down with a flowing sheet upon the enemy, fired a few ineffective shot, and then, for some reason best known to her captain, or to Miranda, hauled on to the wind, and sailed away, leaving the schooners to take care of themselves. The *guardacostas* soon took possession of both, and carried their prizes, with sixty prisoners, into Puerto Cabello,* before the eyes of their astonished and indignant comrades, who could not understand such a want of courage or conduct on the part of their chief.

After this disaster, the Leander sailed for Bonair for water. Miranda still assumed a confident tone, and called a council of war to deliberate whether they should attempt a landing at Coro. The council decided, that, in view of the loss they had sustained, it would be advisable to make for Trinidad in search of reinforcements. With wind and tide against them, and a slow ship, the voyage was long. They were reduced to their last barrel of bread, when they fell in with the English sloop-of-war Lily, Captain Campbell, who was looking for Miranda, and who sent supplies of all kinds on board. On the 6th of June, they ran into Bridgetown, Barbadoes. Admiral Cochrane, who commanded on that station, gave Miranda every assistance in his power, and offered to put some of his smaller

vessels under his orders, upon condition that all goods imported into the new state of Columbia in British bottoms should be assessed ten per cent. lower than the products of any other nation, except the United States. Miranda signed a formal agreement to this effect, and sailed for Trinidad, accompanied by H. B. M. ships Lily and Express, and the Trimmer, a transport schooner. Captain Lewis, whose repeated quarrels with Miranda had affected the discipline of the force, resigned at Barbadoes. He was succeeded by Captain Johnson, a daring fellow, who risked and lost life and property in this expedition.

The Governor of Trinidad, like all the English of the Gulf, was well disposed to aid in an attack on the Spanish Provinces. Eighty volunteers of all nations, most of them worthless fellows and candidates for a commission, joined the fleet at this place. Miranda was once more in high spirits. His army amounted to four hundred men, and he had secured the co-operation of the English. Success seemed certain. He issued a new proclamation to his followers, headed "To Victory and Wealth," and set sail, accompanied by seven small British war-vessels and three transports.

On the 2d of August, the fleet anchored within nine miles of La Vela de Coro. The next day two hundred and ninety men were landed in the boats of the squadron. They were all "Mirandans," the English furnishing only the means of transportation and the necessary supplies. As the boats approached the shore, they were fired upon from the bushes which lined the beach. The Columbians jumped into the water and charged; the Spaniards retreated to a fort near the shore. This was carried, sword in hand,—the Spaniards leaping from the walls and flying in all directions. Miranda then formed his party, and marched to the town, a quarter of a mile distant, which was evacuated by the Spaniards with such precipitation that they left their cannon loaded. The inhabitants had fled, as well as the military,

* The unfortunate men taken in the schooners were tried at Puerto Cabello for piracy. Ten officers were hanged, their heads cut off and stuck upon poles, and six of them sent to Caracas, two to Laguayra, and two set up at Puerto Cabello. The other prisoners were sentenced to the chain-gang. The execution took place on the 21st of July, the day before Smith was acquitted in New York.

carrying off all their movable property. The Columbian colors were hoisted, flags of truce sent in all directions, the printed proclamations distributed about the neighboring country; but in vain; nobody appeared.

The same evening the Liberators marched twelve miles in a northwesterly direction to Coro. They arrived an hour before dawn, and found the town silent and deserted. Dividing themselves into two parties, they entered cautiously on opposite sides, for fear of an ambuscade,—but, unfortunately, when the detachments met in the Grand Plaza, they mistook each other, in the dusk of the morning, for the enemy, and fired. Miranda's most efficient officer fell, shot through both thighs. One man was killed, and seven others badly wounded. Not a soul was found in the place, except those who were too old or too ill to move, and the occupants of the prison. The jailer presented himself, surrendered his keys, and informed the General that the Governor had forced the citizens to leave their homes. Miranda remained in the deserted town for five days, endeavoring, by the most alluring proclamations, to bring the inhabitants back. But it was useless. Not a man presented himself. He then lost heart, and, instead of advancing into the country, ordered a retreat to La Vela, and re-embarked on the 13th.

Those he left behind in the *Leander* had been still more unfortunate. Captain Johnson had gone in the boats to a river three or four miles to the eastward, for water, and, while filling his casks, was set upon by a party of Spanish soldiers. He was killed, fighting bravely, with fifteen of his men. The remainder escaped with difficulty.

The discomfited invaders sailed for the Island of Aruba, where their English allies, pretty well satisfied that nothing could be done with this expedition, left them. Miranda landed his men and took formal possession of the island. He sent an ambassador to the Governor of the neighboring island of Curaçoa, requesting him to surrender. This request was declined.

He was equally unsuccessful in a mission to Jamaica, begging for assistance from Admiral Dacres. Dacres refused, on the ground that he had no orders from his Government.

Miranda remained at Aruba, drilling, issuing proclamations, and holding courts martial, until the want of provisions brought the enterprise to an end. An English ship-of-war, which touched at the island, offered him a safe means of escape. On the 29th of October, after a passage of twenty-five days, the Liberators arrived at Trinidad, and disbanded in disgrace. The blue and yellow uniforms they had worn with pride, as "Columbians," on their last visit, were hastily laid aside to escape the scoff of the rabble, who jeered them as adventurers and merry-andrews. Miranda kept out of sight until he could get the opportunity of a passage to England. All his followers, who could find means to quit the island made their way home as best they could. To conclude the business, the *Leander* was sold by order of the courts, and the few poor fellows who had remained by her received a small share of the proceeds. Nobody else was paid the smallest fraction of the sums the General had so liberally promised.

That a commander, safely landed with three hundred fighting men, in possession of Coro, whose peninsular situation might have afforded him an inexpugnable position, master of the sea, and backed by an English fleet, should have retreated, without effecting anything, from a country ripe for rebellion since the conspiracy of 1797, can be explained only in one way: he must have been ignorant of the real feelings of the people, and totally unfit to lead such an expedition. Miranda had what we may call a pretty talent for war. He had studied the principles of the art, and had seen some service. Excited by the splendid career of Washington, he, like a certain distinguished Frenchman, determined to imitate him and become the liberator of his country. When the Giant at a show bends the iron bar, it seems so easy that every strong

man in the crowd thinks he can do as much, until he tries. It needs a Giant of the first class to handle a people in revolution. Miranda was not made of that kind of stuff. He was weak and inefficient, fond of mystery and pomp, easily affected by flattery, loving dearly to hear himself talk, and unable to control his temper. His incessant quarrels with Captain Lewis were one cause of the loss of the schooners off Puerto Cabello. A want of quickness and energy was felt in all his operations. Delays are proverbially dangerous, but in a *coup de main* fatal. The time wasted by him at Jacquemel and at Aruba was employed by the Spaniards in making preparations for defence. They had few troops, and did not dare to trust the natives with arms, but they succeeded in persuading them that Miranda and his men were pagans and pirates, whose triumph would be ten times more insufferable than the rule of the mother country.

If Miranda was incompetent to carry out a liberating expedition, he had wonderful success in talking it up. For twenty years he had carried this project about with him in America and in Europe. It was elaborated to perfection in every part, and there were answers prepared to every objection. The new government was to be modelled upon the English Constitution, — an hereditary chief, to be called Inca, — a senate, nominated by the chief, composed of nobles, but not hereditary, — and a chamber elected by suffrage, limited by a property qualification. He had collected all the statistics of population and of trade, to show what commercial advantages the world might expect from a free South American government. And, "rising upon a wind of prophecy," he already saw in the future a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Panama, and the Nicaragua route opened. He had laid these plans before Catharine of Russia, who gave him money to help them on. Mr. Pitt listened, promised him assistance in return for commercial privileges, and kept him in pay for years. The French Revolutionists were eager to furnish him with an army and a

fleet. Rufus King, American Ambassador at London, sent word of the scheme to Hamilton and Knox, who both approved of it. Miranda seems to have made the same impression upon everybody. His extensive travels and acquaintance with distinguished men, his knowledge of facts, dates, and figures, his retentive and ready memory, his wonderful cleverness in persuading his hearers, are spoken of in the same terms by all. Dr. Rush wrote to a friend, that Miranda had dined with him, and had talked about European politics as if he had been "in the inside of all the kings and princes." He might have been a second Count de St. Germain, if he had lived in the reign of Louis XIV., instead of in an era when men had abandoned the philosopher's stone, and were seeking in politics for a new *magnum opus*, Constitutions, as the certain means of perfecting the human species.

Everybody was mistaken in him. Although he talked "like an angel," in action he was worthless. If he had never undertaken to carry out his plans, he might have left an excellent reputation, and have remained in South American memory as the possible Father of his Country: *Capax imperii, nisi imperasset*. A short sketch of his career may be interesting, before we dismiss him again to the oblivion from which we have evoked him for this month.

Miranda entered the Spanish army in America at the age of seventeen, and was advanced to be Colonel, a grade seldom or never before reached by a Creole. He left the service before the close of the Revolutionary War, travelled in the United States, and was admitted to the society of Washington and of the leading men of the day. Here, his attainments, quickness, and insatiable curiosity attracted attention. He knew the topography and strategy of every battle fought during the war better than our officers who had been on the field, and soon made himself familiar with parties, and even with family connections in this country. His constant topic was the independence of South

America. After the peace of 1783, Miranda went to England: Colonel Smith was then Secretary of John Adams, the American Minister, and the acquaintance between them began in London, which ended so disastrously twenty years later in New York. Leaving England, he travelled over Europe. At Cherson, he attracted the notice of Prince Potemkin, who presented him to the Empress at Kiew. In 1790, when the dispute about Nootka Sound* threatened to produce a war between Great Britain and Spain, he reappeared in London, and proposed to Mr. Pitt his scheme for revolutionizing the American Colonies. Pitt at once engaged his services, but Spain yielded, and the project could not be carried out. Miranda crossed to France, accepted a command in the Republican army, and served, with credit, in the Netherlands, under Dumouriez, until the Battle of Neerwinden. In November, 1792, the French rulers conceived the idea of revolutionizing Spain, both in Europe and in America. Brissot suggested Miranda as the fittest person for this purpose. He was to take twelve thousand troops of the line from St. Domingo, enlist, in addition, ten or fifteen thousand "*braves mulâtres*," and make a descent, with this force, upon the Main. "*Le nom de Miranda*," wrote Brissot to Dumouriez, "*lui vaudra une armée; et ses talens, son courage, son génie, tout nous répond du succès*." Monge, Gensonné, Clavière, Pétion, were pleased with the plan, but Miranda started difficulties. The French system was too democratic for his taste, and the pressure of affairs in Europe soon turned the attention of Brissot and his friends in another direction.

* In May, 1789, the Spanish sloop-of-war *Princesa* seized four English vessels engaged in a trade with the natives of Vancouver's Island, and took them into a Mexican port as prizes, on the ground that they had violated the Spanish Colonial laws. The English government denied the claim of Spain to those distant regions, and insisted upon ample satisfaction. The King of Spain was obliged to submit to avoid war, but the question of territory was left open.

After the disastrous affair of Neerwinden, Miranda was accused of misconduct, arrested, and sent to Paris for trial, but was acquitted by the *Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, and conducted home in triumph. He was again imprisoned for *incivisme*, during the Reign of Terror, and did not recover his liberty until the general jail-delivery which followed the death of Robespierre. He was seized for the third time in 1797, by the Directory, as an adherent of the Pichegru faction, and banished from France.

In January, 1798, Mr. Pitt again sent for Miranda, and a new plan was arranged for the emancipation of South America. On this occasion, the coöperation of the United States was confidently relied upon. Both Pitt and our own rulers foresaw that Spain must inevitably fall a prey to France, and that the whole of her American possessions would probably share her fate. Our relations with France were in so critical a condition, that we were making preparations for defence; and it was, of course, of the highest importance to our safety, that the Floridas and Louisiana should not fall into the hands of a powerful enemy. It was proposed, consequently, to form a commercial and defensive alliance between England, the United States, and South America. We were to get the Floridas and Louisiana to the Mississippi, and in return to furnish a land-force of ten thousand men. Great Britain would provide the fleet, in consideration of certain important advantages in trade. Miranda kept his friends in the United States fully advised of the progress of affairs. Hamilton and Knox were in favor of the project, provided war were declared. Our provisional army might then have played a brilliant part. But there was no war. President Adams refused to listen to Miranda's communications, and patched up our difficulties with France. Nothing was done by the English.

In 1801 Lord Sidmouth revived Miranda's hopes, but the Peace of Amiens put a stop to the preparations. In 1804 Mr. Pitt was again at the head of affairs, and

renewed his intercourse with Miranda. Orders were given to prepare ships and to enrol men, when the hopes of the third coalition again suspended the execution of the project.

It was after this last blow from Fortune that Miranda came to New York and fitted out the expedition we have undertaken to describe. His disastrous failure seemed neither to destroy his hopes, nor to shake the confidence of his English friends in his pretensions. When he returned to England from Trinidad, he found ministers prepared to embark with energy in the South American scheme. This time a fleet and an army were really assembled at Cork, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was to command them,—when the Spanish Revolution broke out, altered at once the face of affairs in Europe, and turned Sir Arthur and his army toward Portugal, to begin that brilliant series of campaigns which drove the French out of the Peninsula.

Few men fix their minds pertinaciously upon an object, and adhere to the pursuit through life, without at least a partial attainment of it. Miranda, the victim of so many bitter disappointments, at last found himself for a few months in the position he had so often dreamed of. When the news of the fall of Seville, and of the dispersion of the Junta who governed in the name of Ferdinand VII., reached South America, open rebellion broke out at Caracas. King Joseph Bonaparte had sent over a proclamation, imploring his trusty and well-beloved South Americans to come to his paternal arms,—or, if they would not do that, at least to set up a government for themselves, and not take part with Ferdinand and England. His emissaries were hunted down and hanged, wherever caught. Revolutionary Juntas were established all over the country. On the 19th of April, 1810, the American Confederation of Venezuela, in Congress assembled, undertook to rule in the name of Ferdinand VII., but in reality as an independent government. Miranda was called to the command of the native ar-

my. On the 5th of July, 1811, the Congress published their Declaration of Independence, and a Constitution, both of them remarkable state-papers. In point of liberality of sentiment and elegance of style they will bear comparison with our own celebrated documents of '76 and '87. Indeed, in all these Spanish political plays, the plot has been good, the text admirable, but the actors so poor as to spoil the piece. So it fell out in Venezuela. At first the Patriots were successful; Miranda defeated the Royalists and took Valencia. The principal towns fell into the hands of the insurgents. Then came the terrible earthquake of 1812, which not only shattered the resources of the Patriots, but was skilfully used by the Church as a proof that Providence had taken sides against the rebels. Monteverde, the Spanish general, recaptured Valencia. Congress placed the dictatorship with unlimited power in Miranda's hands, but he was not the man for desperate situations. On the 6th of July the Royalists took Puerto Cabello; Caracas fell on the 28th; and Miranda, betrayed by his own party into the hands of the Spaniards, was sent a prisoner to Cadiz in October. Simon Bolívar and others, men of different mettle, regained all that had been lost, and cut loose the Colonies from Spain. From California to Cape Horn the inestimable system of self-government was established. According to the theory, the South Americans should have been prosperous and happy; but, unfortunately, the result has been murder, robbery, and general ruin. The burden of taking care of one's self, which the North American had the strength to bear, has crushed the poor half-caste Spaniard. There are persons who assert that a political regimen which agrees so well with us must therefore be good for all others. It may be instructive to such believers in system to compare Humboldt's narrative of the cultivation shown by the great Colonial Universities of Mexico, Quito, and Lima, of the pleasing Creole society that entertained him, and the peaceful quiet and security he noticed throughout

the country, with the relations of modern travellers or newspaper-correspondents who visit those semi-barbarous regions.

Don Francisco de Miranda did not live to hear of the freedom of his "Columbia." Before the close of the year 1812 he died

in prison, at Cadiz. Thus perished the most gentlemanlike of filibusters, since the days when Jason sailed in the *Argo* to extend the blessing of Greek institutions over Colchis and to appropriate the Golden Fleece.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MORNING AFTER.

COLONEL SPROWLE's family arose late the next morning. The fatigues and excitements of the evening and the preparation for it were followed by a natural collapse, of which somnolence was a leading symptom. The sun shone into the window at a pretty well opened angle when the Colonel first found himself sufficiently awake to address his yet slumbering spouse.

"Sally!" said the Colonel, in a voice that was a little husky,—for he had finished off the evening with an extra glass or two of "Madary," and had a somewhat rusty and headachy sense of renewed existence, on greeting the rather advanced dawn,— "Sally!"

"Take care o' them custard-cups! There they go!"

Poor Mrs. Sprowle was fighting the party over in her dream; and as the visionary custard-cups crashed down through one lobe of her brain into another, she gave a start as if an inch of lightning from a quart Leyden jar had jumped into one of her knuckles with its sudden and lively *poonk*!

"Sally!" said the Colonel,— "wake up, wake up! What 'r' y' dreamin' about?"

Mrs. Sprowle raised herself, by a sort of spasm, *sur son séant*, as they say in France,—up on end, as we have it in New England. She looked first to the left, then to the right, then straight be-

fore her, apparently without seeing anything, and at last slowly settled down, with her two eyes, blank of any particular meaning, directed upon the Colonel.

"What time is't?" she said.

"Ten o'clock. What 'y' been dreamin' abaout? Y' giv a jump like a hoppergrass. Wake up, wake up! Th' party's over, and y' been asleep all the mornin'. The party's over, I tell ye! Wake up!"

"Over!" said Mrs. Sprowle, who began to define her position at last,— "over! I should think 'twas time 'twas over! It's lasted a hundud year. I've been workin' for that party longer 'n Methuselah's lifetime, sence I been asleep. The pies wouldn' bake, and the blo'monge wouldn' set, and the ice-cream wouldn' freeze, and all the folks kep' comin' 'n' comin' 'n' comin',—everybody I ever knew in all my life,—some of 'em 's been dead this twenty year 'n' more,— 'n' nothin' for 'em to eat nor drink. The fire wouldn' burn to cook anything, all we could do. We blowed with the belluses, 'n' we stuffed in paper 'n' pitch-pine kindlin's, but nothin' could make that fire burn; 'n' all the time the folks kep' comin', as if they'd never stop,— 'n' nothin' for 'em but empty dishes, 'n' all the borrowed chaney slippin' round on the waiters 'n' chippin' 'n' crackin'. I wouldn' go through what I been through t'-night for all th' money in th' Bank,—I do believe it's harder t' have a party than t'—"

Mrs. Sprowle stated the case strongly.

The Colonel said he didn't know how

that might be. She was a better judge than he was. It was bother enough, anyhow, and he was glad that it was over. After this, the worthy pair commenced preparations for rejoining the waking world, and in due time proceeded down-stairs.

Everybody was late that morning, and nothing had got put to rights. The house looked as if a small army had been quartered in it over night. The tables were of course in huge disorder, after the protracted assault they had undergone. There had been a great battle evidently, and it had gone against the provisions. Some points had been stormed, and all their defences annihilated, but here and there were centres of resistance which had held out against all attacks,—large rounds of beef, and solid loaves of cake, against which the inexperienced had wasted their energies in the enthusiasm of youth or uninformed maturity, while the longer-headed guests were making discoveries of “shell-oysters” and “pât-ridges” and similar delicacies.

The breakfast was naturally of a somewhat fragmentary character. A chicken that had lost his legs in the service of the preceding campaign was once more put on duty. A great ham stuck with cloves, as Saint Sebastian was with arrows, was again offered for martyrdom. It would have been a pleasant sight for a medical man of a speculative turn to have seen the prospect before the Colonel's family of the next week's breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. The trail that one of these great rural parties leaves after it is one of its most formidable considerations. Every door-handle in the house is suggestive of sweetmeats for the next week, at least. The most unnatural articles of diet displace the frugal but nutritious food of unconvulsed periods of existence. If there is a walking infant about the house, it will certainly have a more or less fatal fit from overmuch of some indigestible delicacy. Before the week is out, everybody will be tired to death of sugary forms of nourishment and long to see the last of the remnants of the festival.

The family had not yet arrived at this condition. On the contrary, the first inspection of the tables suggested the prospect of days of unstinted luxury; and the younger portion of the household, especially, were in a state of great excitement as the account of stock was taken with reference to future internal investments. Some curious facts came to light during these researches.

“Where's all the oranges gone to?” said Mrs. Sprowle. “I expected there'd be ever so many of 'em left. I didn't see many of the folks eatin' oranges. Where's the skins of 'em? There ought to be six dozen orange-skins round on the plates, and there a'n't one dozen. And all the small cakes, too, and all the sugar things that was stuck on the big cakes.—Has anybody counted the spoons? Some of 'em got swallered, perhaps. I hope they was plated ones, if they did!”

The failure of the morning's orange-crop and the deficit in other expected residual delicacies were not very difficult to account for. In many of the two-story Rockland families, and in those favored households of the neighboring villages whose members had been invited to the great party, there was a very general excitement among the younger people on the morning after the great event. “Did y' bring home somethin' from the party? What is it? What is it? Is it frû-cake? Is it nuts and oranges and apples? Give me some! Give *me* some!” Such a concert of treble voices uttering accents like these had not been heard since the great Temperance Festival with the celebrated “côlation” in the open air under the trees of the Parnassian Grove,—as the place was christened by the young ladies of the Institute. The cry of the children was not in vain. From the pockets of demure fathers, from the bags of sharp-eyed spinsters, from the folded handkerchiefs of light-fingered sisters, from the tall hats of sly-winking brothers, there was a resurrection of the missing oranges and cakes and sugar-things in many a rejoicing family-circle, enough to astonish the most hardened “caterer”

that ever contracted to feed a thousand people under canvas.

The tender recollection of those dear little ones whom extreme youth or other pressing considerations detain from scenes of festivity—a trait of affection by no means uncommon among our thoughtful people—dignifies those social meetings where it is manifested, and sheds a ray of sunshine on our common nature. It is “an oasis in the desert,”—to use the striking expression of the last year’s “Valedictorian” of the Apollinean Institute. In the midst of so much that is purely selfish, it is delightful to meet such disinterested care for others. When a large family of children are expecting a parent’s return from an entertainment, it will often require great exertions on his part to provide himself so as to meet their reasonable expectations. A few rules are worth remembering by all who attend anniversary dinners in Faneuil Hall or elsewhere. Thus: Lobsters’ claws are always acceptable to children of all ages. Oranges and apples are to be taken *one at a time*, until the coat-pockets begin to become inconveniently heavy. Cakes are injured by sitting upon them; it is, therefore, well to carry a stout tin box of a size to hold as many pieces as there are children in the domestic circle. A very pleasant amusement, at the close of one of these banquets, is grabbing for the flowers with which the table is embellished. These will please the ladies at home very greatly, and, if the children are at the same time abundantly supplied with fruits, nuts, cakes, and any little ornamental articles of confectionery which are of a nature to be unostentatiously removed, the kind-hearted parent will make a whole household happy, without any additional expense beyond the outlay for his ticket.

There were fragmentary delicacies enough left, of one kind and another, at any rate, to make all the Colonel’s family uncomfortable for the next week. It bid fair to take as long to get rid of the remains of the great party as it had taken to make ready for it.

In the mean time Mr. Bernard had

been dreaming, as young men dream, of gliding shapes with bright eyes and burning cheeks, strangely blended with red planets and hissing meteors, and, shining over all, the white, unwandering star of the North, girt with its tethered constellations.

After breakfast he walked into the parlor, where he found Miss Darley. She was alone, and, holding a school-book in her hand, was at work with one of the morning’s lessons. She hardly noticed him as he entered, being very busy with her book,—and he paused a moment before speaking, and looked at her with a kind of reverence. It would not have been strictly true to call her beautiful. For years,—since her earliest womanhood,—those slender hands had taken the bread which repaid the toil of heart and brain from the coarse palms that offered it in the world’s rude market. It was not for herself alone that she had bartered away the life of her youth, that she had breathed the hot air of school-rooms, that she had forced her intelligence to posture before her will, as the exigencies of her place required,—waking to mental labor,—sleeping to dream of problems,—rolling up the stone of education for an endless twelvemonth’s term, to find it at the bottom of the hill again when another year called her to its renewed duties,—schooling her temper in unending inward and outward conflicts, until neither dulness nor obstinacy nor ingratitude nor insolence could reach her serene self-possession. Not for herself alone. Poorly as her prodigal labors were repaid in proportion to the waste of life they cost, her value was too well established to leave her without what, under other circumstances, would have been a more than sufficient compensation. But there were others who looked to her in their need, and so the modest fountain which might have been filled to its brim was continually drained through silent-flowing, hidden sluices.

Out of such a life, inherited from a race which had lived in conditions not unlike her own, *beauty*, in the common

sense of the term, could hardly find leisure to develop and shape itself. For it must be remembered, that symmetry and elegance of features and figure, like perfectly formed crystals in the mineral world, are reached only by insuring a certain necessary repose to individuals and to generations. Human beauty is an agricultural product in the country, growing up in men and women as in corn and cattle, where the soil is good. It is a luxury almost monopolized by the rich in cities, bred under glass like their forced pine-apples and peaches. Both in city and country, the evolution of the physical harmonies which make music to our eyes requires a combination of favorable circumstances, of which alternations of unburdened tranquillity with intervals of varied excitement of mind and body are among the most important. Where sufficient excitement is wanting, as often happens in the country, the features, however rich in red and white, get heavy, and the movements sluggish; where excitement is furnished in excess, as is frequently the case in cities, the contours and colors are impoverished, and the nerves begin to make their existence known to the consciousness, as the face very soon informs us.

Helen Darley could not, in the nature of things, have possessed the kind of beauty which pleases the common taste. Her eye was calm, sad-looking, her features very still, except when her pleasant smile changed them for a moment, all her outlines were delicate, her voice was very gentle, but somewhat subdued by years of thoughtful labor, and on her smooth forehead one little hinted line whispered already that Care was beginning to mark the trace which Time sooner or later would make a furrow. She could not be a beauty; if she had been, it would have been much harder for many persons to be interested in her. For, although in the abstract we all love beauty, and although, if we were sent naked souls into some ultramundane warehouse of soulless bodies and told to select one to our liking, we should each choose a handsome

one, and never think of the consequences, — it is quite certain that beauty carries an atmosphere of repulsion as well as of attraction with it, alike in both sexes. We may be well assured that there are many persons who no more think of specializing their love of the other sex upon one endowed with signal beauty, than they think of wanting great diamonds or thousand-dollar horses. No man or woman can appropriate beauty without paying for it, — in endowments, in fortune, in position, in self-surrender, or other valuable stock; and there are a great many who are too poor, too ordinary, too humble, too busy, too proud, to pay any of these prices for it. So the unbeautiful get many more lovers than the beauties; only, as there are more of them, their lovers are spread thinner and do not make so much show.

The young master stood looking at Helen Darley with a kind of tender admiration. She was such a picture of the martyr by the slow social combusive process, that it almost seemed to him he could see a pale lambent aureole round her head.

"I did not see you at the great party last evening," he said, presently.

She looked up and answered, "No. I have not much taste for such large companies. Besides, I do not feel as if my time belonged to me after it has been paid for. There is always something to do, some lesson or exercise, — and it so happened, I was very busy last night with the new problems in geometry. I hope you had a good time."

"Very. Two or three of our girls were there. Rosa Milburn. What a beauty she is! I wonder what she feeds on! Wine and musk and chloroform and coals of fire, I believe; I didn't think there was such color and flavor in a woman outside the tropics."

Miss Darley smiled rather faintly; the imagery was not just to her taste: *femininity* often finds it very hard to accept the fact of *muliebrity*.

"Was" — ?

She stopped short; but her question had asked itself.

"Elsie there? She was, for an hour or so. She looked frightfully handsome. I meant to have spoken to her, but she slipped away before I knew it."

"I thought she meant to go to the party," said Miss Darley. "Did she look at you?"

"She did. Why?"

"And you did not speak to her?"

"No. I should have spoken to her, but she was gone when I looked for her. A strange creature! Isn't there an odd sort of fascination about her? You have not explained all the mystery about the girl. What does she come to this school for? She seems to do pretty much as she likes about studying."

Miss Darley answered in very low tones. "It was a fancy of hers to come, and they let her have her way. I don't know what there is about her, except that she seems to take my life out of me when she looks at me. I don't like to ask other people about our girls. She says very little to anybody, and studies, or makes believe study, almost what she likes. I don't know what she is," (Miss Darley laid her hand, trembling, on the young master's sleeve,) "but I can tell when she is in the room without seeing or hearing her. Oh, Mr. Langdon, I am weak and nervous, and no doubt foolish,—but —if there were women now, as in the days of our Saviour, possessed of devils, I should think there was something not human looking out of Elsie Venner's eyes!"

The poor girl's breast rose and fell tumultuously as she spoke, and her voice labored, as if some obstruction were rising in her throat.

A scene might possibly have come of it, but the door opened. Mr. Silas Peckham. Miss Darley got away as soon as she well could.

"Why did not Miss Darley go to the party last evening?" said Mr. Bernard.

"Well, the fact is," answered Mr. Silas Peckham, "Miss Darley, she's pooty much took up with the school. She's an industris young woman,—yis, she is industris,—but perhaps she a'n't quite so

spry a worker as some. Maybe, considerin' she's paid for her time, she isn't fur out o' the way in occoopin' herself evenin's,—that is, if so be she a'n't smart enough to finish up all her work in the daytime. Edooocation is the great business of the Institoot. Amoosements are objec's of a secondary natur', accordin' to my v'oo." [The unspellable pronunciation of this word is the touchstone of New England Brahminism.]

Mr. Bernard drew a deep breath, his thin nostrils dilating, as if the air did not rush in fast enough to cool his blood, while Silas Peckham was speaking. The Head of the Apollinean Institute delivered himself of these judicious sentiments in that peculiar acid, penetrating tone, wadded with a nasal twang, which not rarely becomes hereditary after three or four generations raised upon east winds, salt fish, and large, white-bellied, pickled cucumbers. He spoke deliberately, as if weighing his words well, so that, during his few remarks, Mr. Bernard had time for a mental accompaniment with variations, accented by certain bodily changes, which escaped Mr. Peckham's observation. First there was a feeling of disgust and shame at hearing Helen Darley spoken of like a dumb working animal. That sent the blood up into his cheeks. Then the slur upon her probable want of force—her incapacity, who made the character of the school and left this man to pocket its profits—sent a thrill of the old Wentworth fire through him, so that his muscles hardened, his hands closed, and he took the measure of Mr. Silas Peckham, to see if his head would strike the wall in case he went over backwards all of a sudden. This would not do, of course, and so the thrill passed off and the muscles softened again. Then came that state of tenderness in the heart, overlying wrath in the stomach, in which the eyes grow moist like a woman's, and there is also a great boiling-up of objectionable terms out of the deep-water vocabulary, so that Prudence and Propriety and all the other pious Ps have to jump upon the lid of speech to keep them from boiling

over into fierce articulation. All this was internal, chiefly, and of course not recognized by Mr. Silas Peckham. The idea, that any full-grown, sensible man should have any other notion than that of getting the most work for the least money out of his assistants, had never suggested itself to him.

Mr. Bernard had gone through this paroxysm, and cooled down, in the period while Mr. Peckham was uttering these words in his thin, shallow whine, twanging up into the frontal sinuses. What was the use of losing his temper and throwing away his place, and so, among the consequences which would necessarily follow, leaving the poor lady-teacher without a friend to stand by her ready to lay his hand on the grand-inquisitor before the windlass of his rack had taken one turn too many?

"No doubt, Mr. Peckham," he said, in a grave, calm voice, "there is a great deal of work to be done in the school; but perhaps we can distribute the duties a little more evenly after a time. I shall look over the girls' themes myself, after this week. Perhaps there will be some other parts of her labor that I can take on myself. We can arrange a new programme of studies and recitations."

"We can do that," said Mr. Silas Peckham. "But I don't propose mater'ly alterin' Miss Darley's dooties. I don't think she works to hurt herself. Some of the Trustees have proposed interdoosin' new branches of study, and I expect you will be pooty much ocoooped with the dooties that belong to your place. On the Sahbath you will be able to attend divine service three times, which is expected of our teachers. I shall continoo myself to give Sahbath Scriptur'-readin's to the young ladies. That is a solemn dooty I can't make up my mind to commit to other people. My teachers enjoy the Lord's day as a day of rest. In it they do no manner of work,—except in cases of necessity or mercy, such as fillin' out diplomas, or when we git crowded jest at the end of a term, or when there is an extry number of poopils, or other

Providential call to dispense with the ordinance."

Mr. Bernard had a fine glow in his cheeks by this time,—doubtless kindled by the thought of the kind consideration Mr. Peckham showed for his subordinates in allowing them the between-meeting-time on Sundays except for some special reason. But the morning was wearing away; so he went to the school-room, taking leave very properly of his respected principal, who soon took his hat and departed.

Mr. Peckham visited certain "stores" or shops, where he made inquiries after various articles in the provision-line, and effected a purchase or two. Two or three barrels of potatoes, which had sprouted in a promising way, he secured at a bargain. A side of feminine beef was also obtained at a low figure. He was entirely satisfied with a couple of barrels of flour, which, being invoiced "slightly damaged," were to be had at a reasonable price.

After this, Silas Peckham felt in good spirits. He had done a pretty stroke of business. It came into his head whether he might not follow it up with a still more brilliant speculation. So he turned his steps in the direction of Colonel Sprowle's.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the battle-field of last evening was as we left it. Mr. Peckham's visit was unexpected, perhaps not very well timed, but the Colonel received him civilly.

"Beautifully lighted,—these rooms last night!" said Mr. Peckham. "Winter-strained?"

The Colonel nodded.

"How much do you pay for your winter-strained?"

The Colonel told him the price.

"Very hahnsome supper,—very hahnsome! Nothin' ever seen like it in Rockland. Must have been a great heap of things left over."

The compliment was not ungrateful, and the Colonel acknowledged it by smiling and saying, "I should think the' was a trifle! Come and look."

When Silas Peckham saw how many

delicacies had survived the evening's conflict, his commercial spirit rose at once to the point of a proposal.

"Colonel Sprowle," said he, "there's meat and cakes and pies and pickles enough on that table to spread a hahn-some cōlation. If you'd like to trade reasonable, I think perhaps I should be willin' to take 'em off your hands. There's been a talk about our havin' a celebration in the Parnassian Grove, and I think I could work in what your folks don't want and make myself whole by chargin' a small sum for tickets. Broken meats, of course, a'n't of the same valoo as fresh provisions; so I think you might be willin' to trade reasonable."

Mr. Peckham paused and rested on his proposal. It would not, perhaps, have been very extraordinary, if Colonel Sprowle had entertained the proposition. There is no telling beforehand how such things will strike people. It didn't happen to strike the Colonel favorably. He had a little red-blooded manhood in him.

"Sell you them things to make a cōlation out of?" the Colonel replied. "Walk up to that table, Mr. Peckham, and help yourself! Fill your pockets, Mr. Peckham! Fetch a basket, and our hired folks shall fill it full for ye! Send a cart, if y' like, 'n' carry off them leavin's to make a celebration for your pupils with! Only let me tell ye this:—as sure's my name's Hezekiah Sprawle, you'll be known through the taown 'n' through the caounty, from that day forrard, as the Principal of the Broken-Vietuals Instoot!"

Even provincial human-nature sometimes has a touch of sublimity about it. Mr. Silas Peckham had gone a little deeper than he meant, and come upon the "hard pan," as the well-diggers call it, of the Colonel's character, before he thought of it. A militia-colonel standing on his sentiments is not to be despised. That was shown pretty well in New England two or three generations ago. There were a good many plain officers that talked about their "rigiment" and their "caounty" who knew very well how to say

"Make ready!" "Take aim!" "Fire!"—in the face of a line of grenadiers with bullets in their guns and bayonets on them. And though a rustic uniform is not always unexceptionable in its cut and trimmings, yet there was many an ill-made coat in those old times that was good enough to be shown to the enemy's front rank, too often to be left on the field with a round hole in its left lapel that matched another going right through the brave heart of the plain country captain or major or colonel who was buried in it under the crimson turf.

Mr. Silas Peckham said little or nothing. His sensibilities were not acute, but he perceived that he had made a miscalculation. He hoped that there was no offence,—thought it might have been mutooally agreeable, concludod he would give up the idee of a cōlation, and backed himself out as if unwilling to expose the less guarded aspect of his person to the risk of accelerating impulses.

The Colonel shut the door,—cast his eye on the toe of his right boot, as if it had had a strong temptation,—looked at his watch, then round the room, and, going to a cupboard, swallowed a glass of deep-red brandy and water to compose his feelings.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOCTOR ORDERS THE BEST SULKY.

(*With a Digression on "Hired Help."*)

"ABEL! Slip Cassia into the new sulky, and fetch her round."

Abel was Dr. Kittredge's hired man. He was born in New Hampshire, a queer sort of a State, with fat streaks of soil and population where they breed giants in mind and body, and lean streaks which export imperfectly nourished young men with promising but neglected appetites, who may be found in great numbers in all the large towns, or could be until of late years, when they have been half driven out of their favorite basement-stories by foreigners, and half coaxed away from them by California. New Hamp-

shire is in more than one sense the Switzerland of New England. The "Granite State" being naturally enough deficient in pudding-stone, its children are apt to wander southward in search of that deposit,—in the unpetrified condition.

Abel Stebbins was a good specimen of that extraordinary hybrid or mule between democracy and chrysocracy, a native-born New-England serving-man. The Old World has nothing at all like him. He is at once an emperor and a subordinate. In one hand he holds one five-millionth part (be the same more or less) of the power that sways the destinies of the Great Republic. His other hand is in your boot, which he is about to polish. It is impossible to turn a fellow-citizen whose vote may make his master—say, rather, employer—Governor or President, or who may be one or both himself, into a flunky. That article must be imported ready-made from other centres of civilization. When a New-Englander has lost his self-respect as a citizen and as a man, he is demoralized, and cannot be trusted with the money to pay for a dinner.

It may be supposed, therefore, that this fractional emperor, this continent-shaper, finds his position awkward when he goes into service, and that his employer is apt to find it still more embarrassing. It is always under protest that the hired man does his duty. Every act of service is subject to the drawback, "I am as good as you are." This is so common, at least, as almost to be the rule, and partly accounts for the rapid disappearance of the indigenous "domestic" from the basements above mentioned. Paleontologists will by-and-by be examining the floors of our kitchens for tracks of the extinct native species of serving-man. The female of the same race is fast dying out; indeed, the time is not far distant when all the varieties of young *woman* will have vanished from New England, as the dodo has perished in the Mauritius. The young *lady* is all that we shall have left, and the mop and duster of the last Almira or Loizy will be stared at by generations of Bridg-

ets and Noras as that famous head and foot of the lost bird are stared at in the Ashmolean Museum.

Abel Stebbins, the Doctor's man, took the true American view of his difficult position. He sold his time to the Doctor, and, having sold it, he took care to fulfil his half of the bargain. The Doctor, on his part, treated him, not like a gentleman, because one does not order a gentleman to bring up his horse or run his errands, but he treated him like a man. Every order was given in courteous terms. His reasonable privileges were respected as much as if they had been guarantied under hand and seal. The Doctor lent him books from his own library, and gave him all friendly counsel, as if he were a son or a younger brother.

Abel had Revolutionary blood in his veins, and though he saw fit to "hire out," he could never stand the word "servant," or consider himself the inferior one of the two high contracting parties. When he came to live with the Doctor, he made up his mind he would dismiss the old gentleman, if he did not behave according to his notions of propriety. But he soon found that the Doctor was one of the right sort, and so determined to keep him. The Doctor soon found, on his side, that he had a trustworthy, intelligent fellow, who would be invaluable to him, if he only let him have his own way of doing what was to be done.

The Doctor's hired man had not the manners of a French valet. He was grave and taciturn for the most part, he never bowed and rarely smiled, but was always at work in the daytime and always reading in the evening. He was hostler, and did all the housework that a man could properly do, would go to the door or "tend table," bought the provisions for the family,—in short, did almost everything for them but get their clothing. There was no office in a perfectly appointed household, from that of steward down to that of stable-boy, which he did not cheerfully assume. His round of work not consuming all his energies, he must needs cultivate the Doctor's garden, which

he kept in one perpetual bloom, from the blowing of the first crocus to the fading of the last dahlia.

This garden was Abel's poem. Its half-dozen beds were so many cantos. Nature crowded them for him with imagery such as no Laureate could copy in the cold mosaic of language. The rhythm of alternating dawn and sunset, the strophe and antistrophe still perceptible through all the sudden shifts of our dithyrambic seasons and echoed in corresponding floral harmonies, made melody in the soul of Abel, the plain serving-man. It softened his whole otherwise rigid aspect. He worshipped God according to the strict way of his fathers; but a florist's Puritanism is always colored by the petals of his flowers,—and Nature never shows him a black corolla.

Perhaps he may have little or nothing to do in this narrative; but as there must be some who confound the New-England *hired man*, native-born, with the *servant* of foreign birth, and as there is the difference of two continents and two civilizations between them, it did not seem fair to let Abel bring round the Doctor's mare and sulky without touching his features in half-shadow into our background.

The Doctor's mare, Cassia, was so called by her master from her cinnamon color, cassia being one of the professional names for that spice or drug. She was of the shade we call sorrel, or, as an Englishman would perhaps say, chestnut,—a genuine "Morgan" mare, with a low forehead, as is common in this breed, but with strong quarters and flat hocks, well ribbed up, with a good eye and a pair of lively ears,—a first-rate doctor's beast,—would stand until her harness dropped off her back at the door of a tedious case, and trot over hill and dale thirty miles in three hours, if there was a child in the next county with a bean in its windpipe and the Doctor gave her a hint of the fact. Cassia was not large, but she had a good deal of action, and was the Doctor's show-horse. There were two other animals in his stable: Quassia or Quashy,

the black horse, and Caustic, the old bay, with whom he jogged round the village.

"A long ride to-day?" said Abel, as he brought up the equipage.

"Just out of the village,—that's all.—There's a kink in her mane,—pull it out, will you?"

"Goin' to visit some of the great folks," Abel said to himself. "Wonder who it is."—Then to the Doctor,—"Anybody get sick at Sprowles's? They say Deacon Soper had a fit, after eatin' some o' their frozen victuals."

The Doctor smiled. He guessed the Deacon would do well enough. He was only going to ride over to the Dudley mansion-house.

CHAPTER X.

THE DOCTOR CALLS ON ELSIE VENER.

IF that primitive physician, CHIRON, M. D., appears as a Centaur, as we look at him through the lapse of thirty centuries, the modern country-doctor, if he could be seen about thirty miles off, could not be distinguished from a wheel-animalcule. He *inhabits* a wheel-carriage. He thinks of stationary dwellings as Long Tom Coffin did of land in general; a house may be well enough for incidental purposes, but for a "stiddy" residence give him a "ker-ridge." If he is classified in the Linnæan scale, he must be set down thus: Genus *Homo*; Species *Rotifer infusorius*,—the wheel-animal of infusions.

The Dudley mansion was not a mile from the Doctor's; but it never occurred to him to think of walking to see any of his patients' families, if he had any professional object in his visit. Whenever the narrow sulky turned in at a gate, the rustic who was digging potatoes, or hoeing corn, or *swishing* through the grass with his scythe in wave-like crescents, or stepping short behind a loaded wheelbarrow, or trudging lazily by the side of the swinging, loose-throated, short-legged oxen, rocking along the road as if they had just been landed after a three-months' voyage,—the toiling native, whatever he

X Lancel Morgan?

was doing, stopped and looked up at the house the doctor was visiting.

"Somebody sick over there t' Haynes's. Guess th' old man's aillin' ag'in. Winder's haäf-way open in the chamber,—shouldn't wonder 'f he was dead and laid aout. Docterin' a'n't no use, when y' see the winders open like that. Wahl, money a'n't much to speak of to th' old man naow! He don't want but *ten cents*,—and old Widah Peake, she knows what he wants them for!"

Or again,—

"Measles raound pooty thick. Briggs's folks 's' buried two children with 'em laäst week. Th' old Doctor, he'd h' ker'd 'em through. Struck in 'n' p'dooed mot'f'cation,—so they say."

This is only meant as a sample of the kind of way they used to think or talk, when the narrow sulky turned in at the gate of some house where there was a visit to be made.

Oh, that narrow sulky! What hopes, what fears, what comfort, what anguish, what despair, in the roll of its coming or its parting wheels! In the spring, when the old people get the coughs which give them a few shakes and their lives drop in pieces like the ashes of a burned thread which have kept the threadlike shape until they were stirred,—in the hot summer noons, when the strong man comes in from the fields, like the son of the Shunamite, crying, "My head, my head,"—in the dying autumn days, when youth and maiden lie fever-stricken in many a household, still-faced, dull-eyed, dark-flushed, dry-lipped, low-muttering in their daylight dreams, their fingers moving singly like those of slumbering harpers,—in the dead winter, when the white plague of the North has caged its wasted victims, shuddering as they think of the frozen soil which must be quarried like rock to receive them, if their perpetual convalescence should happen to be interfered with by any untoward accident,—at every season, the narrow sulky rolled round freighted with unmeasured burdens of joy and woe.

The Doctor drove along the southern

foot of The Mountain. The "Dudley mansion" was near the eastern edge of this declivity, where it rose steepest, with baldest cliffs and densest patches of overhanging wood. It seemed almost too steep to climb, but a practised eye could see from a distance the zigzag lines of the sheep-paths which scaled it like miniature Alpine roads. A few hundred feet up The Mountain's side was a dark, deep dell, unwooded, save for a few spindling, crazy-looking hackmatacks or native larches, with pallid green tufts sticking out fantastically all over them. It shelved so deeply, that, while the hemlock-tassels were swinging on the trees around its border, all would be still at its springy bottom, save that perhaps a single fern would wave slowly backward and forward like a sabre, with a twist as of a feathered oar,—and this, when not a breath could be felt, and every other stem and blade were motionless. There was an old story of one having perished here in the winter of '86, and his body having been found in the spring,—whence its common name of "Dead-Man's Hollow." Higher up there were huge cliffs with chasms, and, it was thought, concealed caves, where in old times they said that Tories lay hid,—some hinted not without occasional aid and comfort from the Dudleys then living in the mansion-house. Still higher and farther west lay the accursed ledge,—shunned by all, unless it were now and then a daring youth, or a wandering naturalist who ventured to its edge in the hope of securing some infantile *Crotalus durissus*, who had not yet cut his poison-teeth.

Long, long ago, in old Colonial times, the Honorable Thomas Dudley, Esquire, a man of note and name and great resources, allied by descent to the family of "Tom Dudley," as the early Governor is sometimes irreverently called by our most venerable, but still youthful antiquary,—and to the other public Dudleys, of course,—of all of whom he made small account, as being himself an English gentleman, with little taste for the splendors of provincial office,—early in the last

century, Thomas Dudley had built this mansion. For several generations it had been dwelt in by descendants of the same name, but soon after the Revolution it passed by marriage into the hands of the Venners, by whom it had ever since been held and tenanted.

As the Doctor turned an angle in the road, all at once the stately old house rose before him. It was a skilfully managed effect, as it well might be, for it was no vulgar English architect who had planned the mansion and arranged its position and approach. The old house rose before the Doctor crowning a terraced garden, flanked at the left by a double avenue of tall elms. The flower-beds were edged with box, which diffused around it that dreamy balsamic odor, full of ante-natal reminiscences of a lost Paradise, dimly fragrant as might be the bdellium of ancient Havilah, the land compassed by the river Pison that went out of Eden. The garden was somewhat neglected, but not in disgrace,—and in the time of tulips and hyacinths, of roses, of “snowballs,” of honeysuckles, of lilacs, of syringas, it was rich with blossoms.

From the front-windows of the mansion the eye reached a far blue mountain-summit,—no rounded heap, such as often shuts in a village-landscape, but a sharp peak, clean-angled as Ascutney from the Dartmouth green. A wide gap through miles of woods had opened this distant view, and showed more, perhaps, than all the labors of the architect and the landscape-gardener the large style of the early Dudleys.

The great stone chimney of the mansion-house was the centre from which all the artificial features of the scene appeared to flow. The roofs, the gables, the dormer-windows, the porches, the clustered offices in the rear, all seemed to crowd about the great chimney. To this central pillar the paths all converged. The single poplar behind the house,—Nature is jealous of proud chimneys, and always loves to put a poplar near one, so that it may fling a leaf or two down its black throat every autumn,—the one tall pop-

lar behind the house seemed to nod and whisper to the grave square column, the elms to sway their branches towards it. And when the blue smoke rose from its summit, it seemed to be wafted away to join the azure haze which hung around the peak in the far distance, so that both should bathe in a common atmosphere.

Behind the house were clumps of lilacs with a century's growth upon them, and looking more like trees than like shrubs. Shaded by a group of these was the ancient well, of huge circuit, and with a low arch opening out of its wall about ten feet below the surface,—whether the door of a crypt for the concealment of treasure, or of a subterranean passage, or merely of a vault for keeping provisions cool in hot weather, opinions differed.

On looking at the house, it was plain that it was built with Old-World notions of strength and durability, and, so far as might be, with Old-World materials. The hinges of the doors stretched out like arms, instead of like hands, as we make them. The bolts were massive enough for a donjon-keep. The small window-panes were actually inclosed in the wood of the sashes, instead of being stuck to them with putty, as in our modern windows. The broad staircase was of easy ascent, and was guarded by quaintly turned and twisted balusters. The ceilings of the two rooms of state were moulded with medallion-portraits and rustic figures, such as may have been seen by many readers in the famous old Philipse house,—Washington's headquarters,—in the town of Yonkers. The fire-places, worthy of the wide-throated central chimney, were bordered by pictured tiles, some of them with Scripture stories, some with Watteau-like figures,—tall damsels in slim waists and with spread enough of skirt for a modern ballroom, with bowing, reclining, or musical swains of what everybody calls the “conventional” sort,—that is, the swain adapted to genteel society rather than to a literal sheep-compelling existence.

The house was furnished, soon after it was completed, with many heavy articles

made in London from a rare wood just then come into fashion, not so rare now, and commonly known as mahogany. Time had turned it very dark, and the stately bedsteads and tall cabinets and claw-footed chairs and tables were in keeping with the sober dignity of the ancient mansion. The old "hangings" were yet preserved in the chambers, faded, but still showing their rich patterns,—properly entitled to their name, for they were literally hung upon flat wooden frames like trellis-work, which again were secured to the naked partitions.

There were portraits of different date on the walls of the various apartments, old painted coats-of-arms, bevel-edged mirrors, and in one sleeping-room a glass case of wax-work flowers and spangly symbols, with a legend signifying that E. M. (supposed to be Elizabeth Mascarene) wished not to be "forgot"

"When I am dead and lay'd in dust
And all my bones are"—

Poor E. M.! Poor everybody that sighs for earthly remembrance in a planet with a core of fire and a crust of fossils!

Such was the Dudley mansion-house,—for it kept its ancient name in spite of the change in the line of descent. Its spacious apartments looked dreary and desolate; for here Dudley Venner and his daughter dwelt by themselves, with such servants only as their quiet mode of life required. He almost lived in his library, the western room on the ground-floor. Its window looked upon a small plat of green, in the midst of which was a single grave marked by a plain marble slab. Except this room, and the chamber where he slept, and the servants' wing, the rest of the house was all Elsie's. She was always a restless, wandering child from her early years, and would have her little bed moved from one chamber to another,—flitting round as the fancy took her. Sometimes she would drag a mat and a pillow into one of the great empty rooms, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, coil up and go to sleep in a corner. Nothing frightened her; the

"haunted" chamber, with the torn hangings that flapped like wings when there was air stirring, was one of her favorite retreats.

She had been a very hard creature to manage. Her father could influence, but not govern her. Old Sophy, born of a slave mother in the house, could do more with her than anybody, knowing her by long instinctive study. The other servants were afraid of her. Her father had sent for governesses, but none of them ever stayed long. She made them nervous; one of them had a strange fit of sickness; not one of them ever came back to the house to see her. A young Spanish woman who taught her dancing succeeded best with her, for she had a passion for that exercise, and had mastered some of the most difficult dances.

Long before this period, she had manifested some most extraordinary singularities of taste or instinct. The extreme sensitiveness of her father on this point prevented any allusion to them; but there were stories floating round, some of them even getting into the papers,—without her name, of course,—which were of a kind to excite intense curiosity, if not more anxious feelings. This thing was certain, that at the age of twelve she was missed one night, and was found sleeping in the open air under a tree, like a wild creature. Very often she would wander off by day, always without a companion, bringing home with her a nest, a flower, or even a more questionable trophy of her ramble, such as showed that there was no place where she was afraid to venture. Once in a while she had stayed out over night, in which case the alarm was spread, and men went in search of her, but never successfully,—so that some said she hid herself in trees, and others that she had found one of the old Tory caves.

Some, of course, said she was a crazy girl, and ought to be sent to an Asylum. But old Dr. Kittredge had shaken his head, and told them to bear with her, and let her have her way as much as they could, but watch her, as far as pos-

sible, without making her suspicious of them. He visited her now and then, under the pretext of seeing her father on business, or of only making a friendly call.

The Doctor fastened his horse outside the gate, and walked up the garden-alley. He stopped suddenly with a start. A strange sound had jarred upon his ear. It was a sharp prolonged rattle, continuous, but rising and falling as if in rhythmical cadence. He moved softly towards the open window from which the sound seemed to proceed.

Elsie was alone in the room, dancing one of those wild Moorish fandangos, such as a *matador* hot from the *Plaza de Toros* of Seville or Madrid might love to lie and gaze at. She was a figure to look upon in silence. The dancing frenzy must have seized upon her while she was dressing; for she was in her bodice, bare-armed, her hair floating unbound far below the waist of her barred or banded skirt. She had caught up her castanets, and rattled them as she danced with a kind of passionate fierceness, her lithe body undulating with flexuous grace, her

diamond eyes glittering, her round arms wreathing and unwinding, alive and vibrant to the tips of the slender fingers. Some passion seemed to exhaust itself in this dancing paroxysm; for all at once she reeled from the middle of the floor, and flung herself, as it were in a careless coil, upon a great tiger's-skin which was spread out in one corner of the apartment.

The old Doctor stood motionless, looking at her as she lay panting on the tawny, black-lined robe of the dead monster, which stretched out beneath her, its rude flattened outline recalling the Terror of the Jungle as he crouched for his fatal spring. In a few moments her head drooped upon her arm, and her glittering eyes closed,—she was sleeping. He stood looking at her still, steadily, thoughtfully, tenderly. Presently he lifted his hand to his forehead, as if recalling some fading remembrance of other years.

“Poor Catalina!”

This was all he said. He shook his head,—implying that his visit would be in vain to-day,—returned to his sulky, and rode away, as if in a dream.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE romance of “The Marble Faun” will be widely welcomed, not only for its intrinsic merits, but because it is a sign that its writer, after a silence of seven or eight years, has determined to resume his place in the ranks of authorship. In his preface he tells us, that in each of his previous publications he had unconsciously one person in his eye, whom he styles his “gentle reader.” He meant it “for that one congenial friend, more comprehensive of his purposes, more appreciative of his success, more indulgent of his short-comings, and, in all respects, closer and kinder than a brother,—that all-sympathizing critic, in short, whom

an author never actually meets, but to whom he implicitly makes his appeal, whenever he is conscious of having done his best.” He believes that this reader did once exist for him, and duly received the scrolls he flung “upon whatever wind was blowing, in the faith that they would find him out.” “But,” he questions, “is he extant now? In these many years since he last heard from me, may he not have deemed his earthly task accomplished, and have withdrawn to the paradise of gentle readers, wherever it may be, to the enjoyments of which his kindly charity on my behalf must surely have entitled him?” As we feel assured that

Hawthorne's reputation has been steadily growing with the lapse of time, he has no cause to fear that the longevity of his gentle reader will not equal his own. As long as he writes, there will be readers enough to admire and appreciate.

The publication of this new romance seems to offer us a fitting occasion to attempt some description of the peculiarities of the genius of which it is the latest offspring, and to hazard some judgments on its predecessors. It is more than twenty-five years since Hawthorne began that remarkable series of stories and essays which are now collected in the volumes of "*Twice-Told Tales*," "*The Snow Image and other Tales*," and "*Mosses from an Old Manse*." From the first he was recognized by such readers as he chanced to find as a man of genius, yet for a long time he enjoyed, in his own words, the distinction of being "the obscurest man of letters in America." His readers were "gentle" rather than enthusiastic; their fine delight in his creations was a private perception of subtle excellences of thought and style, too refined and self-satisfying to be contagious; and the public was untouched, whilst the "gentle" reader was full of placid enjoyment. Indeed, we fear that this kind of reader is something of an Epicurean,—receives a new genius as a private blessing, sent by a benign Providence to quicken a new life in his somewhat jaded sense of intellectual pleasure; and after having received a fresh sensation, he is apt to be serenely indifferent whether the creator of it starve bodily or pine mentally from the lack of a cordial human shout of recognition.

There would appear, on a slight view of the matter, no reason for the little notice which Hawthorne's early productions received. The subjects were mostly drawn from the traditions and written records of New England, and gave the "beautiful strangeness" of imagination to objects, incidents, and characters which were familiar facts in the popular mind.

The style, while it had a purity, sweetness, and grace which satisfied the most fastidious and exacting taste, had, at the same time, more than the simplicity and clearness of an ordinary school-book. But though the subjects and the style were thus popular, there was something in the shaping and informing spirit which failed to awaken interest, or awakened interest without exciting delight. Misanthropy, when it has its source in passion,—when it is fierce, bitter, fiery, and scornful,—when it vigorously echoes the aggressive discontent of the world, and furiously tramples on the institutions and the men luckily rather than rightfully in the ascendant,—this is always popular; but a misanthropy which springs from insight,—a misanthropy which is lounging, languid, sad, and depressing,—a misanthropy which remorselessly looks through cursing misanthropes and chirping men of the world with the same sure, detecting glance of reason,—a misanthropy which has no fanaticism, and which casts the same ominous doubt on subjectively morbid as on subjectively moral action,—a misanthropy which has no respect for impulses, but has a terrible perception of spiritual laws,—this is a misanthropy which can expect no wide recognition; and it would be vain to deny that traces of this kind of misanthropy are to be found in Hawthorne's earlier, and are not altogether absent from his later works. He had spiritual insight, but it did not penetrate to the sources of spiritual joy; and his deepest glimpses of truth were calculated rather to sadden than to inspire. A blandly cynical distrust of human nature was the result of his most piercing glances into the human soul. He had humor, and sometimes humor of a delicious kind; but this sunshine of the soul was but sunshine breaking through or lighting up a sombre and ominous cloud. There was also observable in his earlier stories a lack of vigor, as if the power of his nature had been impaired by the very process which gave depth and excursiveness to his mental vision. Throughout, the impression is con-

veyed of a shy recluse, alternately bashful in disposition and bold in thought, gifted with original and various capacities, but capacities which seemed to have developed themselves in the shade, without sufficient energy of will or desire to force them, except fitfully, into the sunlight. Shakspeare calls moonlight the sunlight sick; and it is in some such moonlight of the mind that the genius of Hawthorne found its first expression. A mild melancholy, sometimes deepening into gloom, sometimes brightened into a "humorous sadness," characterized his early creations. Like his own Hepzibah Pyncheon, he appeared "to be walking in a dream"; or rather, the life and reality assumed by his emotions "made all outward occurrences unsubstantial, like the teasing phantasms of an unconscious slumber." Though dealing largely in description, and with the most accurate perceptions of outward objects, he still, to use again his own words, gives the impression of a man "chiefly accustomed to look inward, and to whom external matters are of little value or import, unless they bear relation to something within his own mind." But that "something within his own mind" was often an unpleasant something, perhaps a ghastly occult perception of deformity and sin in what appeared outwardly fair and good; so that the reader felt a secret dissatisfaction with the disposition which directed the genius, even in the homage he awarded to the genius itself. As psychological portraits of morbid natures, his delineations of character might have given a purely intellectual satisfaction; but there was audible, to the delicate ear, a faint and muffled growl of personal discontent, which showed they were not mere exercises of penetrating imaginative analysis, but had in them the morbid vitality of a despondent mood.

Yet, after admitting these peculiarities, nobody who is now drawn to the "Twice-Told Tales," from his interest in the later romances of Hawthorne, can fail to wonder a little at the limited number of readers they attracted on their original publi-

cation. For many of these stories are at once a representation of early New-England life and a criticism on it. They have much of the deepest truth of history in them. "The Legends of the Province House," "The Gray Champion," "The Gentle Boy," "The Minister's Black Veil," "Endicott and the Red Cross," not to mention others, contain important matter which cannot be found in Bancroft or Grahame. They exhibit the inward struggles of New-England men and women with some of the darkest problems of existence, and have more vital import to thoughtful minds than the records of Indian or Revolutionary warfare. In the "Prophetic Pictures," "Fancy's Show-Box," "The Great Carbuncle," "The Haunted Mind," and "Edward Fane's Rose-Bud," there are flashes of moral insight, which light up, for the moment, the darkest recesses of the individual mind; and few sermons reach to the depth of thought and sentiment from which these seemingly airy sketches draw their sombre life. It is common, for instance, for religious moralists to insist on the great spiritual truth, that wicked thoughts and impulses, which circumstances prevent from passing into wicked acts, are still deeds in the sight of God; but the living truth subsides into a dead truism, as enforced by commonplace preachers. In "Fancy's Show-Box," Hawthorne seizes the prolific idea; and the respectable merchant and respected church-member, in the still hour of his own meditation, convicts himself of being a liar, cheat, thief, seducer, and murderer, as he casts his glance over the mental events which form his spiritual biography. Interspersed with serious histories and moralities like these, are others which embody the sweet and playful, though still thoughtful and slightly saturnine action of Hawthorne's mind, — like "The Seven Vagabonds," "Snow-Flakes," "The Lily's Quest," "Mr. Higgenbotham's Catastrophe," "Little Annie's Ramble," "Sights from a Steeple," "Sunday at Home," and "A Rill from the Town-Pump."

The "Mosses from an Old Manse" are intellectually and artistically an advance from the "Twice-Told Tales." The twenty-three stories and essays which make up the volumes are almost perfect of their kind. Each is complete in itself, and many might be expanded into long romances by the simple method of developing the possibilities of their shadowy types of character into appropriate incidents. In description, narration, allegory, humor, reason, fancy, subtilty, inventiveness, they exceed the best productions of Addison; but they want Addison's sensuous contentment and sweet and kindly spirit. Though the author denies that he has exhibited his own individual attributes in these "Mosses," though he professes not to be "one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts delicately fried, with brain-sauce, as a titbit for their beloved public,"—yet it is none the less apparent that he has diffused through each tale and sketch the life of the mental mood to which it owed its existence, and that one individuality pervades and colors the whole collection. The defect of the serious stories is, that character is introduced, not as thinking, but as the illustration of thought. The persons are ghostly, with a sad lack of flesh and blood. They are phantasmal symbols of a reflective and imaginative analysis of human passions and aspirations. The dialogue, especially, is bookish, as though the personages knew their speech was to be printed, and were careful of the collocation and rhythm of their words. The author throughout is evidently more interested in his large, wide, deep, indolently serene, and lazily sure and critical view of the conflict of ideas and passions, than he is with the individuals who embody them. He shows moral insight without moral earnestness. He cannot contract his mind to the patient delineation of a moral individual, but attempts to use individuals in order to express the last results of patient moral perception. Young Goodman Brown and Roger Malvin are not persons; they are the mere, loose, personal expression of

subtile thinking. "The Celestial Railroad," "The Procession of Life," "Earth's Holocaust," "The Bosom Serpent," indicate thought of a character equally deep, delicate, and comprehensive, but the characters are ghosts of men rather than substantial individualities. In the "Mosses from an Old Manse," we are really studying the phenomena of human nature, while, for the time, we beguile ourselves into the belief that we are following the fortunes of individual natures.

Up to this time the writings of Hawthorne conveyed the impression of a genius in which insight so dominated over impulse, that it was rather mentally and morally curious than mentally and morally impassioned. The quality evidently wanting to its full expression was intensity. In the romance of "The Scarlet Letter" he first made his genius efficient by penetrating it with passion. This book forced itself into attention by its inherent power; and the author's name, previously known only to a limited circle of readers, suddenly became a familiar word in the mouths of the great reading public of America and England. It may be said, that it "captivated" nobody, but took everybody captive. Its power could neither be denied nor resisted. There were growls of disapprobation from novel-readers, that Hester Prynne and the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale were subjected to cruel punishments unknown to the jurisprudence of fiction,—that the author was an inquisitor who put his victims on the rack,—and that neither amusement nor delight resulted from seeing the contortions and hearing the groans of these martyrs of sin; but the fact was no less plain that Hawthorne had for once compelled the most superficial lovers of romance to submit themselves to the magic of his genius. The readers of Dickens voted him, with three times three, to the presidency of their republic of letters; the readers of Hawthorne were caught by a *coup d'état*, and fretfully submitted to a despot whom they could not depose.

The success of "The Scarlet Letter" is

an example of the advantage which an author gains by the simple concentration of his powers on one absorbing subject. In the "Twice-Told Tales" and the "Mosses from an Old Manse" Hawthorne had exhibited a wider range of sight and insight than in "The Scarlet Letter." Indeed, in the little sketch of "Endicott and the Red Cross," written twenty years before, he had included in a few sentences the whole matter which he afterwards treated in his famous story. In describing the various inhabitants of an early New-England town, as far as they were representative, he touches incidentally on a "young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread and the nicest art of needle-work; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or anything, rather than Adulteress." Here is the germ of the whole pathos and terror of "The Scarlet Letter"; but it is hardly noted in the throng of symbols, equally pertinent, in the few pages of the little sketch from which we have quoted.

Two characteristics of Hawthorne's genius stand plainly out, in the conduct and characterization of the romance of "The Scarlet Letter," which were less obviously prominent in his previous works. The first relates to his subordination of external incidents to inward events. Mr. James's "solitary horseman" does more in one chapter than Hawthorne's hero in twenty chapters; but then James deals with the arms of men, while Hawthorne deals with their souls. Hawthorne relies almost entirely for the interest of his story on what is felt and done within the minds of his characters. Even his most picturesque descriptions and narratives are only one-tenth matter to nine-tenths spirit. The results that follow from one external act of folly or crime are to him

enough for an Iliad of woes. It might be supposed that his whole theory of Romantic Art was based on these tremendous lines of Wordsworth:—

"Action is momentary,—

The motion of a muscle, this way or that:

Suffering is long, obscure, and infinite."

The second characteristic of his genius is connected with the first. With his insight of individual souls he combines a far deeper insight of the spiritual laws which govern the strangest aberrations of individual souls. But it seems to us that his mental eye, keen-sighted and far-sighted as it is, overlooks the merciful modifications of the austere code whose pitiless action it so clearly discerns. In his long and patient brooding over the spiritual phenomena of Puritan life, it is apparent, to the least critical observer, that he has imbibed a deep personal antipathy to the Puritanic ideal of character; but it is no less apparent that his intellect and imagination have been strangely fascinated by the Puritanic idea of justice. His brain has been subtly infected by the Puritanic perception of Law, without being warmed by the Puritanic faith in Grace. Individually, he would much prefer to have been one of his own "Seven Vagabonds" rather than one of the austere preachers of the primitive church of New England; but the austere preacher of the primitive church of New England would have been more tender and considerate to a real Mr. Dimmesdale and a real Hester Prynne than this modern romancer has been to their typical representatives in the world of imagination. Throughout "The Scarlet Letter" we seem to be following the guidance of an author who is personally good-natured, but intellectually and morally relentless.

"The House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne's next work, while it has less concentration of passion and tension of mind than "The Scarlet Letter," includes a wider range of observation, reflection, and character; and the morality, dreadful as fate, which hung like a black cloud over the personages of the previous story,

is exhibited in more relief. Although the book has no imaginative creation equal to little Pearl, it still contains numerous examples of characterization at once delicate and deep. Clifford, especially, is a study in psychology, as well as a marvelously subtle delineation of enfeebled manhood. The general idea of the story is this,—“that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief”; and the mode in which this idea is carried out shows great force, fertility, and refinement of mind. A weird fancy, sporting with the facts detected by a keen observation, gives to every gable of the Seven Gables, every room in the House, every burdock growing rankly before the door, a symbolic significance. The queer mansion is haunted,—haunted with thoughts which every moment are liable to take ghostly shape. All the Pyncheons who have resided in it appear to have infected the very timbers and walls with the spiritual essence of their lives, and each seems ready to pass from a memory into a presence. The stern theory of the author regarding the hereditary transmission of family qualities, and the visiting of the sins of the fathers on the heads of their children, almost wins our reluctant assent through the pertinacity with which the generations of the Pyncheon race are made not merely to live in the blood and brain of their descendants, but to cling to their old abiding-place on earth, so that to inhabit the house is to breathe the Pyncheon soul and assimilate the Pyncheon individuality. The whole representation, masterly as it is, considered as an effort of intellectual and imaginative power, would still be morally bleak, were it not for the sunshine and warmth radiated from the character of Phoebe. In this delightful creation Hawthorne for once gives himself up to homely human nature, and has succeeded in delineating a New-England girl, cheerful, blooming, practical, affectionate, efficient, full of innocence and happiness, with all the “handiness” and

native sagacity of her class, and so true and close to Nature that the process by which she is slightly idealized is completely hidden.

In this romance there is also more humor than in any of his other works. It peeps out, even in the most serious passages, in a kind of demure rebellion against the fanaticism of his remorseless intelligence. In the description of the Pyncheon poultry, which we think unexcelled by anything in Dickens for quaintly fanciful humor, the author seems to indulge in a sort of parody on his own doctrine of the hereditary transmission of family qualities. At any rate, that strutting chanticleer, with his two meagre wives and one wizened chicken, is a sly side flier at the tragic aspect of the law of descent. Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon, her shop, and her customers, are so delightful, that the reader would willingly spare a good deal of Clifford and Judge Pyncheon and Holgrave, for more details of them and Phœbe. Uncle Vener, also, the old wood-sawyer, who boasts “that he has seen a good deal of the world, not only in people’s kitchens and back-yards, but at the street-corners, and on the wharves, and in other places where his business” called him, and who, on the strength of this comprehensive experience, feels qualified to give the final decision in every case which tasks the resources of human wisdom, is a very much more humane and interesting gentleman than the Judge. Indeed, one cannot but regret that Hawthorne should be so economical of his undoubted stores of humor,—and that, in the two romances he has since written, humor, in the form of character, does not appear at all.

Before proceeding to the consideration of “*The Blithedale Romance*,” it is necessary to say a few words on the seeming separation of Hawthorne’s genius from his will. He has none of that ability which enabled Scott and enables Dickens to force their powers into action, and to make what was begun in drudgery soon assume the character of inspiration. Hawthorne cannot thus use

his genius; his genius always uses him. This is so true, that he often succeeds better in what calls forth his personal antipathies than in what calls forth his personal sympathies. His life of General Pierce, for instance, is altogether destitute of life; yet in writing it he must have exerted himself to the utmost, as his object was to urge the claims of an old and dear friend to the Presidency of the Republic. The style, of course, is excellent, as it is impossible for Hawthorne to write bad English, but the genius of the man has deserted him. General Pierce, whom he loves, he draws so feebly, that one doubts, while reading the biography, if such a man exists; Hollingsworth, whom he hates, is so vividly characterized, that the doubt is, while we read the romance, whether such a man can possibly be fictitious.

Midway between such a work as the "Life of General Pierce" and "The Scarlet Letter" may be placed "The Wonder-Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." In these Hawthorne's genius distinctly appears, and appears in its most lovable, though not in its deepest form. These delicious stories, founded on the mythology of Greece, were written for children, but they delight men and women as well. Hawthorne never pleases grown people so much as when he writes with an eye to the enjoyment of little people.

Now "The Blithedale Romance" is far from being so pleasing a performance as "Tanglewood Tales," yet it very much better illustrates the operation, indicates the quality, and expresses the power, of the author's genius. His great books appear not so much created by him as through him. They have the character of revelations,—he, the instrument, being often troubled with the burden they impose on his mind. His profoundest glances into individual souls are like the marvels of clairvoyance. It would seem, that, in the production of such a work as "The Blithedale Romance," his mind had hit accidentally, as it were, on an idea or fact mysteriously related to some morbid

sentiment in the inmost core of his nature, and connecting itself with numerous scattered observations of human life, lying unrelated in his imagination. In a sort of meditative dream, his intellect drifts in the direction to which the subject points, broods patiently over it, looks at it, looks into it, and at last looks through it to the law by which it is governed. Gradually, individual beings, definite in spiritual quality, but shadowy in substantial form, group themselves around this central conception, and by degrees assume an outward body and expression corresponding to their internal nature. On the depth and intensity of the mental mood, the force of the fascination it exerts over him, and the length of time it holds him captive, depend the solidity and substance of the individual characterizations. In this way Miles Coverdale, Hollingsworth, Westervelt, Zenobia, and Priscilla become real persons to the mind which has called them into being. He knows every secret and watches every motion of their souls, yet is, in a measure, independent of them, and pretends to no authority by which he can alter the destiny which consigns them to misery or happiness. They drift to their doom by the same law by which they drifted across the path of his vision. Individually, he abhors Hollingsworth, and would like to annihilate Westervelt, yet he allows the superb Zenobia to be their victim; and if his readers object that the effect of the whole representation is painful, he would doubtless agree with them, but profess his incapacity honestly to alter a sentence. He professes to tell the story as it was revealed to him; and the license in which a romancer might indulge is denied to a biographer of spirits. Show him a fallacy in his logic of passion and character, point out a false or defective step in his analysis, and he will gladly alter the whole to your satisfaction; but four human souls, such as he has described, being given, their mutual attractions and repulsions will end, he feels assured, in just such a catastrophe as he has stated.

Eight years have passed since "The

Blithedale Romance" was written, and during nearly the whole of this period Hawthorne has resided abroad. "The Marble Faun," which must, on the whole, be considered the greatest of his works, proves that his genius has widened and deepened in this interval, without any alteration or modification of its characteristic merits and characteristic defects. The most obvious excellence of the work is the vivid truthfulness of its descriptions of Italian life, manners, and scenery; and, considered merely as a record of a tour in Italy, it is of great interest and attractiveness. The opinions on Art, and the special criticisms on the masterpieces of architecture, sculpture, and painting, also possess a value of their own. The story might have been told, and the characters fully represented, in one-third of the space devoted to them, yet description and narration are so artfully combined that each assists to give interest to the other. Hawthorne is one of those true observers who concentrate in observation every power of their minds. He has accurate sight and piercing insight. When he modifies either the form or the spirit of the objects he describes, he does it either by viewing them through the medium of an imagined mind or by obeying associations which they themselves suggest. We might quote from the descriptive portions of the work a hundred pages, at least, which would demonstrate how closely accurate observation is connected with the highest powers of the intellect and imagination.

The style of the book is perfect of its kind, and, if Hawthorne had written nothing else, would entitle him to rank among the great masters of English composition. Walter Savage Landor is reported to have said of an author whom he knew in his youth, "My friend wrote excellent English, a language now obsolete." Had "The Marble Faun" appeared before he uttered this sarcasm, the wit of the remark would have been pointless. Hawthorne not only writes English, but the sweetest, simplest, and clearest English that ever has been made the vehicle of

equal depth, variety, and subtlety of thought and emotion. His mind is reflected in his style as a face is reflected in a mirror; and the latter does not give back its image with less appearance of effort than the former. His excellence consists not so much in using common words as in making common words express uncommon things. Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, not to mention others, wrote with as much simplicity; but the style of neither embodies an individuality so complex, passions so strange and intense, sentiments so fantastic and preternatural, thoughts so profound and delicate, and imaginations so remote from the recognized limits of the ideal, as find an orderly outlet in the pure English of Hawthorne. He has hardly a word to which Mrs. Trimmer would primly object, hardly a sentence which would call forth the frosty anathema of Blair, Hurd, Kames, or Whately, and yet he contrives to embody in his simple style qualities which would almost excuse the verbal extravagances of Carlyle.

In regard to the characterization and plot of "The Marble Faun," there is room for widely varying opinions. Hilda, Miriam, and Donatello will be generally received as superior in power and depth to any of Hawthorne's previous creations of character; Donatello, especially, must be considered one of the most original and exquisite conceptions in the whole range of romance; but the story in which they appear will seem to many an unsolved puzzle, and even the tolerant and interpretative "gentle reader" will be troubled with the unsatisfactory conclusion. It is justifiable for a romancer to sting the curiosity of his readers with a mystery, only on the implied obligation to explain it at last; but this story begins in mystery only to end in mist. The suggestive faculty is tormented rather than genially excited, and in the end is left a prey to doubts. The central idea of the story, the necessity of sin to convert such a creature as Donatello into a moral being, is also not happily illustrated in the leading event. When Donatello kills the

wretch who malignantly dogs the steps of Miriam, all readers think that Donatello committed no sin at all; and the reason is, that Hawthorne has deprived the persecutor of Miriam of all human attributes, made him an allegorical representation of one of the most fiendish forms of un-mixed evil, so that we welcome his destruction with something of the same feeling with which, in following the allegory of Spenser or Bunyan, we rejoice in the hero's victory over the Blatant Beast or Giant Despair. Conceding, however, that Donatello's act was murder, and not "justifiable homicide," we are still not sure that the author's conception of his nature and of the change caused in his nature by that act, are carried out with a felicity corresponding to the original conception.

In the first volume, and in the early part of the second, the author's hold on his design is comparatively firm, but it somewhat relaxes as he proceeds, and in the end it seems almost to escape from his grasp. Few can be satisfied with the concluding chapters, for the reason that nothing is really concluded. We are willing to follow the ingenious processes of Calhoun's deductive logic, because we are sure, that, however severely they task the faculty of attention, they will lead to some positive result; but Hawthorne's logic of

events leaves us in the end bewildered in a labyrinth of guesses. The book is, on the whole, such a great book, that its defects are felt with all the more force.

In this rapid glance at some of the peculiarities of Hawthorne's genius, we have not, of course, been able to do full justice to the special merits of the works we have passed in review; but we trust that we have said nothing which would convey the impression that we do not place them among the most remarkable romances produced in an age in which romance-writing has called forth some of the highest powers of the human mind.* In intellect and imagination, in the faculty of discerning spirits and detecting laws, we doubt if any living novelist is his equal; but his genius, in its creative action, has been heretofore attracted to the dark rather than the bright side of the interior life of humanity, and the geniality which evidently is in him has rarely found adequate expression. In the many works which he may still be expected to write, it is to be hoped that his mind will lose some of its sadness of tone without losing any of its subtilty and depth; but, in any event, it would be unjust to deny that he has already done enough to insure him a commanding position in American literature as long as American literature has an existence.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Le Prime Quattro Edizioni della Divina Commedia Letteralmente Ristampate per Cura di G. G. WARREN LORD VERNON. Londra: Presso Tommaso e Guglielmo Boone. MDCCC LVIII. 4to. pp. xxvi., 748.

THE zeal with which the study of Dante has been followed by students in every country of Europe, during the last forty years, is one of the most illustrative facts of the moral as well as of the intellectual

character of the period. The interest which has attracted men of the most different tempers and persuasions to this study is not due alone to the poetic or historic value of his works, however high we may place them in these respects, but also and especially to the circumstance that they present a complete and distinct view of the internal life and spiritual disposition of an age in which the questions which still chiefly concern men were for the first time positively stated, and which exhibit-

ed in its achievements and its efforts some of the highest qualities of human nature in a condition of vigor such as they have never since shown. Dante himself combined a power of imagination beyond that of any other poet with an intensity and directness of individual character not less extraordinary. The tendency of modern civilization is to diminish rather than to strengthen the originality and independence of individuals. Autocracy and democracy seem to have a like effect in reducing men to a uniform level of thought and effort. And thus during a time when these two principles have been brought into sharp conflict, it is not surprising that the most thoughtful students should turn to the works of a man who by actual experience, or by force of imagination, comprehended all the conditions of his own age, and exhibited in his life and in his writings an individualism of the noblest sort. The conservative and the reformer, the king and the radical, the priest and the heretic, the man of affairs and the man of letters, have taken their seats, side by side, on the scholars' benches, before the same teacher, and, after listening to his large discourse, have discussed among themselves the questions in religion, in philosophy, in morals, politics, or history, which his words suggested or explained.

The success which has attended these studies has been in some degree proportioned to the zeal with which they have been pursued. Dante is now better understood and more intelligently commented than ever before. Much remains to be done as regards the clearing up of some difficult points and the explanation of some dark passages,—and the obscurity in which Dante intentionally involved some portions of his writings is such as to leave little hope that their absolute meaning will ever be satisfactorily established. The history of the study of the poet, of the comments on his meaning or his text, of the formation of the commonly received text, and of the translations of the "*Divina Commedia*," affords much curious and entertaining matter to the lover of purely literary and bibliographic narrative, and incidentally illustrates the general character of each century since his death. As regards the settlement of the text, no single publication has ever appeared of equal value to that of the magnificent volume

the title of which stands at the head of this notice. Lord Vernon has been known for many years as the most munificent fosterer of Dantesque publications. One after another, precious and costly books upon Dante have appeared, edited and printed at his expense, showing both a taste and a liberality as honorable as unusual.

The first four editions of the "*Divina Commedia*," of which this volume is a reprint, are all of excessive rarity. Although each is a document of the highest importance in determining the text, few of the editors of the poem have had the means of consulting more than one or two of them. The volumes are to be found united only in the Library of the British Museum, and it is but a few years that even that great collection has included them all. They were printed originally between 1470 and 1480 at Foligno, Jesi, Mantua, and Naples; and their chief value arises from the fact that they present the various readings of three, if not four, early and selected manuscripts. The doubt whether four manuscripts are represented by them is occasioned by the similarity between the editions of Foligno and Naples, which are of such a sort (for instance, correspondence in the most unlikely and odd misprints) as to prove that one must have served as the basis of the other. But at the same time there are such differences between them as indicate a separate revision of each, and possibly the consultation by their editors of different codices.

Unfortunately, there is no edition of the "*Divina Commedia*" which can claim any special authority,—none which has even in a small degree such authority as belongs to the first folio of Shakspeare's plays. The text, as now received, rests upon a comparison of manuscripts and early printed editions; and as affording to scholars the means of an independent critical judgment upon it, a knowledge of the readings of these earliest editions is indispensable. But reprints of old books are proverbially open to error. The reprint of the first folio Shakspeare is so full of mistakes as to be of comparatively little use. The character of the Italian language is such that inaccuracies are both easier and more dangerous than in English. Unless the reprint of the first four editions were literally correct, it would be of little value. To secure this correctness, so far as was possible, Lord Vernon

engaged Mr. Panizzi, the chief librarian of the British Museum, to edit the volume. A more competent editor never lived. Mr. Panizzi is distinguished not more for his thorough and appreciative acquaintance with the poetic literature of his country than for the extent and accuracy of his bibliographical knowledge and the refinement of his bibliographic skill. There can be no doubt that the reprint is as exact as the most rigid critic could desire. It is a monument of patience and of unpretending labor, as well as of typographic beauty, — the work of the editor having been well seconded by that well-known disciple of Aldus, Mr. Charles Whittingham.

Nor is it only in essential variations that these four texts are important, but also in the illustration which their different spelling and their varying grammatical forms afford in regard to the language used by Dante. At the time when these editions appeared, the orthography of the Italian tongue was not yet established, and its grammatical inflections not in all cases definitely settled. Printing had not yet been long enough in use to fix a permanent form upon words. Moreover, the misprints themselves, which in these early editions are very numerous, often give hints as to the changes which they may have induced, or as to the misplacing of letters most likely to occur, and consequently most likely to lead to unobserved errors of the text.

The style of the printing in these first editions, and the aid it may give, or the difficulty it may occasion, are hardly to be understood without an extract. We open at *Paradiso*, xv. 70. Cacciaguida has just spoken to his descendant, and then follows, according to the Foligno, the following passage: —

Io mi uolfi abeatrice et quella udio
 pria chio parlaffi et arofemi un cenno
 che fece crescer lali aluoler mio
 Poi cominciאי cosi leefftto elfenno
 come laprima equalita napparse
 dun pefo per ciafchun di noi fi fenno
 Pero chel fole che nallumo et arfe
 colcaldo et conlaluze et fi iguali
 che tutte fimiglianze fono fcarfe.

This looks different enough from the common text, that, for example, of the Florentine edition of 1844.

I' mi volsi a Beatrice, e quella udio
 Pria ch' io parlassi, ed arrisemi un cenno
 Che fece crescer l' ale al voler mio.
 Poi cominciאי così: L' affetto e il senno,
 Come la prima egualità v' apparse,
 D' un peso per ciascun di voi si fenno;
 Perocchè al Sol, che v' allumò ed arse
 Col caldo e con la luce, en sì iguali,
 Che tutte simiglianze sono scarse.

"I turned to Beatrice, and she heard before I spoke, and smiled on me a sign which added wings to my desire. Then I began thus: Love and wisdom, as soon as the primal Equality has appeared to you, become of one weight in each one of you; since in that Sun, which illuminates and warms you with heat and light, they are so equal, that every comparison falls short."

The three other ancient texts are each quite as different from the modern one as that which we have given, nor is the passage one that affords example of unusual variations. It would have been easy to select many others varying much more than this, but our object is to show the general character of these first editions. The second line of the quotation offers a various reading which is supported by the *arrossemi* of the Jesi edition, and the *arrossemi* of that of Naples, as well as by the text of the comment of Benvenuto da Imola, and some other early authorities. But even were the weight of evidence in its favor far greater than it is, it could never be received in place of the thoroughly Dantesque and exquisite expression, *arrissemi un cenno*, which is found in the Mantua edition. The *napparse* and the *noi* of the fifth and sixth lines and the *nallumo* of the seventh are plainly mistakes of the scribe, puzzled by the somewhat obscure meaning of the passage. Not one of the four editions before us gives us the right pronouns, but they are found in the Bartolinian codex, (as well as many others,) and they are established in the rare Aldine edition of 1502, the chief source of the modern text. In the eighth line, where we now read *en sì iguali*, the four give us *et or e sì iguali*, a reading from which it is difficult to extract a meaning, unless, with the Bartolinian, we omit the *che* in the preceding line, and suppose the *pero chel* to stand, not for *perocchè al*, but for *perocchè il*, — or, retaining the *che*, read the first words *perocchè è il Sol*, and take the clause as a parenthesis. The meaning, according

to the first supposition, would be, "Love and wisdom are of one measure in you, (since the Sun [*sc.* the primal Equality] warmed and enlightened you,) and so equal that," etc. According to the second supposition, we should translate, "Since it [the primal Equality] is the sun which," etc. Benvenuto da Imola gives still a third reading, making the *e si iguali* into *ee si iguale*, or, in modern orthography, *è sù iguale*; but, as this spoils the rhyme, it may be left out of account. There seems to us to be some ground for believing the second reading suggested above,

Perocch' è il Sol che v' allumò ed arse
Con caldo e con la luce, e sì ignali,

to be the true one, not only from its correspondence with most of the early copies, but from the rarity of the use of *en* by Dante. There is but one other passage in the poem where it is found (*Purgatory*, xvi. 121).

Such is an example, taken at random, of the doubts suggested and the illustration afforded by these editions in the study of the text. Of course such minute criticism is of interest only to those few who reckon Dante's words at their true worth. The common reader may be content with the text as he finds it in common editions. But Dante, more than any other author, stimulates his student to research as to his exact words; for no other author has been so choice in his selection of them. He is not only the greatest modern master of condensation in style, but he has the deepest insight into the value and force of separate words, the most delicate sense of appropriateness in position, and in the highest degree the poetic faculty of selecting the word most fitting for the thought and most characteristic in expression. It rarely happens that the place of a word of any importance is a matter of indifference in his verse, no regard being had to the rhythm; and every one sufficiently familiar with the language in which he wrote to be conscious of its indefinable powers will feel, though he may be unable to point out specifically, a marked distinction in the quality and combinations of the words in the different parts of the poem. The description of the entrance to Hell, in the third canto of the *Inferno* is, for instance, hardly more different from the description of the Terrestrial Paradise, (*Pur-*
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gatory, xxviii,) in scenery and imagery, than it is in the vague but absolute qualities of language, in its rhythmical and verbal essence.

But, leaving these subtilties, let us look at some of the disputed passages of the poem, upon which the texts before us may give their evidence.

In the episode of Francesca da Rimini, Mr. Barlow has recently attempted to give currency to a various reading long known, but never accepted, in the line (*Inferno*, v. 102) in which Francesca expresses her horror at the manner of her death. She says, *il modo ancor m' offende*, "the manner still offends me." But for *il modo* Mr. Barlow would substitute *il mondo*, "the world still offends me,"—that is, as we suppose, by holding a false opinion of her conduct. Mr. Barlow's suggestions are always to be received with respect, but we cannot but think him wrong in proposing this change. The spirits in Hell are not supposed to be aware of what is passing upon earth; they are self-convicted, (*Purgatory*, xxvi. 85, 86,) and Francesca being doomed to eternal woe, the world could not do her wrong by taxing her with sin; while, further, the shudder at the method of her death, lasting even in torment, seems to us a far more imaginative conception than the one proposed in its stead. Our four texts read *el modo*.

In the famous simile (*Inferno*, iii. 112–114) in which Dante compares the spirits falling from the bank of Acheron to the dead leaves fluttering from a bough in autumn, giving, as Mr. Ruskin says, "the most perfect image possible of their utter lightness, feebleness, passiveness, and scattering agony of despair," our common texts have

infin che il ramo

Rende alla terra tutte le sue spoglie,

"Until the branch gives to the earth all its spoils"; but the texts of Jesi and Mantua, as well as those of the Bartolinian and the Aldus, and many other early authorities, here put the word *Vede* in place of *Rende*, giving a variation which for its poetic worth well deserves to be marked, if not to be introduced into the received text. "Until the branch sees all its spoils upon the earth" is a personification quite in Dante's manner. A confirmation of the value of this reading is given by the fact that Tasso preferred

it to the more common one, and in his treatise on the "Art of Poetry" praises it as full of energy.

The value of this work of Lord Vernon's to the students of Dante, in enabling them to secure accuracy in their statements in regard to the early texts, has been illustrated to us by finding that Blanc, in his useful and excellent "Vocabolario Dantesco," has not unfrequently fallen into error through his inability to consult these first editions. For example, in the line, (*Inferno*, xviii. 43,) *Perciò a figurarlo i piedi affissi*, as it is commonly given, or, *Perciò a figurarlo gli occhi affissi*, as it appears in some editions, Blanc, who prefers the latter reading, states that *gli occhi* is found in "*toutes les anciennes éditions.*" But the truth is, that those of Foligno and Naples read *ipedi*, that of Jesi has *in piedi*, and that of Mantua *i pie*. The Aldine of 1502 is the earliest edition we have seen which has *gli occhi*.

In the episode of Ugolino, (*Inferno*, xxxiii.) the verse which has given rise to more comment, perhaps, than any other is that (the 26th) in which the Count says, according to the usual reading, that the narrow window in his tower had shown him many moons before he dreamed his evil dream: *Più lune già, quand' i' feci il mal sonno*, "Many moons already, when I had my ill slumber." But another reading, found in a majority of the early MSS. and editions, including those of Jesi and Mantua, gives the variation, *più lume*; while the editions of Foligno and Naples give *lieve*, which, affording no intelligible meaning, must be regarded as a mere misprint. In spite of the weight of early authority for *lume*, the reading *lune* is perhaps to be preferred, as giving in a word a brief expressive statement of a weary length of imprisonment,—while *lume* would only serve to fix the moment of the dream as having been between the first dawn and the full day. It is rare that the difference between an *n* and an *m* is of such marked effect.

In the sixth canto of *Purgatory*, verse 58, Virgil says, "Behold there a soul which *a posta* looks toward us." Such at least is the common reading, and the words *a posta* are explained as meaning *fixedly*. But this signification is somewhat forced, *a posta*, or *apposta*, being more properly used with the meaning of *on purpose* or

deliberately,—and the first four editions supply a reading without this difficulty, and one which adds a new and significant feature to the description. They unite in the omission of the letter *a*. The passage then bears the meaning,—“But behold there a soul which, *fixed*, or *placed*, alone and all apart, looks toward us.” This reading, beside being supported by the weight of ancient authority, finds confirmation in the context, in the terms in which Sordello's aspect is described: “How lofty and disdainful didst thou stand! how slow and decorous in the moving of thy eyes!”

A curious example of the mistakes of the old copies is afforded in the charming description of the Terrestrial Paradise in the twenty-eighth canto of the *Purgatory*. Dante says, that the leaves on the trees, trembling in the soft air, were not so disturbed that the little birds in their tops ceased from any of their arts,—

che gli angelletti per le cime
Lasciasser d' operare ogni lor arte.

The lines are so plain that a mistake is difficult in them; but, of our four editions, the Jesi is the only one which gives them correctly. Foligno and Naples read *angelletti* for *angelletti*, while Mantua gives us the astonishing word *intelletti*. Again, in line 98 of the same canto, all four read, *exaltation dell' acqua*, for the simple and correct *esalazion dell' acqua*. And in line 131, for *Eunoe si chiama*, Jesi supplies the curious word *curioce si chiama*.

These examples of error are not of great importance in themselves, and are easily corrected, but they serve to illustrate the great frequency of error in all the early texts of the "Divina Commedia," and the probability that many errors not so readily discovered may still exist in the text, making difficulties where none originally existed. They are of value, furthermore, in the wider range of critical studies, as illustrating in a striking way the liability to error which existed in all books so long as they were preserved only by the work of scribes. Here is a poem which was transmitted in manuscript for only about one hundred and fifty years, the first four printed editions of which show differences in almost every line. It is no exaggeration to say that the variations between the editions of Foligno, Jesi, and Mantua, in

orthography, inflection, and other grammatical and dialectic forms, not to speak of the less frequent, though still numerous differences in the words themselves, greatly exceed, throughout the poem, the number of lines of which it is composed. Yet by a comparison of them one with another a consistent and generally satisfactory text has been formed. The bearing of this upon the views to be taken of the condition of the text of more ancient works, as, for instance, that of the Gospels, is plain.

The work before us is so full of matter interesting to the student of Dante, that we are tempted to go on with further illustrations of it, though well aware that there are few who have zeal or patience enough to continue the examination with us. But the number of those in America who are beginning to read the "*Divina Commedia*," as something more than a mere exercise in the Italian language, is increasing, and some of them, at least, will take pleasure with us in this inquiry concerning the words, that is, the thoughts of Dante. Why should the minute, but not fruitless criticism of texts be reserved for the ancient classic writers? The great poet of the Middle Ages deserves this work at our hands far more than any of the Latin poets, not excluding even his own master and guide.

The eleventh canto of the *Paradiso* is chiefly occupied with the noble narrative of the life of St. Francis. Reading it as we do, at such a distance from the time of the events which it records, and with feelings that have never been warmed into fervor by the facts or the legends concerning the Saint, it is hard for us to appreciate at its full worth the beauty of this canto, and its effect upon those who had seen and conversed with the first Franciscans. Not a century had yet passed since the death of St. Francis, and the order which he had founded kept his memory alive in every part of the Catholic world. A story which may be true or false, and it matters little which, tells us that Dante himself in his early manhood had proposed to enter its ranks. There is no doubt that its vows of poverty and chastity, its arduous but invigorating rule during its early days, appealed with strong force to his temperament and his imagination, as promising a withdrawal from those worldly temptations of which

he was conscious, from that pressure of private and public affairs of which he was impatient. The contrast between the effects which the life of St. Francis and that of St. Dominic had upon the poet's mind is shown by the contrast in tone in which in successive cantos he tells of these two great pillars of the Church.

In lines 71 and 72, speaking of Poverty, the bride of the Saint, he says, —

Si che dove Maria rimase giuso,
Ella con Cristo salse in sulla croce:

"So that whilst Mary remained below, she mounted the cross with Christ." Such is the common reading. Now in all four of the editions which are in Lord Vernon's reprint, in Benvenuto da Imola, in the Bartolinian codex, in the precious codex of Cortona, and in many other early manuscripts and editions, the word *pianse* is found in the place of *salse*: "She lamented upon the cross with Christ." The antithesis, though less direct, is not less striking, and the phrase seems to us to become simpler, more natural, and more touching. Yet this reading has found little favor with recent editors, and one of them goes so far as to say, "*che non solo impoverisce, ma adultera l' idea.*"

Passing over other variations, some of them of importance, in this eleventh canto, we find the last verses standing in most modern editions, —

E vedrà il coreggier che argomenta
U' ben s' impingua, se non si vaneggia.

And the meaning is explained as being, — "And he who is girt with a leathern cord (*i. e.* the Dominican) will see what is meant by 'Where well they fatten, if they do not stray.'" But to this there are several objections. No other example of *coreggier* thus used is, we believe, to be found. Moreover, the introduction of a Dominican to learn this lesson is forced, for it was Dante himself who had had a doubt as to the meaning of these words, and it was for his instruction that the discourse in which they were explained was held. We prefer, therefore, the reading which is found in the editions of Jesi, Foligno, and Naples, (in part in that of Mantua,) and which is given by many other ancient texts: *Vedrai or E vedrai il coreger che argomenta*: "Thou wilt see the reproof which 'Where well they fatten, if

they do not stray,' conveys." This reading has been adopted by Mr. Cayley in his remarkable translation.

One more instance of the value of Lord Vernon's work, and we have done. The 106th, 107th, and 108th verses of the twenty-sixth canto of the *Paradiso* are among the most difficult of the poem, and have given rise to great variety of comment. In the edition of Florence of 1830, in those of Foscolo, and of Costa, and many others, they stand,—

Perch' io la veggio nel verace specchio
Che fa di se pareglie l' altre cose
E nulla face lui di se pareglio.

And they are explained by Bianchi as meaning, "Because I see it in that true mirror (*i. e.* God) which makes other things like to themselves, (that is, represents them as they are,) while nothing can represent Him like to Himself." Those who love the quarrels of commentators should look at the notes in the Variorum editions of Padua or Florence to see with what amusing asperity they have treated each other's solutions of the passage. Italian words of abuse have a sonorous quality which gives grandeur to a skirmish of critics. One is declared by his opponent to have *ingarbugliato* the clearest meaning; another *guasta il sentimento* and *sproposita in grammatica*; a third brings up *falso* and *assurdo* to the charge, and, not satisfied with their force, adds *blasfemo*; a fourth declares that the third has contrived *capovolgere la conseguenza*; and so on;—from all which the reader, trying to find shelter from the pelting of hard words, discovers that the meaning is not clear even to the most confident of the critics. But, standing apart from the battle, and looking only at the text, and not at the bewildered comment, we find in the editions of Foligno, Jesi, and Naples, and in many other ancient texts, a reading which seems to us somewhat easier than the one commonly adopted. We copy the lines after the Foligno:—

Per chio laneggio neluerace specchio
che fa dise pareglio al altre cose
et nulla face lui dise pareglio.

And we would translate them, "Because I see it in that true mirror who in Himself affords a likeness to [or of] all other things, while nothing gives back to Him

a likeness of Himself." Here *pareglio* corresponds with the Provençal *parelh* and the later French *pareil*,—and the Provençal phrase *rendre le parelha* affords an example of similar application to that of the word in Dante.

With us in America, criticism is not rated as it deserves; it is little followed as a study, and the love for the great masters and poets of other times and other tongues than our own fails to stimulate the ardor of students to the thorough examination of their thoughts and words. No doubt, criticism, as it has too often been pursued, is of small worth, displaying itself in useless inquiries, and lavishing time and labor upon insoluble and uninteresting questions. But such is not its true end. Verbal criticism, rightly viewed, has a dignity which belongs to few other studies; for it deals with words as the symbols of thoughts,—with words, which are the most spiritual of the instruments of human power, the most marvellous of human possessions. It makes thought accurate, and perception fine. It adds truth to the creations of imagination by teaching the modes by which they may be best expressed, and it thus leads to fuller and more appreciative understanding and enjoyment of the noblest works of the past. There can, indeed, be no thorough culture without it.

To restore the balance of our lives, in these days of haste, novelty, and restlessness, there is need of a larger infusion into them of pursuits which have no end of immediate publicity or instant return of tangible profit,—of pursuits which, while separating us from the intrusive world around us, should introduce us into the freer, tranquil, and more spacious world of noble and everlasting thought. The greener and lonelier precincts of our minds are now trampled upon by the hurrying feet of daily events and transient interests. If we would keep that spiritual region unpolluted, we need to acquaint ourselves with some other literature than that of newspapers and magazines, and to entertain as familiars the men long dead, yet living in their works. As Americans, our birthrights in the past are imperfect; we are born into the present alone. But he who lives only in present things lives but half a life, and death comes to him as an impertinent interruption: by living

also in the past we learn to value the present at its worth, to hold ourselves ready for its end. With Dante, taking him as a guide and companion in our privater moods, we may, even in the natural body, pass through the world of spirit.

It will be a good indication of the improvement in the intellectual disposition of our people, when the study of Dante becomes more general. Meanwhile, on the part of his few students in America, we would offer our thanks to Lord Vernon and to Mr. Panizzi for the aid which the liberality of the one and the skill and learning of the other have given to us, and for the honor they have done to the memory of our common Author and Leader.

Notes of Travel and Study in Italy. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. pp. x., 320.

THERE is, perhaps, no country with which we are so intimate as with Italy, — none of which we are always so willing to hear more. Poets and prosers have alike compared her to a beautiful woman; and while one finds nothing but loveliness in her, another shudders at her fatal fascination. She is the very Witch-Venus of the Middle Ages. Roger Ascham says, "I was once in *Italy* myself, but I thank God my abode there was but nine days; and yet I saw in that little time, in one city, more liberty to sin than ever I heard tell of in our noble city of London in nine years." He quotes triumphantly the proverb, — *Inglese italianato, diavolo incarnato*. A century later, the entertaining "Richard Lassels, Gent., who Travelled through Italy Five times as Tutor to several of the *English Nobility and Gentry*," and who is open to new engagements in that kind, declares, that, "For the Country itself, it seemed to me to be *Nature's Darling*, and the *Eldest Sister* of all other Countries; carrying away from them all the greatest blessings and favours, and receiving such gracious looks from the *Sun and Heaven*, that, if there be any fault in *Italy*, it is, that her Mother *Nature* hath cockered her too much, even to make her become Wanton." Plainly, our Tannhäuser is but too ready to go back to the Venus-berg!

A new book on Italy seems a dangerous experiment. Has not all been told and

told and told again? Is it not one chief charm of the land, that it is changeless without being Chinese? Did not Abbot Samson, in 1159, *Scotti habitum induens*, (which must have shown his massive calves to great advantage,) probably see much the same popular characteristics that Hawthorne saw seven hundred years later? Shall a man try to be entertaining after Montaigne, æsthetic after Winckelmann, wise after Goethe, or trenchant after Forsyth? Can he hope to bring back anything so useful as the *fork*, which honest Tom Coryate made prize of two centuries and a half ago, and put into the greasy fingers of Northern barbarians? Is not the "Descrittione" of Leandro Alberti still a competent itinerary? And can one hope to pick up a fresh Latin quotation, when Addison and Eustace have been before him with their scrap-baskets?

If there be anything which a person of even moderate accomplishments may be presumed to know, it is Italy. The only open question left seems to be, whether Shakspeare were the only man that could write his name who had never been there. We have read our share of Italian travels, both in prose and verse, but, as the nicely discriminating Dutchman found that "too moch brahndee was too moch, but too moch lager-beer was jost hright," so we are inclined to say that too much Italy is just what we want. After Des Brosses, we are ready for Henri Beyle, and Ampère, and Hillard, and About, and Gallenga, and Julia Kavanaugh; "Corinne" only makes us hungry for George Sand. That no one can tell us anything new is as undeniable as the compensating fact that no one can tell us anything too old.

There are two kinds of travellers, — those who tell us what they went to see, and those who tell us what they saw. The latter class are the only ones whose journals are worth the sifting; and the value of their eyes depends on the amount of individual character they took with them, and of the previous culture that had sharpened and tutored the faculty of observation. In our conscious age the frankness and *naïveté* of the elder voyagers is impossible, and we are weary of those humorous confidences on the subject of fleas with which we are favored by some modern travellers, whose motto should be (slightly altered) from Horace, — *Flea-bit*,

et toto cantabitur orbe. A naturalist self-sacrificing enough may have this experience more cheaply at home.

The book before us is the record of a second residence in Italy, of about two years. This in itself is an advantage; since a renewed experience, after an interval of absence and distraction, enables us to distinguish what had merely interested us by its strangeness from what is permanently worthy of study and remembrance. In a second visit we know at least what we do *not* wish to see, and our first impressions have so defined themselves that they afford us a safer standard of comparison. To most travellers Italy is a land of pure vacation, a lotus-eating region, "in which it seemeth always afternoon." But Mr. Norton, whose book shows how well his time had been employed at home, could not but spend it to good purpose abroad. The word "study" has a right to its place on his title-page, and his volume is worthy of a student. He shows himself to be one who, like Wordsworth, "does not much or oft delight in personal talk"; there is no gossip between the covers of his book, no impertinent self-obtrusion. Familiar with what has been written about Italy by others, he has known how to avoid the trite highways, and by going back to what was old has found topics that are really fresh and delightful. The Italy of the ancient Romans is a foreign country to us, and must always continue so; but the Italy of the Middle Ages is nearer, not so much in time, as because there is no impassable rift of religious faith, and consequently of ideas and motives, between us and it. Far enough away in the centuries to be picturesque, it is near enough in the sympathy of belief and thought to be thoroughly intelligible. The chapter on the Brotherhood of the Misericordia at Florence is remarkably interesting, and the coincidence which Mr. Norton points out in a note between the circumstances which led to its foundation and those in which a somewhat similar society originated in California so lately as 1859 is not only curious, but pleasant, as showing that there is a natural piety proper to man in all ages alike. In his account of the building of the Cathedral of Orvieto, and his notices of Rome as it was when Dante and Petrarch saw it, Mr. Norton has struck a rich vein, which we

hope he will find time to work more thoroughly hereafter. By the essential fairness of his mind, his patience in investigation, and his sympathy with what is noble in character and morally influential in events, he seems to us peculiarly fitted for that middle ground occupied by the historical essayist, to whom literature is something coördinate with politics, and who finds a great book more eventful than a small battle.

But if, as a scholar and lover of Art, Mr. Norton naturally turns to the past, he does not fail to tell us whatever he finds worth knowing in the present. His tone of mind and habitual subjects of thought may be inferred from the character of the topics that interest him. The glimpses he gives us of the actual condition of the people of Italy, as indicated by their practical conception of the religious dogmas of their Church, by the quality of the cheap literature that is popular among them, of the tracts provided for their spiritual aliment by ecclesiastical authority, and of the caricatures produced in 1848-9, (as in his notice of "Don Pirlone,") are of special value, and show that he knows where to look for signs of what lies beneath the surface. His appreciation of the beautiful in Art has not been cultivated at the expense of his interest in the moral, political, and physical well-being of man. His touching sketch of the life of Letterato, the founder of Ragged Schools, shows that moral loveliness attracts his sympathy as much when embodied in a life of obscure usefulness as when it gleams in the saints and angels of Fra Angelico. A conscientious Protestant, he exposes the corruptions of the Established Church in Italy, not as an anti-Romanist, but because he sees that they are practically operative in the social and political degradation of the people. What good there is never escapes his attention, and we learn from him much that is new and interesting concerning public charities and private efforts for the elevation of the lower orders. The miles of statuary in the Vatican do not weary him so much that he cannot at night make the round of evening schools for the poor.

We have not read a pleasanter or more instructive book of Italian travel than this. Mr. Norton's range of interest is so wide that we are refreshed with continual va-

riety of topic; and his style is pure, clear, and chaste, without any sacrifice of warmth or richness. It is always especially agreeable to us to encounter an American who is a scholar in the true sense of the word, in which sense it is never dissociated from gentleman. When, as in the present instance, scholarship is united with a deep and active interest in whatever concerns the practical well-being of men, we have one of the best results of our modern civilization. We are no lovers of dilettantism, but we see in these scholarly tastes and habits which do not seclude a man from the duties of real life and useful citizenship the only safeguard against the evils which the rapid heaping-up of wealth is sure to bring with it.

We do not always agree with Mr. Norton in his estimate of the comparative merit of different artists. We think he sometimes makes Mr. Ruskin's mistake of attributing to positive religious sentiment what is rather to be ascribed to the negative influence of circumstances and date. We cannot help thinking that the mere arrangement of their figures by such painters as Cima da Conegliano and Francesco Francia, the architectural regularity of their disposition, the sculptural dignity of their attitudes, and the consequent impression of simplicity and repose which they convey, have much to do with the religious effect they produce on the mind, as contrasted with the more dramatic and picturesque conceptions of later artists. When we look at John Bellino's "Gods come down to taste the Fruits of the Earth," we cannot think him essentially a more religious man than his great pupil who painted that truly divine countenance of Christ in "The Tribute-Money." At the same time we go along with Mr. Norton heartily, where, in the concluding pages of his book, with equal learning and eloquence, he points out the causes and traces the progress of the moral and artistic decline which came over Italy in the sixteenth century, and whose effect made the seventeenth almost a desert. This is one of the most striking passages in the volume, and the lesson of it is brought home to us with a force and fervor worthy of the theme. It also affords a good type of the quiet vigor of thought and the high moral purpose which are characteristic of the author.

1. *An American Dictionary of the English Language*, etc., etc. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Revised and enlarged by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 1859. pp. ccxxxvi., 1512.
2. *A Dictionary of the English Language*. By JOSEPH E. WORCESTER, LL. D. Boston: Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. 1860. pp. lxxviii., 1786.

SINCE the famous Battle of the Books in St. James's Library, no literary controversy has been more sharply waged than that between the adherents of the rival Dictionaries of Doctors Worcester and Webster. The attack was begun thirty years ago, by Dr. Webster's publishers, when Dr. Worcester's "Comprehensive Dictionary" first appeared in print. On the publication of his "Universal and Critical Dictionary," in 1846, it was renewed, and, not to speak of occasional skirmishes during the interval, the appearance of Dr. Worcester's enlarged and finished work brought matters to the crisis of a pitched battle.

From this long conflict Dr. Worcester has unquestionably come off victorious. Dr. Webster seemed to assume that he had a kind of monopoly in the English language, and that whoever ventured to compile a dictionary was guilty of infringing his patent-right. He drew up a list of words, and triumphantly asked Dr. Worcester where he had found them, unless in his two quartos of 1828. Dr. Worcester replied by showing that most of the words were to be found in previous English dictionaries, and added, with sly humor, that he freely acknowledged Dr. Webster's exclusive property in the word "bridegroom," and others like it, which would be sought for vainly in any volumes but his own. Dr. Webster's attack was as unfair as the result of it was unfortunate for himself.

We have several reasons, which seem to us sufficient, for preferring Dr. Worcester's Dictionary; but we are not, on that account, disposed to underrate the remarkable merits of its rival. Dr. Webster was a man of vigorous mind, and endowed with a genuine faculty of independent thinking. He has hardly received justice at the hands of his countrymen, a large portion of whom have too hastily taken a

few obstinate whimsies as the measure of his powers. Utterly fanciful as are many of his etymologies, we should be false to our duty as critics, if we did not acknowledge that Dr. Webster possessed in very large measure the chief qualities which go to the making of a great philologist. The very tendency to theorize, which led him to adopt those oddities of spelling by which he may be said to be chiefly known, united as it was to an understanding of uncommon breadth and clearness, would under more favorable auspices have given him a very eminent place among the philosophic students of language. His great mistake was in attempting to force his peculiar notions upon the world in his Dictionary, instead of confining them to his Preface, or putting them forward tentatively in a separate treatise. The importance which he attached to these trifles ought to have given him a hint that others might be as obstinate on the other side, and that the prejudices of taste have much tougher roots than those of opinion. We are inclined to think that many of the changes proposed by Dr. Webster will be adopted in the course of time. But it is a matter of little consequence, and the progress of such reforms is slow. Already two hundred years ago, James Howell (the author of Charles Lamb's favorite "Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ") advocated similar reforms, and, as far as the printers would let him, carried them out in practice. "The printer hath not bin so careful as he should have bin," he complains. He especially condemns the superfluous letters in many of our words, choosing to write *don*, *com*, and *som*, rather than *done*, *come*, and *some*. "Moreover," he says, "those words that have the Latin for their original, the author prefers that orthography rather than the French, whereby divers letters are spar'd: as *Physic*, *Logic*, *Afric*, not *Physique*, *Logique*, *Afrique*; *favor*, *honor*, *labor*, not *favour*, *honour*, *labour*, and very many more; as also he omits the Dutch *k* in most words; here you shall read *people*, not *pe-ople*, *tresure*, not *tre-asure*, *toung*, not *ton-gue*, &c.; *Parlement*, not *Parliament*; *business*, *witnes*, *sicknes*, not *businessse*, *witnesse*, *sicknesse*; *star*, *war*, *far*, not *starre*, *warre*, *farre*; and multitudes of such words, wherein the two last letters may well be spar'd. Here you shall also read *pity*, *piety*, *witty*, not *piti-e*, *pieti-e*, *witti-e*, as

strangers at first sight pronounce them, and abundance of such like words."

Howel gives a weak reason for making the changes he proposes, namely, that the language will thereby be simplified to foreigners. He hints at the true one when he says that "we do not speak as we write." Dr. Webster also, speaking of certain words ending in *our*, says, "What motive could induce them to write these words, and *errour*, *honour*, *favour*, *inferiour*, &c., in this manner, following neither the Latin nor the French, I cannot conceive." Had Dr. Webster's knowledge of the written English language been as great as it undoubtedly was of its linguistic relations, he would have seen that the *spelling* followed the *accent*. The third verse of the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" would have satisfied him:—

"And bathéd every root in such licour";

and a little farther on,—

"Or swinken with his hondés and laboure."

In this respect the spelling of our older writers, where it can be depended on, and especially of reformers like Howel, is of value, as throwing some light on the question, how long the Norman pronunciation lingered in England. Warner, for instance, in his "Albion's England," spells *creator* and *creature* as they are spelt now, but gives the French accent to both; and we are inclined to think that the charge of speaking "right Chaucer," brought against the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth, referred rather to accent than diction.

The very title of Dr. Webster's Dictionary indicates a radical misapprehension as to the nature and office of such a work. He calls the result of his labors an "American Dictionary of the English Language," as if provincialism were a merit. He evidently thought that the business of a lexicographer was to *regulate*, not to *record*. Sometimes also his zeal as an etymologist misled him, as in his famous attempt to make the word *bridegroom* more conformable to its supposed Anglo-Saxon root and its modern Teutonic congeners. It never occurred to him that we were still as far as ever from the goal, and that it would be quite as inconvenient to explain that the termination *goom* was a derivation from the Anglo-Saxon *guma* as that it was a corruption of it; the point to be gained being, after all, that

we should be able to find out the meaning of the English word *bridegroom*, having no pressing need of *guma* for conversational purposes. We have spoken of this word only because we have heard it brought up against Dr. Webster as often as anything else, and because the disproportionate antipathy produced by this and a few similar oddities shows, that, the primary object of all writing being the clear conveyance of meaning, and not only so, but its conveyance in the most winning way, a writer blunders who wilfully estranges the reader's eye or jars upon its habitual associations, and that a lexicographer blunders still more desperately, who, upon system, teaches to offend in that kind. And it is amusing in respect to this very word *bridegroom*, that the whimsey is not Dr. Webster's own, but that the bee was put into his bonnet by Horne Tooke.

Webster in these matters was a bit of a Hotspur. He thought to deal with language as the vehement Percy would have done with the Trent. The smug and silver stream was to be allowed no more wilful windings, but to run

"In a new channel fair and evenly."

He found an equally hot-headed Glendower, wherever there was an educated man, ready with the answer, —

"Not wind? it shall; it must; you see it doth."

"You see *it doth*" is an argument whose force no theorist ever takes into his reckoning.

We said that the title "American Dictionary of the English Language" was an absurdity. Fancy a "Cuban Dictionary of the Spanish Language." It would be of value only to the comparative philologist, curious in the changes of meaning, pronunciation, and the like, which circumstances are always bringing about in languages subjected to new conditions of life and climate. But we must not forget to say that the title chosen by Dr. Webster conveyed also a meaning creditable to his spirit and judgment. He always stoutly maintained the right of English as spoken in America to all the privileges of a living language. In opposition to the purists who would have clasped the language forever within the covers of Johnson, he insisted on the necessity of coining new words or adapting old ones to express new things and

new relations. It is many years since we read his "Remarks" (if that was the title) on Pickering's "Vocabulary," and in answer to the rather supercilious criticisms on himself in the "Anthology"; but the impression left on our mind by that pamphlet is one of great respect for the good sense, acuteness, and courage of its author. And of his Dictionary it may safely be said, that, with all its mistakes, no work of the kind had then appeared so learned and so comprehensive. It may be doubted if any living language possessed at that time a dictionary, or one, at least, the work of a single man, in all respects its equal.

But etymologies are not the most important part of a good working dictionary, the intention of which is not to inform readers and writers what a word may have meant before the Dispersion, but what it means now. The pedigree of an adjective or substantive is of little consequence to ninety-nine men in a hundred, and the writers who have wielded our mother-tongue with the greatest mastery have been men who knew what words had most meaning to their neighbors and acquaintances, and did not stay their pens to ask what ideas the radicals of those words may possibly have conveyed to the mind of a bricklayer going up from Padanaram to seek work on the Tower of Babel. A thoroughly good etymological dictionary of English is yet to seek; and even if we should ever get one, it will be for students, and not for the laity. Nor is it the primary object of a common dictionary to trace the history of the language. Of great interest and importance to scholars, it is of comparatively little to Smith and Brown and their children at the public school. It is a work apart, which we hope to see accomplished by the London Philological Society in a manner worthy of comparison with what has been partly done for German by the brothers Grimm, — alas that the illustrious duality should have been broken by death! A lexicon of that kind should be an index to all the more eminent books in the language; but we do not hold this to be the office of a dictionary for daily reference. A dictionary that should embrace every unusual word, every new compound, every metaphorical turn of meaning, to be found in our great writers, would be a compendium of the

genius of our authors rather than of our language; and a lexicographer who rakes the books of second- and third-rate men for out-of-the-way phrases is doing us no favor. A dictionary is not a drag-net to bring up for us the broken pots and dead kittens, the sewerage of speech, as well as its living fishes. Nor do we think it a fair test of such a work, that one should seek in it for every odd word that may have tickled his fancy in a favorite author. Like most middle-aged readers, we have our specially private volumes. One of these—but we will not betray the secret of our loves—contains some rare words, such as the Gallicism *mistresse-pièce*, and the delightful hybrid *pundonmore* for trifling points-of-honor; yet we by no means complain that we can find neither of them in Worcester, and only the former (with a ludicrously mistaken definition) in Webster.

A conclusive reason with us for preferring Dr. Worcester's Dictionary is, that its author has properly understood his functions, and has aimed to give us a true view of English as it is, and not as he himself may have wished it should be or thought it ought to be. Its etymologies are sufficient for the ordinary reader,—sometimes superfluously full, as where the same word is given over and over again in cognate languages. We do not see the use, under the word *PLAIN*, of taking up room with a list like the following: "*L. planus*; *It. piano*; *Sp. plano*; *Fr. plain*." Not content with this, Dr. Worcester gives it once more under *PLAN*: "*L. planus*, flat; *It. piano*, a plan; *Sp. plano*; *Fr. plan*.—*Dut., Ger., Dan., and Sw. plan*." Even yet we have not done with it, for under *PLANE* we find "*L. planus*; *It. piano*; *Sp. plano*; *Fr. plan*." One would think this rather a Polyglot Lexicon than an English Dictionary. It seems to us that no Romanic derivative of the Latin root should be given, unless to show that the word has come into English by that channel. And so of the Teutonic languages. If we have Danish, Swedish, German, and Dutch, why not Scotch, Icelandic, Frisic, Swiss, and every other conceivable dialectic variety?

Another fault of superfluosity we find in the number of compounded words, where the meaning is obvious,—such, for instance, as are formed with the adverb *out*, which the genius of the language permits without

limit in the case of verbs. Dr. Worcester gives us, among many others,—

- "OUT-BABBLE, *v. a.* To surpass in idle prattle; to exceed in babbling. *Milton*."
- "OUT-BELLOW, *v. a.* To bellow more or louder than; to exceed or surpass in bellowing. *Bp. Hall*."
- "OUT-BLEAT, *v. a.* To bleat more than; to exceed in bleating. *Bp. Hall*."
- "OUT-BRAG, *v. a.* To surpass in bragging. *Shak*."
- "OUT-BRIBE, *v. a.* To exceed in bribing. *Blair*."
- "OUT-BURN, *v. a.* To exceed in burning. *Young*." [The definition here is hardly complete; since the word means also to burn longer than.]
- "OUT-CANT, *v. a.* To surpass in canting. *Pope*."
- "OUT-CHEAT, *v. a.* To surpass in cheating."
- "OUT-CURSE, *v. a.* To surpass in cursing."
- "OUT-DRINK, *v. a.* To exceed in drinking. *Donne*."
- "OUT-FAWN, *v. a.* To excel in fawning. *Hudibras*."
- "OUT-FEAT, *v. a.* To surpass in feats. *Smart*."
- "OUT-FLASH, *v. a.* To surpass in flashing. *Clarke*."

Similar words occur at frequent intervals through nine columns. Dr. Webster is equally relentless, (even roping in a few estrays in his Appendix,) and we hardly know which has out-worded the other. We were surprised to find in neither the useful and legitimate substantive form of *outgo*, as the opposite of *income*. This superfluosity (unless we apply Voltaire's saying, "*Le superflu, chose bien nécessaire*," to dictionaries also) is the result, we suppose, of the rivalry of publishers, who have done their best to persuade the public that numerosity is the chief excellence in works of this kind, and that whoever buys their particular quarto may be sure of an honest pennyworth and of owning a thousand or two more words than his less judicious neighbors. In this way a false standard is manufactured, to which the lexicographer must conform, if he would have a remunerative sale for his book. He accordingly explores every lane and *impasse* in the purlieus of Grub Street, and pounces on a new word as a naturalist would on a new bug,—the stranger and uglier, the better. We regret that this kind of rivalry has been forced on Dr. Worcester; but he is so thorough, patient, and conscientious, that

he leaves little behind him for the gleaner. We confess that the amplitude of his research has surprised us, highly as we were prepared to rate him in this respect by our familiarity with his former works. We have subjected his Dictionary to a pretty severe test. From the time of its publication we have made a point of seeking in it every unusual word, old or new, that we met with in our reading. We have been disappointed in hardly a single instance, and we are not acquainted with any other dictionary of which we could say as much.

An attempt has been made to damage Dr. Worcester's work by a partial comparison of his definitions with those of Dr. Webster; and here, again, the assumption has been, that *number* was of more importance than concise completeness. In the case of a quarto dictionary, we suppose an honest reviewer may confess that he has not read through the subject of his criticism. We have opened Dr. Webster's volume at random, and have found some of his definitions as extraordinarily inaccurate as many of his etymologies. They quite justify a *double-entendre* of Daniel Webster's, which we heard him utter many years ago in court. He had forced such a meaning upon some word in a paper connected with the case on trial, that the opposing counsel interrupted him to ask in what dictionary he found the word so defined. He silenced his questioner instantly with a happy play upon the name common to himself and the lexicographer: "In Webster's Dictionary, Sir!" We find in Webster, for example, the following definition of a word as to whose meaning he could have been set right by any coasting-skipper that sailed out of New Haven:—

"AMID-SHIPS; in marine language, the middle of a ship with regard to her length and breadth." Now, when one ship runs into another at sea and strikes her *amid-ships*, how is she to contrive to accomplish it so as to satisfy the requirements of this definition? Or if a sailor is said to be standing *amidships*, must he be planted precisely in what he would probably agree with Dr. Webster in spelling the *center* of the main-hatch? Dr. Worcester, quoting Falconer, is of course right.

We give another of Dr. Webster's definitions, which caught our eye in looking over his array of words compounded with

out. "OUTWARD-BOUND; proceeding from a port or country." Now Dr. Webster does not tell his readers that the term is exclusively applicable to vessels; and we should like to know whence a vessel is likely to proceed, unless from a port,—and where ports are commonly situated, unless in countries? If an American ship be "proceeding from" the port of Liverpool to some port in the United States, how soon does she enter on what lexicographers call "the state of being" homeward-bound? The narrow limits to which Dr. Webster confines the word would not extend beyond the jaws of the harbor from which the ship is sailing. Dr. Worcester's definition is, "OUTWARD-BOUND. (*Naut.*) Bound outward or to foreign parts. *Crabb.*"

Under the word MORESQUE we find in Webster the following definition: "A species of painting or carving done after the Moorish manner, consisting of *grotesque* pieces and compartments *promiscuously interspersed*; arabesque. *Gwilt.*" (The Italics are our own.) We have not Mr. Gwilt's Encyclopædia at hand; but if this be a fair representation of one of its definitions, it is a very untrustworthy authority. The last term to be applied to arabesque-work is *grotesque*, or *promiscuously interspersed*; and the description here given leaves out the most beautiful kind of arabesque, namely, the inlaid work of geometrical figures in colored marbles, in which the Arabs far surpassed the older *opus Alexandrinum*. Nothing could be less grotesque, less promiscuously interspersed, or more beautiful in its harmonious variety, than the work of this kind in the famous *Capella Reale* at Palermo.

Dr. Webster defines NIGHT-PIECE as "a piece of painting so colored as to be supposed seen by candle-light,"—a description which we suspect would have somewhat puzzled Gherardo della Notte.

We might give other instances, had we time and space; but our object is not to depreciate Webster, but only to show that the claim set up for him of superior exactness in definition is altogether gratuitous. We have found no inaccuracies comparable with these in Dr. Worcester's Dictionary, which we tried in precisely the same way, by opening it here and there at random. Moreover, looking at his work, not absolutely, but in comparison with Dr. Webster's, (as we are challenged to do,)

we cannot leave out of view that the former is a first edition, while the latter has had the advantage of repeated revisions.

Under the word MAGDALEN, we find Webster superior to Worcester. Under ULAN, we find them both wrong. Dr. Worcester says it means "a species of militia among the modern Tartars"; and Dr. Webster, "a certain description of militia among the modern Tartars." In any Polish dictionary they would have found the word defined as meaning "lancer," and the Uhlans in the Austrian army can hardly be described as modern Tartar militia. Both Dictionaries give SLAW, and neither explains it rightly. The word does not properly belong in an English dictionary, unless as an American provincialism of very narrow range. As such, it will be found, properly defined, in Mr. Bartlett's excellent Vocabulary. Lexicographers who so often cite the Dutch equivalents of English words should own Dutch dictionaries. Under IMAGINATION, a good kind of test-word, we find Worcester much superior to Webster, especially in illustrative citations.

We have been astonished by some instances of slovenly writing to be found here and there in Dr. Webster's Dictionary, because he was capable of writing pure and vigorous English. Under MAGAZINE (and by the way, Dr. Webster's definition omits altogether the metaphorical sense of the word) we read that "The first publication of this kind in England was the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which first appeared in 1731, under the name of *Sylvanus Urban*, by Edward Cave, and which is still continued." A reader who knew nothing about the facts would be puzzled to say what the name of the new periodical really was, whether *Gentleman's Magazine* or *Sylvanus Urban*; and a reader who knew little about English would be led to think that "appeared by" was equivalent to "was commenced by," unless, indeed, he came to the conclusion that its apparition took place in the neighborhood of some cavern known by the name of Edward.

We have only a word to say as to the *illustrations*, as they are called, a mistaken profuseness in which disfigures both Dictionaries, another evil result of bookselling competition. The greater part of them, especially those in Webster, are fitter for a

child's scrap-book than for a volume intended to go into a student's library. Such adjuncts seem to us allowable only, if at all, somewhat as they were introduced by Blunt in his "Glossographia," to make terms of heraldry more easily comprehensible. They might be admitted to save trouble in describing geometrical figures, or in explaining certain of the more frequently occurring terms in architecture and mechanics, but beyond this they are childish. The publishers of Webster give us all the coats-of-arms of the States of the American Union, among other equally impertinent woodcuts. We enter a protest against the whole thing, as an equally unfair imputation on the taste and the standard of judgment of intelligent Americans. If we must have illustrations, let them be strictly so, and not primer-pictures. Both Dictionaries give us the figure of a cross-bow, for instance, as if there could be anywhere a boy of ten years old who did not know the implement, at least under its other name of *bow-gun*. Neither cut would give the slightest notion of the thing as a weapon, nor of the mode in which it was wound up and let off. Dr. Worcester says that it was intended "for shooting *arrows*," which is not strictly correct, since the proper name of the missile it discharged was *bolt*,—something very unlike the shaft used by ordinary bowmen.

We believe Dr. Worcester's Dictionary to be the most complete and accurate of any hitherto published. He intrudes no theories of his own as to pronunciation or orthography, but cites the opinions of the best authorities, and briefly adds his own where there is occasion. He is no bigot for the present spelling of certain classes of words, but gives them, as he should do, in the way they are written by educated men, at the same time expressing his belief that the drift of the language is toward a change, wherever he thinks such to be the case. We reprobate, in the name of literary decency, the methods which have been employed to give an unfair impression of his work, as if it had been compiled merely to supplant Webster, and as if the whole matter were a question of blind partisanship and prejudice. The assigning of such motives as these, even by implication, to such men, among many others, as Mr. Marsh and Mr. Bryant, both of whom have expressed themselves in

favor of the new Dictionary, is an insult to American letters. Mr. Marsh, by the extent of his learning, is probably better qualified than any other man in America to pronounce judgment in such a case; and Mr. Bryant has not left it doubtful that he knows what pure and vigorous English is, whether in verse or prose, or that he could not employ it except to maintain a well-grounded conviction.

Apart from more general considerations, there are several reasons which would induce us to prefer Dr. Worcester's Dictionary. It has the great advantage, not only that it is constructed on sounder principles, as it seems to us, but that it is the latest. Stereotyping is an unfortunate invention, when it tends to perpetuate error or incompleteness, and already the Appendix of added words in Webster amounts to eighty pages. For all the words it contains, accordingly, the reader is put to double pains: he must first search the main body of the work, and then the supplement. Again, in Worcester, the synonymes are given, each under its proper head, in the main work; in Webster they form a separate treatise. One other advantage of Worcester would be conclusive with us, even were other things equal,—and that is the size of the type, and the greater clearness of the page, owing to the freshness of the stereotype-plates.

We know the inadequacy of such hand-to-mouth criticism as that of a monthly reviewer must be upon works demanding so minute an examination as a dictionary deserves. For ourselves, we should wish to own both Webster and Worcester, but, if we could possess only one, we should choose the latter. It is a monument to the industry, judgment, and accuracy of the author, of which he may well be proud.

Elements of Mechanics, for the Use of Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. By WILLIAM G. PECK, Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. 1859.

TEXT-BOOKS on Mechanics are of three sorts. Many teachers, school-committees, and parents wish to add a taste of Mechanics to the smatterings of twenty or thirty

different subjects which constitute "liberal education," as understood in American high schools and colleges. For this purpose it is of the first importance that the text-book should be brief, for the time to be devoted to it is very short; secondly, it must divest the subject of every perplexity and difficulty, that it may be readily understood by all young persons, though of small capacity and less application. Such a text-book can contain nothing beyond the statement, without proof, of the more important principles, illustrated by familiar examples, and simple explanations of the commonest phenomena of motion, and of the machines and mechanical forces used in the arts. To a few it seems that more light comes into a room through two or three broad windows, though they be all on one side, than through fifty bull's-eyes, scattered on every wall. But the many prefer bull's-eyes,—fifty narrow, distorted glimpses in as many directions, rather than a broad, clear view of the heavens and the earth in one direction. Hence superficial, scanty text-books on science are the only ones which are popular and salable.

The thorough study of Mechanics is, or should be, an essential part of the training of an architect, an engineer, or a machinist; and there are several text-books, like Weisbach's *Mechanics and Engineering*, intended for students preparing for any of these professions, which are complete mathematical treatises upon the subject. Such text-books are invaluable; they become standard works, and win for their authors a well-deserved reputation.

Professor Peck's book belongs to neither of the two classes of text-books indicated, but to a class intermediate between the two. It is at once too good, too difficult a book for general, popular use, and too incomplete for the purposes of the professional student. As it assumes that the student is already acquainted with the elements of Algebra, Trigonometry, Analytic Geometry, and the Calculus, the successful use of this text-book in the general classes of any academy or college will be good evidence that the Mathematics are there taught more thoroughly than is usual in this country. In few American colleges is the study of the Calculus required of all students. In preparing a scientific text-book of this sort, originality is neither

aimed at nor required. A judicious selection of materials, correct translation from the excellent French and German hand-books, with such changes in the notation as will better adapt it for American use, and a clear, logical arrangement are the chief merits of such a treatise; and these are merits which seldom gain much praise, though their absence would expose the author to censure. The definitions of Professor Peck's book are exact and concise, every proposition is rigidly demonstrated, and the illustrations and descriptions are brief, pointed, and intelligible. Professor Peck says in the Preface, that the book was prepared "to supply a want felt by the author when engaged in teaching Natural Philosophy to college classes"; but surely a teacher who prepares a text-book for his own classes must need a double share of patience and zeal. Every error which the book contains will be exposed, and the author will have ample opportunity to repent of all the inaccuracies which may have crept into his work. Again, the instructor who uses his own text-book encounters, besides the inevitable monotony of teaching the same subject year after year, the additional weariness of finding in the pages of his text-book no mind but his own, which he has read so often and with so little satisfaction. Even in teaching Mechanics, there is no exception to the general rule, that two heads are better than one.

Stories from Famous Ballads. For Children.

By GRACE GREENWOOD, Author of "History of my Pets," "Merrie England," etc., etc. With Illustrations by BILLINGS. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ALL "famous ballads" are so close to Nature in their conceptions, emotions, incidents, and expressions, that it seems hardly possible to change their form without losing their soul. The present little volume proves that they may be turned into prose stories for children, and yet preserve much of the vitality of their sentiment and the interest of their narrative. Grace Greenwood, well known for her previous successes in writing works for the young, has contrived in this,

her most difficult task, to combine simplicity with energy and richness of diction, and to present the events and characters of the Ballads in the form best calculated to fill the youthful imagination and kindle the youthful love of action and adventure. Among the subjects are Patient Griselda, The King of France's Daughter, Chevy Chase, The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green, Sir Patrick Spens, and Auld Robin Gray. Much of the author's success in giving prose versions of these, without making them prosaic, is due to the intense admiration she evidently feels for the originals. Among American children's books, this volume deserves a high place.

Mary Staunton; or the Pupils of Marvel Hall. By the Author of "Portraits of my Married Friends." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS story has a practical aim, the exposure of the faults of fashionable boarding-schools. "A good plot, and full of expectation," as Hotspur said; but the author had not the ability to execute the design. The satire and denunciation are both weak, and are not relieved by the introduction of a very silly and threadbare love-story.

Poems. By the Author of "John Halifax," "A Life for a Life," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

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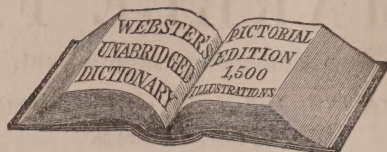
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THE FUTURE OF AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

THE condition of our railways, and their financial prospects, should interest all of us. It has become a common remark, that railways have benefited everybody but their projectors. There is a strong doubt in the minds of many intelligent persons, whether *any* railways have actually paid a return on the capital invested in them. It is believed that one of two results inevitably takes place: in the one case, there is not business enough to earn a dividend; in the other, although the apparent net earnings are large enough to pay from six to eight per cent. on the cost, yet in a few years it is discovered that the machine has been wearing itself out so fast that the cost of renewal has absorbed more than the earnings, and the deficiency has been made up by creating new capital or running in debt, to supply the place of what has been worn out and destroyed. The Illinois Central has been pointed out as an example of the first kind; the New-York Central, of the second; while the New-York and Erie is a melancholy instance of a railway which, never having enough legitimate business of its own, has worn itself out in carrying at unremunerative rates whatever it could steal from its neighbors. The general opinion of the com-

munity, after the crash of 1857, was, that all our railways approximated more or less closely to these unhappy conditions, and it was merely a question of time as to their final bankruptcy and ruin. Even now, when they have recovered themselves considerably, and are paying dividends again, capitalists are very shy of them.

It is our belief, contrary to the current opinion, that during the next decade such a change will have taken place in the condition of our railways, that we shall see them averaging eight to ten per cent. dividends on their legitimate cost. We propose in the present article to give the reasons which have led us to this conclusion.

The causes to which may be traced the languishing condition of our railways may be stated as follows:—Financial mismanagement; imperfect construction; and want of individual responsibility in their operation.

The financial mismanagement of our railways has arisen from precisely the opposite cause to that which has made British railways cost from two to three times as much as they should have done. Their excess of cost was owing to their having too much money; ours to our having too little. They were robbed right

and left for Parliamentary expenses, land-damages, etc. The Great Northern, from London to York, three hundred and fourteen miles, expended five millions of dollars in getting its charter. Mr. R. Stephenson says that the cost of land and compensation on British railways has averaged forty-three thousand dollars per mile, or as much as the total cost of the railways of Massachusetts.

American railway-companies have never been troubled with too much money. They have usually commenced with a great desire for economy, selecting a "cheap" engineer, and getting a low estimate of the probable cost. A portion of the amount is subscribed for in stock, and the next thing is to run in debt. "First mortgage bonds" are issued and sold. The proceeds are expended, and the road is not half done. Another issue is sold at a great discount, and yet another, if possible. As the road approaches completion, the desperate Directors raise money by the most desperate expedients, such as would bankrupt any merchant in the country in his private business. Sometimes the road has vitality enough to work itself out of its troubles; but in other cases, unfortunately too numerous, it passes into the hands of the bond-holders, and all it can earn goes to remunerate trustees, and pay legal expenses, commissions, etc.

The financial mistakes of our railways have been, endeavoring to do too much with too little money, and crippling themselves with a load of debt that no project could stand under. This has led, as a matter of course, to the second evil,—Imperfect construction. The projectors of a new railway have thus reasoned with themselves:—"The average cost of our railways has been between forty and fifty thousand dollars per mile, and this one, no doubt, will reach those figures before we get through. But it will never do to talk so, or we could not get the money to build it. Mr. Transit, our engineer, says it can be opened for twenty thousand dollars per mile, and we will earn money enough to finish it by-and-

by." So they go on, and, to get the road open for the small sum attainable, everything has to be "scrimped" and pared down to the lowest scale. The cuttings are taken out just wide enough for the cars to pass through, and the ends of the ties overhang the edges of the embankments. Temporary trestle-work of wood is substituted for stone bridges and culverts. Some reckless fellow tosses down the iron as fast as a horse can trot, and the road is opened.

Another way in which imperfect construction is inevitable is where companies admit their inability to be their own financiers by giving some influential contractor his price, and allowing him to "do his own engineering," in consideration of his taking such securities as they have to offer, and which he undertakes to float by means of his superior connections. Having the thing his own way, and being naturally anxious to build his road for as little money as possible, he pares down everything even below the standard of embarrassed railway-boards. If the road will only hold together until he has sold his bonds, it is all he asks. If the business is good, the road will perhaps be finished, or what is thought to be finished, some day or other. If business is dull, nothing is done, and the bridges and trestle-works remain such murder-traps as that on the Albany Northern Road which broke down last year.

But it is not with such miserable apologies for railways that we have to deal. It is on our really valuable roads, like the main lines in Massachusetts and New York, that we shall show that the evils of imperfect construction are felt, and will be felt, until a thorough reconstruction has taken place. It was observed some time ago that the returns of the Massachusetts railways for 1856 showed that there were 1,325 miles open, costing on an average \$46,480 per mile, or \$61,611,721 in all. The receipts per mile of road were \$7,217, the expenses \$4,260, leaving a net earning of \$2,957, or 40 per cent. of the whole. This was equal to 6.42 per cent. on the whole cost of the railways.

For the same year the returns of all the railways in Great Britain showed that there were 8,502 miles open, costing \$173,040 per mile, or \$1,506,826,363 in all; and that the receipts per mile of road were \$13,296, the expenses \$6,249, leaving a net earning of \$7,047, or 53 per cent. of the whole. This was equal to a dividend of 3.97 per cent. on the whole cost. These figures showed, that, however extravagantly the British railways had been built, they certainly were worked more economically than our own.

At first view it might be thought that the economy was due to their greater business; but further inquiry showed, that, from the better shape of American cars, and from the wants of the public requiring fewer trains, the actual receipts per mile run of Massachusetts trains were \$1.83 against \$1.44 of British trains. The expenses per mile run of Massachusetts trains were \$1.08, while those of British trains were only 63¢. Could Massachusetts railways be worked as cheaply, the result would be that they could declare nine per cent. dividends on their cost, instead of six.

Here offered a rich reward for investigation. Accordingly two gentlemen well known to the railway world, Messrs. Zerah Colburn and Alexander L. Holley, made a trip to England for the purpose of discovering how it was that John Bull could work his railways so much cheaper than Brother Jonathan. The results of their investigations are embodied in a handsome quarto volume, illustrated with numerous drawings, which has been subscribed for by most of the railways and prominent railway-men throughout the country. It is not too much to say, that the effect of it, in directing the attention of American railway-managers to the weak points of their system, has resulted already in a saving to the stockholders of our railways of millions of dollars.*

* The statistics of the English railways given in this article are taken from the volume here referred to.

Because some cunning English contractors in South America took advantage of the state-

More than half the cost of operating a railway consists of the repairs of track and machinery and the cost of fuel and oil. These expenses are exactly proportional to the mileage of trains. It was soon seen that the greater economy of British railways was almost entirely confined to these items.

The cost of "maintenance of way" upon English railways was 10½ cents per mile run, against 25 cents on those of Massachusetts. The cost of repairs of cars and engines was nearly the same on both. The cost of fuel per mile run was 6½ cents, against 15 cents. While English trains are from 20 to 30 per cent. lighter than ours, they average 25 per cent. faster, so that practically these conditions must nearly balance each other. In alignment the English roads are superior to ours, and as to gradients they have some advantage; although grades of 40 to 52.8 feet per mile are quite common. In climate they have less severe difficulties to contend with; although their moist weather, the nature of their soil, and their heavy earthworks involve much extra expense. In prices, the advantage is at least 20 per cent. in their favor.

These considerations might account for an economy of 30 per cent. as compared with our expenses for maintenance of way, but they cannot account for the great actual economy of 60 per cent. which we have seen. We must seek farther to find the explanation of this, and we soon discover it by comparing the condition of the road-beds and tracks on the railways of the two countries.

The English railways are thoroughly built, are not opened to the public until finished, and no expense is spared to keep them in order. American railways

ments in this book to depreciate the American railway system and American civil engineers, for their own private advantage in obtaining work, some Americans have been so foolish as to decry the book altogether, as traitorous to the interests of the country. Such mingled bigotry and conceit, shrinking from just criticism, would fetter all progress but fortunately it is rare.

are too often put in operation when half finished. The consequence is, they never are finished, and are continually wearing out,—not lasting, on an average, more than half as long as they should, if once thoroughly constructed. Wooden bridges are allowed to rot down for want of protection. Rails are left to be battered to pieces for want of drainage and ballast. One road spends thirty-four thousand dollars a year for “watching cuts,” and fifty-five thousand more for removing slides that should never have taken place. Everything is done for the moment, and nothing thoroughly. Who can wonder that this system tells upon the cost of maintenance of way?

The amount of fuel burned is the exact measure of the resistance to be overcome, and a rough track must necessarily require a larger amount of fuel. The English roads now generally burn bituminous coal; most American roads burn wood; but these being reduced to the same equivalent quantity, it will be found that the American roads burn nearly twice as much as the English.

That the cost of the repairs of American cars and engines is not more is attributable solely to their superior design. An English engine and cars would be battered to pieces in a few months on our rough roads, on account of their rigidity and concentration of weight; while those of America, by yielding to shocks both vertically and horizontally, escape injury. American cars and engines are as much superior in design to the English as their roads excel ours in solidity and finish.

But it will be asked, Shall we imitate the notorious extravagance of British railways built at a cost of one hundred and seventy-three thousand dollars per mile?

The answer is plain. The only thing about them to be imitated is their thorough and permanent construction. That this need not involve extravagance is evident from the fact that the actual cost of construction has been only eighty-eight thousand dollars per mile of double-track

railway, including all the costly viaducts, tunnels, and bridges, which in many cases a more judicious location or a bolder use of gradients would have avoided. The remainder of their cost is made up of law and Parliamentary expenses, engineering and management, land and damages, interest on stock, bonuses, dividends paid from capital, etc., etc., amounting to eighty-five thousand dollars per mile. The folly of all this has been seen, and neither the financial nor the engineering errors of that day are now repeated. To show that a better system prevails, it is only necessary to state that between 1848 and 1858, 390 miles of first-class single-track railway have been opened at an average cost of \$46,692 per mile, and in all that relates to economical maintenance are not inferior to any in the kingdom.

Such railways as these, costing no more than our own, we would hold up for imitation. How, then, do they differ from ours? or rather, what must be done to put ours into the same condition of economical efficiency?

In the first place, stone culverts and earth embankments should replace wooden structures, wherever possible. As fast as wooden bridges decay, they should be replaced with iron; and if the piers and abutments require it, as is too often the case, they should be rebuilt in a substantial manner.

The tubular iron bridge we do not recommend, on account of its excessive cost. For short spans of sixty feet and under, two riveted boiler-plate girders under the track make a cheap and permanent bridge, and can be manufactured in any part of the country. For large spans there are several excellent forms of iron trusses, Bollman's, Fink's, or, still better, the wrought-iron lattice.

Cuttings should be widened, if not already wide enough, so as to admit of good ditches along the track. The slopes should be dressed off and turfed. This costs little, and prevents the earth from washing down and choking up the ditches, and much of that terrible nuisance, dust.

The secret of all good road-making, whether railways or common roads, lies in thorough drainage. Until our railways are well drained, it is of little use to try to improve the condition of the track. "In an economical view," says Mr. Colburn, "the damage occasioned by water is far greater than the utmost cost of its removal. The track is disturbed, the iron bruised, the fastenings strained, the chairs broken, the ties rotted, the resistance and thereby the consumption of fuel increased, and the whole wear and tear greatly enhanced."

Next to drainage in importance is plenty of good ballast. The New-England roads are well ballasted, as a general thing; but in the West, where gravel is scarce, they do not trouble themselves to find a substitute. Even the great New-York and Erie road, after ten years' use, is only half ballasted, which accounts for its being more than half worn out.

Much has been said and written on the necessity of a good joint for the rails, and many are the inventions for securing this object,—“compound rails,” “fished joints,” “bracket chairs,” “sleeve joints,” etc., etc. But without better road-beds no form of superstructure will last, and with road-beds as good as they ought to be almost any simple and easily adjusted arrangement will answer well enough.

But a more important matter than all these, so far as the economy of maintenance is concerned, is the quality and shape of the iron rails, forming one-eighth of the whole cost of our railways. Where companies, instead of buying rails, are selling bonds, they have no right to complain, if the iron turn out as worthless as the debentures. But where they pay cash, they can insist on good iron, and will get it, if they will pay the price, which will run from eighteen to twenty dollars per ton over that of the poorest article. Nor should the shape and weight of the rail be overlooked. Experience, that stern schoolmaster, has taught us, that, while heavy rails of seventy pounds to the yard, and over, of ordinary iron, go

to pieces in three or four years, sixty-pound rails of well-worked and good iron will last more than double that time. The extraordinary durability of the forty-five pound rails made for the Reading Railway Company by the Ebbw Vale Company in 1837 is well known to railway men.

A short calculation will show the superiority, in point of economy, of light and good rails to heavy rails of an inferior quality. A seventy-pound rail requires 110 tons to the mile, costing, at \$60 per ton, \$6,600. At the end of four years this has to be re-rolled at a cost of \$30 per ton, or \$3,300 more. This is equal in eight years to an annual depreciation of \$1,237 per mile. A sixty-pound rail requires 94 tons to a mile, costing for the best iron that can be rolled \$80 per ton, or \$7,520 per mile. This would last eight years, and the annual depreciation would be \$940 per mile, or \$297 less than the other. The 30,000 miles of American railways are thus taxed annually nearly nine millions of dollars for preferring quantity to quality.

In England, it is the custom to retain the best engineering talent upon railways, after as well as during construction. In this country, as soon as the engineer has made out his “final estimate,” he is dismissed with as little ceremony as a day-laborer. We employ the best mechanical engineers that we can find to look after the repairs of our engines and cars; while the road, which is more important, and upon the good condition of which we have seen that the success or failure of a railway as a commercial enterprise may depend, is handed over to some ignorant fellow whose only qualifications are industry and obedience.

There are no unmixed evils in this world. The impecuniosity of American railways, besides causing the bad results which we have described, has had a good effect upon the training of American engineers. Being obliged to do a great deal with a little money, they have steered clear of those enormous extravagances which have characterized the works of

such engineers as the late Mr. Brunel, colossal less in proportions than cost. It has been well observed, that there was more talent shown on a certain division of the New-York and Erie Railway, in avoiding the necessity for viaducts, than could possibly have been exhibited in constructing them. This remark is a key to the difference between the old English and the American systems of civil engineering. The one is for show, the other for use. We say the *old* English system, because a better practice has now arisen. Cost is looked to as well as splendor; and there is no engineer now in England whose reputation would sustain him in constructing such monuments of extravagance as the Great Western Railway or the Britannia Bridge. American civil engineers have not been fairly treated. The wretched construction of many of our railways, and the uneconomical condition of all, have been cast against them by their English brethren as a reproach. But the faults of construction, we have shown, are attributable to another cause. No engineer of standing would lend himself to many of the schemes that have been pushed through in the West. But in order to build a "cheap" road, it is only necessary to get a "cheap" engineer, and that is a commodity easily picked up. If their ignorance and blunders tarnish the fair fame of the profession, it cannot be helped. But if American engineers of standing had been allowed to finish the railways begun by them, and to take care of them and see that they were not abused after they were finished, our railway securities would be quoted at higher rates than they now are.

Although there are many civil engineers of standing and experience who have been thrown out of employment by the general stoppage of public works, and who are better qualified to take care of that costly and delicate machine, a Railway, than men whose knowledge is entirely empirical, yet few railways employ a resident engineer. Those that follow this practice are generally supposed to do so because he is a relative of some

Director, and wants a place, and not because such an officer is really required.

"Construction accounts," says Mr. Colburn, "can never be closed, until our roads are *built*. To attempt it only involves a destruction account of fearful magnitude. Under our present system, we are *perpetually rebuilding* our roads, not realizing the *life* of our works, and thereby running capital to waste."

"With good earthwork, thoroughly drained, well-ballasted tracks, rails of good iron, correct form, not exceeding 60 pounds per yard, and properly supported at the joints, the ties properly preserved, and the whole maintained by a judicious system of repairs, the average working expenses might unquestionably be reduced by as much as 18 cents per mile run."

The mileage of the Massachusetts railways for 1859 was 5,949,761 miles run, and the expenses of operating \$0.93, being a saving of 15 cents over those of 1856, amounting to \$892,464. If, by a judicious expenditure of \$5,000 per mile, a still further saving of 18 cents per mile run could be made, it would amount, on the present mileage, to \$1,070,956 per annum, which, the receipts being equal, would return eight per cent. on the increased capital of sixty-eight and a half millions of dollars.

We have thus shown the combined effects of financial mismanagement and imperfect construction upon our railway property. But there is a third evil to be cured before it can become productive.

Under the present system of railway management, everybody is busy getting rich at the expense of the stockholders. Railway men are as honest as the average of mankind, but there is no reason why they should be more so; and if their temptations are greater, a certain percentage of them will inevitably yield to those temptations,—just as statistical tables show that the average number of arrests for drunkenness and disorderly conduct is greater on Sundays and holidays than on working-days.

A few years ago it was impossible to compare the results of the working of one railway with those of another. The returns were so ingeniously made out, that only one thing was certain,—the amount of dividend that it pleased the Board of Directors to declare. If this was three or four per cent. for the half-year, the stockholders were delighted, and passed a vote of thanks to those worthy gentlemen for devoting so much valuable time to their interests gratuitously. What if a dividend was not earned? it was easy enough to raise money in Wall Street on the Company's paper, until some excuse could be found for a new issue of bonds or stock. But those benefactors of the human race, Tuckerman and Schuyler, put a stop to all this. After their proceedings became public, and still more certainly after the crash of 1857, if railways did not earn a dividend, they had to say so. This led to investigations, and stockholders became "posted," as the phrase is. Chiefly by the exertions of one newspaper, the "*Boston Railway Times*," railway companies were shamed into giving their reports in such form as to distinguish the expenses per mile run, for fuel, oil, repairs of road, machines, etc., etc. This gave a common standard of comparison; and, as we have seen, it was made use of to discover in what particular departments English railways were worked more economically than our own. This has led, as we have also seen, to a great reduction in the cost of operating; and the revival of railways, as an investment, dates from that time, 1857-8.

But there is something more wanted yet. As we have said, railway men are not out of the reach of temptation. Let the various officers of a railway manage it so as not to exceed the average expense of other roads of their State, and their reputation stands high. Let them reduce their expenses below the average, and their power is despotic. If they are men of ability, they can do all this,—operate their road for less than many others, run their trains regularly and without accident, even treat the public with civility,

and make themselves rich, in a few years, by percentages and commissions on the cost of supplies, and by other modes, which, perhaps, had better not be referred to here. If any one doubt this, let him take pains to inquire how large a proportion of railway-men get rich in a few years on salaries of from one to two thousand dollars per annum. Nor can this be prevented; for every new check is only a transfer of power from intelligent to ignorant hands; and ignorance, however honest, is a more expensive manager and easier victim than knavery. There is but one remedy. Make it for men's interest to reduce the expenses of operating to a minimum. Make it for their interest to do so, by allowing them to share in the profits, and then the question is solved, and you have a thousand vigilant guardians of your property day and night. Let all supplies be furnished by public competition under sealed tender, as is done in the army and navy, and on the large railways of Great Britain.

There are, no doubt, practical difficulties in the way of carrying out these changes, as there are in introducing all new systems. You have to meet the doubts and suspicions of those who are unacquainted with them, the opposition of interested parties, and the general feeling which influences all men to let well enough alone. But that there are no insuperable obstacles in the way is evident from the fact that this system has already been partially applied on a railway doing a very large business, the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore, under the able superintendence of S. M. Felton, Esq., who, in his last Report, says, "It still works well, and is productive of much saving to the Company.* It promotes regularity in running the trains,

* The cost of operating this railway for 1859, as per last Report, was only 37.4 per cent. of the receipts, while that of the railways of Massachusetts for the same year was 56.9 per cent. The result is a dividend of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on capital, after paying the interest on bonded debt.

and in all branches of our business. It diminishes accidents, *by bringing home the responsibility directly upon individuals* instead of the corporation."

There is a great deal of significance in this last remark. Every one knows, that, when an accident happens on a railway, "no one is to blame,"—which means, that everybody should have so much blame as can be expressed by a fraction whose numerator is unity and whose denominator represents the whole number of employees. Such an infinitesimal dose of censure, contrary to the homœopathic doctrine, always produces infinitesimal results.

To what is the extraordinary success of the Hudson's Bay Company owing,—that wonderful organization which rules the wilds of British North America with a discipline which has no parallel in the history of mankind, except that of the order of Jesuits? Simply to the fact, that every man whose duties require intelligent action is a partner of the Company,

shares in its gains, and loses with its losses. And so it should be with our railway-employees. Instead of excusing waste of time and property by the stereotyped phrase, "The Company is rich and can stand it," they would strive to exercise a rigid economy, knowing that at the end of the week their pockets would be so much the heavier.

To show how the thing should be done would involve matters of detail which would be out of place here. What we desire to show is the principle. Instead of paying all men alike, good, bad, and indifferent, let the amount of a man's wages depend on his skill and intelligence; the more he shows, the better let him be paid. In almost every department of manufacturing and commercial business this is done. Why not in railway management?

We subjoin a tabular statement of the railways of the world, made up to 1857, except those of the United States, which are for 1858-9.

Name of country.	Cost per mile.	Receipts per mile of road.	Percentage of expenses to receipts.	Percentage of net earnings to total capital.
Great Britain,	\$173,040	\$13,296	47	4.00
Australia,	159,225	5,810	72	1.02
India,	51,400	3,645	42	4.09
France,	128,840	13,530	44	6.58
Belgium,	81,955	10,790	58	5.48
Austria,	92,325	13,430	54	6.75
Prussia,	72,430	9,915	45	7.44
Other German States,	66,160	7,085	63	5.52
United States,	41,875	6,170	60	5.51

From this it will be seen how much economy of working has to do with paying a dividend,—as in the case of the Indian railways, where, although the receipts are very small, the prime cost and expenses of working are also very small, and they divide 4.09 per cent., while the Australian railways, whose cost and expense of working are large, can pay only 1.02 per cent. It is proper to say, however, that this was during the "gold fever." Railways are now built in Australia for \$50,000 per mile.

The railways of the United States occupy a very favorable position, both as

to cost and amount of receipts per mile. During the last ten years, the principal efforts of their managers have been directed toward increasing the receipts. During the next ten, their policy will be to diminish the working expenses, leaving the receipts to increase with the natural growth of the country, and avoiding unhealthy competition for that delusive phantom, "through-trade," which has lured so many railways to financial shipwreck and ruin. If this policy be steadily followed, we shall see railway stocks once more a favorite investment.

IN A FOG.

A FEW minutes before one o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 8th of February, 1857, Policeman Smithers, of the Third District, was meditatively pursuing his path of duty through the quietest streets of Ward Five, beguiling, as usual, the weariness of his watch by reminiscent *Æthiopianisms*, mellifluous in design, though not severely artistic in execution. Passing from the turbulent precincts of Portland and Causeway Streets, he had entered upon the solitudes of Green Street, along which he now dragged himself dreamily enough, ever extracting consolations from lugubrious cadences mournfully intoned. Very silent was the neighborhood. Very dismal the night. Very dreary and damp was Mr. Smithers; for a vile fog wrapped itself around him, filling his body with moist misery, and his mind with anticipated rheumatic horrors. Still he surged heavily along, tired Nature with tuneful charms sweetly restoring.

As he wound off a tender tribute to the virtues of the Ancient Tray, and was about sounding the opening notes of a requiem over the memory of the lost African Lily, surnamed Dale, one o'clock was announced by the bell of the Lynde-Street Church. Mr. Smithers's heart warmed a little at the thought of speedy respite from his midnight toil, and with hastening step he approached Chambers Street, and came within range of his relief post. He paused a moment upon the corner, and gazed around. It is the peculiar instinct of a policeman to become suspicious at every corner.

Nothing stirring. Silence everywhere. He listens acutely. No sound. He strains his eyes to penetrate the misty atmosphere. He is satisfied that order reigns. He prepares to resume his march, and the measure of his melancholy chant.

Three seconds more, and Policeman Smithers is another being. Now his hand convulsively grasps his staff; his foot falls

lightly on the pavement; his carol is changed to a quick, sharp inhalation of the breath; for directly before him, just visible through the fog, a figure, lightly clad, leans from a window close upon the street, then clammers noiselessly upon the sill, leaps over, and dashes swiftly down Chambers Street, disappearing in the darkness.

Gathering himself well together, in an instant, Mr. Smithers is off and away in pursuit. His heavy rubber-boots spatter over the bricks with an echo that startles the sober residents from their slumbers. Strong of limb, and not wholly unaccustomed to such exercise, he rapidly gains upon the fugitive, who, finding himself so hotly followed, utters a faint cry, as if unable to control his terror, and suddenly darts into one of the numerous narrow passages which connect Chambers and Leverett Streets.

Not prepared for this sharp dodge, Mr. Smithers is for a moment unable to check his headlong plunges, and shoots past the opening a yard or two before the wet sidewalk affords him a foothold.

In great wrath, he turns about, and gropes his way cautiously through the lane in the narrow labyrinth of which the fugitive has disappeared, — always cautiously, for there are precipitous descents in Hammond Avenue, and deep arched door-ways, from which a sudden onslaught might be dangerous. But he meets no interruption here. Emerging into Leverett Street, he with difficulty descries a white garment distantly fluttering in the feeble light of a street-lamp. Any other color would have eluded him, but the way is clear now, and it is a mere question of strength and speed. He sets his teeth together, takes a full breath, and gives chase again.

Mr. Smithers has now passed the limits of his own beat, and he fears his adventure may be shared by some of his associates. For the world he would not

have this happen. Nothing could tempt him at this moment to swing his rattle. His blood is roused, and he will make this capture himself, alone and without aid.

He rapidly reconsiders the chances.

"This fellow does not know the turns," he thinks, "or he would have taken Cushman Avenue, and then I should have lost him."

This is in his favor. On the other hand, Mr. Smithers's action is impeded by his heavy overcoat and rubber boots, and he knows that the pursued is unincumbered in all his movements.

It is a fierce, desperate struggle, that mad race down Leverett Street, at one o'clock on Sunday morning.

At each corner, the street-lamps throw a dull red haze around, revealing the fugitive's slender form as he rushes wildly through. Another moment, and the friendly fog shelters and conceals him from view.

Breathless, panting, sobbing, he ere long is forced to relax his speed. The policeman, who has held his best energies in reserve, now puts forth his utmost strength.

Presently he gains upon the runaway so that he can detect the white feet pattering along the red bricks, rising and falling quite noiselessly. He ejects imprecations upon his own stout boots, which not only fail to fasten themselves firmly to the slippery pavements, but continually betray by their noisy splashing his exact position.

As they pass the next lamp, Mr. Smithers sees plainly enough that the end is near. The fugitive touches the ground with only the balls of his feet, as if each step were torture, and expels his breath with unceasing violence. He does not gasp or pant,—he groans.

Just at the bend in Leverett Street, leading to the bridge, there is a dark and half-hidden aperture among the ill-assorted houses. Into this, as a forlorn hope, the fugitive endeavors to fling himself. But the game is up. Here, at last, he is overhauled by Mr. Smithers, who,

dropping a heavy hand upon his shoulder, whirls him violently to the ground. Having accomplished this exploit with rare dexterity, he forthwith proceeds to set the captive on his feet again, and to shake him about with sprightly vigor, according to established usage.

Mr. Smithers next makes a rapid but close examination of his prize, who, bewildered by the fall, stares vacantly around, and speaks no word. He was a young man, apparently about twenty years old, with nothing peculiar in appearance except an unseasonable deficiency in clothing. Coat, waistcoat, trousers, boots, hat, had he none; shirt, drawers, and stockings made up his scant raiment. Mr. Smithers set aside the suspicion of burglary, which he had originally entertained, in favor of domestic disorder. The symptoms did not, to his mind, point towards delirium tremens.

Suddenly recovering consciousness, the youth was seized with a fit of trembling so violent that he with difficulty stood upright, and cried out in piteous tones,—

"For God's sake, let me go! let me go!"

Mr. Smithers answered by gruffly ordering the prisoner to move along with him.

By some species of inspiration—for, as the era of police uniforms had not then dawned, it could have been nothing else—the young man conceived the correct idea of the function of his custodian, and, after verifying his belief, expressed himself enraptured.

All his perturbation seemed to vanish at the moment.

The affair was getting too deep for Mr. Smithers, who could not fathom the idea of a midnight malefactor becoming jubilant over his arrest. So he gave no ear to the torrent of excited explanations that burst upon him, but silently took the direct route to the station.

Here he resigned his charge to Captain Morrill's care, and, after narrating the circumstances, went forth again, attended by two choice spirits, to continue investigations. On reaching Chambers

Street, he became confused and dubious. A row of houses, all precisely alike excepting in color, stood not far from the corner of Green Street. From a lower window of one of these he believed that the apparition had sprung; but, in his agitation, he had neglected to mark with sufficient care the precise spot. Now, no open window nor any other trace of the event could be discovered.

The three policemen, having arrived at the end of their wits, went back to the station for an extension.

There they found Captain Morrill listening to a strange and startling story, the incidents of which can here be more coherently recapitulated than they were on that occasion by the half-distracted sufferer.

On the morning of Saturday, February the 7th, this young man, whose name was Richard Lorrimer, and who was a clerk in a New-York mercantile house, started from that city in the early train for Boston, whither he had been despatched to arrange some business matters that needed the presence of a representative of the firm. It chanced to be his first journey of any extent; but the day was cheerless and gloomy, and the novelty of travel, which would otherwise have been attractive, was not especially agreeable. After exhausting the enlivening resources of a package of morning papers, which at that time overflowed with records of every variety of crime, from the daily murder to the hourly garrote, he dozed. At Springfield he dined. Here, also, he fortified himself against returning ennui with a supply of the day's journals from Boston. Singularly enough, five minutes after resuming his place, he was once more peacefully slumbering. The pause at Worcester scarcely roused him; but near Framingham a sharp shriek from the locomotive, and the rapid working of the brakes, banished his dreams, and put an end to his drowsy humor for the remainder of the journey. It was soon made known that the engine was suffering from internal disarrangement, and that a delay of an hour or more might be ex-

pected. The red flag was despatched to the rear, the lamps were lighted, and the passengers composed themselves, each as patiently and as comfortably as he could.

Lorrimer felt no inclination for further repose. He was much disturbed at the prospect of long detention, having received directions to execute a part of his commission that evening. Comforting himself with the profound reflection that the fault was not his, he turned wearily to his newspaper-files.

A middle-aged man with a keen nose and a snapping eye asked permission to share the benefit of his treasures of journalism. As the middle-aged man glanced over the New-York dailies, he ventured an anathema upon the abominations of Gotham.

The patriotic pride of a genuine New-Yorker never deserts him. Lorrimer discovered that the maligner of his city was a Bostonian, and a stormy debate ensued.

As between cat and dog, so is the hostility which divides the residents of these two towns. So the conversation became at once spirited, and eventually spiteful.

Boston pointed with sarcastic finger to the close columns heavily laden with iniquitous recitals, the result of a reporter's experience of one day in the metropolis.

New York, with icy imperturbability, rehearsed from memory the recent revelations of matrimonial and clerical delinquencies which had given the City of Notions an unpleasant notoriety.

Boston burst out in eloquent denunciation of the Bowery assassin's knife.

New York was placidly pleased to revert to a tale of bloodshed in the abiding-place of Massachusetts authority, the State Prison.

Boston fell back upon the garrote,—“the meanest and most diabolical invention of Five-Point villany,—a thing unknown, Sir, and never to be known with us, while our police system lasts!”

New York quietly folded together a paper so as to reveal one particular par-

agraph, which appeared in smallest type, as seeking to avoid recognition. Boston read as follows:—

"The garroting system of highway robbery, which has been so fashionable for some time past in New York, and which has so much alarmed the people of that city, has been introduced in Boston, and was practised on Thomas W. Steamburg, barber, on Thursday night. While crossing the Common to his home, he was attacked by three men; one seized him by the throat and half strangled him, another sealed his mouth with a gloved hand, and the third abstracted his wallet, which contained about seventy-five dollars in money."

This was from the "*Courier*" of that morning. New York had triumphed, and Boston, with eyes snapping virulently, sought another portion of the car, perhaps to hunt up his temper, which had been for some time on the point of departure, and had now left him altogether.

Lorrimer took to himself great satisfaction, in a mild way, and laughed inwardly at his opponent's discomfiture.

Presently, the vitalities of the locomotive having been restored, the train rolled on, and Lorrimer took to calculating the chances of fulfilling his appointment that evening. He at length abandoned the hope, and resigned himself to the afflicting prospect of a solitary Sunday in a strange place.

At eight o'clock, P. M., the Boston station was achieved. Then followed, for Mr. Lorrimer, the hotel, the supper, the vain search for Saturday-evening amusements, and a discontented stroll in a wilderness of unfamiliar streets, with spirits dampened by the dismal foggy weather.

He found the Common, and secretly admired, but longed for an opportunity to vilify it to some ardent native. His point of attack would be, that it furnished dangerous opportunities for crime, as illustrated in the case he had recently been discussing. He looked around for some one to accost, and felt aggrieved at finding no available victim. Finally, in great depth of spirits, and anxious for a

temporary shelter from the all-penetrating moisture, he wandered into a saloon of inviting appearance, and sought the national consolation,—Oysters.

While he was accumulating his appetite, a stranger entered the same stall, and dropped, with a smile and a nod, upon the opposite seat. "I wouldn't intrude, Sir," he said, "but every other place is filled. It's wonderful how Boston gives itself up to oysters on Saturday nights,—all other sorts of rational enjoyment being legally prohibited."

Lorrimer welcomed the stranger, and, delighted at the opportunity of a bit of discussion, and still cherishing the malignant desire to injure somebody's feelings in the matter of the Common, opened a conversation by asking if Boston were really much given to bivalvular excesses.

The stranger, who was a strongly built and rough-visaged man, with nothing specially attractive about him, except a humorous and fascinating eye-twinkle, straightened himself, and delivered a short oration.

"Bless me, Sir!" said he, "are you a foreigner? Why, oysters are the universal bond of brotherhood, not only in Boston, but throughout this land. They harmonize with our sharp, wide-awake spirit. They are an element in our politics. Our statesmen, legislators, and high-placed men, generally, are weaned on them. Why, dear me! oysters are a fundamental idea in our social system. The best society circles around 'fried' and 'stewed.' Our 'festive scenes,' you know, depend on them in no small degree for their zest. That isn't all, either. A full third of our population is over 'oysters' every morning at eleven o'clock. Young Smith, on his way down town after breakfast, drops into the first saloon and absorbs some oysters. At precisely eleven o'clock he is overcome with hunger and takes a few on the 'half-shell.' In the course of an hour appetite clamors, and he 'oysters' again. So on till dinner-time, and, after dinner, oysters at short intervals until bed-time."

And the stalwart stranger leaned back

and laughed lustily for a few seconds, until, abruptly checking his mirth, he, in solemn tones, directed the waiter to introduce ale.

Then occurred an interesting exchange of courtesies. Social enlightenment was vividly illustrated. The sparkling ale was set upon the table. In silent contemplation, the two gentlemen awaited the subsidence of the bead. Then, smiling intently, they cordially grasped the flowing mugs; they made the edges click; they paused.

"Sir," said one, with genial blandness.

"Sir," responded the other, in like manner.

Contemporaneously they partook of the cheering fluid. Gradually each gentleman's nose was eclipsed by the aspiring orb of pottery. The mugs assumed a lofty elevation, then fell, to rise no more. The two gentlemen beamed with amity. Each respected the other, and the acquaintance was formed.

Lorrimer was charmed to meet an intelligent being who would talk and be talked to. He flattered himself he had exploited a "character," and was determined not to allow him to slip away. He cautiously broke to his new companion the fact that he was a native of New York, and was a little surprised to see the announcement followed by no manifestation of awe, but only a lively wink. He reserved his defamatory intentions respecting the Common, and endeavored to draw the stranger out, who, in return, shot forth eccentricities as profusely as the emery wheel of the street grinder emits sparks when assailed by a scissors-blade.

Lorrimer learned that this delightful fellow's name was Glover, and rejoiced greatly in so much knowledge.

Mr. Glover ordered in ale, and Mr. Lorrimer ordered in oysters,—and from oysters to ale they pleasantly alternated for the space of two hours.

Cloud-compelling cigars varied at intervals the monotony of the proceedings.

At length the young gentleman from

New York vanquished his last "fried in crumb," and victory perched upon his knife. Just then the gas-burners began to meander queerly before his eyes. Around and above him he beheld showers of glittering sparks,—snaky threads of light,—fantastic figures of fire,—jets of liquid lustre. He communicated, in confidence, to Mr. Glover, that his seat seemed to him of the nature of a rocking-chair operating viciously upon a steep slated roof. Mr. Glover laughed, and proposed an adjournment.

As they settled their little bills, Lorrimer thoughtlessly displayed a plethoric pile of bank-notes. He saw, or fancied he saw, his companion gaze at them in a manner which made him restless; but the circumstance soon passed from his mind, until later events enforced the recollection.

When they walked into the open air, Mr. Lorrimer first became intimate with a lamp-post, which he was loath to leave, and then bitterly bewailed his ignorance of localities. Glover good-naturedly suggested that his young friend would do well to take up quarters with him, that night, and promised to conduct him wherever he desired to go, the next morning. His young friend was not in the humor for hesitation, and, distrusting his own perambulatory powers, gave himself up, without reserve, to Glover's guidance. Linked together by their arms, they sailed along, like an energetic little steam-tug, puffing, plunging, sputtering, under the shadow of a serene and stately Indian.

The fog had now gathered solidity, and hung chillingly over the city's heart. How desolate were the thoroughfares! The street-lamps gleamed luridly from their stands, serving only to make the dreary darkness visible. Lorrimer's late merry fancies were all extinguished as suddenly as they had blazed forth. Even his sturdy guide showed a depression and constraint that strangely contrasted with his former gayety. He vainly drew upon his mirth-account; there was no issue. "Beastly fog!" said he, "we might drill

holes in it, and blast it with gunpowder!" They approached the Common, and the hideous structure opposite West Street glared on them like a fiery monster, and seemed exactly the reverse of the gate to a forty-acre Paradise. Sheltering their faces from the wind, which now added its inconveniences to the saturating atmosphere, they struck the broad avenue, and pushed across towards the West End.

The wind sang most doleful strains, and the bending branches of the trees sighed sadly over them. Lorrimer was filled with an anxious tribulation, as he remembered the story of the villany that, two nights before, near the spot where they now walked, and perhaps at the same hour, had been perpetrated. An impulse, which he could not restrain, caused him to whisper his fears to his companion. Glover laughed, a little uneasily, he thought, but made no answer.

Soon they reached the opposite boundary of the Common, and continued through Hancock Street, ascending and descending the hill. While passing the reservoir in that dull gray darkness, Lorrimer felt as if under the shadow of some giant tomb. Hastening forward, for it was growing late, they threaded a number of the short avenues of Ward Three, and at length, when young New York's endurance was nearly exhausted, reached their destination in Chambers Street. It must have been the fatigue which, as they crossed the threshold, propelled Mr. Lorrimer against the door, causing him to stain himself unbecomingly with new paint.

They mounted the stairs, and entered a comfortable apartment, in which a fresh fire was diffusing a most welcome glow, and a spacious bed luxuriously invited occupancy. Lorrimer had but one grief, which he freely communicated to his host,—his fingers were liberally decorated with dark daubs, to which he pointed with unsteady anguish.

"It's a filthy shame!" said he, with more energy of manner than certainty of utterance.

A section of the chamber was separat-

ed from the rest by a screen. Into this retreat Glover disappeared, and immediately returned with a bottle, from which he poured an acid that effaced the spots. "It will wash away anything," said he, laughing.

Lorrimer was superabundantly profuse in thanks, and announced that his mind was now at ease. By some mysterious process, not clearly explicable to himself, he contrived to lay aside a portion of his dress, and to dispose himself within the folds of balmy bedclothes that awaited him. In forty seconds he was dreaming.

Nearly an hour had elapsed when he half woke from an uneasy slumber, and strove to collect his drowsy faculties. His sleep had been disturbed by frightful visions. He had passed through a scene of violence on the Common; he had been engaged in a life-and-death struggle with his new acquaintance; he had been seized by unseen hands, and thrown into a vast vault. His brain throbbed and his heart ached, as he endeavored to disentangle the bewildering fancies of his sleep from wakeful reality.

He lay with his face to the wall, and the grotesque decorations of the paper assumed ghostly forms, and moved menacingly before his eyes, thrilling him through and through.

In a few moments the murmur of voices close at hand aroused him more effectually. He then recollected the incidents of the night, and reproached himself for his wild excesses, and his reckless and imprudent confidence in a stranger. He dreaded to think what the consequences might be, and again became confused with the memories of his distressing dreams.

Three facts, however, were fastened upon his mind. He could not forget Glover's singular glance at his roll of bank-notes,—the hesitation to converse about the garrote,—nor the bottle of acid which would "wash away anything." Would it wash away stains of blood?

The sounds of subdued conversation

again arrested his attention. He listened earnestly, but without changing his position.

"Speak softly," said a voice which he recognized as Glover's,—*"speak softly; you will wake my guest."*

Then the words failed to reach him for a few moments. He strained his ears, and hardly breathed, for fear of interrupting a syllable. Presently he was able to distinguish a few sentences.

"Do you call this a profitable job?" said a strange voice.

"Oh, very fair,—worth about fifty dollars, I should guess. I wouldn't undertake such a piece of work at a smaller chance," said Glover.

"Shall you cut the face?" said the other, after a minute's pause.

"Of course," was the answer; *"it's the only way to do it handsomely."*

"Hum!—what do you use? steel?"

"Steel, by all means."

"I shouldn't."

"I like it better; and I have a nice bit that has done service in this way before."

From Lorrimer's brow exuded a deadly sudor. His heart ceased to palpitate. His muscles became rigid; his eyes fixed. His terror was almost too great for him to bear. With difficulty he controlled himself, and listened again.

"Can it be done here?" asked the strange voice;—*"will not the features be recognized?"*

"There is nothing deeply marked, except the eyes," said Glover, *"and I can easily remove them, you know."*

"You can try the acid."

"The other way is best."

"I suppose it must be done quickly."

"So quickly that there will be no chance for any proof."

Lorrimer gasped feebly, and clutched the bedclothes with a nervous, convulsive movement. He had no power to reflect upon his situation; but he felt that he was lost. Alone and unaided, he could not hope to combat the evil designs of two men, a single one of whom he knew was vastly his superior in strength. His blood seemed to cease flowing in his veins.

He thought for an instant of springing from the bed, and imploring mercy; but the nature of their conversation, with its minutiae of cruelty, forbade all hope in that direction. His brain whirled, and he thought that reason was about to forsake him. But a movement in the room restored him to a sense of his peril.

He saw the shadows changing their places, and knew that the light was moving. He heard faint footsteps. Hope deserted him, and he closed his eyes, quite despairing. When he opened them a minute later, he was in darkness.

Then hope returned. There might yet be a means of escape. They had left him,—for how long he could not conjecture; but now, at least, he was alone. What a flood of joy came over him then!

Swiftly and softly he threw off the bedclothes, and by the uncertain light of the fire, which was still glimmering, found his way noiselessly to the floor.

His trembling limbs at first refused to sustain him, but the thought of his impending fate, should he remain, invested him with an unexpected courage. Passing around the foot of the bed, he approached the door of the chamber.

As he moved, his shadow, dimly cast by the flickering embers, fell across the mouth of the inclosure whence Glover had brought the acid. He shuddered to think what might be hidden by that screen. He burned with curiosity, even in that moment of danger. For a moment he even rashly thought of seeking to penetrate the mystery.

Treading lightly, and partially supporting himself by the wall, lest his feet should press too heavily upon some loose board and cause it to rattle beneath him, he reached the door. It was not wholly closed, and with utmost gentleness he essayed to pull it open. With all his care he could not prevent it from creaking sharply. His nerves were again shaken, and a new tremor assailed him. Tears filled his eyes. His heart was like ice, only heavier, within him.

He stood for a minute motionless and half-unconscious. Then recovering him-

self by a powerful effort, he advanced once more. Without venturing to open the door wider, he worked through the narrow aperture, inch by inch, stopping every few seconds for fear that the rustle of his shirt against the jamb might be overheard. At length, by almost imperceptible movements, he succeeded in gaining the head of the staircase.

Then he believed that his deliverance was near at hand. He had thus far eluded detection, and it only remained for him to descend, and depart by the outer door.

Bending forward at every step to catch the slightest echo of alarm, he felt his way down through the darkness. The difficulty at this point was great. As one recovered from a long illness finds his knees yield under him at the first attempt to descend a staircase, just so it was with Lorrimer. At one time a faintness came over him, and he was obliged to sit down and rest. A movement above aroused him, and, starting up, he hurriedly groped his way to the street-door.

The darkness was absolute. He could discern nothing, but, after a short search, he caught hold of the handle and turned it slowly. The door remained immovable. By another exploration he discovered a large key suspended from a nail near the centre of the door. This he inserted in the lock, and turned with all the caution he could command. It was not enough, for it snapped loudly.

A voice from the head of the stairs cried out, "Who is there?"

Lorrimer was appalled. He shook the door, but it remained fast. Like lightning he passed his hand up and down the crevice in search of a hidden bolt. He found nothing, and felt that he was in the hands of the murderers;—for he could entertain no doubt of their design. In the agony of desperation he flung out his arms, and a door beside him flew open. He entered, and rushed to a window, which was easily lifted, and out of which he threw himself at the moment that a light streamed into the apartment behind him.

When Mr. Lorrimer had finished relating to Captain Morrill, with all the energy of truth, the more important of the above circumstances, that officer arose, and, calling to his assistance a couple of his force, started out in great haste in the direction of Chambers Street. Lorrimer, who had been provided with shoes, hat, and coat, went with them. After a little search, a row of houses with windows close upon the street was found. More diligent examination showed that the door of one of these was freshly painted. A vigorous assault upon the panels brought down the household. Mr. Glover, and another person whose voice was identified by Lorrimer, were marched off with few words to the station. Mr. Lorrimer's clothes were rescued, and an officer was left to look after the premises.

Mr. Glover, on arriving at the station, expressed great indignation, and employed uncivil terms in speaking of his late guest. Under the subduing influences of Captain Morrill's treatment, he soon became tranquil, and subsequently manifested an excess of hilarity, which the guardians of the night strove in vain to check. But he answered unreservedly all the questions which Captain Morrill put to him. His statement ran somewhat thus:—

"I met this young man, for the first time, a few hours ago, at an oyster-saloon on Washington Street. We drank a good deal of ale, and he lost his balance. I kept mine. I saw he had a pretty large amount of money, and doubted his ability to keep as good a watch over it as he ought to. So I took him home with me. On the way he would talk uneasily about garrote robberies, but I refused to encourage him.

"You want to know about that alarming conversation? Well,"—(here Mr. Glover was so overcome with merriment, that, after a proper time, the interposition of official authority became necessary,)—"well, I am an engraver. My business is mainly to cut heads. Sometimes I use steel, sometimes copper. My brother,

who is also an engraver, and I were discussing a new commission. I told him I should make use of a good bit of steel, which had already been engraved upon, but not so deeply but that the lines could be easily removed, excepting the eyes, which would have to be scraped away. My allusion to proof is easily explained: it is common for engravers to have a proof-impression taken of their work after it is finished, by which they are enabled to detect any imperfections, and remedy them.

"I am very sorry that my young friend should have considered me so much of a blood-thirsty ruffian. But the ale of Boston is no doubt strange to him, and his confusion at finding himself in a large city is quite natural. Besides, his suspicions were in some degree reciprocated. When I saw him flying out of the

window, I was convinced that he must be an ingenious burglar, and instantly ran back to examine my tools. I am glad to find that I was wrong. If he will return now with me, he shall be welcome to his share of the bed."

Mr. Lorrimer politely, but positively, declined.

Captain Morrill urbanely apologized to Mr. Glover, and engaged himself to make it right in the morning; whereupon Mr. Glover withdrew in cachinnatory convulsions. Mr. Lorrimer was instructed to resume his proper garments, and was then conveyed safely to his hotel, where he remained in deep abstraction until Monday, when, after transacting his business, he took the afternoon return-train for New York.

The case was not entered upon the records of the Third District Police.

THE GRANADAN GIRL'S SONG.

ALL day the lime blows in the sun,
 All day the silver aspens quiver,
 All day along the far blue plain
 Winds serpent-like the golden river.
 From clustering flower and myrtle bower
 Sweet sounds arise forever,
 From gleaming tower with crescent dower
 Our banner floats forever.

Its purple bloom the grape puts on,
 Pulping to this Granadan summer,
 And heavy dews shake through the globes
 Scarce stirred by some bright-winged new-comer,
 On yon brown hill, where all is still,
 Where lightly rides the muleteer,
 With jangling bells, whose burden swells
 Till shaft and arch rise fine and clear.

As one by one the shadows creep
 Back to their lairs in hilly hollows,
 A broader splendor issues forth
 And on their track in silence follows;

A fuller air swims everywhere,
 A freer murmur shakes the bough,
 A thousand fires surprise the spires,
 And all the city wakes below.

What morn shall rise, what cursèd morn,
 To find this bright pomp all surrendered,
 These palaces an empty shell,
 This vigor listless ruin rendered, —
 While every sprite of its delight
 Mocks fickle echoes through the court,
 And in our place a sculptured trace
 Saddens some stranger's careless sport?

Oh, gay with all the stately stir,
 And bending to your silken flowing,
 One day, my banner-poles, ye creak
 Naked beneath the high winds blowing!
 One day ye fall across the wall
 And moulder in the moat's green bosom,
 While in the cleft the wild tree left
 Bursts into spikes of cruel blossom!

Ah, never dawn that day for me!
 O Fate, its fierce foreboding banish!
 When all our hosts, like pallid ghosts
 Blown on by morning, melt and vanish!
 Oh, in the fires of their desires
 Consume the toil of those invaders!
 And let the brand divide the hand
 That grasps the hilt of the Crusaders!

Yet idle words in such a scene!
 Yon rosy mists on high careering, —
 The Moorish cavaliers who fleet
 With hawk and hound and distant cheering, —
 The dipping sail puffed to the gale,
 The prow that spurns the billow's fawning, —
 How can they fade to dimmer shade,
 And how this day desert its dawning?

Forget to soar, thou rosy rack!
 Ye riders, bronze your airy motion!
 Still skim the seas, so snowy craft, —
 Forever sail to meet the ocean!
 There bid the tide refuse to slide,
 Glassing, below, thy drooping pinion, —
 Forever cease its wild caprice,
 Fallen at the feet of our dominion!

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

May 9th.

TO-DAY, Estelle, your special messenger, the Humming-Bird, comes darting to our oriel, my Orient. As I sat sewing, his sudden, unexpected whirr made me look up. How did he know that the very first Japan-pear-bud opened this morning? Flower and bird came together by some wise prescience.

He has been sipping honey from your passion-flowers, and now has come to taste my blossoms. What bright-winged thought of yours sent him so straight to me, across that wide space of sea and land? Did he dart like a sunbeam all the way? There were many of them voyaged together; a little line of wavering light pierced the dark that night.

A large, brave heart has our bold sailor of the upper deep. Old Pindar never saw our little pet, this darling of the New World; yet he says,—

"Were it the will of Heaven, an osier-bough
Were vessel safe enough the seas to plough."

Here he is, safe enough, not one tiny feather ruffled,—all the intense life of the tropics condensed into this one live jewel,—the glance of the sun on emeralds and rubies. Is it soft downy feathers that take this rich metallic glow, changing their hue with every rapid turn?

Other birds fly: he darts quick as the glance of the eye,—sudden as thought, he is here, he is there. No floating, balancing motion, like the lazy butterfly, who fans the air with her broad sails. To the point, always to the point, he turns in straight lines. How stumbling and heavy is the flight of the "burly, dozing bumblebee," beside this quick intelligence! Our knight of the ruby throat, with lance in rest, makes wild and rapid sallies on this "little mundane bird,"—this bumblebee,—this rolling sailor, never off his sea-legs, always spinning his long homespun yarns. This rich bed of golden and crim-

son flowers is a handsome field of tournament. What invisible circle sits round to adjudge the prize?

What secret does he bring me under those misty wings,—that busy birring sound, like Neighbor Clark's spinning-wheel? Is he busy as well, this bit of pure light and heat? Yes! he, too, has got a little home down in the swamp over there,—that bit of a knot on the young oak-sapling. Last year we found a nest (and brought it home) lined with the floss of willow-catkin, stuck all over with lichens, deep enough to secure the two pure round pearls from being thrown out, strongly fastened to the forked branch,—a home so snug, so warm, so soft!—a home "contrived for fairy needs."

Who but the fairies, or Mr. Fine-Ear himself, ever heard the tiny tap of the young bird, when he breaks the imprisoning shell?

The mother-bird knows well the fine sound. Hours? days? no, weeks, she has sat to hear at last that least wave of sound.

What! this tiny bit of restless motion sit there still? Minutes must be long hours to her quick panting heart.

I will just whisper it in your ear, that the meek-looking mother-bird only comes out between daylight and dark,—just like other busy mothers I have known, who take a little run out after tea.

Can it be, that Mr. Ruby-Throat, my *preux chevalier*, keeps all the sunshiny hours for himself, that he may enjoy to the full his own gay flight?

Ah! you know nothing, hear nothing of woman's rights up there, in that well-ordered household. Were it not well, if we, too, could give up our royal right of choice,—if we could fall back on our strong earth-born instincts, to be, to know, to do, one thing?

See how closely our darling curls up his slender black feet and legs, that we may not see this one bit of mortality about him! No, my little immortal does

not touch the earth; he hangs suspended by that long bill, which just tethers him to its flowers. Now and then he will let down the little black tendrils of legs and feet on some bare twig, and there he rests and preens those already smooth plumules with the long slender bodkin you lent him. Now, just now, he darts into my room, coquets with my basket of flowers, "a kiss, a touch, and then away." I heard the whirr of those gauzy wings; it was not to the flowers alone he told his story. You did well to trust this most passionate pilgrim with your secret; the room is radiant with it. Slow-flying doves may well draw the car of Venus; but this arrow tipped with flame darts before, to tell of its coming. What need of word, of song, with that iridescent glow? Some day I will hear the whole story; just now let the Humming-Bird keep it under his misty wings.

I have heard of a lady who reared these little birds from the nest; they would suck honey from her lips, and fly in and out of her chamber. Only think of seeing these callow fledglings! It is as if the winged thought could be domesticated, could learn to make its nest with us and rear its young.

Bountiful Nature has spared to our cold North this one compact bit from the Tropics.

I believe we allow that birds are very highly organized creatures,—next to man, they say. We, with our weary feet plodding always on the earth, our heavy arms pinioned close to our sides!—look at this live creature, with thinnest wing cutting the fine air! We, slow in word, slow in thought!—look at this quivering flame, kindled by some more passionate glance of Nature! Next to man? Yes, we might say next above. Had it not been for that fire we stole one day, that Promethean spark, hidden in the ashes, kept a-light ever since, it had gone hard with us; Nature might have kept her pet, her darling, high, high above us,—almost out of reach of our dull senses.

What is our boasted speech, with its

harsh, rude sounds, to their gushing melody? We learn music, certainly, with much pains and care. The bird cannot tell if it be A sharp or B flat, but he sings.

Our old friend, the friend of our childhood, Mr. White of Selborne, (who had attended much to the life and conversation of birds,) says, "Their language is very elliptical; little is said, and much is meant and understood." Something like a lady's letter, is it not?

How wise we might grow, if we could only "the bird-language rightly spell"! In the olden times, we are told, the Caliphs and Viziers always listened to what the birds said about it, before they undertook any new enterprise. I have often thought I heard wise old folk discoursing, when a company of hens were busy on the side-hill, scratching and clucking together. Perchance some day we shall pick up a leaf of that herb which shall open our ears to these now inarticulate sounds.

Why may we not (just for this summer) believe in Transmigrations, and find some elder civilization embodied in this community of birds,—all those lost arts taken wings, not to fly away, but to come flitting and building in our trees, picking crumbs from our door-steps?

Do they say birds are limited? Who are we that set bounds to this direct knowledge, this instinct? Mathematical, constructive, they certainly are. What bold architect has builded so snug, so airy a house,—well concealed, and yet with a good outlook? We make our dwellings conspicuous; they hide their pretty art.

We wiseacres, who stay at home, instead of following the seasons round the globe, should learn the art of making happy homes; yet what housekeeper will not hang her head in shame and despair, to see this nice adaptation of use to wants, shown each year in multitudes of nests? Now, only look at it! always just room enough,—none to spare. First, the four or five eggs lie comfortably in the small round at the bottom of the nest, with

room enough for the mother robin to give them the whole warmth of her broad red breast,—her sloping back and wings making a rain-proof roof over her jewels. Then the callow younglings rise a little higher into the wider circle. Next the fledglings brim the cup; at last it runs over; four large clumsy robins flutter to the ground, with much noise, much anxious calling from papa and mamma,—much good advice, no doubt. They are fairly turned out to shift for themselves; with the same wise, unfathomable eyes which have mirrored the round world for so many years, which know all things, say nothing, older than time, lively and quick as to-day; with the same touching melody in their long monotonous call; soon with the same power of wing; next year to build a nest with the same wise economy, each young robin carrying in his own swelling, bulging breast the model of the hollow circle, the cradle of other young robins. So you see it is a nest within a nest,—a whole nest of nests; like Vishnu Sarma's fables, or Scheherazade's stories, you can never find where one leaves off and another begins, they shut so one into the other. No wonder the children and philosophers are they who ask, whether the egg comes from the bird, or the bird from the egg. Yes, it is a *Heimskringla*, a world-circle, a home-circle, this nest.

You remember that little, old, withered man who used to bring us eggs; the boys, you know, called him Egg Pop. When the thrifty housewife complained of the small size of his ware, he always said,—

“Yes, Marm, they be small; but they be monstrous full.”

Yes, the packing of the nest is close; but closer is the packing of the egg. “As full as an egg of meat” is a wise proverb.

Let us look at these first-fruits which the bountiful Spring hangs on our trees.

“To break the eggshell after the meat is out we are taught in our childhood, and practise it all our lives; which, nevertheless, is but a superstitious relict, according to the judgment of Pliny, and

the intent hereof was to prevent witchcraft [to keep the fairies out]; for lest witches should draw or prick their names therein, and veneficiously mischief their persons, they broke the shell, as Dalecampius hath observed.” This is what Sir Thomas Browne tells us about eggshells. And Dr. Wren adds, “Least they [the witches] perchance might use them for boates to sayle in by night.” But I, who have no fear of witches, would not break them,—rather use them, try what an untold variety of forms we may make out of this delicate oval.

By a little skilful turning and reversing, putting on a handle, a lip here, a foot there, always following the sacred oval, we shall get a countless array of pitchers and vases, of perfect finished form, handsome enough to be the oval for a king's name. Should they attempt to copy our rare vases in finest Parian, alabaster, or jasper, their art would fail to hit the delicate tints and smoothness of this fine shell; and then those dots and dashes, careless as put on by a master's hand!

Are not these rare lines? They look to me as wise as hieroglyphics. Who knows what rhyme and reason are written there,—what subtle wisdom rounded into this small curve,—repeated on the breasts and backs of the birds,—their own notes, it may be, photographed on their swelling breasts like the musical notes on the harp-shell,—written in bright, almost audible colors on the petals of flowers,—harmonies, melodies, for ear and eye? Has this language, older than Erse, older than Sanscrit, ever got translated? I am afraid, dear, the key has been turned in the lock, and thrown into the well.

The ornithologists tell us that some birds build nicer nests, sing sweeter songs, than their companions of the same species. Can experience add wisdom to instinct? or is it the right of the elder-born,—the birthright of the young robin who first breaks the shell? Who has rightly looked into these things?

I half remember the story of a beautiful princess who had all imaginable

wealth in her stately palace, itself builded up of rare and costly jewels. She had everything that heart could desire,—everything but a roc's egg. Her mind was contracted with sorrow, till she could procure this one ornament more to her splendors. I think it turned out that the palace itself was built within the roc's egg. These birds are immense, and take up three elephants at a time in their powerful talons, (almost as many as Gordon Cumming himself, on a good day's hunt,) and their eggs are like domes.

Now, do not you be like the foolish princess, and desire a roc's egg; it will prove a stone, the egg of a rock, indeed. Be content rather with this ostrich-egg I send you; with your own slender fingers lift the lid;—pretty, is it not, the tea-service I send you? The tidy warblers threw out the emptied shells; one by one I picked them up, and have made cups and saucers, bowls and pitchers for you: a roc's egg never held anything one-half so fine.

You will say I am a fairy, as brother Evelyn says, when I relate to him the fine sights and sounds I have seen and heard in the woods. No, but the little silent people are very good to me.

Let me, then, go on my bird's-egging and tell you one more fact about our fairy, our Humming-Bird. Audubon says

“that an all-wise Providence has made this little hero an exception to a rule which prevails almost universally through Nature,—namely, that the smallest species of a tribe are the most prolific. The eagle lays one, sometimes two eggs; the small European wren fifteen; the humming-bird two: and yet this latter is abundantly more numerous in America than the wren in Europe.” All on account of his wonderful courage, admirable instinct, or whatever it is that guards and guides him so unerringly.

You see we may well love him whom Nature herself loves so dearly.

“Ce que Dieu garde est bien gardé.”

Ah, Estelle! your bonnie birdie, with his wild whirr, darting back and forth like a weaver's shuttle weaving fine wefts, has got into my head; not “bee-bonneted,” but bird-bonneted, I go. Yes, this day shall be given to the king, as our country-folk say, when they go a-pleasuring. I am off with the little wool-gatherers, to see what thorn and brier and fern-stalk and willow-catkin will give me. Good-day! good-day!

Your own

SUSAN, SUSY, SUE.

P. S. “May our friendship never moult a feather!”

CHESS.

SCHATRENSCHAR, the Persian, who could count the stars one by one, who is known to have been borne, (by the Simorg, the Eternal Fowl,) at midnight, first to the evening star, and then to the moon, and then set down safely in his home,—and Al Kahlminar, the Arabian, who was a mystic seer, and had conversed face to face with the Demons of the Seven Planets, approaching also, on one occasion, so nigh unto Uriel that his

beard was singed by the sun, wherein that angel resideth,—these, ten million years ago, lived in their palaces on adjoining estates and lands. But about the boundary-line atwixt them they could not agree: Schatrenschar maintaining that he had lived there longest, and had a right to choose where the wall should be built between himself and a later comer; Al Kahlminar declaring that the world was not made for Schatrenschar,—further-

more, that the Astronomer had paid nothing for the land, and had already more than he could attend to, since his chief devotion was manifestly to the estates he was reputed to own in Venus and the moon. They came to no decision; and it was beneath the dignity of these men, who prided themselves on being confidants elect of invisible and superior worlds, publicly to wrangle about the gross soil of this. Nevertheless, Schatrenschar, at last, losing patience, cried,—

“Al Kahlminar, ’tis but by the grace of Yezdan, who hath commissioned me to watch the sacred stars, which reveal not themselves to the violent, that I am saved this day from flogging thee!”

To this the Seer: “O Schatrenschar, thou must have left in some of thy other worlds, mayhap in Venus, the limbs which can cope with these.”

“Nay,” replied the Astronomer, discerning some truth in that remark, “but I am not alone, Al Kahlminar; I have within my palace two valiant knights, skilled with the steed and the spear, who are ready to go forth in my stead at a word.”

“And I,” answered the Mystic, warming, “have two godly priests, men skilled by the orthodox beheading of heretics into the aim and valor of Arjoon himself. Your knights cannot stand before these messengers of Heaven; they will tremble like aspen-leaves, lest Allah be wroth, if they receive harm.”

“If thou shouldst bring forth thy priests, Al Kahlminar, then would I confront them and thee with the two elephants which my brother sent me lately from Geestan, on each of which I can place a rook with a slave cunning with the javelin, before which thy priests will flee; for the animals see no difference between priests and other mortals;—the elephant is sagacious, neighbor!”

“And I,” said the other, “have riches, which thou hast not. Whatever thou hast wherewith to extend thy line into my lot, I can oppose with an equal force,—nay, with a stronger.”

Schatrenschar hereupon paused in

deep meditation. Presently a subtle thought struck him. He took a parchment-leaf and drew thereon a diagram; and after inscribing several hieroglyphic characters, he cried out,—

“Hearken, Al Kahlminar; hast thou not heard it among the sayings of Sasan, that the battle is not always to him who hath the superior physical force? Suppose that in our encounter thy forces stood here, as marked on these squares: by what stratagem couldst thou reach me, who stand here with even fewer and weaker men? If thou canst tell as much without my assistance, I will yield the boundary-line; for it will show thee to have a calculation equal to my own, as well as riches.”

Al Kahlminar pondered long, suffered manifold headaches, closed not an eyelid for a week, but could not give answer. The Mystic was used to seeing only those things to see which the eyes must be closed. At length Schatrenschar opened the problem to him, which so delighted his heart that he clave unto him, and besought him that their estates should be one, and that he would use his (Al Kahlminar’s) riches as his own. A bower was built midway between their houses, wherein they sat for hours over other diagrams, contrived first by the Astronomer, afterward by the Mystic: and out of it arose a curious and knightly play which beareth to this day the name Schatrenschar.

Perhaps this last line of the old Sanscrit story is the only veracious thing in it. Perhaps it is all true. Who can answer? Was there ever a great thing whose origin was not in some doubt? If so with the Iliad, with Platonic Dialogues, with Shakspearian Plays, how naturally so with Chess! The historic sinew of the above would seem to be, that Schatrenschar, the Oriental word for Chess, is the name of a very ancient and learned astronomer of Persia; how much mythologic fat has enveloped said sinew the reader must decide. Philological inquisition of the origin of the low Latin *Scacchi* (whence the

French *Echees*, Ger. *Schach*, and our *Chess*,) has led to a variety of conclusions. Leunclavius takes it from *Uscoches*, famous Turkish banditti. Sirmond finds the word's parent in German *Schücher* (robber) and grandparent in *Calculus*! Tolosanus derives *check-mate* from Heb. *schach* (to prevail) and *mat* (dead). Fabricius favors the idea we have given above, and says, "A celebrated Persian astronomer, one Schatrenschar, invented the game of Chess, and gave it his own name, which it still bears in that country." Nicod derives it from *Xeque*, a Moorish word for Prince or Lord. Borchart maintains that *Schach-mat* is originally Persian, and means "the king is dead." We incline to accept this last opinion; and believe, that, though the game must have originated with some person, perhaps Schatrenschar, yet it reached its present form and perfection only through many touchings and retouchings of men and generations. Pope's translation of the "Odyssey" has led many persons to think that chess was known to the ancient Greeks, because, in describing the sports of Penelope's suitors, the translator says,—

"With rival art and ardor in their mien,
At Chess they vie to captivate the Queen."

But there can be little doubt that this is an anachronism.

In short, we may safely conclude that the game is of purely Oriental origin. The Hindoos claim to have originated it,—or rather, say that Siva, the Third Person of their Trinity, (Siva, the Destroyer,—alas! of time?) gave it to them; Professor Forbes has shown that it has been known among them five thousand years; but words tell no myths, and the Bengalee name for Chess, *Shathorunch*, casts its ballot for Persia and Shatrenschar;—though India may almost claim it, on account of the greater perfection to which it has brought the game, and the lead it has always taken in chess-culture. India rejoices in a flourishing chess-school. The Indian Problem is known as the perfection of Enigmatic Chess. And

if Paul Morphy had gone to Calcutta, instead of London and Paris, he would have found there one Mohesh Ghutuck, who, without discovering that he was a P. and move behind his best play, and without becoming too sick to proceed with the match, would have given him a much finer game than any antagonist he has yet encountered. This Mohesh, who was presented by his admiring king with a richly-carved chess-king of solid gold nine inches high, not only plays a fabulous number of games at once whilst he lies on the ground with closed eyes, but games that none of the many fine native and English players of India can engage in but with dismay. Fine, indeed, it would have been, if the world could have seen in the youths of Calcutta and New Orleans the extreme West matched with the extreme East!

There is no call for any one to vindicate this game. Chess is a great, world-wide fact. Wherever a highway is found, there, we may be sure, a reason existed for a highway. And when we find that the explorer on his northward voyage, pausing a day in Iceland, may pass his time in keen encounters with the natives,—that the trader in Kamtschatka and China, unable to speak a word with the people surrounding him, yet holds a long evening's converse over the board which is polyglot,—that the missionary returns from his pulpit, and the Hindoo from his widow-burning, to engage in a controversy without the *theologicum odium* attached,—the game becomes authentic from its universality. It is akin to music, to love, to joy, in that it sets aside alike social caste and sectarian differences: kings and peasants, warriors and priests, lords and ladies, mingle over the board as they are represented upon it. "The earliest chess-men on the banks of the Sacred River were worshippers of Buddha; a player whose name and fame have grown into an Arabic proverb was a Moslem; a Hebrew Rabbi of renown, in and out of the Synagogues, wrote one of the finest chess poems extant; a Catholic priest of Spain has bestowed his

name upon two openings; one of the foremost problem-composers of the age is a Protestant clergyman of England; and the Greek Church numbers several cultivators of chess unrivalled in our day." It has received eulogies from Burton,—from Castiglione,—from Chatham, who, in reply to a compliment on a grand stroke of invention and successful oratory, said, "My success arose only from having been checkmated by discovery, the day before, at chess,"—from Comenius, the grammarian,—from Condé, Cowley, Denham, Justus van Effen, Sir Thomas Elyot, Guillim, Helvetius, Huarte, Sir William Jones, Leibnitz, Lydgate, Olaus Magnus, Pasquier, Sir Walter Raleigh, Rousseau, Voltaire, Samuel Warren, Warton, Franklin, Buckle, and many others of ability in every department of letters, philosophy, and art. We know of but one man of genius or learning who has repudiated it,—Montaigne. "Or if he [Alexander] played at chess," says Montaigne, "what string of his soul was not touched by this idle and childish game? I hate and avoid it because it is not play enough,—that it is too grave and serious a diversion; and I am ashamed to lay out as much thought and study upon that as would serve to much better uses." Looked at simply as a diversion, chess might naturally impress a man of intellectual earnestness thus. It is not a diversion; a recreation it may be called, but only as any variation from "the shop" is recreative. But chess has, by the experiences of many, sufficiently proved itself to have serious uses to men of thought, and in the way of an intellectual gymnasium. It is to the limbs and sinews of the mind—prudence, foresight, memory, combination, analysis—just what a gymnasium is to the body. In it every muscle, every joint of the understanding is put under drill; and we know, that, where the mind does not have exercise for its body, but relies simply on idle cessation for its reinforcement, it will get too much lymph. Work is worship; but work without rest is idolatry. And rest is not, as some seem to think, a swoon, a slumber;

it is an active receptivity, a masterly inactivity, which alone can deserve the fine name of Rest. Such, we believe, our favorite game secures better than all others. Besides this direct use, one who loves it finds many other incidental uses starting up about it,—such as made Archbishop Magnus, the learned historian of Sweden, say, "Anger, love, peevishness, covetousness, dulness, idleness, and many other passions and motions of the minds of men may be discovered by it."—But we promised not to vindicate chess, and shall leave this portion of our topic with the fine verse of the Oriental bard, Ibn ul Mâtazz:—

"O thou whose cynic sneers express
The censure of our favorite chess,
Know that its skill is Science' self,
Its play distraction from distress.
It soothes the anxious lover's care;
It weans the drunkard from excess;
It counsels warriors in their art,
When dangers threat and perils press;
And yields us, when we need them most,
Companions in our loneliness." *

Now that the Persian poet has touched his lyre in our pages, we will not at once pass to any cold geographical or analytical realm of our subject, but pause awhile to cull some flowers of song which have sprung up on good English soil, which the feet of Caïssa have ever loved to press. No other games, and few other subjects, have gathered about them so rich a literature, or been intertwined with so much philological and historical lore. Not the least of this is to be found in the English classics, from which we propose to make one or two selections. We begin where English poetry begins, with Dan Chaucer; and from many beautiful conceits turning upon chess, we select one which must receive universal admiration. It is from the "Booke of the Duchesse."

"My boldnesse is turned to shame,
For false Fortune hath played a game
At the Chesse with me.

* Translated in that excellent periodical, which no lover of chess should be without, *The Chess Monthly*, edited by Fiske and Morphy, New York. (Vol. i. p. 92.)

"At the Chesse with me she gan to play,
With her false draughts full divers
She stale on me, and toke my fers: *
And when I sawe my fers away,
Alas! I couth no longer play.

"Therewith Fortune said, 'Checke here,
And mate in the mid point of the checkere
With a paune errant.' Alas!
Full craftier to play she was
Than Athalus, that made the game
First of the Chesse, so was his name."

In the early part of the seventeenth century, Thomas Middleton wrote a comedy styled "A Game at Chess," which was acted at the Globe (Shakspeare's) nine times successively. It seems to have been a severe tirade on the religious aspects of the times. The stage directions are significant: for example:—Act I., Scene 1. *Enter severally, in order of the game, the White and Black houses.* Act II., Scene 1. *Enter severally White Queen's Pawns and Black Queen's Pawns.* The Prologue is as follows:—

"What of the game called Chesse-play can be made

To make a stage-play shall this day be played.

First you shall see the men in order set,
States, and their Pawnes, when both the sides are met:

The houses well distinguished: in the game
Some men entrapt, and taken to their shame,
Rewarded by their play: and in the close
You shall see cheque-mate given to Virtue's foes.

But the fair'st jewel that our hopes can decke

Is so to play our game t' avoid your checke."

The play excited indignation in the partisans of the Romish Church, and was not only suppressed by James I., but at the demand of the Queen its author was imprisoned, and was relieved only by a witty verse sent to the King.

The last which we have room to quote is anonymous, and of date near 1632. It may have been written by the celebrated divine, Thomas Jackson, of Corpus-Christi

* Mediæval name for the Queen, (originally the Counsellor,)—the strength of the board.

College, whose discourse comparing the visible world to a "Devil's Chess-board" evidently suggested the familiar etching in which Satan contends with a youth for his soul. The lines are entitled

THE PAWNE.

"A lowly one I saw,
With aim fixt high:
Ne to the righte,
Ne to the left
Veering, he marchèd by his Lawe,
The crested Knyghte passed by,
And haughty surplice-vest,
As onward toward his heste
With patient step he prest,
Soothfaste his eye:
Now, lo! the last doore yieldeth,
His hand a sceptre wieldeth,
A crowne his forehead shieldeth!

"So 'mergeth the true-hearted,
With aim fixt high,
From place obscure and lowly:
Veereth he nought;
His work he wroughte.
How many loyall paths be trod,
Soe many royall Crownes hath God!"

It is very clear that the pawns in chess represent the common soldiers in battle. The Germans call them "peasants" (*Bauern*); the Hindoos call them *Baul*, or "powers" (in the sense of *force*); and that each of these, if he can pursue his file to its end, should win a crown has always given to this game a popular stamp. These pawns are doubtless, next to knights, the most interesting pieces on the board: Philidor called them "the soul of chess."

At an early period Asiatic chess was divided into two branches,—known amongst players as Chinese and Indian. They are different games in many respects, and yet enough alike to show that they were at some period the same. The Chinese game maintains its place in Eastern Asia, Japan, etc.; in the islands of the Archipelago, and, with very slight modifications, throughout the civilized world, the Indian game is played. Indeed, there is no difference between Indian and European chess, except that in the former the Bishop is called Elephant,—the Rooks,

Boats,—the Queen, Minister: the movements of the pieces are the same.

Of Chinese chess some description will be more novel. Their chess-board, like ours, has sixty-four squares, which are not distinguished into alternate black and white squares. The pieces are not placed on the squares, but on the corners of the squares. The board is divided into two equal parts by an unchecked space, which is called the River. There are nine points on each line, and forty-five on each half of the board. They have the same number of pieces with ourselves. Each player has a king, two guards, two elephants, two knights, two chariots, two cannon, and five pawns. Each player places nine pieces on the first line of the board,—the king in the centre, a guard on each side of him, two elephants next, two knights next, and then the two chariots upon the extremities of the board; the two cannons go in front of the two knights and the pawns on the fourth line.

The king moves only one square at a time, but not diagonally, and only in an *enceinte*, or court, of four squares,—to wit, his own, the queen's, queen's pawn's, and king's pawn's. Castling is unknown. The two guards remain in the same limits, but can move only diagonally; thus we have in our king both the Chinese king and his guard. The elephants move diagonally, two squares at a time, and cannot pass the river. Their knight moves like ours, but must not pass over pieces; he can pass the river, which counts as one square. The chariots and cannon move like our castles, and can cross the river. The pawns always move one step, and may move sidewise as well as forward,—taking in the same line in which they move; they cross the river. The cannon alone can pass over any piece; indeed, a cannon can take only when there is a piece between it and the piece it takes,—which intervening piece may belong to either player. The king must not be opposite the other king without a piece between. All this certainly sounds very complex and awkward to the English or American player; and our

game has the preferable tendency of increasing the power of the pieces, (as distinct from pawns,) rather than, with theirs, limiting their powers and multiplying their number. However, it is probable, whatever may be the respective merits of the two games, that neither of them will ever be altered; the Chinese, who can roast his pig only by burning the sty, because the first historic roast-pig was so roasted, will be likely to continue his chess as nearly as possible in the same form as the celestial Tia-hoang and the terrestrial Yin-hoang played it a million years ago. In Europe and America we have all complacently concluded, that, when David said he had seen an end of all perfection, it only indicated that he was unacquainted with chess as played in accordance with Staunton's Handbook.

But it is only the Indian game which has had a development equal to the development of the civilized arts. This has been chiefly through what are called by the Italian-French name of *gambits*. There is much prejudice, amongst a certain class of chess-players, against what is called "book-chess," but it rarely exists with players of the first rank. These gambits are as necessary to the first-rate player as are classifications to the naturalist. They are the venerable results of experience; and he who tries to excel without an acquaintance with them will find that it is much as if he should ignore the results of the past and put his hand into the fire to prove that fire would burn. If he should try every method of answering a special attack, he would be sure to find in the end that the method laid down in the gambit was the true one. An acquaintance, therefore, with these approved openings puts a player at an advanced starting-point in a game, inexhaustible enough in any case, and where he need not take time in doing what others have already done. Although we design in this article to refrain, as much as possible, from technical chess, it may be well enough to give a list of the usual openings, and their key-moves.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

(Philidor, 1749.)

White.

Black.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. P. to Q. 3d. |

GIUOCO PIANO.

(Italian.)

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3d. |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 4th. | 3. B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 4. P. to Q. 3d or Q. B. 3d. | |

RUY LOPEZ'S KNIGHT'S GAME.

(Lopez, 1584.)

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3d. |
| 3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th. | |

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

(1837.)

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. |

Q. PAWN OR SCOTCH GAME.

(So named from the great match between London and Edinburgh in 1826, but first analyzed as a gambit by Ghulam Kassim, Madras, 1829.)

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3d. |
| 3. P. to Q. 4th. | |

SICILIAN GAME.

(Ancient Italian MS.)

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to Q. B. 4th. |
|------------------|---------------------|

EVANS'S GAMBIT.

(Captain Evans, 1833.)

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3d. |
| 3. B. to Q. B. 4th. | 3. B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | |

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. B. to Q. B. 4th. | 2. B. to Q. B. 4th. |

KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4th. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 3. P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 4. B. to Q. B. 4th. | 4. B. to K. Kt. 2d. |

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

(Johann Allgaier, 1795.)

White.

Black.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4th. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 3. P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 4. P. to K. R. 4th. | |

MUZIO GAMBIT.

(Preserved by Salvio, 1604.)

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4th. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. Kt. to K. B. 3d. | 3. P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 4. B. to K. B. 4th. | 4. P. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 5. Castles. | 5. P. takes Kt. |

SALVIO GAMBIT.

(Preserved from the Portuguese by Salvio, 1604.)

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 4th. |
| 2. P. to K. B. 4th. | 2. P. takes P. |
| 3. K. Kt. to B. 3d. | 3. P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 4. K. B. to Q. B. 4th. | 4. P. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 5. Kt. to K. 5th. | 5. Q. to K. R.'s 5th. (ch.) |
| 6. K. to B. Sq. | 6. K. Kt. to B. 3d. |

FRENCH GAME.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| 1. P. to K. 4th. | 1. P. to K. 3d. |
|------------------|-----------------|

These gambits may be classed under what are, in common phrase, termed "open" or "close" games; an open game being where the pieces are brought out into more immediate engagement,—a close game where the pawns interlock, and the pieces can less easily issue to the attack. An instance of the former may be found in the Allgaier,—of the latter in Philidor's Defence. These two kinds of games are found in chess-play because they are found in human temperament; as there are brilliant and daring Napoleons, and cautious, pertinacious Washingtons in war, so are there in chess Philidor and La Bourdonnais, Staunton and Morphy. In examining Mr. Staunton's play, for example, one is struck with the French tact of M. St. Amant's remark, made many years ago: "M. Staunton has the solidity of iron, but neither the purity of gold nor the brilliancy of the diamond." However much Mr. Staunton's ignoble evasion of the match with Morphy—after bringing him, by his letter, all the way from New Orleans to London, a voyage

which would scarcely have been taken otherwise—may have stained his reputation as a courageous and honorable chess-player, we cannot be blind to the fact, that he is the strongest master of the game in Europe. With a fine mathematical head, (more at home, however, in the Calculus than in Algebra,)—with an immense power of reserve and masterly repose,—able to hold an almost incredible number of threads without getting them entangled,—he has all the qualities which bear that glorious flower, success. But he is never brilliant; he has outworn many a deeper man by his indefatigable evenness and persistence; he is Giant Despair to the brilliant young men. Mr. Morphy is just the *otherest* from Staunton. Like him only in sustained and quiet power, he brings to the board that demon of his, Memory,—such a memory, too, as no other chess-player has ever possessed: add to this wonderful analytic power and you have the secret of this Chess-King. Patient practice, ambition, and leisure have done the rest. He has thus the *lustre du diamant*, which St. Amant missed in Mr. Staunton; and we know that the brilliant diamond is hard enough also to make its mark upon the “solid iron.”

Amongst other great living players who incline to the “close game,” we may mention Mr. Harrwitz, whose match with Morphy furnished not one brilliant game; also Messrs. Slous, Horwitz, Bledow, Szen, and others. But the tendency has been, ever since the celebrated and magnificent matches of the two greatest chess geniuses which England and France have ever known, McDonnell and De la Bourdonnais, to cultivate the bolder and more exciting open gambits. And under the lead of Paul Morphy this tendency is likely to be inaugurated as the rule of modern chess. Professor Anderssen, Mayet, Lange, and Von der Lasa, in Germany,—Dubois and Centurini, at Rome,—St. Amant, Laroche, and Lécivain, of Paris,—Löwenthal, Perigal, Kipping, Owen, Mengredien, etc., of London,—are all players of the heroic sort, and the games recently played by some

of them with Morphy are perhaps the finest on record. And certainly, whatever may be said of their tendency to promote careless and reckless play, the open and daring games are at once more interesting, more brief, and more conducive to the mental drill which has been claimed as a sufficient compensation for the outlay of thought and time demanded by chess.

We have already given some specimens of the Poetry of Chess. The Chess Philosophy itself has penetrated every direction of literature. From the time that Miranda is “discovered playing chess with Ferdinand” in Prospero’s cell, (an early instance of “discovered mate,”) the numberless Mirandas of Romance have played for and been played for mates. Chess has even its Mythology,—Caissa being now, we believe, generally received at the Olympian Feasts. True, some one has been wicked enough to observe that all chess-stories are divisible into two classes,—in one a man plays for his own soul with the Devil, in the other the hero plays and wins a wife,—and to beg for a chess-story *minus* wives and devils; but such grumblers are worthless baggage, and ought to be checked. The Chess Library has now become an important collection. Time was, when, if one man had Staunton’s “Handbook,” Sarratt, Philidor, Walker’s “Thousand Games,” and Lewis on “The Game of Chess,” he was regarded as uniting the character of a chess-scholar with that of the antiquary. But now we hear of Bledow of Berlin with eight hundred volumes on chess; and Professor George Allen, of the University of Pennsylvania, with more than a thousand! Such a literature has Chess collected about it since Paolo Boi, “the great Syracusan,” as he was called, wrote what perhaps was the first work on chess, in the middle of the sixteenth century.

But such numbers of works on chess are very rare, and when the reader hears of an enormous chess library, he may be safe in recalling the story of Walker, whose friend turned chess author; seven

years after, he boasted to Walker of the extent of his chess library, which he affirmed consisted of one thousand volumes *minus* eighteen! It turned out that eighteen copies of his work had been sold, the rest of the edition remaining on his hands.

Though these old works are like galleries of old and valuable pictures to the chess enthusiast, they contain very little that is valuable to the general reader. Their terms and signs are to the uninitiated suggestive of a doctor's prescription. But the anecdotes of the game are, many of them, remarkable; and we believe they are known to have less of the mythical about them than those told in other departments. One who knows the game will feel that it is sufficiently absorbing to be woven in with the textures of government, of history, and of biography. It is of the nature of chess gradually to gather up all the senses and faculties of the player, so that for the time being he is an automaton chess-player, to whom life and death are abstractions.

How seriously, even religiously, the game has always been regarded by both Church and State may be judged by the account given by old Carrera of one whom we have already named as probably the earliest chess author, as he certainly is one of the greatest players known to fame. "In the time of our fathers," says this ancient enthusiast, "we had many famous players, of whom *Paolo Boi*, Sicilian, of the city of Syracuse, and commonly called the Syracusan, was considered the best. He was born in Syracuse of a rich and good family. When a boy, he made considerable progress in literature, for he had a very quick apprehension. He had a wonderful talent for the game of Chess; and having in a short time beaten all the players of the city, he resolved to go to Spain, where he heard there were famous players, honored and rewarded not only by noblemen, but also by Philip II., who took no small delight in the game. He first beat with ease all the players of Sicily, and was very superior in playing without seeing

the board; for, playing at once three games blindfold, he conversed with others on different subjects. Before going into Spain, he travelled over all Italy, playing with the best players, amongst others with the Pultino, who was of equal force; they are therefore called by Salvio the light and glory of chess. He was the favorite of many Italian Princes, and particularly of the Duke of Urbino, and of several Cardinals, and even of Pope Pius V. himself, who would have given him a considerable benefice, if he would have become a clergyman; but this he declined, that he might follow his own inclinations. He afterward went to Venice, where a circumstance happened which had never occurred before: he played with a person and lost. Having afterward by himself examined the games with great care, and finding that he ought to have won, he was astonished that his adversary should have gained contrary to all reason, and suspected that he had used some secret art whereby he was prevented from seeing clearly; and as he was very devout, and was possessed of a rosary rich with many relics of saints, he resolved to play again with his antagonist, armed not only with the rosary, but strengthened by having previously received the sacrament: by these means he conquered his adversary, who, after his defeat, said to him these words,—'Thine is more potent than mine.'"

Some of the earliest writers on chess have given their idea of the all-absorbing nature of the game in the pleasant legend, that it was invented by the two Grecian brothers Ledo and Tyrrheno to alleviate the pangs of hunger with which they were pressed, and that, whilst playing it, they lived weeks without considering that they had eaten nothing.

But we need not any mythical proof of its competency in this direction. Hyde, in his History of the Saracens, relates with authenticity, that Al Amin, the Caliph of Bagdad, was engaged at chess with his freedman Kutbar, at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of the city with a vigor which prom-

ised him success. When one rushed in to inform the Caliph of his danger, he cried, — "Let me alone, for I see check-mate against Kuthar!" Charles I. was at chess when he was informed of the decision of the Scots to sell him to the English, but only paused from his game long enough to receive the intelligence. King John was at chess when the deputies from Rouen came to inform him that Philip Augustus had besieged their city; but he would not hear them until he had finished the game. An old English MS. gives in the following sentence no very handsome picture of the chess-play of King John of England: — "John, son of King Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Chestes, and John brake Fulco's head with the Chest-borde; and then Fulco gave him such a blow that he almost killid him." The laws of chess do not now permit the king such free range of the board. Dr. Robertson, in his History of Charles V., relates that John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, whilst he was playing with Ernest, Duke of Brunswick, was told that the Emperor had sentenced him to be beheaded before the gate of Wittenberg; he with great composure proceeded with the game, and, having beaten, expressed the usual satisfaction of a victor. He was not executed, however, but set at liberty, after five years' confinement, on petition of Mauritius. Sir Walter Raleigh said, "I wish to live no longer than I can play at chess." Rousseau speaks of himself as *forcené des échecs*, "mad after chess." Voltaire called it "the one, of all games, which does most honor to the human mind."

"When an Eastern guest was asked if he knew anything in the universe more beautiful than the gardens of his host, which lay, an ocean of green, broad, brilliant, enchanting, upon the flowery margin of the Euphrates, he replied, — 'Yes, the chess-playing of El-Zuli.'" Surely, the compliment, though Oriental, is not without its strict truth. When Nature rises up to her culmination, the human brain, and there reveals her potencies of insight, foresight, analysis, mem-

ory, we are touched with a mystic beauty; the profile on the mountain-top is sublimer than the mountain. But we must heed well Mr. Morphy's advice, and not suffer this fascinating game to be more than a porter at the gate of the fairer garden. Only when it secures, not when it usurps the day, can it be regarded as a friend. There is a myriad-move problem, of which Society is the Sphinx, given us to solve.

He who masters chess without being mastered by it will find that it discovers essential principles. In the world he will see a larger chess-field, and one also shaped by the severest mathematics: the world is so because the brain of man is so,—motive and move, motive and move: they sum up life, all life,—from the aspen-leaf turning its back to the wind, to the ecstasy of a saint. See the array of pawns (*forces*, as the Hindoo calls them): the bodily presence and abilities, power of persistence, endurance, nerve, the eye, the larynx, the tongue, the senses. Do they not exist in life as on the board, to cut the way for royal or nobler pieces? Does not the Imperial Mind win its experiences, its insight, through the wear and tear of its physical twin? Is not the perfect soul "perfect through sufferings" for evermore? For every coin reason gets from Nature, the heart must leave a red drop impawned, the face must bear its scar. See, then, the powers of the human arena: here Castle, Knight, Bishop are Passion, Love, Hope; and above all, the sacred Queen of each man, his specialty, his strength, by which he must win the day, if he win at all. Here is the Idea with reference to which each man is planned; it preëxisted in the universe, and was born when he was born; it is King on the board,—that lost, life's game is lost. By his side stands the special Strength into whose keeping it is given, making, in Goethe's words, "every man strong enough to enforce his conviction,"—his *conviction*, mark! Pawns and pieces form themselves about that Queen; they are all to perish, to perish one by one,—even the

specialty,—that the King may triumph. Over our largest, sublimest individualities the eternal tide flows on, and the grandest personal strides are merged in the general success. The old author dreamed that the heroes of the Trojan War were changed by Zeus into the warriors

of the mimic strife in order that such renowned exploits should be perpetuated among men forever: rather must we reverse the dream, and apotheosize the powers of the board, that they may appear in the sieges, heroisms, and victories of life.

SPRING-SONG.

CREEP slowly up the willow-wand,
Young leaves! and, in your lightness,
Teach us that spirits which despond
May wear their own pure brightness.

Into new sweetness slowly dip,
O May!—advance; yet linger:
Nor let the ring too swiftly slip
Down that new-plighted finger.

Thy bursting blooms, O spring, retard!
While thus thy raptures press on,
How many a joy is lost, or marred
How many a lovely lesson!

For each new sweet thou giv'st us, those
Which first we loved are taken:
In death their eyes must violets close
Before the rose can waken.

Ye woods, with ice-threads tingling late,
Where late was heard the robin,
Your chants that hour but antedate
When autumn winds are sobbing!

Ye gummy buds, in silken sheath
Hang back, content to glisten!
Hold in, O earth, thy charmed breath!
Thou air, be still, and listen!

MODEL LODGING-HOUSES IN BOSTON.

THE present sanitary condition of our great cities is a reproach to our intelligence not less than to our humanity. Our system of self-government, so far as regards the protection of the mass of the dwellers in cities from the worst physical evils, is now on trial. The tests to which it is exposed are severe. We may boast as we like of our national prosperity, of the rapidity of our material progress,—we may take pride in liberty, in wide extent of territory, in the welcome to our shores of the exiled and the poor of all other lands, or in whatsoever matter of self-gratulation we choose,—but by the side of all these satisfactions stands the fact, that in our chief cities the duration of life is diminishing and the suffering from disease increasing. The question inevitably arises, Is this a consequence of our political system? and if so, is political liberty worth having, are democratic principles worth establishing, if the price to be paid for them is increased insecurity of life and greater wretchedness among the poor? If the origin of these evils is to be found in the incompetency of the government or the inefficiency of individuals in a democracy, a remedy must be applied, or the whole system must be changed.

The intimate connection between physical misery and moral degradation is plain and generally acknowledged. We are startled from time to time at the rapid growth of crime in our cities; but it is the natural result of preëxisting physical evils. These evils have become more apparent during the last twenty years than before, and it has been the fashion to attribute their increase, with their frightful consequences, mainly to the enormous Irish immigration, which for a time crowded our streets with poor, foreign in origin, and degraded, not only by hereditary poverty, but by centuries of civil and religious oppression. This view is no doubt in part correct; but the larger share of

the evils in our cities is due to causes unconnected in any necessary relation with the immigration,—causes contemporaneous with it in their development, and brought into fuller action by it, rather than consequent upon it.

More than half the sickness and more than half the deaths in New York (and probably the same holds true of our other cities) are due to causes which may be prevented,—in other words, which are the result of individual or municipal neglect, of carelessness or indifference in regard to the known and established laws of life. More than half the children who are born in New York (and the proportion is over forty per cent. in Boston) die before they are five years old. Much is implied in these statements,—among other things, much criminal recklessness and wanton waste of the sources of wealth and strength in a state.

In Paris, in London, and in other European cities, the average mortality has been gradually diminishing during the last fifty years. In New York, on the contrary, it has increased with frightful rapidity; and in Boston, though the increase has not been so alarming, it has been steady and rapid.*

* The facts upon which these statements are based are recorded in the Report of the Sanitary Commission of Massachusetts, 1850,—in the Annual Reports of the Boston City Registrar,—in the Annual Reports of the New York Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor,—and in other public documents.

It appears that the ratio of deaths to population was,

In New York, in 1810,	1 in 46.46
“ 1840,	1 in 39.74
“ 1850,	1 in 33.52
“ 1857,	1 in 27.15

In Boston, in 1830,	1 in 48
“ 1840,	1 in 45
“ 1850,	1 in 38
“ 1858,	1 in 41

It is probable that the ratio for the year 1858 showed somewhat more improvement

But more and worse than this is the fact, that in these two cities the average duration of life (and this means the material prosperity of the people) has of late terribly decreased. While out of every hundred people more die than was the case ten, twenty, thirty years ago, those who die have lived a shorter time. Life is not now to be reckoned by its "threescore years and ten." Its average duration in Boston is little above twenty years; in New York it is less than twenty years.* Is the diminution of the length of life to go on from year to year?

This needless sacrifice and shortening of life, this accumulating amount of ill health, causes an annual loss, in each of our great cities, of productive capacity to the value of millions of dollars, as well as an unnatural expense of millions more. This is no figure of speech. The community is poorer by millions of dollars each year through the waste which it allows of health and life. Leaving out of view all humane considerations, all thought of the misery, social and moral, which accompanies this physical degradation, and looking simply at its economical effects, we find that it increases our taxes, diminishes our means of paying them, creates permanent public burdens, and lessens the value of property. An outlay of a million of dollars a year to reduce and to remove the causes of these evils would be

even than appears from the above figures. The proportion is based on the population as ascertained in 1855. Up to 1858, the population was somewhat, though not greatly, increased, and any increase would serve to render the proportion in 1858 more favorable to the health of the city. But it was a year in which the number of deaths was less than it had been since 1850; it was, therefore, an exceptional year; and the change in the ratio of the deaths is, we fear, not the sign of the beginning of a progressive improvement.

* In Boston, from 1810 to 1820, the average age of all that died was 27.85 years; in 1857, leaving deaths by casualty out of the calculation, it was but 20.63 years; in 1858, it was 21.76. In New York, from 1810 to 1820, it was 26.15; for the last ten years of which the statistics are known, it was less than 20.

the cheapest and most profitable expenditure of the public money by the municipal government. The principal would soon be returned to the general treasury with all arrears of interest.

The main causes of this great and growing misery are patent. The remedies for them are scarcely less plain. The chief sources of that disease and death which may be prevented by the action of the community are, first, the filthy and poisonous houses into which a large part of the people are crowded; second, the imperfect ventilation of portions of the city,—its narrow and dirty streets, lanes, and yards; and, third, the want of sufficient house and street drainage and sewerage. It is important to note in relation to these sources of evil, that, while the poverty of our poor is generally not such complete destitution as that of many of the poor in foreign cities, their average condition is worse. The increase of disease and mortality is a result not so much of poverty as of condition. "The pith and burden of the whole matter is, that the great mass of the poor are compelled to live in tenements that are unfit for human beings, and under circumstances in which it is impossible to preserve health and life."

To improve the dwellings of the poor, to make them decent and wholesome, is, then, the first step to be taken in checking the causes of preventable disease and death in our cities. This work implies, if it be done thoroughly, the securing of proper ventilation, sewerage, and drainage.

Most of the houses which the poor occupy are the property of persons who receive from them a rent very large in proportion to their value. No other class of houses gives, on an average, a larger return upon the capital invested in it. The rents which the poor pay, though paid in small sums, are usually enormous in comparison with the accommodation afforded. The houses are crowded from top to bottom. Many of them are built without reference to the comfort or health of their occupants, but with the sole object of getting the largest return for the smallest outlay. They are hotbeds of dis-

ease, and exposed to constant peril from fire. Now it seems plain that here is an occasion for the interposition of municipal authority. In spite of the jealousy (proper within certain limits) with which governmental interference with private property is regarded in this country, it is a manifest dereliction of duty on the part of our city authorities not to exercise a strict supervision over these houses. The interests which are chiefly affected by their condition are not private, but public interests. There are legal means for abating nuisances; and there is no reason why houses which affect the health of whole districts should not be treated in the same way as nuisances which are more obtrusive, though less pernicious. In some of the cities of Europe, in Nuremberg, for instance, there is a public architect, to whom all plans for new buildings are submitted for approval or rejection according as they correspond or not with the style of building suitable for the city. What is done abroad to secure the beauty of a city might well be done here to secure its health. Again, by legal enactment, we have prevented the overcrowding of our emigrant ships: the same thing should be done in our cities, to prevent the overcrowding of our tenement-houses. No house should be allowed to receive more than a fixed maximum of dwellers in proportion to its size and accommodations. These are simple propositions, but, if properly carried out by enactment, they would secure an incalculable good.*

* Since writing the preceding sentences, we have been gratified to see that a bill proposing the creation of a Metropolitan Board of Health has been introduced into the Legislature of New York. If the bill becomes a law, as we trust it may, the board will be invested with power "to enact ordinances for the proper government and control of buildings erecting or to be erected, . . . to compel the lessees or owners of dwellings to put the same in proper order, and to provide sufficient means of egress in case of fire." The New-York Evening Post of March 23, in giving an account of this bill, says,—and there is no exaggeration in its statements,—

"The nearly one million of souls of this great

Still, however much may be done by public authority, the condition of the

city are left to take care of themselves,—to be crowded mercilessly by landlords into houses without light, air, or water, and without means of egress in case of fire; and the street filth is allowed to accumulate till the city has become one great marsh or swamp, as deadly almost as the famous Pontine Marshes, to breathe whose exhalations is certain disease. All this results, as is proved by comparison with other cities, in the unnecessary loss of five thousand to eight thousand lives annually, and of many millions of dollars expended for unnecessary sickness, and the consequent loss of time and strength,—all of which might be saved, as they are actually saved in other and larger cities, by the application of sanitary laws by intelligent and efficient officers.

"And yet our Common Council are unmoved to apply the corrective, and the Legislature postpones action upon the numerous petitions of the people upon the subject. How long these bodies will be suffered to abuse the patience of our citizens we cannot tell; but the breaking out of a pestilence which shall sweep a thousand a week into the grave, and bring this city to financial ruin, will be but a natural issue of the present neglect. The Health Bill now before the Legislature has been prepared under the auspices of the Sanitary Association. Its provisions are sweeping; but the importance of the subject, the uniform filthy condition of our streets, and the wretched and unsafe condition of our tenement-houses imperatively demand changes of the most radical nature. The general provisions of the bill seem to cover the points most requiring legislation; and while in some of its details it could probably be improved, it is difficult to imagine that the present state of sanitary regulations could be made worse, and certain that the proposed reforms, if carried out, would be of great advantage."

In Massachusetts, statutes have existed for some years, giving to the Boards of Health of the different cities or towns powers of a similar nature to those granted by the bill proposed for New York, but of far too limited scope. By Chapter 26, § 11, of the General Statutes, which are to go into operation this year, the Boards of Health are authorized to remove the occupants of any tenement, occupied as a dwelling-place, which is unfit for the purpose, and a cause of nuisance or sickness either to the occupants or the public,—and may require the premises, previously to their reoccupation, to be properly cleansed at the expense of the owner. But the penalty for a violation of this article is too light, being a

dwellings of the poor must be determined chiefly by the interest and the legal responsibility of their individual owners. That men may be found willing to make fortunes for themselves by grinding the faces of the poor is certain; but there are, on the other hand, many who would be willing to use some portion, at least, of their means to provide suitable homes for the destitute, could they be assured of receiving a fair return upon the property invested. It has been a matter of doubt whether proper houses could be built for the dwellings of the lower classes, with all necessary accommodations for health and comfort, at such a cost that the rents could be kept as low as those paid for the common wretched tenements, and at the same time be sufficient to afford a reasonable interest upon the investment. Toward the solution of this doubt, an experiment which has been tried in Boston during the last five years has afforded important results.

In the spring of 1853, a number of gentlemen having subscribed a sufficient sum for the purpose of building a house or houses on the best plan, as *Model Dwellings for the Poor*, a society was formed, which, in the next year, received an act of incorporation from the Legislature under the style of "*The Model Lodging-House Association*." A suitable lot of land having been obtained upon favorable terms, at the corner of Pleasant Street and Osborn Place, the Directors

fine of not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars. To secure any essential good from this law, it must be energetically enforced, with a disregard of personal consequences, and an enlightened view of public and private rights and necessities, scarcely to be expected from Boards of Health as commonly constituted. We require a law upon this subject conveying far ampler powers, enforced by far heavier penalties. It should embrace oversight of the construction as well as of the condition of the dwellings of the poor. Until we obtain such a law, the community is bound to insist upon a rigid enforcement of the present imperfect statute.

[The bill above alluded to by our correspondent has since been rejected by the Legislature of New York.—EDS. ATLANTIC.]

of the Association proceeded to erect two brick houses, of different construction, each containing separate tenements for twenty families. The plans of the buildings were prepared with great care to secure the essentials of a healthy home, — pure air, pure water, efficient drainage, cleanliness, and light. In their details, strict regard was had to the most economical and best use of a limited space, and ample precautions were taken to reduce to its least the risk of fire. In each house, double staircases, continuous to the roof, (and in one of them of iron,) and two main exits were provided; and more recently, the two buildings, which are separated from each other by a passage-way some feet in width, have been connected by throwing an iron bridge from roof to roof, by which, in case of alarm in one of them, escape may be readily had through the other. Each house was, moreover, divided in the middle by a solid brick partition-wall.

The houses are five stories in height, not including the basement or cellar, with four tenements in each story. The reduced plans, on the opposite page, exhibit the general arrangements of the houses, and show the complete separation of each set of apartments from the others, each one opening by a single door upon the common stairs or passage. Their relation is scarcely closer than that of separate houses in a common continuous block. Each tenement, it will be observed, consists of a living-room, and two or three sleeping-rooms, according to the space, a wash-room, with sink and cupboards, and a water-closet. The stories are eight feet and six inches in height, which is ample for the necessities of ventilation. In one of the buildings, each tenement is provided with shafts for dust and offal, communicating with receptacles in the cellar. The roofs of both are fitted with conveniences for the drying of clothes, properly guarded; and in the cellars of both are closets, one for each tenement, to hold fuel or stores. In the basement of house No. 1 there are also two bathing-rooms, which have been found of great use.

It would be difficult, after some years' experience, to pronounce which of the two houses is the best fitted for its object. Their cost was nearly the same. The plan of No. 1 is original and ingenious; its large open central space is valuable for purposes of ventilation, and as affording opportunity for exercise under cover in stormy weather for infants and infirm people. This advantage is perhaps compensated for in the other house by the fact of each tenement reaching from back to front of the house, thus securing within itself the means of a thorough draught of fresh air. Both plans are excellent, and may be unqualifiedly recommended.

The houses were ready for occupation about the beginning of 1855, and since that time have been constantly full. The applicants for tenements, whenever one becomes vacant, are always numerous.

The cost of these two buildings was a little over \$18,000 each, exclusive of the cost of the land upon which they stand. The land cost about \$8,000; and the whole cost of the buildings, including some slight changes subsequent to their original erection, and of the lot on which they stand, would be more than covered by the sum of \$46,000.

The rents were fixed upon a scale varying with the amount of accommodation afforded by the separate tenements, and with their convenience of access. They run from \$2 to \$2.87 per week. By those familiar with the rents paid by the poor these sums will be seen to be not higher than are frequently paid for the most unhealthy and inconvenient lodgings. The total annual amount of rent received from each house is \$2,353, which, after paying taxes, water-rates, gas-bills, and all other expenses, including all repairs necessary to keep the building in good order, leaves a full six per cent. interest upon the sum invested.

A portion of the land purchased by the Association not having been occupied by the two houses already described, it was determined to erect a third house upon

it, of a somewhat superior character, for a class just above the line of actual poverty, but often forced by circumstances into unhealthy and uncomfortable homes. This was accordingly done, at a cost, including the land, of about \$26,000. The house, of which the plan is well worthy of imitation, contains a shop and nine tenements. These tenements, which form not only comfortable, but agreeable homes, are rented at from two to three hundred dollars a year, and the gross income derived from the building is about \$2,500.

During the five years since the first occupation of the houses no loss of rents has occurred. For the most part, the rent has been paid not only punctually, but with satisfaction, and the expressions which have been received of the content of the occupants of the tenements have been of the most gratifying sort. The houses, as we know from personal inspection, are now in a state of excellent repair, and show no signs of carelessness or neglect on the part of their occupants. Few private houses would have a fresher and neater aspect after so long occupancy. The tenants have been, with few exceptions, Americans by birth, and they have taken pains to keep up the character of their dwellings.

One of the Trustees of the Association, a gentleman to whose good judgment and constant oversight, as well as to his sympathetic kindness for the occupants of the houses and interest in their affairs, much of the success of this experiment is due, says, in a letter from which we are permitted to quote,—"From my experience in the management of this kind of property, I believe that it may in all cases with proper care be made *safe and permanent for investment*. But what I think better of is the good such houses do in elevating and making happier their tenants, and I much rejoice in having had an opportunity to test their usefulness."

As a comment upon these brief, but weighty sentences, we would beg any of our readers, who may have opportunity, to look for himself at the substantial and not unornamental buildings of the Asso-

ciation, with their showier front on Pleasant Street, and their imposing length and height of range along the side of Osborn Place,—to see them affording healthy and convenient homes to fifty families, many of whom, without some such provision, would be exposed to be forced into the wretched quarters too familiar to the poor,—and then to compare them with the common lodging-houses in any of the lower streets or alleys of Boston or New York.

A similar work to that performed by the Boston Association was undertaken shortly afterward by a society in New York, who in 1854-5 erected a building containing ninety tenements of three rooms each, under the name of "The Working-Men's Home." The cost of this enormous building, which was well designed, was about \$90,000. It is fifty-five feet in breadth by one hundred and ninety feet in length; it is nearly fire-proof, and is provided with double stairways. It has been occupied from the first by colored people, and we regret to learn that it has not proved a success, so far as regards the annual return upon the property invested. After paying the heavy city tax of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and the charges for gas and water, the sum remaining for an annual dividend is not more than four per cent.

This want of success is not, we believe, inherent in the plan itself, but is the result of a want of proper management and supervision. We learn that the tenants often leave without paying rent, and that the building is more or less injured by their neglect. The class of tenants has undoubtedly been of a lower grade than that which has occupied the Boston houses, and the habits of the blacks are far inferior to those of the white American poor in personal neatness and care of their dwellings. But we have no doubt, that, in spite of these drawbacks, a good revenue might be derived from the rents paid by this class of tenants. The success of the Boston experiment is due in considerable part to the employment by the Association of a paid

Superintendent, living with his family in one of the buildings, who has a general oversight of the houses, collects the rents, and determines the claims of occupants of the tenements. Such an officer is indispensable for the proper carrying on of any similar undertaking on so large a scale. We trust that no effort will be spared in New York to bring out more satisfactory results from this great establishment. Benevolence is one thing, and good investments another; but benevolence in this case does not do half its work, unless it can be proved to pay. It must be profitable, in order to be in the best sense a charity.

The effect which the Boston houses have already had, in proving that homes for the poor can be built on the best plan for the health and comfort of their inmates and at the same time be good investments of property, is manifest in many private undertakings. Several large houses have already been built upon similar plans; old lodging-houses have been in several instances remodelled and otherwise improved; blocks of small dwellings for one or two families have been erected with every convenience for the class who can afford to pay from three to six dollars a week for their accommodations. The example set by the Association promises to be widely followed.

Much, however, yet remains to be done, and associate or private energy is needed for the trial of new and not less important experiments than that already well performed. The means for some of them are at hand. It will be remembered that the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, to whose beneficence during his life the community was so largely indebted, and whose liberal deeds will long be remembered with gratitude, left by will the sum of \$50,000 to be held by Trustees for the erection of dwellings for the poor. This sum will in a short time be ready for employment for its designated purpose, and it may be hoped that those who control its disposal will not so much imitate the work already done as perform a work not yet accomplished, but not less essential. The hous-

es of the Association are, as we have stated, not occupied by the most destitute poor,—and it is for this lowest class that the most pressing need exists for an improvement in their habitations. If the cellar-dwelling poor can be provided with healthy homes, and these homes can be made to pay a fair rent, the worst evil in the condition of our cities will be in a way to be remedied. It is very desirable that a house should be erected in one of the crowded quarters of the city, and at a distance from the buildings of the Association, in which each room should be arranged for separate occupation. The rooms might be of different sizes upon the different floors, to accommodate single men who require only a lodging-place, or a man and wife. Perhaps on one floor rooms should be made with means of opening into each other, to supply the need of those who might require more than one of them. The house should be heated throughout by furnaces, to save the necessity of fires in the rooms; and

as no private meals could be cooked in the house, an eating-room, where meals could be had or provisions purchased ready for eating, should form part of the arrangements of the house in the lower story. There can be no doubt that such a house would be at once filled,—and but little, that, if properly built and managed, under efficient superintendence it would pay well, at the lowest rates of rent. Even with a possibility of its failing to return a net annual income of six per cent. upon its cost, it is an experiment that ought to be tried,—and we earnestly hope that the Trustees of Mr. Lawrence's bequest will not hesitate to make it. Putting out of question all considerations of profitable investment, it would be, as a pure charity, one of the best works that could be performed.

We must restore health to our cities, and, to accomplish this end, we must provide fit homes for the poor. The way in which this may be done has been shown.

A SHORT CAMPAIGN ON THE HUDSON.

THE campaigner marched out of a lawyer's office in Nassau Street, New York.

"Shyster," said our old man, as he called me into his own den, or rather lair,—(for den, I take it, is the private residence of a beast of prey, and lair his place of business. I do not think that this definition is mine, but I forget to whom it belongs.)—"I suppose you would not dislike a trip into the country? Very well. These papers must be explained to General Van Bummel, and signed by him. He lives at Thunderkill, on the Hudson. Take the ten-o'clock train, and get back as soon as you can. Charge your expenses to the office."

"What luck!" thought I, as I dashed

down-stairs into the street,—determined to obey his last injunction to the letter, whatever course I might think fit to adopt about the one preceding it. No one who has not been an attorney's clerk at three dollars a week, copying declarations and answers from nine A. M. to six P. M., in a dusty, inky, uncarpeted room, with windows unwashed since the last lease expired, can form a correct notion of the exhilaration of my mind when I took my seat in the railroad-car. The great Van Bummel himself never felt bigger nor better.

It was in that loveliest season of the year, the Indian summer,—a week or ten days of atmospheric perfection which the clerk of the weather allows us as a

compensation for our biting winter and rheumatic spring. The veiled rays of the sun and the soft shadows produce the effect of a golden moonlight, and make even Nature's shabbiest corners attractive. To be out-of-doors with nothing to do, and nothing to think of but the mere pleasure of existence, is happiness enough at such times. But I was looking at a river panorama which is one of Nature's best efforts, I have heard; and on that morning it seemed to me impossible that the world could show anything grander.

It was very calm. The broad glittering surface of the river showed here and there a slight ripple, when some breath of air touched it for a moment; but wind there was none,—only a few idle breezes lounging about, waiting for orders to join old Boreas in his next autumnal effort to crack his cheeks. The bright-colored trees glowed on the mountain-sides like beds of living coals.

"How the deuce," thought I, as I stared at them, "can a discerning public be satisfied with Cole's pictures of 'American Scenery in the Fall of the Year'? You see on his canvas, to be sure, red, green, orange, and so on, the peculiar tints of the leaves; but Nature does more (and Cole does not): she blends the variegated hues into one bright mass of bewitching color by the magic of this soft, golden, hazy sunshine. I wish, too, that the great company of story-tellers would let scenery rest in peace. The charm of a landscape is entireness, unity; it strikes the eye at once and as a whole. Examination of the component parts is quite a different thing. Who can build up a view in his mind by piling up details like bricks upon one another? Most people, I suspect, will find, as I do, that, no matter what author they may be reading, the same picture always presents itself. A vague outline of some view they have seen arises in the memory,—like the forest scene in a scantily furnished theatre, which comes on for every play. The naked woods, trees, rocks, lake, river, mountain, would have done the business just as well, and saved a deal of writing

and of printing. The most successful artist in this line I know of is Michael Scott, whose tropical sketches in 'Tom Cringle's Log' are unequalled by any landscape-painter, past or present, who uses pen and ink instead of canvas and colors."

My trance was broken by the voice of the brakeman shouting, "Thunderkill," into the car, as the train drew up at a wooden station-house. Jumping out, I asked the way to General Van Bummel's. A man with a whip in his hand offered his services as guide and common carrier. I determined to experience a new sensation,—for once in my life to anathematize expenditure, and charge it to the office. So, climbing into a kind of leathern tent upon wheels, I was soon on my way to the leaguer of the General. A drive of a mile brought us to two stout stone gateposts, surmounted each by a cannon-ball, which marked Van Bummel's boundary. We turned into a lane shut in by trees. While busily taking an inventory of the General's landed possessions for future use, my attention was drawn off by loud shouts, the sound of the gallop of horses and the rattling of wheels. Imagining at once that the General's family-pair must be running away with his family-coach, I eagerly urged my driver to push on; but the cold-hearted wretch only laughed and said he "guessed there was nothing particular the matter." At last, we *debouched* (excuse the word; I have not yet got the military taste out of my mouth) upon a lawn, across which a pair of large bay horses, ridden postilion-fashion by one man, were dragging a brass six-pounder, upon which sat another in full uniform.

"What the Devil is that?" said I.

"That's the General and his coachman a-having a training," answered my driver.

As he spoke, the officer shouted, "Halt!"

Coachy pulled up.

"Unlimber!" thundered the chief; and, aided by his man, obeyed his own orders.

"Load!" and "Fire!" followed in rapid succession.

I saw and smelt that they used real powder. This over, the horses were made fast again, John bestrode his nag, the General clambered on to his brazen seat, and down they came at a tearing pace directly towards us. Luckily I had read "Charles O'Malley," and knew how to behave in such cases. I jumped from the wagon, and, tying my handkerchief to the ferule of my umbrella, advanced, waving it and shouting, "A flag of truce!" The General ordered a halt and despatched himself to the flag. As he approached, I beheld a stout, middle-aged, good-natured looking man, dressed in the graceless costume of Uncle Sam's army; but I must say that he wore it with more grace than most of the Regulars I have seen. Our soldiers look unbecomingly in their clothes,—there is no denying it,—a good deal like *sups* in a procession at the Bowery. A New-York policeman sports pretty much the same dress in much better style. You hardly ever see an officer or private, least of all the officer, with the *air militaire*. I also noticed with pleasure that the General had not on his head that melodramatic black felt, feather-bedecked hat, which some fantastic Secretary of War must have imagined in a dream, after seeing "Fra Diavolo" at the opera, or Wallack in Massaroni. In place of this abomination, a cap covered with glazed leather surmounted his martial brow. When we met, I lowered my umbrella and offered my card, with the office pasteboard. He took them with great gravity, read the names, and requested me to fall back to the rear and await orders. Then rejoining his gun, he was driven slowly towards the house,—my peaceful *ambulance* following at a respectful distance. When I reached the door, the six-pounder had disappeared behind a clump of evergreens, and the General stood waiting to receive me. His manner was affable.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Shyster? Glad to see you, Sir. Walk into the library, Sir."

I complied, and while the General was absent, engaged in carrying out some

hospitable suggestions for my refreshment, I examined the room. It was large, and handsomely furnished. I looked into the bookcases: the shelves were filled with works on War, from Caesar's Commentaries down to Louis Napoleon on Rifled Cannon. In one corner stood a suit of armor; in another a stand of firearms; between them a star of bayonets. On the mantelpiece I perceived a model of a small field-piece in brass and oak, and, what interested me more, a cigar-box. I raised the lid; the box was half full of highly creditable-looking cigars. My soul expanded with the thought of a probable offer of at least one.

"None of your Flor de Connecticuts," I thought, "from the Vuelta Abajo of New-Windsor, but the genuine Simon Puros."

A second glance at the inside of the lid caused grave doubts to depress my spirits. I beheld there, in place of the usual ill-executed lithograph with its *fábricas* and its *calles*, three small portraits. The middle one was the General in full uniform; I recognized him easily; the other two were no doubt his aides-de-camp;—all evidently photographs; they were so ugly. I dropped the lid in disappointment, and turned to the side-table. On it lay a handsome sword in an open box lined with silk. Over it hung, framed and glazed, the speech of the committee appointed by his fellow-soldiers of the county to present the sword to the General, together with the General's "neat and appropriate" answer and acceptance.

I began to be a little astonished. I certainly did not expect anything of this sort. Our old man called him General, to be sure; but General means nothing, in the rural districts, but a certain amount of wealth and respectability. It has taken the place of Squire. But here was I with a man who took his title *au sérieux*. What with the uniform, the cannon, and the coachman, I began to feel like an ambassador to a potentate with a standing army.

Here the General reappeared, bearing

in his august hands a decanter and a pitcher. After due refreshment, I produced my papers, made the necessary explanations, and executed my commission so much to his satisfaction that he invited me cordially to dine and spend the night, instead of taking the evening-train down. I accepted, of course,—such chances seldom fell into my way,—and was shown into a nice little bedroom, in which I was expected to dress for dinner. Dress, indeed! I had on my best, and did not come to stay. Novel-heroes manage to remain weeks without apparent luggage; but a modern attorney's clerk, however moderate may be his toilette-tackle, finds it inconvenient to be separated from it. However, I did what I could,—washed my hands, settled the bow of my neck-tie, smoothed my hair with my fingers, and thought, as I descended to the drawing-room, of the travelling Frenchman, who, after a night spent in a diligence, wiped out his eyes with his handkerchief, put on a paper false collar, and exclaimed,—“*Me voici propre!*”

The General, in a fatigue-dress, presented me to Mrs. Van Bummel, a good-looking woman of pleasant dimensions,—to Miss Bellona Van Bummel, who evidently thought me beneath her notice,—and to the Reverend Moses Wether, whose mild face, white cravat, and straight-cut collar proclaimed him. As I came in, his Reverence attempted to slip meekly out, but was stopped energetically by the General.

“How is this? Mr. Wether, you know you cannot leave, Sir.”

“But, my dear General, I only dropped in for a few moments; and really I have so much to do!”

“I am sorry, Sir,” rejoined the General, sternly, “but you cannot be excused. You accepted the position of Chaplain to the Regiment. You neglected to attend the last two reviews. You were condemned by a Court Martial, over which I presided, to twenty-four hours’ arrest, which you must now submit to.”

“But, my dear General,” feebly expostulated the man of prayer, “you know I

thought the nomination a mere pleasant-ry; I had no idea you were serious, or I should never have listened to the proposition.”

“Can’t help that, Sir. You accepted the commission, you neglected your duty, and you must take the consequences.”

Just then, as the poor perplexed parson was about to make another attempt for liberty, a side-door swung open; a well-built, comely servant-girl, dressed like Jenny Lind in the “*Fille du Régiment*,” appeared. Bringing the back of her hand to her forehead, she said,—

“General, dinner is ready.”

Van Bummel muttered something about “joining our mess,” and led the way to the banqueting-hall. I was too hungry to be particular about names, and did ample justice to an excellent spread and well-selected tap,—carefully avoiding eating with my knife or putting salt upon the table-cloth, which I had often heard was never done by the aristocracy. As I kept my eyes upon the others and imitated them to the best of my ability, I hope I did not disgrace Nassau Street.

The evening passed quickly and agreeably. I played chess with the reverend prisoner. The man of war read steadily in a folio history of Marlborough’s campaigns, making occasional references to maps and plans. As the clock struck nine, an explosion on the lawn made the windows rattle again. I jumped to my feet, but, seeing that the rest of the company looked surprised at my vivacity, I sat down, guessing that the six-pounder and the coachman had something to do with it.

“Don’t be alarmed, Sir,” said the General, “it’s only gun-fire. We retire about this time.”

I took the hint, requested to be shown to my room, undressed, jumped into a camp bedstead, and tried to sleep. Impossible!—the novelty of my day’s experiences, the beauty of the night, (for the full moon was shining into the windows,) or perhaps a cup of strong coffee I had swallowed without milk after dinner because the others took it, kept me awake.

Finding sleep out of the question, I got up and dressed myself. My chamber was on the ground-floor, and opened upon the lawn. I stepped quietly out into the hazy moonlight, lighted a cigar, and walked towards the river. It was a remarkably fine evening, certainly, but a very damp one. Heavy dew dripped from the trees. I found, as my weed grew shorter, that my fondness for the romantic in Nature waned, and slowly retraced my steps to the house, muttering to myself some of Edgar Poe's ghostly lines:—

"I stand beneath the mystic moon;
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain-top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley."

I was about entering, when a figure advanced suddenly from behind a pillar of the veranda, holding a something in its hand which glittered in the moonlight, and which rattled as it dropped from the perpendicular to the horizontal, pointing at me.

"Who goes there?" said the apparition, in a hoarse voice. "Stand, and give the countersign!"

I recognized the voice of the soldier-servant of the morning. There he was again, that indefatigable coachman, doing duty as sentinel with a musket in his hands. Not knowing what else to say, I replied,—

"It is I, a friend!"

My good grammar was thrown away upon the brute.

"The countersign," he repeated.

"Pooh, pooh!" said I, "I do not know anything about the countersign. I am Mr. Shyster, who came up this morning, when you and the General were doing light-artillery practice on the lawn. Please let me go to my room."

But the brute stood immovable. As I advanced, I heard him cock his musket.

"Good God!" thought I, "this is no joke, after all. This stupid stable-man may have loaded his musket. What if it should go off? If I retreat, I must

camp out,—no joke at this season;—rheumatism and a loss of salary, to say the least. This will never do."

And I screamed,—

"General! General Van Bummel!"

"Silence! or I'll march you to the guard-house," thundered the sentinel.

Luckily the General lay, like Irene, "with casement open to the skies." He heard the noise. I recognized his martial tones. I hurriedly explained my situation. He gave me the word; it was Eugene; countersign, Marlborough. This satisfied the Coach-Cerberus, and I passed into bed without further mishap.

The first sound I heard the next morning was the rat-tat-too of a drum. "There goes that d—d coachman again," I said to myself, and turned over for another nap; but a shrill bugle-call brought me to my seat.

Running to the window, I saw two men on horseback in dragoon equipments. The horses were the artillery-nags of yesterday; the riders, the General and his man-at-all-arms. Hurrying, on my clothes, I got out of doors in time to see them go at a gallop across the lawn, leap a low hedge at the end of the grass-plot, and disappear in the orchard. Thither I followed fast to see the sport. They reached the boundary-line of the Van-Bummel estate, wheeled, and turned back on a trot. When the General espied me, he waved his sabre and shouted, "Charge!" They galloped straight at me. I had barely time to dodge behind an apple-tree, when they passed like a whirlwind over the spot I had been standing on, and covered me with dirt from the heels of their horses. I walked back to the house, very much annoyed, as men are apt to be, when they think they have compromised their dignity a little by dodging to escape danger from another's mischief or folly. At breakfast, accordingly, I remonstrated with the chief; but he only laughed, and asked me why I did not form a hollow square and let the front rank kneel and fire.

"As soon as you have finished your coffee," he added, "I will take you into

the trenches, and there you will be out of danger."

I could not refuse. The trenches were at the bottom of the garden, near the entrance-drive. I had seen them yesterday, and in my ignorance thought of celery; now, I knew better. This morning, a tent was pitched a few yards from a long low wall of sods; and between the tent and the sods there was a small trench, about large enough to hold draining-tiles. Pointing to the wall, the general said, —

"There is Sebastopol," (pronouncing it correctly, accent on the *to*;) "and here," turning to the tent, "are my head-quarters. My sappers have just established a mine under the Quarantine Battery. In a few moments I shall blow it up, and storm the breach, if we make a practicable one."

Here the Protean coachman made his appearance with a leather apron and a broad-axe. He signified that all was

ready. A lucifer was rubbed upon a stone, the train ignited, bang went the mine, and over went we all three, prostrated by a shower of turf and mud. The mine had exploded backward, and had annihilated the storming party. Fortunately, the General had economized in powder. Gradually we picked ourselves up, considerably bewildered, but not much hurt. Van Bummel attempted to explain; but I had had enough of war's alarms, and yearned for the safety and peace of Nassau Street. So I bade the warrior good-morning, and took the first down-train, *multa mecum volvens*: "making a revolver of my mind," Van Bummel would have translated it. I knew that our soil produced more soldiers even than France, the fertile mother of red-legged heroes; but I did not expect, in the Nineteenth Century and in the State of New York, to have beheld an avatar of the God Mars.

THINE.

THE tide will ebb at day's decline :

Ich bin dein !

Impatient for the open sea,

At anchor rocks the tossing ship,

The ship which only waits for thee ;

Yet with no tremble of the lip

I say again, thy hand in mine,

Ich bin dein !

I shall not weep, or grieve, or pine .

Ich bin dein !

Go, lave once more thy restless hands

Afar within the azure sea,—

Traverse Arabia's scorching sands,—

Fly where no thought can follow thee,

O'er desert waste and billowy brine :

Ich bin dein !

Dream on the slopes of Apennine :

Ich bin dein !

Stand where the glaciers freeze and frown,

Where Alpine torrents flash and foam,

Or watch the loving sun go down
 Behind the purple hills of Rome,
 Leaving a twilight half divine :

Ich bin dein !

Thy steps may fall beside the Rhine :

Ich bin dein !

Slumber may kiss thy drooping lids

Amid the mazes of the Nile,

The shadow of the Pyramids

May cool thy feet,—yet all the while,

Though storms may beat, or stars may shine,

Ich bin dein !

Where smile the hills of Palestine,

Ich bin dein !

Where rise the mosques and minarets,—

Where every breath brings flowery balms,—

Where souls forget their dark regrets

Beneath the strange, mysterious palms,—

Where the banana builds her shrine,—

Ich bin dein !

Too many clusters break the vine :

Ich bin dein !

The tree whose strength and life outpour

In one exultant blossom-gush

Must flowerless be forevermore :

We walk *this* way but once, friend ;—hush !

Our feet have left no trodden line :

Ich bin dein !

Who heaps his goblet wastes his wine :

Ich bin dein !

The boat is moving from the land ;—

I have no chiding and no tears ;—

Now give me back my empty hand

To battle with the cruel years,—

Behold, the triumph shall be mine !

Ich bin dein !

THE REPRESENTATIVE ART.

No art is worth anything that does not embody an idea,—that is not representative: otherwise, it is like a body without a soul, or the image of some divinity that never had existence. Art needs, indeed, to be individualized, to betray the characteristics of the artist, to be himself infused into his work; but more than this, it needs to typify, to illustrate the character of the age,—to be of a piece with other expressions of the sentiment that animates other men at the time. It must be one note in the concert, and that not discordant,—neither behind time nor ahead of it,—neither in the wrong key nor the other mode: you don't want Verdi in one of Beethoven's symphonies; you don't want Mozart in Rossini's operas. No art ever has lived that was not the genuine product of the era in which it appeared; no art ever can live that is not such a product: it may, perchance, have a temporary or fictitious success, but it can neither really and truly exert an influence at the moment of its highest triumph, nor afterwards remain a power among men, unless it reflect the spirit of the epoch, unless it show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.

All greatness consists in this: in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result, of the influences of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking to history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around

it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside,—the thoughts, if not the actions of men,—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes. You may discuss the Greek republics in the spirit of the modern one; you may sing idyls of King Arthur in the very mood of the nineteenth century. Art, too, will be seen always to have felt this necessity, to have submitted to this law. The great dramatists of Greece, like those of England, all flourished in a single period, blossomed in one soil; the sculptures of antiquity represented the classic spirit, and have never been equalled since, because they were the legitimate product of that classic spirit. You cannot have another Phidias till man again believes in Jupiter. The Gothic architecture, how meanly is it imitated now! What cathedrals built in this century rival those of Milan or Strasbourg or Notre Dame? Ah! there is no such Catholicism to inspire the builders; the very men who reared them would not be architects, if they lived to-day. And the Italian painters, the Angelos and Raphaels and Da Vincis and Titians, who were geniuses of such universal power that they builded and carved and went on embassies and worked in mathematics only with less splendid success than they painted,—they painted because the age demanded it; they painted as the age demanded; they were religious, yet sensuous, like their nation; they felt the influence of the Italian sun and soil. Their faith and their history were compressed into *The Last Judgment* and the *Cartoons*; their passion as well as their power may be recognized in *The Last Supper* and *The Venus of the Bath*.

There is always a necessity for this expression of the character of the age. This spirit of our age, this mixed materialistic and imaginative spirit,—this that abroad prompts Russian and Italian wars, and at

home discovers California mines,—that realizes gorgeous dreams of hidden gold, and Napoleonic ideas of almost universal sway,—that bridges Niagara, and underlays the sea with wire, and, forgetful of the Titan fate, essays to penetrate the clouds,—this spirit, so practical that those who choose to look on one side only of the shield can see only perjured monarchs trampling on deceived or decaying peoples, and backwoodsmen hewing forests, and begrimed laborers setting up telegraph-poles or working at printing-presses,—this spirit also so full of imagination,—which has produced an outburst of music (that most intangible and subtle and imaginative of arts) such as the earth never heard before,—which is developing in the splendid, showy life, in the reviving taste for pageantry that some supposed extinct, in the hurried, crowded incidents that will fill up the historic page that treats of the nineteenth century,—this spirit is sure to get expression in art.

The American people, cosmopolitan, concrete, the union, the result rather of a union of so many nationalities, ought surely to do its share towards this expression. The American people surely represents the century,—has much of its spirit: is full of unrest; is eminently practical, but practical only in embodying poetical or lofty ideas; is demonstrative and excitable; resembles the French much and in many things,—the French, who are at the head of modern and European civilization,—who think and feel deeply, but do not keep their feelings hidden. The Americans, too, like expression: when they admire a Kossuth or a Jenny Lind, a patriot exile or a foreign singer, all the world is sure to know of their admiration; when they are delighted at some great achievement in science, like the laying of an Atlantic Cable, they demonstrate their delight. They make their successful generals Presidents; they give dinners to Morphy and banquets to Cyrus Field. They are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age. Therefore they are artistic.

How amazed some will be at the proposition,—amazed that the age should be called an artistic one,—amazed that Americans should be considered an artistic nation! Yet art is only the expression in outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace,—the sacrament of the imagination. Art is an incarnation in colors or stone or music or words of some subtle essence which requires the embodiment. We all have delicate fancies, lofty imaginings, profound sentiments; the artist expresses them for us. If, then, this age be one that requires expression for its ideas, that is practical, that insists on accomplishing its designs, on creating its children, on producing its results, it is an artistic age. For art works; a poet is a maker, according to the Greeks: and all artists are poets; they all produce; they all do; they all make. They do just what all the practical men of this practical age are doing, what even the Gradgrinds are doing: they embody ideas; they put thoughts into facts. A quiet, contemplative age is not an artistic one; art has ever flourished in stirring times: Grecian wars and Guelphic strife have been its fostering influences. An artist is very far from being an idle dreamer; he works as hard as the merchant or the mechanic,—works, too, physically as well as mentally, with his hand as well as his head.

This is all statement: let us have some facts; let us embody our ideas. Do you not call Meyerbeer, with his years of study and effort and application, a worker? Do you not call Verdi, who has produced thirty operas, a worker? Do you not imagine that Turner labored on his splendid pictures? Do you not know how Crawford toiled and spun away his nerves and brain? Have you not heard of the incessant and tremendous attention that for many months Church bestowed on the canvas that of late attracted the admiration of English critics and their Queen? Was Rachel idle? Have these artists not spent the substance of themselves as truly as any of your politicians or your soldiers or

your traders? Can you not trace in them the same energy, the same effort, the same determination as in Louis Napoleon, as in Zachary Taylor, as in Stephen Girard? Are not they also representative?

And their works,—for by these shall ye know them,—do they reflect in nothing this fitful, uneasy, yet splendid intensity of to-day? Can you not read in the colors on Turner's canvas, can you not see in the rush of Church's Niagara, can you not hear in the strains of the Traviata, can you not perceive in the tones and looks of Ristori, just what you find in the successful men in other spheres of life? Rothschild's fortune speaks no more plainly than the Robert le Diable; George Sand's novels and Carlyle's histories tell the same story as Kossuth's eloquence and Garibaldi's deeds. The artists are as alive to-day as any in the world. For, again and again, art is not an outside thing; its professors, its lovers, are not placed outside the world; they are in it and of it as absolutely as the rest. You who think otherwise, remember that Verdi's name six months ago was the watchword of the Italian revolutionists; remember that certain operas are forbidden now to be played in Naples, lest they should arouse the countrymen of Masaniello; remember, or learn, if you did not know, how in New York, last June, all the singers in town offered their services for a benefit to the Italian cause, and all the *habitués*, late though the season was, crowded to their places to see an opera whose attractiveness had been worn out and whose novelty was nearly gone. You who think that art is an interest unworthy of men who live in the world, that it is a thing apart, what say you to the French, the most actual, the most practical, the most worldly of peoples, and yet the fondest of art in all its phases,—the French, who remembered the statues in the Tuileries amid the massacres of the First Revolution, and spared the architecture of antiquity when they bombarded the city of the Cæsars?

Consider, too, the growing love for art

in practical America; remark the crowds of newly rich who deck their houses with pictures and busts, even though they cannot always appreciate them; remember that nearly every prominent town in the country has its theatre; that the opera, the most refined luxury of European civilization, considered for long an affectation beyond every other, is relished here as decidedly as in Italy or France. In New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New Orleans, there are buildings exclusively appropriated to this new form of art, this exotic, expensive amusement. These opera-houses, too, illustrate most aptly the progress of other arts. They are adorned with painting and gilding and carving; they are as sumptuous in accommodation as the palaces of European potentates; they are lighted with a brilliancy that Aladdin's garden never rivalled; they are thronged with crowds as gayly dressed as those that fill the saloons of Parisian belles; and the singers and actors who interpret the thoughts of mighty foreign masters are the same who delight the Emperor of the French when he pays a visit to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Orchestras of many instruments discourse most eloquent music, and involuted strains are criticized in learned style, in capitals thousands of miles from the seashore. And there is no appreciation of art in all this! there is no embodiment of the love of the age for material magnificence, there is no poetry incarnated into form, in this combination of splendors rivalling the opium-eater's visions! The Americans are a dull, stupid people, immersed in business; art has no effect upon them; it is despised among them; it can never prosper here!

The stage, indeed, in its various forms, seems more fully to manifest and illustrate the artistic influence among Americans than any other art. It often addresses those whom more refined solicitations might never reach. Those who would turn from Church's or Page's pictures with indifference are frequently attracted by the representations in a theatre. The pictures there are more alive,

more real, more intense, and fascinate many unable to appreciate the recondite charms of the canvas. The grace of attitude, the splendid expression, the intellectual art of Ristori or Rachel may impress those who fail to discover the same merits in colder stone, in Crawford's marble or the statues of Palmer; and they may sometimes learn to relish even the delicate beauties of Shakspeare's text, from hearing it fitly declaimed, who would never spell out its meaning by themselves. The drama is certainly superior to other arts while its reign lasts, because of its veriness, its actuality. He must be dull of imagination, indeed, who cannot give himself up for a while to its illusions; he must be stupid who cannot open his senses to its delights or waken his intellect to receive its influences.

Neither can a taste for the stage be declared one which only the ignorant or vulgar share. Though away in the wilds of California a theatre was often erected next after a hotel, the second building in a town, and the strolling player would summon the miners by his trumpet when not one was in sight, and instantly a swarm peeped forth from the earth, like the armed men who sprang from the furrows that Cadmus ploughed,—though the wildest and rudest of Western cities and the wildest and rudest inhabitants of Western towns are quick to acknowledge the charms of the stage,—yet also the most highly cultured and the most intellectual Americans pay the same tribute to this art. We have all seen, within a few years, one of the most profound scholars and most prominent divines in the country proclaiming his approbation of the drama. We may find, to-day, in any Eastern city, members of the liberal clergy at an opera, and sometimes at a play. The scholars, and writers and artists and thinkers, as well as the people of leisure and of fashion, frequent places of amusement, not only for amusement, but to cultivate their tastes, to exercise their intellects, ay, and oftentimes to refine their hearts. The splendid homage paid in England not long ago to the drama,

when the highest nobility and the first statesmen in the land were present at a banquet in honor of Charles Kean, is evidence enough that no puerile or uncultivated taste is this which relishes the theatre. Goethe presiding over the playhouse at Weimar, Euripides and Sophocles writing tragedies, the greatest genius of the English language acting in his own productions at the Globe Theatre, people like Siddons and Kean and Cushman and Macready illustrating this art with the resources of their fine intellects and great attainments,—surely these need scarcely be mentioned, to relieve the drama from the reproach that some would put upon it, of puerility.

New York is, perhaps, more of a representative city than any other in the land. It is an aggregation from all the other portions of the country; it is the result, the precipitate, of the whole. It has no distinctive, individual character of its own; it is a condensation of all the rest, a focus. Thither all the country goes at times. Restless, fitful, changing, yet still the same in its change; like the waves of the sea, that toss and roll and move away, and still the mighty mass is ever there. New York, in its various phases and developments, its crowded and cosmopolitan population, its out-door kaleidoscopic splendor, is indeed a representative of the entire country. It has not the purely literary life of Boston, nor so distinctive an intellectual character; it is not so stamped by the impress of olden times as Philadelphia; but it has an outside garb significant of the inward nature. It is like the face of a great actor, splendid in expression, full of character, changing with a thousand changing emotions, but betraying a great soul beneath them all. New York is artistic just as America is artistic, just as the age is artistic: not, perhaps, in the loftiest or most refined sense, but in the sense that art is an expression, in tangible form, of ideas. New York is a great thought uttered. It is like those fruits or seeds which germinate by turning themselves inside out; the soul is on the outside,

crusted all over it, but none the less soul for all that.

And New York illustrates this idea of the drama being the representative art of to-day. The theatre there, including the opera, is a great established fact,—as important nearly as it was in the palmiest days of the Athenian republic, or on the road to be of as much consequence as it is in Paris, the representative city of the world. Fifty thousand people nightly crowd twenty different theatres in New York. From the splendid halls where Grisi and Gazzaniga and La Borde and La Grange have by turns translated into sound the ideas of Meyerbeer and Bellini and Donizetti and Mozart, to the little rooms where sixpenny tickets procure lager-beer as well as music for the purchaser, the drama is worshipped. And this not only by New-Yorkers: not only do those who lead the busy, excited life of the metropolis acquire a taste, as some might say, for a factitious excitement, but all strangers hasten to the theatres. The sober farmer, the citizens from plodding interior towns, the gay Southerners, accustomed almost exclusively to social amusements, the denizens of rival Bostons and Philadelphias, all frequent the operas and playhouses of New York. When the richer portion of its inhabitants have left the hot and sultry town, or, in mid-winter, are immersed in the more exclusive pleasures of fashionable life, even then the theatres are thronged; and in September and October you shall find all parts of the country represented in their boxes and parquets,—proving that this is not an exclusively metropolitan taste, that it is shared by the whole nation, that in this also New York is truly representative.

Boston typifies a peculiar phase of American life; it is the illustration, the exponent, of the cultivated side of our nationality; its thought, its action, its character are taken abroad as symbols of the national thought and action and character, in whatever relates to literature or art. The Professor said truly, Boston does really in some sort stand

for the brain of America. Well the brain of America appreciates the stage. It is but a few months since the culture and distinction of Boston nightly crowded a small and inferior theatre, to witness the personations of the young genius who is destined at no distant day to rival the proudest names of the drama. The most brilliant successes Edwin Booth has yet achieved have been achieved in Boston; scholars and wits and poets and professors crowd the boxes when he plays; women of talent write poems in his praise and publish them in the "*Atlantic Monthly*"; professors of Harvard College send him congratulatory letters; artists paint and carve his intellectual beauty; and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits. Boston recognized those merits, too, when they were first presented to its appreciation; and now that they verge nearer upon maturity, her appreciation is quickened and her applause redoubled. It cannot be said that the taste or culture of the nation is indifferent to his- trionic excellence, when absolute excellence is found.

No other art is yet on such a footing among us. Neither is this because of our partially developed civilization. It is equally so abroad; where the nations are oldest and best established in culture, there, too, a similar state of things exists. No school in painting, no style of sculpture, no kind of architecture has made such an impression on the age as its music, as its dramatic music, its opera. This speaks to all nations, in all languages. No writer, though he write like Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Lamartine, or Duvellant, can hope for such an audience as Verdi or Meyerbeer. No orator speaks to such crowds as Rossini; no Everett or Kossuth, or Gavazzi or Spurgeon, has so many listeners as Donizetti. For the stage is the art of to-day,—perhaps more especially, but still not exclusively, the operatic stage; the theatre in its various forms represents the feeling of the time so as Grecian and Gothic architecture and Italian painting have in

their time done for their time,—so as no pictures, no architecture, no statuary can now do. Painting and statuary, when they do anything towards representing this age, incarnate the dramatic spirit; the literature that has most influence to-day is journalism,—the effective, present, actual, short-lived, dramatic newspaper, where all the actors speak for themselves: other literature has its listeners, but it lags behind; other art has its appreciators, but it cannot keep pace with the march of armies, with the rush to California, with the swarm to Australia; there is no art on these outskirts but the dramatic. That travels with the advancing mass in every exodus; that went with Dr. Kane to the North Pole (he had private theatricals aboard the *Resolute*); that alone gave utterance immediately to the latest cry of humanity in the Italian War.

Neither can it be said that the theatre has no more consequence now than it has always enjoyed. At the time when Gothic architects and Italian painters expressed the meaning of their own ages, there was nothing like a real drama in existence, and the Roman theatre was never comparable with ours. The Greeks, indeed, had a stage which was an important element of their civilization, and which took the character of their time, giving and receiving influence; but their stage was essentially different from that of the moderns. Its success did not depend upon the individual performer; its pageantry was perhaps as splendid as what we now see; but the play of the countenance, that great intellectual opportunity offered an actor by our drama, was not known. In this see also a characteristic of the present age. Individuality is a distinctive peculiarity of the nineteenth century; it has been for centuries gradually becoming more possible; but every man now works his own way, acts himself, more completely than ever before. Therefore appropriate is it that the drama should give importance to the individual, and allow a great actor to incarnate and illustrate in his own form

and face feelings and passions that formerly were only hinted at; for remember that the Greek players usually wore masks, while their amphitheatres were so large that in any event the expression of the features was lost.

With this individuality, this opportunity for each to develop his own identity and intensity, the nineteenth century strangely combines another peculiarity, that of association. All these units, these atoms, so marvellously distinct, are incorporated into one grand whole; though each be more, by and of himself, than ever before, yet the great power, the great motor, is the mass. The mass is made powerful by the added importance given to each individual. And you may trace without conceit a state of things behind the scenes very similar to this in front of the footlights. In the theatre, also, the many workers contribute to a grand result. The manager would be as powerless in his little empire, without important assistants, as a monarch without ministers and people. What makes the French army and the American so irresistible is the thought that each private is more than a machine, is an intellectual being, understands what his general wants, fights with his bayonet at Solferino or his musket at Monterey on his own account, yet subject to the supreme control. And the theatre, with all its actors and scene-painters and costumers and carpenters and musicians, is only an army on a different scale. The forces of the stage answer to the generals and colonels, the marshals and privates, all marching and working and fighting for the same end. Those splendid dramatic triumphs of Charles Kean were only illustrations of the principle of association,—only illustrations of the readiness of the stage to adapt itself to the times, to seize hold of whatever is suggested by the outside world, to appropriate the discoveries of Layard and the revelations of Science to its own uses,—illustrations, too, of the importance of the individual Kean, as well as of the crowd of clever subordinates.

That the theatre feels this reflex influence, that it appreciates all that is going on around it, that it is not asleep, that it is penetrated with the spirit of the century, whether that spirit be good or evil, the selection of plays now popular is another proof. In France, where the success of the histrionic art now culminates, a contemporaneous drama is flourishing, the absolute society of the day is represented. That society has faults, and the stage mirrors them. "*La Dame aux Camélias*," "*Les Filles de Marbre*," "*Le Demi-Monde*" reflect exactly the peculiarities of the life they aim to imitate. And these very plays, whose influence is so often condemned, would never have had the popularity they have attained in nearly every city of the civilized world, had there not been Marguerite Gautiers and Traviatas outside of Paris as well as in it. Another attempt, perhaps not an entirely successful one, but still a significant at-

tempt, has been made in this country to produce a contemporaneous drama. "*Jessie Brown*" and "*The Poor of New York*," and other plays directly daguerreotyping ordinary incidents, at any rate show that the drama is an art that responds instantly to the pulses of the time.

But it is not necessary for the stage to daguerreotype; it mirrors more truly when it embodies the spirit. And never before was there an age whose spirit was more theatrical, in the best sense of the term; full of outside expression, but also full of inside feeling; working, accomplishing, putting into actual form its ideas; incarnating its passions; intellectual, yet passionate; lofty in imagination, yet practical in exemplification; showy, but significantly showy,—theatrical. An art, then, that is all this, surely expresses as no other art does or can the character of the nineteenth century,—surely is the representative art.

ROBA DI ROMA.

THE EVIL EYE AND OTHER SUPERSTITIONS.

I HAVE already, in a former article, spoken of some of the superstitions belonging to the Church which are prevalent in Italy; but there are other, and, so to speak, *lay* superstitions, which also claim a place,—and to them this chapter shall be dedicated.

It is dangerous ground, a twilight marsh, where the will-o'-wisps light us, over which I propose to lead you; and had I not armed myself with all sorts of amulets, I should shrink from the enterprise. But the famous weapon with which Luther drove away the Evil One is at my side, potent as evil, I hope, so long as a pen can be put into it,—and Saint Dunstan's friend is in the corner,

ready, at a pinch, for service; and having shut out all those spirits which so sorely tempted Saint Anthony, and locked my door to dark eyes and blue eyes and dark hair and blonde hair, I may hope to get through my dangerous chapter, and —

Strange fatality!—one of Saint Anthony's spirits tempts me from the other room, even at the moment I boast; but I resist,—manfully dipping my pen into Luther's stronghold,—and it vanishes, and leaves me face to face with—the Evil Eye. Yes! it is the Evil Eye, the *Jettatura* of Italy, that we are boldly to face for an hour.

This is one of the oldest and most interesting superstitions that have come down to us from the past; and as it still lives and flourishes in Italy with a

singular vitality and freshness, it may be worth while to trace it back to some of its early sources. Its birth-place was the East, where it existed in different forms amongst almost every people. Thence it was imported into Greece, where it was called *βασκανία*, and was adopted by the Romans under the name of *Fascinum*. Solomon himself alludes to it in the Book of Wisdom. Isigonius relates that among the Triballi and Illyrii there were men who by a glance fascinated and killed those whom they looked upon with angry eyes; and Nymphodorus asserts that there were fascinators whose voices had the power to destroy flocks, to blast trees, and to kill infants. In Scythia, also, according to Apollonides, there were women of this class, "*quæ vocantur Bithyæ*"; and Phylarchus says that in Pontus there was a tribe, called the Thibii, and many others, of the same nature and having the same powers. The testimony of Algazeli is to the same effect; and he adds, that these fascinators have a peculiar power over women. We have also the testimony of Aristotle, Pliny, and Plutarch, who all speak as believers, while Solinus enumerates certain families of fascinators who exerted their influence *voce et linguâ*, and Philostratus makes special mention of Apollonius Thyaneus as having been possessed of these wonderful powers. Indeed, nearly all the old writers agree in recognizing the existence of the faculty of fascination; and among the Romans it was so universally admitted, that in the "Decemvires Tabulæ" there was a law prohibiting the exercise of it under a capital penalty:—"Ne pellicuntur alienas segetes, excantando, ne incantando; ne agrum defraudando." Some juriconsults skilled in the ancient law say that boys are sometimes fascinated by the burning eyes of these infected men so as to lose all their health and strength. Pliny relates that one Caius Furius Cresinus, a freedman, having been very successful in cultivating his farms, became an object of envy, and was publicly accused of poisoning by arts of fascination his neigh-

bors' fruits; whereupon he brought into the Forum his daughter, ploughs, tools, and oxen, and, pointing to them, said,— "These which I have brought, and my labor, sweat, watching, and care, (which I cannot bring,) are all my arts." Let those who consider the moving of tables as wonderful listen to the surprising statement of Pliny as to an occurrence in his own time, when a whole olive-orchard belonging to a certain Vectius Marcellus, a Roman knight, crossed over the public way, and took its place, ground and all, on the other side.* This same fact is also alluded to by Virgil in his Eighth Eclogue, on *Pharmaceutria* (all of which, by the way, he stole from Theocritus):—

"Atque satas aliò vidi traducere messes."

"Now," says the worthy Vairus, who has written an elaborate treatise on this subject in Latin, well worthy to be examined, "let no man laugh at these stories as old wives' tales, (*aniles nugæ*), nor, because the reason passes our knowledge, let us turn them into ridicule, for infinite are the things which we cannot understand, (*infinita enim prope sunt quorum rationem adipisci nequimus*); but rather than turn all miracles out of Nature because we cannot understand them, let us make that fact the beginning and reason of investigation. For does not Solomon in his Book of Wisdom say, '*Fascinatio malignitatis obscurat bona*'? and does not Dominus Paulus cry out to the Galatians, '*O insensati Galatæ, quis vos fascinavit*'? which the best interpreters admit to refer to those whose burning eyes (*oculos urentes*) with a single look blast all persons, and especially boys."

It seems to have been a peculiarity in the superstitions as to the *fascinum*, that boys and women were specially susceptible to its influence; and in this respect, as well as in some of the symptoms of fascination, it bears a curious resemblance to the effects of modern witchcraft as practised in New England. Di-

* Plinii Nat. Hist. Lib. xvii. cap. 38.

onysius Carthusianus, speaking of the nomad tribes of the Biarmii and Amaxobii, who, according to him, were most skilful fascinators, says that they so affected persons with their curse that they lost their freedom of will and became insane and idiotic, and often wasted away in extreme leanness and corruption, and so perished: "*ut liberi non sint nec mentis compotes, sæpe ad extremam maciem deveniant, et tabescendo dispereant.*" Olaus Magnus agrees with him in these symptoms; and Hieronymus says, that, when infants suddenly grow lean, waste away, twist about as if in pain, and sometimes scream out and cry in a wonderful way, you may be certain that they have been fascinated. This, to be sure, looks mightily like a diagnosis for worms; but we would not measure our wits with the grave Hieronymus. Still, as an amulet against such fascination, "Jaynes's Vermifuge" might be suggested as efficient, or at least a grain or two of *Santonina*.

In Abyssinia, it is supposed that men who work in iron or pottery are peculiarly endowed with this fatal power of fascination, and in consequence of this prejudice they are expelled from society and even from the privilege of partaking of the holy sacrament. They are known by the name of *Buda*, and, though excluded from the more sacred rites of the Church, profess great respect for religion, and are surpassed by none in the strictness of their fasts. All convulsions and hysterical disorders are attributed to these unfortunate artificers; and they are also supposed to have the power of changing themselves into hyenas and other ravenous beasts. Nathaniel Pearce, the African traveller, relates that the Abyssinians are so fully convinced that these unhappy men are in the habit of rifling graves in their character of hyenas, that no one will venture to eat *quareter* or dried meat in their houses, nor any flesh, unless it be raw, or unless they have seen it killed. These Budas usually wear earrings of a peculiar shape, and Pearce states that he has frequently seen them

in the ears of hyenas that have been caught or trapped, and confesses, that, although he had taken considerable pains to investigate the subject, he had never been able to discover how these ornaments came there; and Mr. Coffin, his friend, relates a story of one of these transformations which took place under his own eyes.*

This is the old superstition of the were-wolf, which existed also among the Greeks and Romans. Those endowed with this power of transforming themselves into beasts were called *Versipelles*. Pliny makes mention of them, and cites from a Greek author the case of a man "who lived nine years in the shape of a wolf"; but, credulous as he is, he says that the superstition "is a fabulous opinion, not worthy of credit." For myself, I can say that I have known many men who were wolves; and we all remember what Queen Labe used to do with her lovers.

Fascination was of two kinds, moral and natural. Those in whom the power was moral could exert it only by the exercise of their will; but those in whom it was natural could but keep exercising it unconsciously. And these latter were the most terrible. It is generally explained by ancient writers as being a power of the spirit or imagination, (as they termed it,) exhibited in persons of a peculiar organization, and diffusing *radios salutares vel perniciosos*. Though the terms employed by them, as well as their notions of its origin, are very unphilosophical and vague, it is plain that they considered it as a species of mesmeric or biologic power, operating by ner-

* Herodotus makes the same statement as to the Buda. "They are said to be evil-minded and enchanters," he says, "that for a day every year change themselves into wolves. This the Scythians and Greeks who dwell there affirm with great oaths. But they do not persuade me of it." — Herod. Lib. iii. cap. 7.

See on this subject *Life and Adventures of Nathaniel Pearce, and Nubia and Abyssinia*, by Rev. Michael Russell. Petronius's story of a *Versipelles* is well known.

vous impression. The fascinator generally endeavored to provoke in his victims an excited and pleased attention, for in this condition they were peculiarly predisposed to his influence. And inasmuch as persons are thrown off their guard of reserve and attracted by praise, those who flattered excessively were looked upon with suspicion; and it was a universally recognized rule of good manners and morals, that every one in praising another should be careful not to do so immoderately, lest he should fascinate even against his will. Hieronymus Fracastorius, in his treatise "On Sympathy and Antipathy," thus states the fact and the philosophy,—and who shall dare gainsay the conclusions of one so learned in science, medicine, and astrology as this distinguished man?—"We read," he says, "that there were certain families in Crete who fascinated by praising, and this is doubtless quite possible. For as there exists in the nature of some persons a poison which is ejaculated through their eyes by evil spirits, there is no reason why infants and even grown persons should not be peculiarly injured by this fascination of praise. For praise creates a peculiar pleasure, and pleasure in turn, as we have already said, first dilates and opens the heart and then the spirit, and then the whole face and especially the eyes,—so that all these doors are opened to receive the poison which is ejaculated by the fascinator. Wherefore it is most proper, whenever we intend to praise a person, that we should warn him, and use some form to avert the ill effects of our words, as by saying, 'May it be of no injury to you!' There are, indeed, some, who, when they are praised, avert their faces, not to indicate that praise in itself is unpleasant, but to avoid fascination; it being thought that fascination is often effected by means of praise";* or in other words, the poison being given in the honey of flattery. Now in order to close

up this *dilatationem* or opening of the system, a *corona baccaris* was worn, which, by its odoriferous and constipating qualities, produced this effect, as Dioscorides assures us.* Virgil, in his Seventh Eclogue, alludes to the same antidote :—

"Aut si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare
frontem
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua fu-
turo."

Tertullian, in his work "De Virginibus Velandis," states the same fact as Fracastorius, and says that among the heathens there are persons who are possessed of a terrible somewhat which they call *Fascinum*, effected by excessive praise: "*Nam est aliquod etiam apud Ethnicos metuendum, quod Fascinum vocant, infeliciorem laudis et gloriæ enormioris eventum.*"

To avert this evil influence, every well-mannered person among the ancients said, "*Præfiscine*," before wishing well to another,—as clearly appears from the following passage cited by Charisius† from Titinius in "Setina." One person exclaims, "*Paula mea, amabo*—" Whereupon a friend who stands by says, "He was going to praise Paula!" "*Ecce qui loquitur, Paulam puellam laudare parabat!*" And another friend present cries out, "By Pollux! you should better say, '*Præfiscini*,' or you may fascinate her": "*Pol! tu in laudem addito Præfiscini, ne puella fascineretur.*"‡ This same custom exists at the present day among the Turks, who always accompany a compliment to you or to anything belonging to you with the phrase, "*Mashallah!*" (God be praised!)—thus referring the good gifts you possess to the Higher Spirit. To omit this is a breach of courtesy, and in such case the other person instantly adds it in order to avert fascination; for the superstition

* Hier. Fracastorius, *De Sympathiâ et Antipathiâ*, Lib. i. cap. 23. See also Vincentius Alsarius, *De Inrid. et Fasc. Vet.*, in Grævius, *Thes. Rom. Antiq.* Vol. xii. p. 890.

* Lib. iii. cap. 46, confirmed also by Athenæus, *Deipnos.* Lib. iii.

† *Inst. Gram.* Lib. iv.

‡ See also Turnebi *Comm. in Orat. Sec. contra P. S. Rullum de Leg. Agrar.* M. T. Cicéronis.

is, that, if this phrase be omitted, we may seem to refer all good gifts to our own merit instead of God's grace, and so provoke the divine wrath. The same custom also exists in Italy; and the common reply to any salutation in which your looks or health may be complimented is, "*Grazia a Dio!*" In some parts of Italy, if you praise a pretty child in the street, or even if you look earnestly at it, the nurse will be sure to say, "*Dio la benedica!*" so as to cut off all ill-luck; and if you happen to be walking with a child and catch any person watching it, such person will invariably employ some such phrase to show you that he does not mean to do it injury, or to cast a spell of *jettatura* upon it. The modern Greeks are even more jealous of praise, and if you compliment a child of theirs, you are expected to spit three times at him and say, *Nà μὴν βασκανθής*, ("May no evil come to you!") or mutter *Σκόρδο*, ("Garlic,") which has a special power as a counter-charm. So, too, in Corsica, the peasants are strict believers in the *jettatura* of praise, which they call *l'annocchiatura*,—supposing, that, if any evil influence attend you, your good wishes will turn into curses. They are therefore very careful in praising, and sometimes express themselves in language the very reverse of what they intend,—as, "*Va, coquine!*" says Bandalaccio, in M. Merimée's pleasant story of "Colomba," "*sois excommuniée, sois maudite, friponne!*" Car Bandalaccio, *superstitieux comme tous les bandits, craignait de fasciner les enfans en les adressant les bénédictions et les éloges. On sait que les puissances mystérieuses qui président à l'annocchiatura ont la mauvaise habitude d'exécuter le contraire de nos souhaits.*" Perhaps our familiar habit of calling our children "scamp" and "rascal," when we are caressing them, may be founded on a worn-out superstition of the same kind.

But it is not only praise administered by others which may inflict evil upon us,—we must also be specially careful not to have too "gude a conceit of ourselves,"

lest we thereby draw down upon us the fate of a certain Eutelidas, who, having regarded his image in the water with peculiar self-satisfaction and laudation, immediately lost his health, and from that time forward was afflicted with sore diseases. During a supper at the house of Metrius Florus, where, among others, Plutarch, Socrus, and Caius, the son-in-law of Florus, were guests, a curious and interesting conversation took place on the subject of the *Fascinum*, which is reported by Plutarch in one of his Symposia. The existence of the power of fascination was admitted by all, and a philosophical explanation of its phenomena was attempted. In reply to some suggestions of Plutarch, Socrus says there is no doubt that their ancestors fully believed in this power, and then cites the case of Eutelidas as being well known to his auditors, and celebrated by some poet in these lines:—

"Eutelidas was once a beauteous youth,
But, luckless, in the wave his face behold-
ing,
Himself he fascinates, and pines away." *

Fascination was excited by touch, voice, and look. The fascination by touch was simply mesmerism, or rather the biology of the present day, in an undeveloped stage. There were said to be four qualities of touch,—*calidus, humidus, frigidus, et siccus*, or hot, cold, moist, and dry,—according to which persons were active or passive in the exercise of the *fascinum*. Its function was double, by raising or by lowering the arm,—"*modo per arteria elevationem, modo per ejusdem submissionem,*" says the worthy Vairus; "for," he continues, "when the artery is thrown out and is open, the spirits are emitted with wonderful celerity, and in some imperceptible manner are carried to the thing to fascinate it. And because the artery has its origin in the heart, the spirits issuing thence retain its infected and vitiated nature, and according to its depravity fascinate and destroy."

* Plutarchi *Symp.* V. Prob. VII.

This power of touch is recognized in all history and in all climes. All who saw Christ desired to touch his garment, and so receive some healing virtue; and his miracles of cure he almost always performed by his hand. When the woman who had the issue of blood came behind him and touched him, Jesus asked who touched him, and said,—“Somebody hath touched me; for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me.” It has always been a popular superstition that the scrofula could be cured by the touch of a king or of the seventh son of a seventh son. The old belief that the body of a murdered man would distil blood, if his murderer’s hand were placed on him, is also of the same class.

Descending to the sphere of animals, we find some curious facts having relation to this power. The electrical eel, for instance, has the faculty of overcoming and numbing his prey by this means. And among the Arabs, according to Gerard, the French lion-killer, whoever inhales the breath of the lion goes mad.

Dr. Livingstone, in his interesting travels in South Africa, makes a curious statement bearing upon this subject. He was out shooting lions one day, when, “after having shot once, just,” he says, “as I was in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of hor-

ror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the *carnivora*, and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.”

The next method of fascination was by the Voice. Aristotle speaks of it as the cause of fascination, and says that the mere sound of the fascinator’s voice has this wondrous power, independently of his good or ill will, as well as of the words he uses. And Alexander Aphrodisiensis calls the fascinators poisoners, who poison their victim by intently looking at him *carmine prolato*, “with a measured song or cadence.” The same peculiarity is observable in all experiments with the moving tables or rapping spirits, which are more successful when accompanied by constant music. Circe fascinated with incantation; and the Psalmist alludes to it as a means of charming. Serpents, as well as men, are thus charmed. Virgil says, that, if to this incantation by words certain herbs are joined, the fascination works with more terrible effect:—

“Pocula si quando sævæ infecere novercæ,
Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia ver-
ba,
Auxilium venit, ac membris agit atra ve-
nena.”

It is related of a certain magician, that, when he whispered in the ear of a bull, he could prostrate him to the earth as if he were dead;* and in our own time we have had an example of the same wonderful faculty in Sullivan, the famous horse-whisperer, whose secret died with him, or, at least, never was made public. Pliny also relates, that tigers are rendered so furious by the sound of the drum, that they often end by tearing themselves limb from limb in their rage; but I am afraid this is one of Pliny’s stories. Plutarch, however, agrees with him in this belief.†

And next as to the Evil Eye (*ὀφθαλμὸς βᾶσκανος*). From the earliest ages of the world, the potency of the eye in fascina-

* Vairus, *De Fascino*, p. 24.

† Plut. *Præcepta Coniugalia*.

tion has been recognized. "*Nihil oculo nequius creatum*," says the Preacher; and the philosopher calls it *alter animus*, "another spirit." "It sends forth its rays," says Vairus, "like spears and arrows, to charm the hearts of men": "*veluti jacula et sagittæ ad effascinandorum corda*." And it carries disease and death, as well as love and delight, in its course: "*Totumque corpus inficiunt, atque ita (nullâ interpositâ morâ) arbores, segetes, bruta animalia et homines perniciosâ qualitate inficiunt et ad interitum deducunt*." Vairus relates that a friend of his saw a fascinator simply with a look break in two a precious gem while in the hands of the artist who was working upon it. Horace thus alludes to it:—

"Non isthic obliquo oculo mea commoda
quisquam

Limat; non odio obscuro morsuque vene-
nat."

Among the diseases given by a glance are ophthalmia and jaundice, say the ancients; and in these cases, the fascinator loses the disease as his victim takes it. A similar peculiarity is to be remarked in the superstition of the basilisk, who kills, if he sees first, but when he is seen first, dies. No animals, it is said, can bear the steady gaze of man, and there are some persons who by this means seem to exercise a wonderful power over them. Animals, however, have sometimes their revenge on man. It is an old superstition, that he whom the wolf sees first loses his voice. Among themselves, also, they use this power of charming,—as in the case of the serpent, who thus attracts the bird, and of the toad, the "jewels in whose head" have a like magical influence. Dr. Andrew Smith, in his excellent work on "Reptilia," gives the following interesting account of the power of the serpent, and of other animals, to fascinate their prey. Speaking of the *Bucephalus Capensis*, he says,—

"It is generally found upon trees, to which it resorts for the purpose of catching birds, on which it delights to feed. The presence of a specimen in a tree is generally soon discovered by the birds

of the neighborhood, who collect round it and fly to and fro, uttering the most piercing cries, until some one, more terror-struck than the rest, actually scans its lips, and, almost without resistance, becomes a meal for its enemy. During such a proceeding, the snake is generally observed with its head raised about ten or twelve inches above the branch round which its body and tail are entwined, with its mouth open and its neck inflated, as if anxiously endeavoring to increase the terror, which it would almost appear it was aware would sooner or later bring within its grasp some one of the feathered group.

"Whatever may be said in ridicule of fascination, it is nevertheless true that birds, and even quadrupeds, are, under certain circumstances, unable to retire from the presence of certain of their enemies, and, what is even more extraordinary, unable to resist the propensity to advance from a situation of actual safety into one of the most imminent danger. This I have often seen exemplified in the case of birds and snakes; and I have heard of instances equally curious, in which antelopes and other quadrupeds have been so bewildered by the sudden appearance of crocodiles, and by the grimaces and distortions they practised, as to be unable to fly or even move from the spot towards which they were approaching to seize them."

The fascination which fire and flame exercise upon certain insects is well known, and the beautiful moths which so painfully insist on sacrificing themselves in our candle are the commonplaces of poets and lovers. They are generally supposed to be attracted by the light and ignorantly to rush to their destruction; but this simple explanation does not fully account for all the facts. Dr. Livingstone says, that "fire exercises a fascinating effect upon some kinds of toads. They may be seen rushing into it in the evenings, without even starting back on feeling pain. Contact with the hot embers rather increases the energy with which they strive to gain the hottest parts, and

they never cease their struggles for the centre even when their juices are coagulating and their limbs stiffening in the roasting heat. Various insects also are thus fascinated; but the scorpions may be seen coming away from the fire in fierce disgust, and they are so irritated as to inflict at that time their most painful stings."

May it not be that flame exercises upon certain insects and animals an influence similar to that produced upon man by the moon, rendering them mad when subjected too long to its influence? Is not the moon the Evil Eye of the night?

A curious story, bearing upon this subject, is told in one of a series of interesting articles in "Household Words," called "Wanderings in India." The author is talking with an old soldier about a cobra-capello, which has been known to the latter for thirteen years.

"This cobra," says the soldier, "has never offered to do me any harm; and when I sing, as I sometimes do when I am alone here at work on some tomb or other, he will crawl up and listen for two or three hours together. One morning, while he was listening, he came in for a good meal, which lasted him some days."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you, Sir. A minar was chased by a small hawk, and, in despair, came and perched itself on the top of a most lofty tomb at which I was at work. The hawk, with his eyes fixed intently on his prey, did not, I fancy, see the snake lying motionless in the grass; or, if he did see him, he did not think he was a snake, but something else,—my crowbar, perhaps. After a little while, the hawk pounced down, and was just about to give the minar a blow and a grip, when the snake suddenly lifted his head, raised his hood, and hissed. The hawk gave a shriek, fluttered, flapped his wings with all his might, and tried very hard to fly away. But it would not do. Strong as the eye of the hawk was, the eye of the snake was stronger. The hawk, for a

time, seemed suspended in the air; but at last he was obliged to come down and sit opposite the old gentleman, (the snake,) who commenced with his forked tongue, and keeping his eyes on him all the while, to slime his victim all over. This occupied him for at least forty minutes, and by the time the process was over the hawk was perfectly motionless. I don't think he was dead,—but he was very soon, however, for the old gentleman put him into a coil or two and crackled up every bone in the hawk's body. He then gave him another sliming, made a big mouth, distended his neck till it was as big round as the thickest part of my arm, and down went the hawk like a shin of beef into a beggar-man's bag."*

The same writer, in another paper, relates a case in which he was cured of a violent attack of *tic-douloureux*, from which he "suffered extreme agonies," by the steady gaze of a native doctor, who was called in for the purpose. He used no other method than a fixed, steady gaze, making no mesmeric passes; and in this way he cured his patients by "locking up their eyes," as he termed it. His power seemed to have been very great; and what is curious is, that, "with one exception, and that was in the case of a Kera-nu, a half-caste, no patient had ever fallen asleep or had become 'beehosh' (unconscious) under his gaze." He related several cases, one of which was of "a sahib who had gone mad," drink-delirious. "His wife would not suffer him to be strapped down, and he was so violent that it took four or five other sahibs to hold him. I was sent for, and at first had great difficulty with him, and much trembling. At last, however, I locked his eyes up as soon as I got him to look at me, and kept him, for several hours, as quiet as a mouse. I stayed with him two days, and whatever I told him to do he did immediately. When I got his eyes fixed on mine, he could not take them away,—could not move."

All these different kinds of fascination

* *Household Words*, Jan. 23, 1858, vol. xvii., p. 139.

have now become united together and go under the general name of *Jettatura*, in Italy, though the eye is considered as the most potent and terrible charmer. The superstition is universal, and pervades all modes of thought among the ignorant classes, but its sanctuary is Naples. There it is as much a matter of faith as the Madonna and San Gennaro. Every coral-shop is filled with amulets, and everybody wears a counter-charm,—ladies on their arms, gentlemen on their watch-chains, lazzaroni on their necks. If you are going to Italy,—and as all the world now goes to Italy, you will join the endless caravan, of course,—it becomes a matter of no small importance for you to know the signs by which you may recognize the fascinator, and the means by which you may avert his evil influence; for, should you fall in his way and be unprotected, direful, indeed, might be the consequences. Sudden disease, like a pestilence at mid-day, might seize you, and on those lovely shores you might pine away and die. Dreadful accidents might overwhelm you and bury all your happiness forever. Therefore be wise in time.

"Women," says Vairus, "have more power to fascinate than men"; but the reason he gives will not, I fear, recommend itself to the sex,—for the worthy *padre* feared women as devils. According to him, their evil influence results from their unbridled passions: "*Quia irascendi et concupiscendi animi vim adeo effrenatam habent, ut nullo modo ab irâ et cupiditate sese temperare valeant.*" (Certainly, he is a wretch.) But it will be some consolation to know that the young and beautiful have far less power for evil than "little old women," (*aniculas*), and for these you must specially look out. But most of all to be dreaded, male or female, are those who are lean and melancholy by temperament, ("lean and hungry Cassiuses,") and who have double pupils in their eyes, or in one eye a double pupil and in the other the figure of a horse. Perhaps Mr. Squeers and all of his kind come within this class, as having more

than one pupil always in their eye,—but, specially, this rule would seem to warn us against jockey schoolmasters, with a horse in one eye and several pupils in the other. Those, too, are dangerous, according to Didymus, who have hollow, pit-like eyes, sunken under concave orbits, with great projecting eyebrows,—as well as those who emit a disagreeable odor from their armpits, (*con rispetto*), and are remarkable for a general squalor of complexion and appearance. Persons also are greatly to be suspected who squint, or have sea-green, shining, terrible eyes. "One of these," says Didymus, "I knew,—a certain Spaniard, whose name it is not permitted me to mention,—who, with black and angry countenance and truculent eyes, having reprimanded his servant for something or other, the latter was so overcome by fear and terror, that he was not only affected with fascination, but even deprived of his reason, and a melancholic humor attacking his whole body, he became utterly insane, and, in the very house of his master, next the Church of St. James, committed suicide, by hanging himself with a rope."*

Moral.—If you ever meet with such an agreeable person as this Spaniard appears to have been,—look out!

* The passage from Didymus is this: "Macilentis et melancholici, qui binas pupillas in oculis habent, aut in uno oculo geminam pupillam, in altero effigiem equi,—quique oculos concavos ac veluti quibusdam quasi foveis reconditos gerunt, exhaustoque adeo universo humore ut ossa,—quibus palpebræ coherent, eminere, hiruque sordibus scatere cernuntur,—quibus in tota cute quæ faciem obducit squallor et situs immoderatus conspicitur, facillime fascinant. Strabones, glaucos, micantes et terribiles oculos habentes quæcumque et iratis oculis aspiciunt fascino inficiunt. Et ego hisce oculis Romæ quondam Hispanum genere vidi, quem nominare non licet, qui cum truculentis oculis tetro et irato vultu servum obnescio quod objurgasset, adeo servus ille timore ac terrore perterritus fuit, ut non modo fascino affectus, sed rationis usu privatus fuerit, et melancholico humore totum ejus corpus invadente, ita ad insaniam redactus fuit, ut in domo sui heri prope ecclesiam Divi Jacobi sibi mortem consciverit, et laqueo vitam finiverit."

In this connection, the reader will recall the similar power of Vathek, in Beckford's romance, who killed with his eye,—and the story of Racine, whom a look of Louis XIV. sent to his grave.

The famous Albertus Magnus, master of medicine and magic, devotes a long chapter to the subject of eyes, giving us, at length, descriptions of those which we may trust and those which we must fear, some of them terrible and vigorous enough. From among them I select the following:—"Those who have hollow eyes are noted for evil; and the larger and moister they are, the more they indicate envy. The same eyes, when dry, show the possessors to be faithless, traitorous, and sacrilegious; and if these eyes are also yellow and cold, they argue insanity. For hollow eyes are the sign of craft and malignity; and if they are wanting in darkness, they also show foolishness. But if the eyes are too hollow, and of medium size, dry and rigid,—if, besides this, they have broad, overhanging eyebrows, and livid and pallid circles round them, they indicate impudence and malignity."* If this be not enough to enable you, O my reader, to recognize the Evil Eye at sight, let me refer you to the whole chapter, where you will find ample and very curious rules laid down, showing a singular acuteness of observation.

Things have, indeed, somewhat changed since the days of Didymus, in this respect, that men are now thought to be more potent for evil *jettatura* than women; but his general views still coincide with those entertained at the present time in Italy. Ever since the establishment, or rather decadence, of the Church in the Middle Ages, monks have been considered as peculiarly open to suspicion of possessing the Evil Eye. As long ago as the ninth century, in the year 842, Erchempert, a *frate* of the celebrated convent of Monte Cassino, writes,—“I knew formerly Messer Landulf, Bishop of Capua, a man of singular prudence, who was wont to say, ‘Whenever I meet a monk, something unlucky always happens to me

during the day.’” And to this day, there are many persons, who, if they meet a monk or priest, on first going out in the morning, will not proceed upon their errand or business until they have returned to their house and waited awhile. In Rome there are certain persons who are noted for this evil power, and marked and avoided in consequence. One of them is a most pleasant and handsome man, attached to the Church, and yet, by odd coincidence, wherever he goes, he carries ill-luck. If he go to a party, the ices do not arrive, the music is late, the lamps go out, a storm comes on, the waiter smashes his tray of refreshments,—something or other is sure to happen. “*Sentite*,” said some one the other day to me. “Yesterday, I was looking out of my window, when I saw —— coming along. ‘Phew!’ said I, making the sign of the cross and pointing both fingers, ‘what ill-luck will happen now to some poor devil that does not see him?’ I watched him all down the street, however, and nothing occurred; but this morning I hear, that, after turning the corner, he spoke to a poor little boy, who was up in a tree gathering some fruit, and no sooner was out of sight than smash! down fell the boy and broke his arm.” Even the Pope himself has the reputation of possessing the Evil Eye to some extent. Ask a Roman how this is, and he will answer, as one did to me the other day,—“*Si dice, e per me veramente mi pare di sì*”: “They say so; and as for me, really it seems to me true. If he have not the *jettatura*, it is very odd that everything he blesses makes *fiasco*. We all did very well in the campaign of ’48 against the Austrians. We were winning battle after battle, and all was gayety and hope, when suddenly he blesses the cause, and everything goes to the Devil at once. Nothing succeeds with anybody or anything when he wishes well to them. See, here the other day he went to Santa Agnese to have a great festival, and down goes the floor, and the people are all smashed together. Then he visits the column to the Madonna in the Piazza di Spagna, and blesses

* Albertus Magnus, *De Anima*.

it and the workmen, and of course one falls from the scaffolding the same day and kills himself. A week or two ago he arranged to meet the King of Naples at Porto d'Anzo, and up comes a violent storm and gale that lasts a week; then another arrangement was made, and then the fracas about the ex-queen of Spain. Then, again, here was Lord O—— came in the other day from Albano, being rather unwell; so the Pope sends him his special blessing, when pop! he dies right off in a twinkling. There is nothing so fatal as his blessing. We were a great deal better off under Gregory, before he blessed us. Now, if he hasn't the *jettatura*, what is it that makes everything turn out at cross purposes with him? For my part, I don't wonder the workmen at the Column refused to work the other day in raising it, unless the Pope stayed away."

No less a person than Rachel seems also to have been affected with this same superstition in regard to the Pope, if we may place confidence in the strange story which Madame de B—— relates in her memoirs of that celebrated daughter of Israel. According to her account, Rachel had been on a visit to her sister, who was quite ill in the Pyrenees, when one day the disease appeared to take so favorable a turn that Rachel left her to visit another sister. There she met several friends, and, (to continue the story in Madame de B——'s words,) "exhilarated by the good news she had brought, and the hopes all hastened to build on the change, she began to chat and laugh quite merrily. In the midst of this exuberant gayety, her maid broke into the room in a state of great excitement; a fit had come on, the patient was in much danger, the physician desired Mdlle. Rachel's immediate presence. Rising with the bound of a wounded tigress, the *tragédienne* seemed to seek, bewildered, some cause for the blow that had fallen thus unexpectedly. Her eye lighted on a rosary blessed by the Pope, and which she had worn round her arm as a bracelet ever since her visit to Rome. Without, perhaps, accounting to

herself for the belief, she had attached some talismanic virtue to the beads. Now, however, in the height of her rage and disappointment, she tore them from her wrist, and, dashing them to the ground, exclaimed, 'Oh, fatal gift! 'tis thou hast entailed this curse upon me!' With these words, she sprang out of the room, leaving every one in mute astonishment at her frantic action." On the 23d of June, immediately after, the sister died.

And yet the Pope does not at all answer to the accredited portraits of those who have the Evil Eye. He is fat, smiling, and most pleasant of aspect, as he is good in heart. But, certainly, nothing has prospered that he has touched. Read Dumas' description, and see if you should have recognized the Pope as a *jettatore*. "*Le Jettatore*," says he, "*est ordinairement pâle et maigre. Il a un nez en bec de corbin, de gros yeux qui ont quelque chose de ceux de crapaud, et qu'il recouvre ordinairement pour les dissimuler d'une paire de lunettes.*" But it is the exception that proves the rule, say those who insist on the *jettatura* of Pius IX.

Dumas also speaks of a work on the *jettatura*, which I have vainly endeavored to procure, written by Nicola Valetta; and from what one can gather from the heads of the chapters which Dumas gives, it must be a very amusing book.* These heads are as follows. They speak for themselves, and show the fear entertained of a monk. He examines:—

"1. If a man inflicts a more terrible *jettatura* than a woman?

"2. If he who wears a peruke is more to be feared than he who wears none?

"3. If he who wears spectacles is not more to be feared than he who wears a peruke?

"4. If he who takes tobacco is not more to be feared than he who wears spectacles? and if spectacles, peruke, and snuff-box combined do not triple the force of the *jettatura*?

* The title of this work is *Cicalata sul Fascino, volgarmente detto Jettatura*, by Nicola Valetta. It was published more than fifty years since, and copies are now rare.

"5. If the woman *jettatrice* is more to be feared when she is *enceinte*?

"6. If there is still more to be feared from her when she is certain that she is not *enceinte*?

"7. If monks are more generally *jettatori* than other men? and among monks what order is most to be feared?

"8. At what distance can *jettatura* be made?

"9. Must it be made in front, or at the side, or behind?

"10. If there are really gestures, sounds of voice, and particular looks, by which *jettatura* may be recognized?

"11. If there are prayers which can guaranty us against the *jettatura*? and if so, whether there are any special prayers to guaranty us against the *jettatura* of monks?

"12. Lastly, whether the power of modern talismans is equal to the power of ancient talismans? and whether the single or the double horn is most efficacious?"

Luckless, indeed, is he who has the misfortune to possess, or the reputation of possessing this fatal power. From that time forward the world flees him, as the water did Thalaba. A curse is on him, and from the very terror at seeing him accidents are most likely to follow. Keep him from your children, or they will break their legs, arms, or necks. Look not at him from your carriage, or it will upset. Let him not see your wife when she is *enceinte*, or she will miscarry, or you will have a monster for a son. Never invite him to a ball, unless you wish to see your chandelier smash, or the floor give way. Invite him not to dinner, or your mushrooms will poison you, and your fish will smell. If he wishes you *buon viaggio*,

abandon the journey, if you would return alive. Nor be deceived by his good manners and kind heart. It is of no avail that he is amiable and good in all his intentions,—his *jettatura* is without and beyond his will,—nay, worse, is contrary to it; for all *jettatura* goes like dreams, by contraries. Therefore shudder when he wishes you well, for he can do no worse thing.

If you do not believe what I tell you, read the wonderful story of Count ——— which is told by Dumas in his "*Corriccolo*," and at least you will be amused, if not convinced. Listen, however, to this one historical incident, and believe it or not, as you please. Ferdinand of Naples died on the night of the 3d of January, 1825, and was found dead in the morning. The physicians attributed his death to a stroke of apoplexy; but that was in consequence of their pretended science and real ignorance. The actual cause of his death was this,—and if you do not believe it, ask any true Neapolitan, or Alexander Dumas, if you put more faith in him.—A certain *canonico*, named Don Ojori, had for many years desired an audience of Ferdinand, to present him a certain book, of which Don Ojori was the author. The King had his good reasons for refusing, for Don Ojori was well known to be the greatest *jettatore* in Naples. Finally, on the 2d of January, the King was persuaded to grant him the desired favor the next day, much against his will. The *canonico* came, and after a long audience left his book and many prayers for the King's prosperity. But Ferdinand did not survive the interview a whole day; and if this be not proof that Don Ojori bewitched him to his destruction, what is?

PYTHAGORAS.

ABOVE the petty passions of the crowd
 I stand in frozen marble like a god,
 Inviolatè, and ancient as the moon.
 The thing I am, and not the thing Man is,
 Fills these blank sockets. Let him moan and die;
 For he is dust that shall be laid again:
 I know my own creation was divine.
 Strewn on the breezy continents I see
 The veined shells and glistening scales which once
 Enwrapt my being,—husks that had their use;
 I brood on all the shapes I must attain
 Before I reach the Perfect, which is God,
 And dream my dream, and let the rabble go:
 For I am of the mountains and the sea,
 The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,
 The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

I was a spirit on the mountain-tops,—
 A perfume in the valleys,—a simoom
 On arid deserts,—a nomadic wind
 Roaming the universe,—a tireless Voice.
 I was ere Romulus and Remus were;
 I was ere Nineveh and Babylon;
 I was, and am, and evermore shall be,—
 Progressing, never reaching to the end.

A hundred years I trembled in the grass,
 The delicate trefoil that muffled warm
 A slope on Ida; for a hundred years
 Moved in the purple gyre of those dark flowers
 The Grecian women strew upon the dead.
 Under the earth, in fragrant glooms, I dwelt;
 Then in the veins and sinews of a pine
 On a lone isle, where, from the Cyclades,
 A mighty wind, like a leviathan,
 Ploughed through the brine, and from those solitudes
 Sent Silence, frightened. To and fro I swayed,
 Drawing the sunshine from the stooping clouds.
 Suns came and went,—and many a mystic moon,
 Orbing and waning,—and fierce meteor,
 Leaving its lurid ghost to haunt the night.
 I heard loud voices by the sounding shore,
 The stormy sea-gods,—and from ivory conchs
 Wild music; and strange shadows floated by,
 Some moaning and some singing. So the years
 Clustered about me, till the hand of God
 Let down the lightning from a sultry sky,
 Splintered the pine and split the iron rock;
 And from my odorous prison-house, a bird,
 I in its bosom, darted: so we fled,

Turning the brittle edge of one high wave,—
Island and tree and sea-gods left behind!

Free as the air, from zone to zone I flew,
Far from the tumult to the quiet gates
Of daybreak; and beneath me I beheld
Vineyards, and rivers that like silver threads
Ran through the green and gold of pasture-lands,—
And here and there a hamlet, a white rose,—
And here and there a city, whose slim spires
And palace-roofs and swollen domes uprose
Like scintillant stalagmites in the sun;
I saw huge navies battling with a storm
By ragged reefs along the desolate coasts,—
And lazy merchantmen, that crawled, like flies,
Over the blue enamel of the sea
To India or the icy Labradores.

A century was as a single day.
What is a day to an immortal soul?
A breath,—no more. And yet I hold one hour
Beyond all price,—that hour when from the heavens
I circled near and nearer to the earth,
Nearer and nearer, till I brushed my wings
Against the pointed chestnuts, where a stream
That foamed and chattered over pebbly shoals
Fled through the bryony, and with a shout
Leaped headlong down a precipice: and there,
Gathering wild-flowers in the cool ravine,
Wandered a woman more divinely shaped
Than any of the creatures of the air,
Or river-goddesses, or restless shades
Of noble matrons marvellous in their time
For beauty and great suffering; and I sung,
I charmed her thought, I gave her dreams; and then
Down from the sunny atmosphere I stole
And nestled in her bosom. There I slept
From moon to moon, while in her eyes a thought
Grew sweet and sweeter, deepening like the dawn,
A mystical forewarning! When the stream,
Breaking through leafless brambles and dead leaves,
Piped shriller treble, and from chestnut-boughs
The fruit dropped noiseless through the autumn night,
I gave a quick, low cry, as infants do:
We weep when we are born, not when we die!
So was it destined; and thus came I here,
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,—
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.

And knowing these things, can I stoop to fret
And lie and haggle in the market-place,
Give dross for dross, or everything for nought?
No! let me sit above the crowd, and sing,
Waiting with hope for that miraculous change

Which seems like sleep ; and though I waiting starve,
 I cannot kiss the idols that are set
 By every gate, in every street and park,—
 I cannot fawn, I cannot soil my soul :
 For I am of the mountains and the sea,
 The deserts, and the caverns in the earth,
 The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

CLARIAN'S PICTURE.

A LEGEND OF NASSAU HALL.

"Turbine raptus ingenii."—SCALIGER.

MAC and I dined together yesterday, —as we are used to do at least once or twice every year, for the sake of our ever-mellowing friendship, and those good old times in which it began. Like all who are ripe enough to have memories, we delight to recall the period of our vernal equinox, and to moralize, with gentle sadness and many wise wags of our frosty polls, upon the events in which that period was prolific ; and so, when the cloth was removed yesterday, and we sat toying with our cigars and our Sherry, our talk insensibly drifted back to those merry college-days when we not infrequently "heard the chimes at midnight."

"Ah, old fellow," quoth I to my chum, "those good old days are gone by, now, and Israel worships strange gods. Old Nassau will never be what she was before the fire of '55. Those precious heirlooms of our day are sunk from sight forever, dear and mossy as they were,—swept down, like cobwebs, before the flame-besom. '*Fuit Ilium!*' The old bell will never again ring out the gay 'larums of a 'Third Entry' barring-out. Homer's head no longer perches owl-like and wise over the central door-way. '*Ai, Adonai!*' No more will proud fingers point to the spot whereat entered — not like 'Casca's envious dagger'—that well-aimed cannon-ball which pierced the picture-gallery, punched 'Georgius Rex' on the

head, and frightened away forever the Hessians that were stabled there, fouling the nest of stout old John Wither-
 spoon. They call other rolls now in chapel and in class-room, and chant other songs at their revels and their feasts. '*Eheu, Posthume!*'"

"Pshaw, Ned Blount! there's corn in Egypt still. Out of that bug-riddled old barn we used to know a new and comely Phoenix has been born unto Princeton ; the fire hath purged, not destroyed ; and we wiseacres who flourished in the old 'flush times' yet survive in tradition, patterns for our children, very Turveydrops of collegiate deportment. The belfry clangs with a louder peal ; even Clarian's Picture, though it hath utterly perished to the eye of sense, lives vivid in a thousand memories, and, having found in the tenderness of tradition and legend an engraver whose burin is as faithful as Raphael Morghen's, has left the damp dark wall, like Leonardo's *Cenacolo*, to accompany all of us to our firesides."

Clarian's Picture ! what memories the mention of it stirred up !

"Poor Clarian !" I murmured.

"Poor, indeed !" repeated Mac, with a sneer. "He is only worth a lovely wife and six children, with half a million to back them. And he only weighs two hundred pounds, with I forget how many inches

of fat over the brisket. Poor, indeed! 'Tis pity you and I have not experienced a slight attack of that same poverty, Ned Blount!"

"Poor Clarian!" repeated I, sturdily. "To think that a man who could paint such a picture, a soul of imagination so compact, a so delicate ether-breathing spirit, should settle down at last into a mere mechanical, a plodding, every-day merchant, whose finest fancies are given to the condition of the money-market, who governs his actions by a decline of Erie, and narrows his ideas down to the requirements of filthy lucre, like a mere 'wintry clod of earth'! Ay, poor Clarian, poor anybody, when we wake from our bright youth-dream and tread the rough pathway of a reality like this!"

"*Potz tausend!* the man is *fou!*" shouted Mac. "Come, drink your wine, Ned, and we'll have our coffee. It is quite time, I think,—and he used to be a three-bottle fellow," muttered my dear old friend, *sotto voce*. "*Heu, heu! tempora mutantur, et nos*"—well, well, well!"

Clarian's Picture! What a gush of recollection the words evoke! I was in the heyday and blossom of my youth then, and now — Well, 'tis some years since; yet how vividly I remember that pleasant noontide of a day of early summer, when, as a party of us students were lounging about the gates that opened from our shady campus upon the street, "Dennis" handed me a note from Clarian, in which my little friend announced that his picture was finished at last, and invited Mac and myself to call and see it "exhibited," at nine o'clock that very evening. We were talking about Clarian and his picture, at the time,—as, indeed, we had been doing for a month,—and when I mentioned the purport of the note, curiosity rose to the tiptoe of expectation, and numerous surmises were set afloat. I could have satisfied their queries as to the subject and character of the picture, for Mac and I had seen it only a few days before, but Clarian expected us to be secret about it; so I only

listened and smiled, while the eager talk ran on, and a thousand conjectures were hazarded.

"So the *magnum opus* is finished at last," said Clayt Zoile, showing by his manner, as he joined us, that he at least had not received an invitation; "a precious specimen of Art it will prove, I doubt not, after all the outcry about it. '*Montes parturiunt*' etc."

"You'll lose your wish this time, Clayt," drawled Mouchersey, carelessly; "Mr. Cosine told me yesterday that 'Boss' has called on Clarian about his cutting so many prayers and recites, and that, after seeing the unfinished picture, he gave the youngster *carte blanche* as to time, till it is completed;—so it must be something worth looking at."

"I guess Ned Blount's glad the picture is finished," said Tone Ninyan, turning to me,— "a'n't you, Ned?"

I confessed I was not by any means sorry, for Clarian's sake.

"No," laughed Zoile, "Ned isn't sorry,—be sure of that; for he wants his dear 'Whitewash' restored again to the bosom of society, lest the walls of his reputation should by chance suffer from fly-speck."

These words created a laugh at my expense; for Clarian had shown himself, in his warm, generous way, such a zealous advocate of my immaculate perfection, that he was quite generally known by the *sobriquet* of "Ned Blount's Whitewash."

Just then Mac came along, on his way to the post-office, and I joined him, showing him Clarian's note.

"Hum," growled my good old chum, as he read it, "don't want to be disturbed to-day; sick, is he? I'd like to know who's to blame, if he isn't. Wishes me to bring my Shakespeare along;—it's a wonder he had not said Plotinus, or Jacob Böhme's "*Aurora*"; they're more in his style. The deuce take that boy and his picture, Ned! What if we two fools have been playing too roughly with such plastic clay? I wish to-night were come and gone safely. I'll go see Dr. Thorne, and ask him to accompany us to-night. He claims to be something of a connois-

seur, and the picture is really worth seeing, if the lad has not spoiled it with his 'final touches.' And anyhow, the boy will be a study for a psychological monomaniac like Thorne."

"You apprehend, then"—

"*Sapperment*, you owl-face! I apprehend nothing; only it will be as well to have Thorne present, for the boy is out of sorts, and his nerves were never very strong. Now look here, Ned Blount! don't put on that lugubrious phiz, I pray you;—and, moreover, don't you ever dare introduce any more of your Freshmen *protégés* to me; for, I warn you, I'll insult them, and you, too,—I will, by Jove!"

I was not less impatient than Mac for the night to come, for I was very anxious about Clarian, dreading lest some catastrophe was about to overtake him,—and the thought was by no means pleasant. For, as Mac had said, the lad was a *protégé* of mine; he had been given into my charge by his sweet lady-mother; he had looked up to me as his senior and his friend; and I could not help feeling, that, if anything untoward should happen to him, it would be partly my fault.

From the very first I had been strongly attracted towards Clarian. Indeed, the lad was remarkable for a peculiar spiritual beauty of person and sweetness of manner that made almost every one love him. He was, in fact, *lovely*, in the etymological sense of that misused word, and people softened towards him as to a young, guileless child. I have known men cease swearing when he drew near, drop ribaldry, and take up some more innocent topic, simply through an unconscious impulse of fitness,—feeling that such things had no business to be repeated in his presence. And they were right; for a purer spirit than Clarian's I have never encountered in man or woman. His face most reminded one of the portraits of Raphael at twenty. He had the same broad, smooth forehead,—the same soft skin, delicate, yet rich as the inner leaves of a pale rose,—the same finely shaped nose, and ripe, womanly mouth,

which a Persian, in default of a more tangible analogy, would have likened to the seal of Solomon. But his lower face was somewhat less full than Raphael's, the chin being shorter and sharper, and the jaw curving less sensuously. His hair was of the purest chestnut hue, rich and silken, showing here and there a thread of gold; he wore it long, and flowing in half-ringlets upon his neck and shoulders. Clarian's eye was large and dark, tender, rather sad, with now and then a speculative depth, now and then a hint of the Romeo fore-doom, now and then a warm eloquence, when meeting yours, that reminded strangely of a woman loving and in love. Other womanly traits he had, such as the ingenuous blush with which he asked or did a favor, and a certain not very boyish fondness for softness and elegance of dress. Not that Clarian was effeminate, or in any material respect deficient in manly character; but his mother was a widow, and he her only son, and consequently he had been brought up like a girl, at home, without any slightest opportunity to acquire those rough-and-tumble experiences of ordinary boyhood which are so necessary to fit us for battling in the world; for the world, though not unfeeling at core, wears yet a sufficiently rough rind, and pretends but little sympathy with persons of Clarian's stamp.

Hence, when Clarian came to college, he knew very little of life indeed,—and, moreover, he cherished not a few ascetic notions, deeming this world "all a fleeting show," from whose vain illusions it was one's chief duty to shield one's self. He had never read a novel, save "some of Scott's,"—nor ever seen or read a play, not even of Shakspeare's. How I envied him this new world, in whose usages I had been *blasé* long before I was of an age to appreciate its beauties,—this bright, fancy-fostering world, to which he was to go all fresh and unsophisticated, like a bride to the nuptial sheets! In literature of a more solid kind his practice was quite considerable: he had surveyed many fields of Art, History, and Theolo-

gy, all of which, however, had first been submitted to the test of that anxious maternal *Index Expurgatorius*, lest some drop of infidelity or impurity should trickle in unawares, to darken or embitter the pure crystal waters of his soul. Ah, thou poor fond mother, so unreasoningly ignoring the fact that each of us must somehow eat his "peck of dirt"!

Thus intrusted to my charge, and having such attractive elements in his character, I naturally took great interest in Clarian, and particularly spared no effort to give him use in college ways. I saw that the lad was not one to bear being laughed at, and so did all I could to screen him from the embarrassments of ignorance,—taught him our customs, our fashions, and gave him lessons upon that immemorial dialect in which college sublegists delight. I chicaned to secure him a fine room, which his lady-mother furnished "like a bridal chamber," if our Nassau cynics were to be credited,—introduced him where it was necessary, and exercised generally towards him that distinguished patronage which one who "knows the ropes" is able to bestow upon a very Freshman.

A fine generous fellow was Clarian, for all his apron-string antecedents,—bold as a lion, and as trustworthily as he was enthusiastic. He was of rather too nervous a temperament to be precisely healthy in all mental respects, but nevertheless had a fine comprehensive mind, very capable of sustained and concentrated effort. He had been well taught, and, unfortunately, was so far advanced beyond the studies of his class as to have a great deal of leisure. In consequence he turned to reading, and here, again unfortunately, he put himself under my guidance, and suffered me to govern him in his choice of books: unfortunately, I say, for I was then a worshipper of that clay-footed Nebuchadnezzar-image, Metaphysics, which I fondly deemed all of gold, and the most genuine of things. So, when Clarian came to me, I was eager enough to put to his lips the wine of which I was

drunken. The boy took his first sip from Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria,"—that cracked Bohemian glass, which, handed in a golden salver that might have come from the cunning graver of Cellini, yet forces one to taste, over a flawed and broken edge, the sourest drop of ill-made *vin du pays*, heavily drugged and made bitter with Paracelsian laudanum. Under that strange patchwork quilt so imaginative a soul as Clarian could not fail to dream. It was a great pity I had not been more circumspect, for the boy was already too deeply steeped in those Acherontic waters. His mother, like many other women, had loved to wander along the dreamy paths of sentimental theology, clothing from her own beautiful mind the dim, unsubstantial spectres that beckoned her, and accepting all their mystic utterances, in blind faith, for genuine oracles of God. Into these by-ways he had followed her, and his clearer vision had just sufficed to reveal to him the ghosts, without teaching him how to master or dispel them. Thus, Cowper's sweetness, which charmed her, became to him Cowper's dejection and despairing sadness, perplexing enough to his young brain. Where she took up and fed her soul upon John Wesley's conclusions, the boy found himself involved in John Wesley's perplexities, and struggling in desperate wrestle with the haunting shapes to which John Wesley had given successful battle. Thus prepared, no wonder my eager little friend plunged headlong into the sea of doubts, impatient to cry, "Eureka!" and plant his foot upon the Islands of the Blessed. The new excitement completely swept his feet from under him. 'Twas but a step from Coleridge and *Esemplastic* matters to Plotinus, and in a month he had taken that step,—the more readily, that he was a right good Grecian, and found no unpleasant philological difficulties in the "Enneades." Thence he went on in feverish unrest, wildly running up and down all *Niffelheim* in quest of some centre-point upon which he could stand firm and look around him. He had

an excellent mind, and, unexcited, could take sufficiently common-sense views of most matters; but this was too much for him. He made substance of shadows, and then exhausted himself in giving them battle. He became anxious, uneasy, nervous,—showing very plainly, that, in his search after the Alkahest, he had injured his powers by making trial of too many drugs.

Mac, with his sturdy good sense, and unerring mace-like judgment, speedily became aware of this waste of function to which Clarian was subjecting himself, and warned me accordingly.

"Why do you let that boy bother his brains about your stupid *Ego* and *Non-Ego*?" said he. "Don't you see he is injuring himself, beginning to sink under a sort of mental *albumenurea*,—at the very time, too, when he has most need of stamina? He does nothing but read, read, read,—and what, forsooth? Not anything that will teach him the genuineness of life and manhood, but those damnable spirit-exalting, body-despising emasculates of Alexandria,—Madame Guyon's meditations, too, and Isaac Taylor's giddy see-sawings,—all heresies, and bosh,—'Dead-Sea fruits that turn to ashes,' and not only disgust you, but blister tongue and lips most vilely. You'll have him next trying to treat with the gods, to attain Brahm's purification, Boodh's annihilation, to jump over the moon, or doing something that will make him candidate for the shaved-head-and-blister treatment. Remember, Ned, his brain is made of finer stuff than that stolid sponge inside your *pia mater*, that can take in *quantum sufficit* of beer, fog, and tobacco-smoke, unharmed. He can't stand it, and he's too rare and delicate a machine to go cranky thus soon. You've got the child under your thumb,—bring him out o' that. Make him take a dose of Verulam, get him back into the world again, and order him four hours *per diem* at the dumb-bells."

And so, the next time Clarian came to our rooms, and was eagerly soliciting my opinion of a little essay he had written, to establish the identity of the Logos with

the Demiurgic Mind, ("Plato's World-Soul, called in 'Timæus' the best of Eternal Intelligences, the Noetic Partaker and Digester of Reason," said Clarian in his tract,) with some corollaries for the purpose of reconciling *Geist* and *Freiheit*, all sauced down, à l'*Allemagne*, with numerous capitals and a proper degree of incomprehensibility,—Mac bluffly interrupted the colloquy, and accosted Clarian,—

"Yunker! do you know you're a fool?"

Clarian colored up,—

"How, Mac?"

"What are we—Ned, and you, and I—here for?"

"To acquire knowledge."

"Ay, knowledge,—but what for?"

"To fit us for heaven."

"Phew! then you calculate to graduate from 'these classic shades' direct into celestial regions, do you, without sojourning awhile in this terrene purgatory? I do not, and, moreover, *je n'en ai pas l'envie*; I think the world has some claims upon me, and I mean to pay that debt, D. V."

"So do I, Mac," rejoined Clarian, a little proudly.

"And do you suppose your present studies adapted to fit you for such work? Now, if you want to be a monk, if you are willing, like Origen, to purchase with your entire manhood some supposed facility of spiritual contemplation and depth of insight into the Infinite, or if you intend to become a Brahmin, and seek in your navel the dyspeptic divinity who there wields his sceptre, while your despised body is given up to the predatory ravages of *genus pediculus*, well and good. Follow your hest, go on and conquer the *γνῶσις*, and when you have got it, just inform me what it looks like, and whether you will be more able to make use of it than the fellow was of the elephant he bought at auction. But if you desire to take a man's part in this grand world around you, you must leap off your shadow, and never think about thinking, as the new Olympian has it. Let quiddities alone, they are dry-bone vampires, that drain

you of your blood without growing fatter themselves."

"But how can truth harm? and that is what I seek,—truth, and beauty; if I commune with the world-soul, then also I know the world."

"Faugh! let shadows alone; believe in the man; do not be persuaded that the body is depraved and corrupt, and only the soul is worthy to be cultivated. Hold fast to the tangible. We know that we have a body, spite the Bishop of Cloyne, far more certainly than we know we have a soul. See, the soul is this smoke, that evanishes so quickly; the body this meerschauum that I have in my fingers, and will smoke again, please God."

"But it is the smoke, not the pipe, that gives you pleasure, and is the important consideration, Mac."

"Confound analogies, and pert Freshmen!" growled my chum, puffing vigorously. "Nevertheless, it is a noble and right royal thing, this body,—a thing to be cared for and cultivated for its own sake, apart from the fact of its being God's chosen sanctuary for what He lends us to see Him by. And you are neglecting it, both in theory and practice, Clarian; so you must give up these infernal Metaphysics. If you *will* bother about speculative matters, let Bacon teach you the correctives of error, and Locke how to govern and rein in the understanding. But you'd better learn first what men say about men. It may not make you happier, but it will make you wiser, and wisdom ranks high in heaven: Gabriel, Raphael, Michael,—'tis the second person in that archangelic trinity. Did you ever read Shakspeare? No, of course not; and yet I'll wager you have been hankering after the Bhagavat Ghita, and trying to get a copy of the illustrious Trismegistan Gimander! Don't blush,—you're not the first young man who has made an a—ahem—made a mistake. Fie! Learn men, Clarian, and then you will come to know man,—the surest way, I take it, of knowing the Multitudinous God. So read you Shakspeare, and

Æschylus, save the 'Prometheus,'—*that* was begotten of Bactrian lore upon the mysteries of Karnac, and does not touch man nearly, spite of all its grandeur. Here, listen, and I will give you a lesson in the Myriad-Minded whom Stratford-upon-Avon blessed our little earth with."

Therewith, Mac began to read from the first act of "The Tempest." Now chum was a Shakspeare enthusiast, and, withal, a very fine reader, as well as, from long study, quite pervaded with the Master's diction and style of thought. As he read on, he commented, in his brief, pointed way, upon the text, contrasting the Boatswain's practical usefulness with the shivering helplessness of the Courtiers. "Now this is your proper somatology," he added. "What our Bo's'un says to Gonzalo, the world will say to you, Clarian, when you propose to it any of your panaceas: Are you able to do better than we? If so, save us from the shipwreck that threatens. If not, go to your prayers. Anyhow, 'out of our way, I say!'"

"Bravo!" cried I, when the homily came to an end, "Mac is preaching Carlylism, as I'm a sinner. The next utterance will be something about roofing Hell over, or the Everlasting Yea, or Morrison's Pills! Proceed: 'lay on,' Mac! none of us will cry, 'Hold, enough!' save under risible compulsion."

Mac sulked awhile, but soon resumed his reading,—sparing us further comment, however. Thus was Clarian led over the threshold, and introduced into Shakspeare's magic world. When Mac closed his book at the end of the act, Clarian's face glowed with a flattering something that must have pleased my chum, for he *was* proud of his reading,—and the moisture glittering in the lad's eye, his flushed cheek, and the tremor of his voice as he asked to hear more, spoke volumes.

But Mac said, "No,—enough is as good as a feast, younker, and just now I have to go with Bacchus in quest of a tragedian for Athens,—*βρέκ κεκ κοῶξ, κοῶξ*, you know. Study the Master yourself; and let me by all means advise your wisdom

to detect a mystery in 'Hamlet,' and to essay the solution of the same. Nobody else has done so, of course, and it will become your long head. I've met several very mild, quiet people, whom you would not suspect of the slightest impropriety; but mention the Dane, and, *presto!* off they go upon their hobbies, ('theories,' they call 'em,) and canter around Bedlam at a most generous pace. '*Semel insanivimus omnes*,' I suppose, and Hamlet and the Apocalypse offer rare opportunities."

"Now, Ned," said Mac, somewhat complacently, when Clarian was gone, "I think I have done that young rascal some good, and the bard will advantage him still more, if he can only be moderate enough."

And, indeed, these new pastures thus unbarred to Clarian's coltish fancies made a great change in the lad. At first he simply revelled in the new world of beauty that the Master's wand evoked, like a bird in the fresh, warm sunshine of returning spring. But this did not last long; the bird must busy himself with nest-building. Clarian's ardent, impetuous nature must evolve results, would not content itself with mere sensations. So he began to study Shakspeare,—not, as he had studied the philosophers, to pluck out and make his own some cosmical, pervading thought, but to find matter for Art-purposes. I think, that, if ever there was a born artist, who united to a fine æsthetic sense the fervor of a devotee, Clarian was that one, heart and soul. Some men make a mistress of Art, and sink down, lost in sensual pleasure and excess, till the Siren grows tired and destroys them. Other men wed Art, and from the union beget them fair, lovely, ay, immortal children, as Raphael did. Some again, confounding Art with their own inordinate vanity, grow stern and harsh with making sacrifices to the stone idol, grinding down their own hearts in vain experimenting after properer pigments, whereby themselves may attain to a chill and profitless immortality. But there are others still, who, ele-

vating Art into a grand divinity, bow down and worship it, devote their lives to its priesthood, and, as a reward, only ask the god to reveal to them once his unveiled effulgence, content with the one communion, though their rashness be fatal, and the god's benison prove but the ashes of Semele. Towards this class Clarian tended, I knew very well, and hence, from the first, I had thrown a damper upon his artistic aspirations, often rewarded by his mournful and reproaching glances, as I sneered at his sketches,—which, to tell the truth, were most admirable, showing at once a keen poetic insight, fine composition, and an unusual mastery of technical details. The obedient fellow had bowed to what he deemed my better judgment, and turned away, with something of a sigh, from his dear love and ambition. Now, however, this love came suddenly back, and with tenfold intensity, as is always the case, and, though I dreaded its unhealthiness, I could no longer thwart him. Indeed, the Art-sense took such complete possession of him that I feared to interpose obstacles. He did not go about his work like a boy, but bent himself to it with the calm, resolute purpose of a man of forty. I could see the increasing mastery of the idea, in his changed eye, in his compressed lip, in his statelier, calmer pose; and, however incredulous we may be respecting results, these initiatory motions never fail to impress us. Even Bluebeard would forbear to strike down his pregnant wife, for the sake of what she bore under her bosom; and I, seeing the boy's careful study, and his long and laborious preparation, could not help looking forward to a result of commensurate importance.

Nevertheless, it was my duty to have combated Clarian's tendencies, for I could not help seeing the daily injury they did him. *Ars longa, vita brevis*, was an overpowering conviction of the lad's, and he went to work to apply the maddest of correctives. Art so exacting and life so short, then it was his office to labor so much the more earnestly, so much the more eagerly, that he might squeeze dry

this orange of the present, and lose no opportunity, no moment. Thus it came to pass with him, as it does with us all who overwork ourselves, that actually he did less than he might have done, and warped himself in a most pitiable way indeed. A conscientious fellow, as he was, Clarian had hitherto been very faithful to his duties in the regular curriculum,—but now all this was changed. Here was a grand something to be done, a something so grand, indeed, that his whole life must bow before its exactions, and all minor duties step out of the way of Juggernaut. Who thinks of etiquette, of drawing-room trivialities, when here we are before this mistress, at whose feet we must pour out our soul? for her love blesses us with new life, her scorn damns us with eternal despair. In this cursed fashion always the Idea masters a man's soul, when he has once listened to its Lurlei-song. Henceforth he is only to see things in the light it chooses to shed upon them. Let your Alchemist but seek his Elixir long enough for the poison to fairly fill his veins, and behold what a slave and a monster the Idea shall make of him! Projection awaits him; the elements are here, commingling in *balneo Mariæ*; already *Rosa Solis* lends its generative warmth; already hath *Leo Rubeus* wooed and won his lily bride; already hath the tincture headed up royally in ruby and in purple, and sublimed, and gone through the entire circle of embryonic processes: quick! there lacks but the one element; in with it, and we are masters of the Life-Secret, of wealth, and power, and all else the world can bestow,—ay, and we can give back to the world all it asks! Yes, but that element is *Sanguis Virginis*. Well, and why not a virgin's blood? Great things must be purchased,—cannot be plucked, like fruit, from every tree. Were it *Sanguis Senis*, now, who would tap a vein more readily than we, ay, even were a drop from the carotid required? And must the world lose all this divine gift for a simple? What did Abraham on Moriah? Here is this child; of what use is she to the world?—yet a few ounces of her blood,

and man is regenerate. In her innocence, too,—why, a Manichee would have done it for her own sake. Come, quick knife,—and, we do murder! I tell you, by dwelling on it, tasting, smelling of it, taking it into our bosoms, and making ourselves familiar with it, we poor men can finally persuade ourselves that the most damning thought begot of Hell upon a putrescent brain is the fairest, brightest, most glorious *Deus vult*. Here was the danger that menaced Clarian, ay, had already begun to insinuate its poison into his daily food. The simple fact of his neglecting his studies proved this. It was a venial sin, doubtless,—but still, it was his *premier pas*, and, as such, ominous enough.

Giving himself up to his art, he soon began to illustrate in his person the effects of confinement and excessive thought. His pale cheek grew paler still, the hollows under his eyes deepened, and his slim fingers waxed slimmer and more transparent than ever. I could see also that he had excessive bile,—not only ascertainable by looking at his imbrowned eye, but deducible from a change in his temper that was by no means an improvement. His room was full of sketches and drawing-material: these attracted visitors, and visitors were a trouble. Perhaps there was impertinence in their curiosity, very likely their presence hindered him; but, nevertheless, it was by no means like the sweet-tempered Clarian to show irritability and petulance, and finally, closing his door obstinately against all comers, to elect for solitude and silence at his work. No,—the boy was changed, grown morbid, a pervert, ripe for whatever Devil's sickle might be put forth to gather him in.

Thus things went on from bad to worse, until the authorities began to take notice of the lad's derelictions. The kind old President sent for me, and made many inquiries about Clarian. Evidently the elders were not a trifle bothered by my little *protégé's* proceedings, and did not know how to act. He had been much liked, his character was unblemished, he

had done himself credit in his studies: what did all this change mean? The Faculty made it a rule to respect every man's privacy as much as possible,—but Mr. Blount well knew that the present state of things could not long be permitted. In their eyes, the backslider was palpably a far more unsavory fact than the original sinner. Could not Mr. Blount use his influence in some way, or suggest some course? Mr. Blount presented Clarian's cause in as favorable a light as possible; spoke of the youth's noble nature; guarantied that there was no moral obliquity; strongly advised leniency; venturing withal to hope, nay, to believe, that all this devotion, so intense, to a single purpose, would not be fruitless, might possibly win him credit. He certainly had fine imagination, and then he was so absorbed in his work;—it was a question whether it would help him most to encourage or to repress his ardor at present. The Doctor pondered, said he would take the matter into consideration,—it were a pity to nip any wholesome enthusiasm in the bud,—“but it is very apparent, Mr. Blount, that the young man, if he goes on, will experience the fate of Orpheus, and so needs to be curbed in time. ‘*Medio tutissimus ibis*,’ saith Naso,—a maxim the non-observance of which cost him the pain and disgrace of exile. And you should strive to impress the truth of it upon Clarian; spare no pains to rouse him. This seclusion is what I most dread. The poet Spenser hath made all his viler passions dwellers in caves and darkness, and with truth; for solitude is fatal, where there are morbid and melancholic tendencies. A very wise German, remarking upon the text, ‘It is not good for man to be alone,’ added, very finely,—‘and above all, it is not good for man to *work* alone; he requires sympathy, encouragement, excitement, to succeed in anything good.’”

But I found the worthy old Doctor's advice easier to inculcate than to practise. Clarian did not need my sympathy, had excitement and encouragement enough in his own hopes, and, in fact, like the Boatswain in “The Tempest,”

only required to be let alone. Still, he paid us a visit now and then, and gave us to understand that he denied himself our society, did not thrust it aside as something useless and disagreeable. When he came, he would talk freely, and give us but too plain evidence of the change and confusion that were taking place in him. Mac never spared him at these times, and on one occasion, only a fortnight previous to the exhibition of the picture, fairly drove the boy into a passion.

“Well, Mr. Whitewash,” said he, as Clarian came in, “how are you at this present writing? You *look* as if you had been dieting on Gamboge and Flake White. Take care, young man, or you'll put us students to the cost of a tombstone with a Latin epitaph for you, yet,—beginning, *Interfecit se*.—How comes on the Art? You've given the go-by to *Ego* and *Non-Ego*, I suppose, and have resolved to achieve the very *κῆδος* upon a ten-foot whitewashed wall, eh? *Soit*,—but what results? Can you say yet, as Correggio did when he saw the St. Cecilia of Raphael, ‘*Anch' io son pittore*’? or do you intend to limit your ambition, à la Dick Tinto, to the effecting of two liquidations in one by the restoration of tavern-signs?”

“Please do not taunt me, Mac, for I am cast down, almost. I have the grandest conception, but the life-touch escapes me. It is in vain I seek it: we cannot do a thing properly, unless we *feel* it; passion will not be simulated. What we know, and can do well, must all be repeated from our own experience, says St. Simon,—and I agree with him.”

“St. Simon be—hanged!” quoth Mac. “So, it seems, the Metaphysic is not abandoned. St. Simon, forsooth!—why, his doctrine was, that, to comprehend the nature of crime, one had first to commit crime himself. Pah! according to that, he who would most thoroughly learn the philosophy of our carnal lusts must exchange natures with the goat. Pray, why do not you solicit Herr Urian to give you a hircine metamorphosis, Clarian?”

“Nay, Mac, can it be thus put off with

a jest and a sneer, after all? What do you think of these words I came across last night?"—and opening his note-book, Clarian read as follows: "For of old it hath been clearly proven, action without passion is nought save idle folly. *Passio Christi hominis redemptio*. For as sin came into the world by suffering, so also the gift of knowledge, which man would have confessedly lacked, had he not purchased it *pretio mortis*,—even whereat, meseemeth, 'tis not a commodity too high-priced. And as Philo Judæus hath well observed, (as that arch heretic doth but seldom, wherefore let us ascribe to him the full credit,) '*Materia parens est (etiam ipsa mater) peccati*,' so, to attain to anything really spiritual, we have even to be born again of this our parent, by the reëitance of whose womb, in pain and darkness, we come back to the true and the living, and have provision given us wherewith we shall conquer worlds. For, to fix the pure thought and to identify it with the true and holy, we must first divide it from the base clogs of matter; and how can we effect this disjunction, save, as it hath ever been done, by passion,—not simulate nor taken at second hand, cold, '*bis coctum quasi*,' but rather presently and in our very selves reiterate? So Naaman dipt in Jordan,—a task unto him, a sin in the eyes of his gods, and painful exceedingly to his pride-gorged humor, that would only have Abana and Pharpar,—yet only so was his skin made whole again, and soft like an infant's. So also did David the king come into tasting of the bliss of a true repentance by the terrible gateways of shameful adultery and blood-thirst."

"Oh, I agree with your author perfectly," said Mac, with inimitable gravity, while I gazed at Clarian, wondering what would come next. "All the greatest gifts man possesses have had evil sponsors or unrighteous baptism. Even Prometheus filched his fire from heaven, or t'other place. Doing evil for the sake of a prospective good is an immemorial custom, and well preceded. Revenue-farming, the *parc-aux-cerfs*, and Du Barry only

went down before *La Terreur*, Robespierre, and *Les Journées de Septembre*."

"But seriously, Mac, is it not admissible, now and then, to employ questionable means, ordinary ones failing?"

"Certainly. You may even sin, provided you believe in your cause. Faith is the one save-all and cure-all. You smile? I can give you good authority,—none other than Martin Luther, who, in one of his disputations, says emphatically, '*Si in fide posset fieri adulterium, peccatum non esset*'; and he wrote still more plainly upon this point in one of his letters to Melancthon, saying, '*Ab hoc non avellet peccatum, etiamsi millies millies uno die fornicamur aut occidamus*.'* So follow your bent, younker, and they cannot say you are without 'precedent right reverend.'"

Clarian sprang to his feet, his pale face all ablaze with indignation. "You have no right to say such things to me, Sir," he cried, "for you know well enough"—

"I know well enough that you are a crack-brained jackanapes, with your damned fantasies!" bellowed Mac, angry in his turn. "What do you mean,—you, who are a perfect little saint in your life,—what do you mean by thrusting all these foul heresies at me, as if you were a veritable citizen of Sodom, or a rejuvenized Faust, who have just replenished your stock of 'experiences,' as you call them, by seducing Margaret and stabbing her brother? Burn your books, if that filth is all they teach you,—and mend your manners, if you expect to be tolerated in respectable company. Good-bye!" cried he, as Clarian rushed white-heated from the room.

"Pshaw, Ned, spare your remonstrances, if you please,—I'm tired of the little fool's nonsense."

"But the boy is sick, my dear fellow, and requires to be treated more gently. His mind is diseased, and it would not take much to drive him quite desperate."

"No such good luck, Ned. I wish I could make him pitch into somebody or

* *Vie de Luther*, par AUDIN, Paris, 1839. An accurate book, but scathingly bitter.

something. Nothing would do the beggar so much good, just now, as to get himself into a regular scrape. It would act like a shower-bath, wake him up, and purge him of these dismal humors."

"Still, you would not like to have it said that *you* were the cause of his getting into any difficulty; and you know very well he is not one to extricate himself easily, if once involved."

"Never fear. '*Il y a un Dieu pour les enfants et les ivrognes*,' says a proverb in which I place implicit faith."

We saw nothing of Clarian until some three or four nights after this, when he came hurriedly into our room. It was quite late, but Mac was still at his Mathematics, while I was dawdling with my pipe and a volume of Sternberg's pleasant tales. Clarian walked directly up to Mac, holding out his hand, and saying, "I have come to ask your forgiveness, my dear Mac; I was wrong and foolish the other day."

"Nonsense, you flighty canary-bird!" said Mac; "you owe me nothing, so have done with that. Sit down and smoke a pipe with us."

"No,—I have come for you and Ned; I want you to see my picture to-night. Come, I will take no denial,—I am about to finish it, and I want your criticisms before I lay on the final touches."

"Why not to-morrow, Clarian?"

"Then everybody will want to see. No, it must be to-night."

Mac and I were by no means reluctant to humor the lad, for we were not incurious respecting the picture, and we accompanied him forthwith. His room was quite large, well lighted and airy, with a sleeping-closet attached. Over the blank wall opposite the windows hung a black muslin curtain of most funereal aspect, which rolled up to the ceiling by means of a cord and pulley, and, being now down, effectually concealed from view what we had come to see. Clarian placed three or four candles, made us be seated, filling pipes for us, and taking one himself; a most rare occurrence with him,—all the

while talking with more vivacity than I had seen him exhibit for several months.

"I have carefully studied my subject, fellows," said he, "and have striven after perfection. I went to Shakspeare for it, Mac, and sought one that would give me at once a proper field, and at the same time pervade me so that I could paint from myself. Singularly enough, I have found this magnetic influence most completely in '*Macbeth*.' Do you remember Scene Fourth of the Third Act? That is the situation I have endeavored to portray. Macbeth, wretched criminal, suspects every one of his own dark purposes, or fears their hatred, because he feels himself hateful. He is not a coward, either physically or morally; his fears are all intellectual; he knows that Banquo is too noble to serve him, too powerful to be permitted to serve against him,—so he must out of the way. The murderers have received their commission; the king, satisfied now that all he has to fear will shortly be removed, has said, '*There's comfort yet*'; he has cheered his wife with words even merry, as he can with some complacency, for it is truly his principle of action, that

'Things bad begun make strong themselves
by ill';

and now, in this scene, he is to meet his courtiers at a state-banquet, given in honor of Banquo, he tells them with hardihood. For we must remember that this jealous king is no longer the warrior Thane whom we first encounter upon the '*blasted heath*,' and whom we afterwards see haunted by horrid visions of '*air-drawn daggers*,' as he turns his hand to crime. He has gotten far beyond all this. Murders to him are become but '*trifles light as air*'; use has blunted his sensibility, and to bring back all that agony and horror needs a vastly stronger excitement than a mere deed of blood. We see this in the cool way he tells the murderer, '*There's blood upon thy face*,' as if it simply made him look less presentable. Nevertheless, suffer for it Macbeth must. That is ordained; and the

means to it, and particularly the *effect* of those means, are what I have tried to represent here."

So saying, he drew up the curtain, and the picture stood before us. Mac and I gave it one quick glance, and then, with a simultaneous impulse, extended our hands to Clarian. The lad laughed a little laugh of joy as he returned our embrace, and then silently nodded towards the picture again.

Those old Princetonians who have seen Clarian's Picture will easily be able to explain our emotion upon beholding it thus for the first time. It was in colored crayon, and covered a large portion of the wall, representing a lofty, but entirely unornamented Gothic hall, with a table in the centre, around which were grouped the guests. These showed in their faces and disordered array that dismay and anxiety which were natural to them at sight of their king so strangely and appallingly stricken, but evidently they were entirely and happily unconscious of the *THING* that sat there in their midst, touching them, consorting its chancel horrors with their warm-blooded humanity,—so near, so close to them, that *he* fancied the smell of that trickling gore, that dank grave-soil, must necessarily enter in at their nostrils, and he sickened at the thought for very sympathy. The woe-wasted wife, comprehending what it meant, as she chiefly, from the dark depths of her own spotted consciousness, *could* comprehend, had yet flung her fear aside for the sake of him whom she loved with a love so bitter-costly, and now she stood at his side, fiercely clutching him, and taunting him like a tigress with his unmanly fears. Ah, had that clutch upon his elbow been the searing grasp of white-heated pincers, eating to the bone, it had not stirred *him*. He stood there, a tall, large-limbed man, brown and weather-stained, one who had endured much, wrinkled somewhat, care-marked about the brow, but very capable, and evidently as bold and daring, to the line, as he asserted himself,—he stood there, flung back, fixed, petrified, as it

were, by the baleful judgment that lighted those unearthly eyes which watched him from across the table there; and though his arm be flung up over his face, half to protect, half in menace,—though his fist be clenched and swollen, his brow dark and frowning, we know he will not spring forward, but will stand there still, no life in all that mass of muscle, no will-power in that capable brain, nought but impotent malignity in that murderous frown: for he is stricken,—his sin has found him out,—ay, at the very altar, Orestes hears the Furies shriek their hatred in his ears, exultingly proclaiming that for him at least there is no rest, nor ever shall be!

Such was the impression of Clarian's Picture, and I felt my blood fairly tingle with recognition of the boy's power.

"It is noble, great," said Mac, in those deep tones that spoke how he was moved, "and men shall call you Artist when it is finished."

Finished! what more did it want? what more could be done to this so perfect composition?

"Ah, Mac," said Clarian, enthusiastically seizing my chum's hands, "such recognition as yours is what I have yearned for, and yet—'tis you who have chiefly mocked me. It *shall* be finished, Mac, and worthily! Do you not think I have prayed for the inspiration, that I might bestow that final, life-giving touch? Two months ago it was as near complete as it is now,—but not until this very night have I felt the power of it. Now, however, my soul is full of it, and it shall wax into a poem. This is why I sought you, dear friends, to-night; for I am too gloriously happy to be selfish, and I want you to share my happiness with me. Yes, Mac, it has come at last, the warm Promethean fire, and at last I can proclaim, '*Anch' io son pittore!*'"

I gazed at the lad as he raised his voice with these last words, and was almost awed by his singular beauty. It seemed almost as if a halo should encircle his brow. There was a delicate rose-flush on his cheek that rivalled in strange love-

liness the hectic color of the young mother when her first-born nestles close and fondly to her thrilled bosom, and his eyes glowed with a rare lambent light that touched one with the eloquence of a beautiful dream. Mac eyed him with equal wonder and delight, but said, teasingly,—

"Hey! so you have come at last to the 'true and the living,' have you? Art regenerate? I hope thou hast also undergone that true baphometric fire-baptism, whereof the worthy Diogenes Teufelsdröckh hath discoursed so appetizingly, causing us to long after it, none the less that he hath scrupulously refrained from expounding whatever it is."

"Yes, Mac, the new life dawns upon me,—no Plotinian trance, no somnambulant introspection, but a genuine awakening of the soul to a sense of its own beauty."

"Prodigious! as Dominie Sampson would say. Nay, I am not laughing at you, Clarian," said Mac, pointing to the picture; "*there is enough to make me believe in you, though how you achieved it I cannot imagine.*"

"The means, Mac? Is not that rather *my* question than yours? We judge ourselves from within; 'others judge us by what we have done,' says Goethe. The means, ha, and the motive? Why will men seek stumbingly after these, when actually their sole concern is with the thing done? So, you two look at me,—I was but pondering,—putting a case;—so far, the means here have been simple and innocent,—my hand, my eye, my brain, my purpose; but — Mac!" added he, suddenly, after a pause, "did you never, in reading Rabelais, feel that somehow there was a profound and reverential symbolism underlying the wild froth of words in which the histories of Gargantua and Pantagruel have come down to us? that in all that *olla-podrida* of filth, quip, jest, wicked folly, and mad wisdom, was yet hidden, like the pearl in the oyster, a deep and most mystic system of world-philosophy?"

"Anan?" said Mac, looking at the boy curiously.

"For instance, in what the good Cure of Meudon says about the 'herb Pantagruelion,'—did the symbolism and esoteric meaning of all that never strike you?"

"Oh, yes," cried Mac, with a singularly significant smile, "I see how it is now. I understand. You are improving, Clarian, rapidly. Hum, wonder what your mother would say, if she knew you were a friend of Panurge's, and did draw such inferences from his wisdom! Yes, *mon enfant*, I have long felt the profundity of Pantagruelion, not less than the oracular efficacy of Baebuc. And no one can deny that the thinnest strand of Manila, if not full of mysteries *per se*, can at least open the way for us to the very innermost crypts, and hence may be styled *potentially* a very gateway to Eleusinia."

"I do not mean that, Mac,—not the mere mechanical warp and woof of it, to hang beggars and sots with,—but the more potent essence, the inner cosmic power of it, to rouse the soul into grand expansive consciousness, and then to suspend it far above the carks and cares of this weary world, to sew it aloft to some leaf of the Tree of Life, like the nest of Jean Paul's tailor-bird, that it may swing there, above the hum and dust of matter, swayed and sung to sleep by the expanding breath of Infinity! Oh, yes!" cried Clarian, while his cheek glowed warmer, his eye flamed brighter, and his voice flowed on with a rhythmic throb, "oh, yes, I know it all, now! The Idea is awake, and dwells in my soul, at once master there and slave. I leap out of this base Present: I stand panting and glowing before the mighty portals of Infinity, from whose inner mazes I see the grand Gods beckoning to me, greeting me as of their kindred, summoning me to take my throne also, which awaits me in their midst. I have burst these narrow bonds of flesh, and my soul shall soar henceforth in the grandeur realized of the Spirit, like a proud falcon just unmewed and flung off in sight of the noblest quarry. Art! what a dull, meaningless sound it was yesterday!—but now, the entombing pyramid of matter is up-

heaved, flung off forever, and the Spirit stands erect in her bright Palingenesis, half-intoxicate with the all-pervading sense of her own grand beauty. The tree is rent asunder,—Ariel soars again in his element. Psyche has loosed herself from the fettering contact of Daimon, and lo, now, how daintily she poises on tip-toe, fluttering her wings ere she launches like a star into the wide exhilarant ether! O divine Art! pride, glory, first love of my soul! now, indeed, hast thou exchanged the yoke of dull Saturn and the gloomy caverns of earth for the fair heights of Olympus, and the companionship of Zeus *Νεφεληγερέτης*, him at whose nod the heavens display themselves like a many-figured arras, all alive with beauties and significance that the dull eye conjectures not, that the impure, unpurged eye shrinks away from, lest it be seared by the too great splendor! I know it all now. I began gropingly, in surmise, error, darkness; but now my brow catches, ay, and reflects, the calm, pure, effulgent light of Nature's definite day, and I bathe myself in its happy warmth. Erst, I grovelled like a worm, blind and earth-fed: now, I shall speed through very space, winged heel and shoulder, a swift, untiring Hermes, who have drunk of the milk that flows rich in Nature's breasts, and am emancipate forever in the decorous freedom of the beautiful self-conscious spirit! Oh, the glory, oh, the boon of Art, the play-deity! Phæbus no longer drives herds for Admetus, but is grown into Helios, feels in his breast the freer life of the very Hyperion, the walker on high. Ay, ay, smile on, Mac, you and Ned! I shall not quarrel with you for not understanding me; it is only just now that I have learned to understand myself. My Art will reward me; even now, while you doubt, it is already doing so. I tell you, you two, whom I love and honor," cried he, rising to his feet, lifted up, as it were, by the exaltation of his soul, while his voice rose like the gush of a fine-toned flute, "I tell you, moreover, that I am an artist, with a work to do that shall be done, and so done that you two who love

me will be the first to salute me Artist, to recognize me, and acknowledge me for what I shall become."

"We do that already, Clarian," said Mac's emphatic voice.

"No," said Clarian, firmly, proudly, like a poet about to kneel that he may receive the laurel crown, "no, you do not know me yet."

And he was right. We did not yet know him.

"That is a boy after my own heart," said Mac, after we had returned to our room. He was standing by the open window, and I at his elbow, both of us thinking of the strange child we had just left, while our eyes took note of the fair night, how the silvery sheen of the moonlight glistened upon the leaves, and sprinkled itself in dappling flecks between the trees on the soft even sward of the campus below. "A boy after my own heart,—and, in spite of all his twaddle, will make an artist. It's in him."

"But did you not think him strangely wild to-night? I never heard him talk so fluently; but it was not the talk of a sane man."

Mac looked at me, laughing long and loud. "Thou dear innocent Ned!" cried he at last, "what a diagnostic thou wouldst make! It was indeed the talk of madness, good chum, and a very pretty madness was it, one that needeth not any Anticyran purgatives to expel it. So thou must not fash thyself about the lad, *du liebe dummkopf*, for he will come right very speedily. Didst remark not what he said about the 'herb Pantagruelion,' which, in the vulgar, meaneth only *hemp*? And surely you noted the warm flush of his cheek, the dilatation of his eye, and its phosphorescent glow? Dr. Thorne would soon enough tell you what these things signify. The boy is not crazy, Ned, but *drunk*,—drunk in the decorous delirium of a Damascene Pacha, propped against a Georgian maid, and fanned by Houris of Bethlehem Judah. He has been reading Monte Cristo, perhaps, or has somehow heard about the Indian Hemp, not the '*utilissima funibus canna-*

bis' of practical Pliny, but *Cannabis Indica*, wherewith, I believe, Amrou spurred on his Arabs to their miraculous feats of war, when he conquered Egypt and drove Alexandria's Prefect into the sea,—the *blang* of amok-running Malays, the *haschish* of Syria and Cairo. This is what hath made him drunk, and, i' faith, the intoxication does not ill become him. He will be all right in the morning, and all the better for this little brush. And anyhow, Ned, you must not watch the boy too closely, nor interfere with him. Let him 'gang his ain gait.' He comes of another breed than ours, I begin to suspect, and our rough fodder and grooming may not suit his higher blood.—*Ach, Himmel!* Ned," cried he, laughing, "it pleased me, though, to see how adroitly he contrived to twist that new reading out of the *bon homme François*. It was quite in the style of St. Augustine, and would have delighted that ex-sophist hugely; for, great as he was, and self-denying as he was, he always had a hankering after the dialectic flesh-pots. How he would have rubbed his hands, when Clarian wanted to persuade us that the herb Pantagruelion was no

other than Haschish, the expander of souls!—Hollo! yonder goes the lad now. I wonder what he is up to. See him, Ned, yonder, just coming out of the shadow of North College. How fast he walks! how he is swinging his arms! I'll bet he is repeating poetry. I wonder what the lad is after, anyhow.—There he goes, round the corner of West College,—over the fence. Can he mean to have a game of ball by moonlight?—No,—he's making across the fields; if he had a pitcher with him now, I'd say he was going to the spring in the hollow.—Confound that tree! I've lost him."

I proposed following Clarian, being really uneasy about him, but Mac entered his veto,—

"No, Ned,—there's no need, and—it's none of our business. Children like him have a hundred baby-houses we do not know anything about. He wants a bath in the moonlight, I suppose, and wouldn't thank you for playing Actæon to the naked Diana of his midnight musings. Come, 'tis bedtime; or do you want to finish Sternberg's '*Herr von Mondschein*'? It is *à propos*, and I see your book is opened to the very place."

[To be continued.]

JAPAN.

THE arrival in this country of an embassy from Japan, the first political delegation ever vouchsafed to a foreign nation by that reticent and jealous people, is now a topic of universal interest. It is well understood, that, by the efforts of the government of the United States, the traditional policy of Japan, which for more than two hundred years forbade all freedom of intercourse with the surrounding world, has been so effectively subverted that its reëstablishment is now impossible. Within eight years the bar-

riers of Japanese seclusion have been removed, and the extreme prejudice against foreign communications almost obliterated. That this has been accomplished with a prudent and just regard for the rights and feelings of this singular race, the appointment of an embassy to the particular government which first successfully invaded its long cherished privacy abundantly proves.

The countries of Japan and China, and everything directly concerning them, have always claimed a peculiar consider-

ation. Their self-imposed isolation, the mystery with which they have sought to surround themselves, the extraordinary habits and character of the people, the evidences of an earlier civilization in China — formerly supposed also to have extended to Japan — than is recorded of any other existing nation, account for the curious attention that has been bestowed upon them. Although now known to be entirely distinct, the Chinese and Japanese, by reason of the similarity of their occupations, customs, religion, written language, dress, and so forth, were for a long time looked upon as kindred races, and esteemed alike. Probably even at this time popular appreciation makes little distinction between the two countries. But since the necessities of commerce have recently compelled a somewhat vigorous interference with their seclusion, we begin to get a clearer understanding of the subject. We find, that, while, on close examination, the imagined attractions of China disappear, those of Japan become only more definite and substantial. The old interest in China is transferred to its worthier neighbor; for, in spite of all Celestial and Flowery preconceptions, it is impossible to view with any sincere interest a nation so palsied, so corrupt, so wretchedly degraded, and so enfeebled by misgovernment, as to be already more than half sunk in decay; while, on the other hand, the real vigor, thrift, and intelligence of Japan, its great and still advancing power, and the rich promise of its future are such as to reward the most attentive study. Its commanding position, its wealth, its commercial resources, and the quick intelligence of its people — not at all inferior to that of the people of the West, although naturally restricted in its development — give to Japan, now that it is about to emerge from its chrysalis condition, and unfold itself to the outer world, an importance far above that of any other Eastern country.

We propose to relate, with necessary brevity, what is most important of the little that is known of this interesting people. All records bearing upon the sub-

ject are imperfect, and the best of them are more profuse in speculation and surmise than in solid fact. The information possessed has been drawn bit by bit from the reluctant Japanese. The difficulties of investigation have been almost insurmountable, — no visitor, during two hundred years, having been allowed the slightest freedom of association with the people, or opportunity for travel. With very few exceptions, foreigners have been confined to the extremest limit of the islands, and forbidden even to leave the coast; and in no case has any disposition been shown to satisfy the curious demands of those who have attempted to break through the national reserve.

The origin of the Japanese is still involved in obscurity, and the date of the settlement of the islands is unknown. The boldest theory is, that a tribe proceeded thither directly from the land of Shinar, at the division of the races. In support of this, the purity of the Japanese language, which, in its primitive form, bears very slight affinity to any other tongue, and the evident dissimilarity of the people to those of any other Asiatic country, are adduced. The more general belief is, that the Japanese are an offshoot of the Mongol family, and that their emigration to these islands was at so remote a period that tradition has preserved no recollection of it. The favorite idea, that the first settlements were by Chinese, has long been set aside, except by the Chinese themselves, whose custom is to claim the origin of everything, and who still assume to consider Japan as a sort of province under their dominion. The fact is, that, to the Japanese, a Chinaman is the most worthless and contemptible object in Nature. The Chinese have, however, a fanciful legend in which they find an irresistible argument upon their side of the question. A certain Emperor, they say, seeking to prolong his life, demanded of the court physician an elixir of immortality. The physician modestly declared his ignorance of any such preparation, but, after receiving a

significant hint, involving the loss of his head, recollected himself, and acknowledged that an herb of immortality did certainly exist, but that its delicacy was so rare it could be properly culled only by the most chaste hands. He thus succeeded in securing three hundred brave young men, and the same number of virtuous young women, whose twelve hundred chaste hands were at once consecrated to the plucking of the magical plant, which was declared to grow only in the islands of the sea. Once out of the Emperor's reach, all thought of the particular duty in hand was instantly abolished, and superseded by a successful effort to establish a new nation, which in time resolved itself into Japan.

This, although satisfactory to the Chinese, fails to convince less credulous investigators. While the Japanese and Chinese have, perhaps, more common characteristics than can be readily explained with our present knowledge of them, yet no fact is better demonstrated than that they are wholly distinct races. There is an opinion, for which there is reasonable ground, that one of the earliest rulers of Japan was a Chinese invader, who founded the dynasty of the Mikados, or Spiritual Emperors; but, if this were so, it is evident that the conquerors must have mingled with the native inhabitants, and soon lost their identity. This would in a measure account for the prevalence of certain Chinese habits and customs in Japan.

The question of Japanese origin remains yet undecided. Its earlier history, previous to the year 660 B. C., is mostly fabulous. There are the usual legends of dignitaries in close relationship with every member of the solar system, who were accustomed to reign an indefinite number of years, — generally some thousands. Beginning with 660 B. C., we have something authentic. At that time a warrior whose name signified "the divine conqueror" — (the supposed Chinese invader) — entered Japan, and assumed the control of its destinies. He called himself "Mikado," and established

his court at Miako, in Nipon, the largest of the group of islands, where he built temples and palaces, both spiritual and secular. Claiming to rule by divine right, he exercised the sole functions of the government, which, upon his death, descended to his heir, and thenceforward in direct order of succession. The Mikado, by reason of his superhuman dignities, was invested with a sanctity that gradually became irksome, shutting him out, as it did, from all fellowship with men, and compelling him to forego all familiar intercourse with even the highest nobles around his throne. Consequently arose the custom of abdication at a very early age by the Mikados, in favor of their children, for whom they acted as regents, circulating freely, upon their descent to mere mundane authority, with the rest of the court. By this course, however, the integrity of the government was weakened, and, dissensions arising, the stability of the throne was endangered by the aggressions of some of the more powerful princes. In the twelfth century, it happened that a Mikado, particularly alive to the vanities of the world, not only gave up his station to his son, then three years old, but also renounced the labors of the regency, which were intrusted to the infant monarch's grandfather, whose first exercise of power was the immediate imprisonment of the abdicator. This was worse than had been bargained for, and a contest ensued, which terminated in favor of the ex-Mikado, owing to the valor of a young warrior prince named Yoritomo. The prisoner was released, and himself assumed the regency; but from that moment the strength of the Mikados was gone. Yoritomo, having demonstrated that his power was superior to that of the spiritual lord, demanded and obtained the rank and title of "Ziagoon," — General, or General-in-Chief. He at first divided with the Mikado the duties of the government, but by degrees succeeded in concentrating in himself the real supremacy. From him descended the temporal sovereignty of Japan, which has ever since overbalanced the spiritual authority, al-

though the first nominal rank is still accorded to the Mikado.

In the year 1295, the existence of Japan was first announced to the Western world. Marco Polo, returning from his Asiatic travels, related all that he had learned of a vast island lying to the east of China, and even designated its position on his maps. He called it Zipangu, the name he had heard in China. This narration was not received with much credit, and was, until the sixteenth century, generally forgotten. It is a singular fact, that the record left by Marco Polo had a strong influence in deciding the convictions of Christopher Columbus, whose expectation in sailing from Spain was to discover the island spoken of by the Venetian voyager. But the ambition of Columbus was otherwise satisfied, and Japan was not visited by the representatives of any Western nation until the year 1543, or 1545, when a party of Portuguese, among whom was Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, were driven by a storm upon the coast, and forced to take shelter in the province of Bungo, upon the island of Kiu-siu. The account of this visit, given by Pinto, is full of interest, and, notwithstanding the questionable character that clings to his writings, is without doubt correct in almost every particular.

At the time when fortune threw these wanderers upon the Japanese coast, there was no disinclination to admit strangers, or to communicate with them in the most liberal manner. They were warmly received, and treated with great consideration. The same friendship appeared to animate both parties. The Portuguese made presents of arms and ammunition to the Japanese, who, with ready skill, soon discovered the methods of manufacturing others for themselves. The Japanese consented that Portuguese commerce should be introduced, and the King of Bungo authorized an annual visit from a Portuguese ship. Thus commercial relations were established, and at the same time a religious mission, led by St. Francis Xavier, was despatched to Japan. The prospects of trade and the new principles

of religion were welcomed with equal readiness. The visitors were restricted in no manner whatever. Converts to Christianity were almost without number. When Xavier departed from Japan, in 1551, he left behind him thousands of ardent and enthusiastic professors of his faith, and a religious sentiment that promised speedily to extend its influences throughout the land.

The government openly encouraged the diffusion of Christianity. The Zio-goon Nobanunga, who then reigned, having been importuned by native priests to expel the foreign missionaries, inquired how many different religions there were in Japan. "Thirty-five," was the reply. "Well," said he, "where thirty-five sects can be tolerated, we can easily bear with thirty-six." Leave the strangers in peace." Some of the most powerful princes espoused the Christian religion, and about the year 1584, a mission, consisting of two young Japanese noblemen, attended by two counsellors of less rank, was sent to Rome by the subordinate kings of Bungo and Arima, and the Prince of Omura, in testimony of the devotion of those rulers. The people themselves hastened to the new faith with such zeal as to win the warmest affections of all the missionaries who went among them. Xavier wrote of them, "I know not when to cease, in speaking of the Japanese; they are truly the delight of my heart."

So long as the mild teachings of Xavier and his Jesuit band prevailed, the cause of Christianity advanced and prospered. But their field of labor was soon invaded by multitudes of Dominicans and Franciscans from various Portuguese settlements in Asia. By the persistent exercise of their best faculties for mischief, these friars succeeded without much delay in working irreparable injury where their predecessors had effected so much good. They quarrelled, first among themselves, and then with the Jesuits, until their strifes became the mockery of the people. The native priests of the Siutoo and Buddhist religions took advantage of this state of things to make a bold stand

against the spread of the new doctrines. They organized a force in the dominions of Omura, destroyed a Jesuit settlement and church, and marched about in open rebellion against the authority of the Prince. This movement, however, was checked without difficulty, and the insurgents were overthrown in battle. The church was rebuilt at the place now known as Nagasaki, which, an inferior village at that time, soon became the centre of Portuguese commerce, and grew to great importance among Japanese cities. But the friars continued their intrigues and tumults, in spite of the growing contempt shown by the Japanese. Many of the Roman clergy, moreover, assuming too great confidence in their easily gained power, began to defy the usages of the country, and to adopt airs of superiority quite at variance with the notions of the inhabitants upon that subject. At the commencement of this altered condition of affairs, the Ziogoon Nobanunga, who certainly was not unfavorably disposed to the Christians, was assassinated, and his office and rank, after a series of violent struggles, which lasted five years, fell to a man of humble origin, but great talents, named Fide-yosi. This person had in his youth served Nobanunga in the most menial capacity, but, owing partly to his remarkable abilities, and partly to the circumstances which threw the succession into so much confusion, he contrived to place himself, in the year 1587, at the head of the nation. He then married the Mikado's daughter, and assumed the name of Taiko-sama, with a view, perhaps, of dissociating himself as completely as possible, in his exaltation, from the obscure individual Fide-yosi, with whom, otherwise, he might not unnaturally be confounded.

The new Ziogoon cared very little for the operations of the Christians, while they kept themselves free from interference in the political affairs of the country, and respected its customs. But the offensive spirit of the Portuguese laity was not to be repressed. Their manners grew more intolerable, from year to year. In time the progress of conversion al-

most ceased, and yet the Portuguese, blind to danger, disdained to retrace their steps. At length the Ziogoon, having journeyed through that part of the country mostly under Christian influences, suddenly determined to rid himself of so dangerous an element, and issued an order for the expulsion of all missionaries throughout the empire. This was resisted by some of the converted nobles, and particularly by the young prince of Omura, whose obstinacy was punished in a very summary way,—the Ziogoon seizing upon the port of Nagasaki, and transferring it to his own immediate government. On paying a heavy ransom, however, the prince was permitted to resume authority in Nagasaki, and Taiko-sama, busily occupied with more important affairs of state, neglected to enforce his decree of expulsion, and left the Christians undisturbed for some years, until a new evidence of affront once more aroused his indignation against them.

A Japanese nobleman and a Portuguese bishop, riding in their sedans, met, one day, on a high-road of Nagasaki. The duty of the bishop, according to the law of the country, was to alight and respectfully recognize the nobleman. But, instead of doing this, he refused to tarry, and even turned his head to the other side. Full of wrath, the nobleman made bitter complaint to the Ziogoon, who from that time turned his heart more resolutely than ever against the presumptuous and insolent foreigners. He again assumed the direct government of Nagasaki, and was about to adopt more vigorous measures, when he unexpectedly died, leaving the Christians a few remaining years of probation.

Taiko-sama was undoubtedly the greatest monarch that ever reigned in Japan. He succeeded in bringing for the first time into complete subjection the numerous powerful princes who had previously held an almost undivided sway in the larger provinces. By this means he consolidated the strength of the nation, and was enabled to undertake some very brilliant conquests. A letter sent by him to

the Portuguese viceroy of Goa shows his own estimate of his power, and his general opinion of the insignificance of the external world.

"This vast monarchy," he wrote, "is like an immovable rock, and all the efforts of its enemies will not be able to shake it. Thus not only am I at peace at home, but persons come even from the most distant countries to render me that homage which is my due. *Just now I am projecting the subjugation of China*; and as I have no doubt that I shall succeed in this design, I trust that we shall soon be much nearer to each other. . . . As to that which regards religion, Japan is the kingdom of the Kamis, that is to say, of Xim, which is the principle of everything. . . . The [Jesuit] fathers are come into these islands to teach another religion; but as that of the Kamis is too well established to be abolished, this new law can only serve to introduce into Japan a diversity of religion prejudicial to the welfare of the state. That is why I have prohibited, by imperial edict, these foreign doctors from continuing to preach their doctrine. . . . I desire, nevertheless, that our commercial relations shall remain upon the same footing."

In regard to the religion of Japan, which Taiko-sama lucidly and felicitously expounds by pronouncing it the religion "of the Kamis, [Princes, or Nobles,] that is to say, of Xim, which is the principle of everything," it may be assumed that the Ziogoon had little thought of any theological troubles that might arise. His apprehensions were purely of a political nature. It is related that the captain of a Spanish man-of-war, in attempting to explain the secret of the vast colonial possessions of Spain, incautiously told Taiko that the introduction of Christianity into heathen nations was the first step, and the only difficult one, conquest naturally and easily following. Such an avowal was not likely to be lost upon so acute a mind as Taiko's, and it may very probably have been one of the immediate causes which induced his extreme hostility to the diffusion of Christianity.

Taiko's warlike declarations were by no means vain boasts. He did invade China, and spread such terror among the timid Celestials that they yielded him all possible submission, giving him a number of Corean provinces, a daughter of their Emperor in marriage, and the promise of an annual tribute to Japan, in token of Japanese supremacy. The tribute not appearing at the proper time, the Ziogoon immediately despatched a few armies to the Corea and again destroyed the Celestial balance of mind. These forces, however, were soon after recalled, in consequence of Taiko-sama's death.

During the first year of the reign of his successor, Ogoshō-sama, the Dutch appeared in Japan. A fleet of five ships, sent from Holland by the Indian Company, had been dispersed in the Pacific, and, sickness breaking out among the crews, only one ship remained. On board was an English pilot, a man of some education, named William Adams, who suggested visiting Japan, which was finally decided upon. In April, 1600, the Dutch vessel anchored in the harbor of Bungo, and the crew were cordially received by the people. But they found formidable enemies in the Portuguese and Spaniards of Nagasaki, who assailed them with the most unjust aspersions, and endeavored in every way to turn the prejudices of the Japanese against them. Notwithstanding this, however, the Dutch were kindly treated, although never permitted to leave the country again, on account of the suspicions aroused by the imputations of the Portuguese. William Adams was taken in charge by the Ziogoon himself, who found the Englishman so valuable and instructive a person that he would never hear of his leaving the imperial presence.

In 1609, other Dutch ships came to Japan, and, the scruples of the Ziogoon having been set at rest, commercial relations were entered into. The Dutch established a factory at Firando, in opposition to the Portuguese factory at Nagasaki. A rivalry arose, heightened by the political and religious feud between the

nations, which was actively carried on for a number of years. The Portuguese at first beset the Ziogoon with importunities for the expulsion of the Dutch; but Ogosho-sama, in the most catholic spirit, intimated, that, if devils from hell should take a fancy to visit his realm, they should be treated like angels from heaven, so long as they respected his laws.

In the midst of the jealous struggles of Dutch and Portuguese, came a new application for Japanese favor. In June, 1613, a vessel, despatched for the purpose by the English government, arrived at Firando, bearing letters and presents from King James I. to the Ziogoon. These were graciously received, and a commercial treaty of the most favorable character was at once negotiated. Among other not less important privileges, the Ziogoon gave to English merchants the following:—"Free license forever safely to come into any of our ports of our Empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without any hindrance to them or their goods; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner with all nations; to tarry here as long as they think good, and to depart at their pleasure"; also, "that, without other passport, they shall and may set out upon the discovery of Jesso: or any other port in or about our Empire." The Ziogoon also sent a letter, assuring the English monarch of his love and esteem, and announcing that every facility desired in the way of trade would be gladly granted, even to the establishment of a factory at Firando. A settlement was accordingly made at that place, and commercial communications were continued until about 1623, when they were voluntarily abandoned by the English. It appears that their affairs were less successful than those of the Dutch, who were stationed at the same port; but, whether from their own misapprehension of the kind of merchandise needed for Japan, or from the opposition of their rivals, who sought, in this case as in others, to secure for themselves the monopoly of trade, is uncertain.

For some years after the departure of

the English, the contests between the Portuguese and Dutch grew more bitter and violent, and the arrogance of the Portuguese more unbearable, until at length, in 1637, the climax of their offences was reached, and the affections of the Japanese rulers, which, but for their own follies, would always have been with them, were turned into the most unrelenting hatred. The Portuguese, not content with the great privileges they already enjoyed, formed a conspiracy with certain of the native Christian princes to depose the Ziogoon, overturn the government, and take the power into their own hands. Letters containing the details of this plot were discovered by the Dutch, and straightway sent to the monarch. The statement has been made by Spanish writers, that this conspiracy had no existence excepting in Dutch invention, and that the proofs of guilt were all forged for the purpose of more completely destroying the Portuguese; but the evidence is too strong to be overthrown by any such allegation. The result was, that imperial edicts were immediately put forth, enjoining the expulsion of all Portuguese from the islands, and the utter extirpation of the Christian religion. For nearly two years there was a series of the most terrible persecutions. The Portuguese were at length banished, and the native converts who rose in rebellion against the decree were slaughtered by thousands, *the Dutch themselves coöperating in the work of destruction*. The history of these massacres is one of the most remarkable that the annals of Christianity can show. It stands forever, an ineffaceable record, covering with shame those pretended disciples of the religion of Christ, who by their reckless and wicked course not only invited their own destruction, but compelled that of thousands of innocent fellow-beings, and interrupted for centuries the progress of the cause they had so poorly essayed to promote.

It is thus evident, that, for the system of seclusion which during nearly two hundred and fifty years was closely adhered to, the Japanese themselves are in no de-

gree to be blamed. The fault lay with the representatives of two refined and enlightened nations, who, by a persistent career of selfish folly and pride, covered themselves with the deserved reproach of a people to whose untutored apprehension such extraordinary principles of civilization appeared unworthy of cultivation. That the Japanese were at first amiably and liberally disposed toward foreigners, their frank admission of the Portuguese, Spaniards, Dutch, and especially of the English, amply shows. Until constrained for their own safety to do so, they took no step toward interfering with the almost unlimited privileges they had granted. It is, indeed, difficult to condemn their course, when we consider the enormity of their provocation, and the dangers to which they believed themselves exposed. If Christianity has suffered, the errors of those who misrepresented it were the cause. How soon it may be possible to again attempt its introduction is doubtful; for, of all foreign evils, the Japanese look upon Christianity as the worst, viewing it simply as the covert means of conquest, and reducing to submission those over whom its influences extend.

Beyond the removal of their rivals, the Dutch had little upon which to congratulate themselves in this movement. The monopoly of trade was theirs, but with the most degrading and humiliating conditions. They were obliged to give up their factory at Firando, and take a new station upon the small island of Desima, in the harbor of Nagasaki. To preserve even the most limited intercourse with the Japanese, they were forced to relinquish all sense of dignity and self-respect. The history of their relations with Japan, for the past two hundred years, is a continual record of absolute contempt and pitiless constraint on the one hand, and the most abject and disgraceful servitude on the other.

During the excitements which followed the expulsion of the Portuguese, a second effort to enter Japan was made by the English; but, owing, it is supposed,

to the interference of the Dutch, this attempt was wholly unsuccessful. In 1673, the East India Company despatched another vessel, which was also received with distrust. The Japanese had learned, through the Dutch, that the English king, Charles II., had allied himself by marriage to the royal family of Portugal. On this account, and on this only, the Japanese declared that no English ship could be admitted. Two other equally fruitless attempts were made in 1791 and 1803. In 1808, an English ship of war, by showing Dutch colors, gained entrance to the port of Nagasaki, where, instead of peaceably deporting himself, the captain began by capturing the Dutch officials who came on board, and setting at defiance the requisitions of the Japanese. This English ship had been cruising after the Dutch traders, England and Holland being at war at the time, and, failing to meet them, the captain concluded they had eluded him, and sought them at Nagasaki. A plan to attack the ship and burn it was devised by the Japanese, but before it could be carried out the Englishman had sailed. Conscious that his dignity was forfeited by this invasion, the Japanese governor of Nagasaki, notwithstanding he was in no wise censurable, in pursuance of the national custom, immediately destroyed himself, and his example was followed by twelve of his subordinate officers. The garrison of Nagasaki was reinforced, and the most warlike attitude was assumed by the inhabitants, who are noted for their courage. The affair caused great indignation, and is yet remembered to the discredit of the English. In 1813, only five years later, a somewhat similar stratagem was employed by the English. It was an ingenious scheme on the part of the English governor of Java, which had, within a few years, been ceded to England. The independence of Holland had ceased, and the governor of Java undertook, by despatching English vessels under the Dutch flag, to secure the trade which Holland had alone enjoyed. But the Dutch director at Desima refused compliance, and the plan

fell through. Three other ventures, all resulting in the same way, were made by the English in 1814, 1818, and 1849.

Of other European nations, Russia alone has sought to secure a position and influence in Japan. The proximity of the islands to the Siberian coast, and the fact that they lie directly between the American and Asian possessions of that nation, render it important that Russia should forego no opportunity to extend its relations in this direction. It does not appear, however, that much has been accomplished. About the year 1780, a Japanese junk was wrecked upon an island belonging to Russia. The crew were taken to Siberia, and there detained ten years, after which an attempt was made to return them to their homes. They were conveyed in a Russian ship to Hakodadi, on the island of Yesso, but were refused admission, on account of the edict issued at the time of the Portuguese expulsion, forbidding the return of any Japanese after once leaving the country. In 1804, a second mission was sent by the Emperor Alexander I., with the purpose of effecting a treaty of some sort; but the ambassador, whose name was Resanoff, commenced operations by disputing points of etiquette with the Japanese, who, in return, treated him with more courtesy than ever, and insisted upon paying all his expenses while in their country, but sent him away unsatisfied. Enraged at his failure, Resanoff despatched two armed vessels to the Kurile Islands, where, under his directions, a wanton attack was made upon a number of villages, the inhabitants being killed or taken prisoners, and the houses plundered. This was an offence not to be forgiven; and when, in 1811, Captain Golownin was despatched by the Russian government to make renewed applications, he was captured by stratagem, with one or two attendants, and imprisoned for several years. But he was always treated with kindness, and was finally released, without having received the slightest injury. He was intrusted, when sent away, with a message to the Russian government, setting forth

the impossibility of any understanding between the two nations.

Previous to the expedition of Commodore Perry, few efforts to intrude upon the Japanese had proceeded from the United States. An unsuccessful attempt was made in 1837, by an American merchantman, to return a party of Japanese who had been shipwrecked on our Western coast. In 1846, Commodore Biddle was deputed to open negotiations, and entered the Bay of Yedo with two ships of war. Receiving an unfavorable answer to his demands, he immediately sailed away. In 1849, Commodore Glynn, having learned of the imprisonment of sixteen American sailors, who had been driven ashore on one of the Japanese islands, entered the harbor of Nagasaki with the United States ship *Preble*, and demanded the release of his countrymen. For a time a disposition was shown to evade his claim and to affect ignorance of the alleged captivity; but upon his assuming a bolder and more determined tone, the native officials became suddenly conscious of the state of affairs, and forthwith delivered up the seamen. Commodore Glynn then set sail, and until the visit of Commodore Perry, in 1853, the tranquillity of Japan was disturbed by no American intrusion.

It may be observed, that, of the nations which up to this time had undertaken to effect communications with Japan, all excepting the United States had given reasonable cause for offence, and some of them for deep enmity. The Dutch, though disliked, were tolerated; but the Portuguese, Spanish, English, and Russians had forfeited the good opinion of the islanders by their unprovoked and unjustifiable aggressions. It is not improbable that the selection of the United States for their first foreign embassy may have been induced by the consideration that the relations between the Japanese and their American neighbors have always been pacific, and that they have never suffered injustice or ill-treatment at our hands.

Meanwhile, until 1852, the Dutch had

held exclusive commercial privileges in Japan. In return for these, they submitted to all sorts of indignities. They were restricted to the narrow limits of the artificially constructed island of Desima, which is only six hundred feet in length, and two hundred and forty in breadth. Here they were confined within high fences fringed with spikes. Their houses were all of wood, no stone buildings being permitted, undoubtedly with a view to preventing the slightest chance of fortification. At the northern extremity of the island was a large water-gate, which was kept continually closed, under a guard, except upon the arrival of the Dutch vessels. These restrictions were in great part continued almost to the present day, and many of them are still in force. On the arrival of a Dutch ship, all the Bibles on board were obliged to be put into a chest, which, after being nailed down, was given in charge of the Japanese officials, to be retained by them until the time of departure. All arms and ammunition, also, were required to be given up. The crew, on landing at Desima, were placed under rigorous surveillance, which was never relaxed. Even the permanent Dutch residents received but little better treatment. They were unable to make any open avowal of the Christian religion, and the Japanese officers who came in contact with them were compelled to make frequent disavowals of Christianity, and publicly to trample the cross, its symbol, under foot. The island of Desima was infested with Japanese spies, whom the Dutch were required to employ and pay as secretaries and servants, while knowing their real office. If a Dutch resident aspired to occasional egress from his prison, it was necessary to petition the governor of Nagasaki for the privilege. As a general thing, the application was granted, but with such conditions as to destroy all possibility of enjoyment; for, upon appearing in Nagasaki, the unfortunate Dutchman was set upon by a band of spies and policemen, who accompanied him wherever he turned, and who were always pleasantly in-

viting themselves to be entertained at his expense,—a proposition which he was not at liberty to decline. These spies gradually got into the habit of taking with them as many of their acquaintances as they could gather together, until the cost of a stroll about Nagasaki became too heavy to be endured. But there was no remedy; he must either pay or stay at home; and even upon these extravagant terms, he was not allowed to enter any Japanese house, or to remain within the city after sunset. For the rare favor of visiting the residence of a native Nagasakian, a special petition was needed, and if granted, the number of spies on such an occasion was multiplied at a most appalling rate. The Dutch were, moreover, forbidden the companionship of their own countrywomen, and only the most degraded female class of Nagasaki were allowed to visit them. In every way they were forced to acknowledge their inferiority and undergo deprivations and mortifications, for which, let us hope, they succeeded in finding some compensation in the scant privileges of their trade.

At length the time arrived when the reluctant Japanese were to be taught the uselessness of further efforts to resist the advances of other nations. In November, 1852, an expedition, long contemplated and carefully prearranged, set sail from the United States under the command of Commodore M. C. Perry. Although this mission was the subject of much discussion abroad, no very general hope of its success was expressed. The opinion appeared to be, that, under all circumstances, Japan would still continue locked in its seclusion. The result proved how easily, by the exercise of firmness, prudence, and energy, all of which Commodore Perry displayed in every movement, the much desired end could be accomplished. The secret of two hundred years was solved in a day. The path once opened, there were plenty to follow it: Russia, England, and France were quick to share the benefits which had in the first place been gained by the United

States. But thus far the best fruits of Japanese intercourse have fallen to the United States, and it seems clear that only a continuance of the same ability hitherto shown in the management of our affairs with that nation is needed to preserve to this country the superior advantages it now holds.

On the 8th of July, 1853, Commodore Perry, with two steamers and two sloops-of-war, entered the Bay of Yedo, having purposely avoided the port of Nagasaki, at which all strangers had previously been accustomed to hold communications with the government. In this, as in other movements, the Commodore acted independently of much opposing counsel. By first visiting the Loo-choo and Bonin islands, which are under Japanese control, and mostly peopled by Japanese, he had acquired a considerable knowledge of the character of those with whom he was to deal, and had been enabled to trace for himself a policy which the result proved to be eminently just and effective. He determined boldly to insist upon, rather than to beseech, the privileges he had been deputed to gain. Understanding perfectly the vexatious and embarrassing expedients by which the Japanese had been accustomed to hamper and resist the endeavors of even the best-disposed of their visitors, he resolved to listen to no suggestions of delay, and to push vigorously forward with his mission, in spite of every obstacle their wily ingenuity could oppose to him. Their assumptions of exclusiveness and superiority he met by precisely the same sort of display, allowing no familiarity on the part of the natives until all was definitely settled as he desired, and intrenching himself in a mysterious seclusion which rather exceeded even their own notions of personal dignity. Until one of the first noblemen in the nation was sent to treat with him, the Commodore shunned all intercourse with the people, and systematically refused to expose himself to the profane eyes of the multitude. This unusual course took the Japanese quite by surprise, and, not without some feel-

ing of trepidation, they bestirred themselves with unexampled alacrity to satisfy, so far as they were able, his reasonable demands. Of course it was impossible for them to set aside all their prejudices, and the record of their schemes to impede the Commodore's progress, all of which were quietly overcome by his firmness and decision, is equally amusing and instructive.* At the moment of his entering the Bay of Yedo, he was surrounded by guard-boats, and saluted with various warnings of peril, which might have deterred a less resolute man. But, wholly indifferent to Japanese guard-boats, he sent out his own for surveying purposes without hesitation, taking it for granted that perfect fearlessness would secure the crews from molestation. In answer to the remonstrances received at the outset, he simply pushed still farther up the bay, until, finding it impossible to obtain compliance with their requirements, the Japanese concluded to yield to his; and after as much hesitation as the Commodore thought proper to give them opportunity for, the letters from President Fillmore were received by the Emperor, or Tycoon,† negotiations were opened, and, finally, a treaty, yielding all the important points that had been asked for, was agreed upon. This treaty proclaimed "a perfect, permanent, and universal peace, and a sincere and cordial amity," between the two nations; designated certain ports where American ships should obtain supplies; promised protection to American seamen who should chance to be shipwrecked on the coast; and contained the important stipulation, that no further privileges should be vouchsafed to any other government except on condition of their being fully shared by the United States.

The communications between Commo-

* The details are to be found in the *Narrative of the Expedition*, by Francis L. Hawks, D.D., LL.D., published by Congress at Washington, in 1856.

† As will be shown hereafter, the military functions of the temporal ruler long ago ceased, and the title of Tycoon has been substituted for that of Ziogoon.

dore Perry and the Japanese were carried on in the most friendly manner. While the Commodore allowed no interference with what he regarded as his own rights in the case, he was careful to check any disposition on the part of his officers to defy those of the islanders. Thus the utmost cordiality was preserved throughout. The Japanese received the presents from the American government with delight, and were quite overcome at the sight of the steam-engine and the magnetic telegraph. A series of agreeable entertainments followed the signing of the treaty, in which the Japanese showed themselves especially alive to the civilizing influences of foreign cookery, and manifested a particular readiness of appreciation of such refinements as whiskey and Champagne, to whose beneficent influences they gave themselves up with ardor. Commodore Perry, on his departure, after freely visiting various Japanese ports, was intrusted with a number of presents for the American government, and entreated to bear with him the assurance of entire confidence and amity.

In August, 1853, subsequently to the arrival of Commodore Perry, a Russian squadron visited Nagasaki, but, after protracted negotiations, departed without obtaining a treaty. In September, 1854, Admiral James Stirling, on behalf of the English government, effected a treaty at Nagasaki, the terms of which were rather less liberal and advantageous than those granted to the United States. But the inevitable result of Commodore Perry's success could not long be delayed. Since the time of his mission, the governments of France, England, Holland, and Russia have secured treaties guaranteeing important privileges. It appears, however, that the superiority of influence remains with the United States, owing, in a measure, no doubt, to the excellent abilities of the Consul-General, Mr. Townsend Harris, who has permitted no opportunity to escape of pressing the claims of his government. As early as July, 1858, he negotiated a fair

commercial treaty. Mr. Harris is the only foreigner who was ever permitted to enter the palace of the Tycoon of Japan without the degrading forms of submission formerly exacted from the Dutch. He was received there with every testimonial of respect. At a time when Mr. Harris was seriously ill, the Tycoon despatched his own physician to attend him, while her Majesty continually sent him the most delicate preparations of food, the work of her own imperial hands. The ease with which the missions of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros,* in 1858, were accomplished, may fairly be attributed to the effects already produced by American influences. It was through Mr. Harris's exertions that the Japanese embassy to this government was secured. The English government endeavored to obtain first this important mark of recognition, but, as it appears, unsuccessfully.

At the present moment, all seems favorable for the development of the long hidden resources of the Empire. But there are still difficulties in the way; for a powerful class of nobles, those who trace their descent from the ancient spiritual dynasty, are strongly opposed to the overthrow of the old system. It is only by constant struggles that the more progressive class can make way against them. The arrival of this embassy, and the recent visit of a Japanese ship to California, are hopeful signs; for these could have been permitted only on the abrogation of the old law of seclusion, proclaimed at the time of the Portuguese expulsion; and such are the peculiar princi-

* Mr. Oliphant's account of Lord Elgin's expedition (*Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission*, etc., by Lawrence Oliphant, Esq.) is one of the most valuable contributions from Japan. His observations, which at Yedo were more extended and unimpeded than those of any preceding visitor, are recorded in the most lively and charming manner. The history of the embassy of Baron Gros (*Souvenirs d'une Ambassade en Chine et au Japon*, par le Marquis de Moges) is less complete and entertaining, but by no means destitute of interest.

ples of the Japanese government, that, as will hereafter be shown, an important law like this cannot be revoked without a general change of its policy. Within the city of Yedo are now the representatives of three powerful nations, England, France, and the United States; others are seeking admission; and the period when Japan shall mingle freely

with the world it has so long affected to contemn can hardly be long deferred.

In a future number we shall speak of the present condition of Japan, the forms of government, so far as known, its social state and prospects, and the character of the people, as represented in the embassy which is now receiving the hospitalities of our own government.

THE VINEYARD-SAINT.

SHE, pacing down the vineyard walks,
Put back the branches, one by one,
Stripped the dry foliage from the stalks,
And gave their bunches to the sun.

On fairer hill-sides, looking south,
The vines were brown with cankerous rust,
The earth was hot with summer drouth,
And all the grapes were dim with dust.

Yet here some blessed influence rained
From kinder skies, the season through;
On every bunch the bloom remained,
And every leaf was washed in dew.

I saw her blue eyes, clear and calm;
I saw the aureole of her hair;
I heard her chant some unknown psalm,
In triumph half, and half in prayer.

"Hail, maiden of the vines!" I cried:
"Hail, Oread of the purple hill!
For vineyard fauns too fair a bride,
For me thy cup of welcome fill!"

"Unlatch the wicket; let me in,
And, sharing, make thy toil more dear:
No riper vintage holds the bin
Than that our feet shall trample here.

"Beneath thy beauty's light I glow,
As in the sun those grapes of thine:
Touch thou my heart with love, and lo!
The foaming must is turned to wine!"

She, pausing, stayed her careful task,
And, lifting eyes of steady ray,
Blew, as a wind the mountain's mask
Of mist, my cloudy words away.

No troubled flush o'erran her cheek;
But when her quiet lips did stir,
My heart knelt down to hear her speak,
And mine the blush I sought in her.

"Oh, not for me," she said, "the vow
So lightly breathed, to break erelong;
The vintage-garland on the brow;
The revels of the dancing throng!

"To maiden love I shut my heart,
Yet none the less a stainless bride;
I work alone, I dwell apart,
Because my work is sanctified.

"A virgin hand must tend the vine,
By virgin feet the vat be trod,
Whose consecrated gush of wine
Becomes the blessed blood of God!

"No sinful purple here shall stain,
Nor juice profane these grapes afford;
But reverent lips their sweetness drain
Around the table of the Lord.

"The cup I fill, of chaster gold,
Upon the lighted altar stands;
There, when the gates of heaven unfold,
The priest exalts it in his hands.

"The censer yields adoring breath,
The awful anthem sinks and dies,
While God, who suffered life and death,
Renews His ancient sacrifice.

"O sacred garden of the vine!
And blessed she, ordained to press
God's chosen vintage, for the wine
Of pardon and of holiness!"

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER XI.

COUSIN RICHARD'S VISIT.

THE Doctor was roused from his reverie by the clatter of approaching hoofs. He looked forward and saw a young fellow galloping rapidly towards him.

A common New-England rider with his toes turned out, his elbows jerking and the daylight showing under him at every step, striding a cantering beast of the plebeian breed, thick at every point where he should be thin, and thin at every point where he should be thick, is not one of those noble objects that bewitch the world. The best horsemen outside of the cities are the unshod country-boys, who ride "bare-backed," with only a halter round the horse's neck, digging their brown heels into his ribs, and slanting over backwards, but sticking on like leeches, and taking the hardest trot as if they loved it. This was a different sight on which the Doctor was looking. The streaming mane and tail of the unshorn, savage-looking, black horse, the dashing grace with which the young fellow in the shadowy *sombrero*, and armed with the huge spurs, sat in his high-peaked saddle, could belong only to the mustang of the Pampas and his master. This bold rider was a young man whose sudden apparition in the quiet inland town had reminded some of the good people of a bright, curly-haired boy they had known some eight or ten years before as little Dick Venner.

This boy had passed several of his early years at the Dudley mansion, the playmate of Elsie, being her cousin, two or three years older than herself, the son of Captain Richard Venner, a South American trader, who, as he changed his residence often, was glad to leave the boy in his brother's charge. The Captain's wife, this boy's mother, was a lady of Buenos Ayres, of Spanish descent, and had died

while the child was in his cradle. These two motherless children were as strange a pair as one roof could well cover. Both handsome, wild, impetuous, unmanageable, they played and fought together like two young leopards, beautiful, but dangerous, their lawless instincts showing through all their graceful movements.

The boy was little else than a young *Gaucha* when he first came to Rockland; for he had learned to ride almost as soon as to walk, and could jump on his pony and trip up a runaway pig with the *bolas* or noose him with his miniature *lasso* at an age when some city-children would hardly be trusted out of sight of a nursery-maid. It makes men imperious to sit a horse; no man governs his fellows so well as from this living throne. And so, from Marcus Aurelius in Roman bronze, down to the "man on horseback" in General Cushing's prophetic speech, the saddle has always been the true seat of empire. The absolute tyranny of the human will over a noble and powerful beast develops the instinct of personal prevalence and dominion; so that horse-subduer and hero were almost synonymous in simpler times, and are closely related still. An ancestry of wild riders naturally enough bequeathes also those other tendencies which we see in the Tartars, the Cossacks, and our own Indian Centaurs,—and as well, perhaps, in the old-fashioned fox-hunting squire as in any of these. Sharp alternations of violent action and self-indulgent repose; a hard run, and a long revel after it: this is what over-much horse tends to animalize a man into. Such antecedents may have helped to make little Dick Venner a self-willed, capricious boy, and a rough playmate for Elsie.

Elsie was the wilder of the two. Old Sophy, who used to watch them with those quick, animal-looking eyes of hers,—she was said to be the granddaughter of a cannibal chief, and inherited the keen

senses belonging to all creatures which are hunted as game,—Old Sophy, who watched them in their play and their quarrels, always seemed to be more afraid for the boy than the girl. “Massa Dick! Massa Dick! don’ you be too rough wi’ dat gal! She scratch you las’ week, ’n’ some day she bite you; ’n’ if she bite you, Massa Dick!”—Old Sophy nodded her head ominously, as if she could say a great deal more; while, in grateful acknowledgment of her caution, Master Dick put his two little fingers in the angles of his mouth, and his forefingers on his lower eyelids, drawing upon these features until his expression reminded her of something she vaguely recollected in her infancy,—the face of a favorite deity executed in wood by an African artist for her grandfather, brought over by her mother, and burned when she became a Christian.

These two wild children had much in common. They loved to ramble together, to build huts, to climb trees for nests, to ride the colts, to dance, to race, and to play at boys’ rude games as if both were boys. But wherever two natures have a great deal in common, the conditions of a first-rate quarrel are furnished ready-made. Relations are very apt to hate each other just because they are too much alike. It is so frightful to be in an atmosphere of family idiosyncrasies; to see all the hereditary uncomeliness or infirmity of body, all the defects of speech, all the failings of temper, intensified by concentration, so that every fault of our own finds itself multiplied by reflections, like our images in a saloon lined with mirrors! Nature knows what she is about. The centrifugal principle which grows out of the antipathy of like to like is only the repetition in character of the arrangement we see expressed materially in certain seed-capsules, which burst and throw the seed to all points of the compass. A house is a large pod with a human germ or two in each of its cells or chambers; it opens by dehiscence of the front-door by-and-by, and projects one of its germs to Kansas, another to San Fran-

cisco, another to Chicago, and so on; and this that Smith may not be Smithed to death and Brown be Browned into a mad-house, but mix in with the world again and struggle back to average humanity.

Elsie’s father, whose fault was to indulge her in everything, found that it would never do to let these children grow up together. They would either love each other as they got older, and pair like wild creatures, or take some fierce antipathy, which might end nobody could tell where. It was not safe to try. The boy must be sent away. A sharper quarrel than common decided this point. Master Dick forgot Old Sophy’s caution, and vexed the girl into a paroxysm of wrath, in which she sprang at him and bit his arm. Perhaps they made too much of it; for they sent for the old Doctor, who came at once when he heard what had happened. He had a good deal to say about the danger there was from the teeth of animals or human beings when enraged; and as he emphasized his remarks by the application of a pencil of lunar caustic to each of the marks left by the sharp white teeth, they were like to be remembered by at least one of his hearers.

So Master Dick went off on his travels, which led him into strange places and stranger company. Elsie was half pleased and half sorry to have him go; the children had a kind of mingled liking and hate for each other, just such as is very common among relations. Whether the girl had most satisfaction in the plays they shared, or in teasing him, or taking her small revenge upon him for teasing her, it would have been hard to say. At any rate, she was lonely without him. She had more fondness for the old black woman than anybody; but Sophy could not follow her far beyond her own old rocking-chair. As for her father, she had made him afraid of her, not for his sake, but for her own. Sometimes she would seem to be fond of him, and the parent’s heart would yearn within him as she twined her supple arms about him; and then some look she gave him, some

half-articulated expression, would turn his cheek pale and almost make him shiver, and he would say kindly, "Now go, Elsie, dear," and smile upon her as she went, and close and lock the door softly after her. Then his forehead would knot and furrow itself, and the drops of anguish stand thick upon it. He would go to the western window of his study and look at the solitary mound with the marble slab for its head-stone. After his grief had had its way, he would kneel down and pray for his child as one who has no hope save in that special grace which can bring the most rebellious spirit into sweet subjection. All this might seem like weakness in a parent having the charge of one sole daughter of his house and heart; but he had tried authority and tenderness by turns so long without any good effect, that he had become sore perplexed, and, surrounding her with cautious watchfulness as he best might, left her in the main to her own guidance and the merciful influences which Heaven might send down to direct her footsteps.

Meantime the boy grew up to youth and early manhood through a strange succession of adventures. He had been at school at Buenos Ayres,—had quarrelled with his mother's relatives,—had run off to the Pampas, and lived with the *Gauchos*,—had made friends with the Indians, and ridden with them, it was rumored, in some of their savage forays,—had returned and made up his quarrel,—had got money by inheritance or otherwise,—had troubled the peace of certain magistrates,—had found it convenient to leave the City of Wholesome Breezes for a time, and had galloped off on a fast horse of his, (so it was said,) with some officers riding after him, who took good care (but this was only the popular story) not to catch him. A few days after this he was taking his ice on the Alameda of Mendoza, and a week or two later sailed from Valparaiso for New York, carrying with him the horse with which he had scampered over the Plains, a trunk or two with his newly purchased outfit of clothing and other conveniences, and a belt heavy with

gold and with a few Brazilian diamonds sewed in it, enough in value to serve him for a long journey.

Dick Venner had seen life enough to wear out the earlier sensibilities of adolescence. He was tired of worshipping or tyrannizing over the bistrated or umbered beauties of mingled blood among whom he had been living. Even that piquant exhibition which the Rio de Mendoza presents to the amateur of breathing sculpture failed to interest him. He was thinking of a far-off village on the other side of the equator, and of the wild girl with whom he used to play and quarrel, a creature of a different race from these degenerate mongrels.

"A game little devil she was, sure enough!"—and as Dick spoke, he bared his wrist to look for the marks she had left on it: two small white scars, where the two small sharp upper teeth had struck when she flashed at him with her eyes sparkling as bright as those glittering stones sewed up in the belt he wore.—"That's a filly worth noosing!" said Dick to himself, as he looked in admiration at the sign of her spirit and passion. "I wonder if she will bite at eighteen as she did at eight! She shall have a chance to try, at any rate!"

Such was the self-sacrificing disposition with which Richard Venner, Esq., a passenger by the Condor from Valparaiso, set foot upon his native shore, and turned his face in the direction of Rockland, The Mountain, and the mansion-house. He had heard something, from time to time, of his New-England relatives, and knew that they were living together as he left them. And so he heralded himself to "My dear Uncle" by a letter signed "Your loving nephew, Richard Venner," in which letter he told a very frank story of travel and mercantile adventure, expressed much gratitude for the excellent counsel and example which had helped to form his character and preserve him in the midst of temptation, inquired affectionately after his uncle's health, was much interested to know whether his lively cousin who used to be his playmate

had grown up as handsome as she promised to be, and announced his intention of paying his respects to them both at Rockland. Not long after this came the trunks marked R. V. which he had sent before him, forerunners of his advent: he was not going to wait for a reply or an invitation.

What a sound that is,—the banging down of the preliminary trunk, without its claimant to give it the life which is borrowed by all personal appendages, so long as the owner's hand or eye is on them! If it announce the coming of one loved and longed for, how we delight to look at it, to sit down on it, to caress it in our fancies, as a lone exile walking out on a windy pier yearns towards the merchantman lying alongside, with the colors of his own native land at her peak, and the name of the port he sailed from long ago upon her stern! But if it tell the near approach of the undesired, inevitable guest, what sound short of the muffled noises made by the undertakers as they turn the corners in the dim-lighted house, with low shuffle of feet and whispered cautions, carries such a sense of knocking-kneed collapse with it as the thumping down in the front entry of the heavy portmanteau, rammed with the changes of uncounted coming weeks?

Whether the R. V. portmanteaus brought one or the other of these emotions to the tenants of the Dudley mansion, it might not be easy to settle. Elsie professed to be pleased with the thought of having an adventurous young stranger, with stories to tell, an inmate of their quiet, not to say dull, family. Under almost any other circumstances, her father would have been unwilling to take a young fellow of whom he knew so little under his roof; but this was his nephew, and anything that seemed like to amuse or please Elsie was agreeable to him. He had grown almost desperate, and felt as if any change in the current of her life and feelings might save her from some strange paroxysm of dangerous mental exaltation or sullen perversion of disposi-

tion, from which some fearful calamity might come to herself or others.

Dick had been some weeks at the Dudley mansion. A few days before, he had made a sudden dash for the nearest large city,—and when the Doctor met him, he was just returning from his visit.

It had been a curious meeting between the two young persons, who had parted so young and after such strange relations with each other. When Dick first presented himself at the mansion, not one in the house would have known him for the boy who had left them all so suddenly years ago. He was so dark, partly from his descent, partly from long habits of exposure, that Elsie looked almost fair beside him. He had something of the family beauty which belonged to his cousin, but his eye had a fierce passion in it, very unlike the cold glitter of Elsie's. Like many people of strong and imperious temper, he was soft-voiced and very gentle in his address, when he had no special reason for being otherwise. He soon found reasons enough to be as amiable as he could force himself to be with his uncle and his cousin. Elsie was to his fancy. She had a strange attraction for him, quite unlike anything he had ever known in other women. There was something, too, in early associations: when those who parted as children meet as man and woman, there is always a renewal of that early experience which followed the taste of the forbidden fruit,—a natural blush of consciousness, not without its charm.

Nothing could be more becoming than the behavior of "Richard Venner, Esquire, the guest of Dudley Venner, Esquire, at his noble mansion," as he was announced in the Court column of the "Rockland Weekly Universe." He was pleased to find himself treated with kindness and attention as a relative. He made himself very agreeable by abundant details concerning the religious, political, social, commercial, and educational progress of the South American cities and states. He was himself much interested in everything that was going on about the

Dudley mansion, walked all over it, noticed its valuable wood-lots with special approbation, was delighted with the grand old house and its furniture, and would not be easy until he had seen all the family silver and heard its history. In return, he had much to tell of his father, now dead,—the only one of the Venners, beside themselves, in whose fate his uncle was interested. With Elsie, he was subdued and almost tender in his manner; with the few visitors whom they saw, shy and silent,—perhaps a little watchful, if any young man happened to be among them.

Young fellows placed on their good behavior are apt to get restless and nervous, all ready to fly off into some mischief or other. Dick Venner had his half-tamed horse with him to work off his suppressed life with. When the savage passion of his young blood came over him, he would fetch out the mustang, screaming and kicking as these amiable beasts are wont to do, strap the Spanish saddle tight to his back, vault into it, and, after getting away from the village, strike the long spurs into his sides and whirl away in a wild gallop, until the black horse was flecked with white foam, and the cruel steel points were red with his blood. When horse and rider were alike tired, he would fling the bridle on his neck and saunter homeward, always contriving to get to the stable in a quiet way, and coming into the house as calm as a bishop after a sober trot on his steady-going cob.

After a few weeks of this kind of life, he began to want some more fierce excitement. He had tried making downright love to Elsie, with no great success as yet, in his own opinion. The girl was capricious in her treatment of him, sometimes scowling and repellent, sometimes familiar, very often, as she used to be of old, teasing and malicious. All this, perhaps, made her more interesting to a young man who was tired of easy conquests. There was a strange fascination in her eyes, too, which at times was quite irresistible, so that he would feel himself drawn to her by a power which seemed

to take away his will for the moment. It may have been nothing but the common charm of bright eyes; but he had never before experienced the same kind of attraction.

Perhaps she was not so very different from what she had been as a child, after all. At any rate, so it seemed to Dick Venner, who, as was said before, had tried making love to her. They were sitting alone in the study one day; Elsie had round her neck that somewhat peculiar ornament, the golden *torque*, which she had worn to the great party. Youth is adventurous and very curious about necklaces, brooches, chains, and other such adornments, so long as they are worn by young persons of the female sex. Dick was seized with a great passion for examining this curious chain, and, after some preliminary questions, was rash enough to lean towards her and put out his hand toward the neck that lay in the golden coil. She threw her head back, her eyes narrowing and her forehead drawing down so that Dick thought her head actually flattened itself. He started involuntarily; for she looked so like the little girl who had struck him with those sharp flashing teeth, that the whole scene came back, and he felt the stroke again as if it had just been given, and the two white scars began to sting as they did after the old Doctor had burned them with that stick of gray caustic, which looked so like a slate pencil, and felt so much like the end of a red-hot poker.

It took something more than a gallop to set him right after this. The next day he mentioned having received a letter from a mercantile agent with whom he had dealings. What his business was is, perhaps, none of our business. At any rate, it required him to go at once to the city where his correspondent resided.

Independently of this "business" which called him, there may have been other motives, such as have been hinted at. People who have been living for a long time in dreary country-places, without any emotion beyond such as are occasioned by a trivial pleasure or annoyance, of-

ten get crazy at last for a vital paroxysm of some kind or other. In this state they rush to the great cities for a plunge into their turbid life-baths, with a frantic thirst for every exciting pleasure, which makes them the willing and easy victims of all those who sell the Devil's wares on commission. The less intelligent and instructed class of unfortunates, who venture with their ignorance and their instincts into what is sometimes called the "life" of great cities, are put through a rapid course of instruction which entitles them very commonly to a diploma from the police court. But they only illustrate the working of the same tendency in mankind at large which has been occasionally noticed in the sons of ministers and other eminently worthy people, by many ascribed to that intense congenital hatred for goodness which distinguishes human nature from that of the brute, but perhaps as readily accounted for by considering it as the yawning and stretching of a young soul cramped too long in one moral posture.

Richard Venner was a young man of remarkable experience for his years. He ran less risk, therefore, in exposing himself to the temptations and dangers of a great city than many older men, who, seeking the livelier scenes of excitement to be found in large towns as a relaxation after the monotonous routine of family-life, are too often taken advantage of and made the victims of their sentiments or their generous confidence in their fellow-creatures. Such was not his destiny. There was something about him which looked as if he would not take bullying kindly. He had also the advantage of being acquainted with most of those ingenious devices by which the proverbial inconstancy of fortune is steadied to something more nearly approaching fixed laws, and the dangerous risks which have so often led young men to ruin and suicide are practically reduced to somewhat less than nothing. So that Mr. Richard Venner worked off his nervous energies without any troublesome adventure, and was ready to return to Rock-

land in less than a week, without having lightened the money-belt he wore round his body, or tarnished the long glittering knife he carried in his boot.

Dick had sent his trunk to the nearest town through which the railroad leading to the city passed. He rode off on his black horse and left him at the place where he took the cars. On arriving at the city station, he took a coach and drove to one of the great hotels. Thither drove also a sagacious-looking, middle-aged man, who entered his name as "W. Thompson" in the book at the office immediately after that of "R. Venner." Mr. "Thompson" kept a carelessly observant eye upon Mr. Venner during his stay at the hotel, and followed him to the cars when he left, looking over his shoulder when he bought his ticket at the station, and seeing him fairly off without obtruding himself in any offensive way upon his attention. Mr. Thompson, known in other quarters as Detective Policeman Terry, got very little by his trouble. Richard Venner did not turn out to be the wife-poisoner, the defaulting cashier, the river-pirate, or the great counterfeiter. He paid his hotel-bill as a gentleman should always do, if he has the money, and can spare it. The detective had probably overrated his own sagacity when he ventured to suspect Mr. Venner. He reported to his chief that there was a knowing-looking fellow he had been round after, but he rather guessed he was nothing more than "one o' them Southern sportsmen."

The poor fellows at the stable where Dick had left his horse had had trouble enough with him. One of the ostlers was limping about with a lame leg, and another had lost a mouthful of his coat, which came very near carrying a piece of his shoulder with it. When Mr. Venner came back for his beast, he was as wild as if he had just been lassoed, screaming, kicking, rolling over to get rid of his saddle, —and when his rider was at last mounted, jumping about in a way to dislodge any common horseman. To all this Dick replied by sticking his long spurs deeper

and deeper into his flanks, until the creature found he was mastered, and dashed off as if all the thistles of the Pampas were pricking him.

"One more gallop, Juan!" This was in the last mile of the road before he came to the town which brought him in sight of the mansion-house. It was in this last gallop that the fiery mustang and his rider flashed by the old Doctor. Cassia pointed her sharp ears and shied to let them pass. The Doctor turned and looked through the little round glass in the back of his sulky.

"Dick Turpin, there, will find more than his match!" said the Doctor.

CHAPTER XII.

THE APOLLINEAN INSTITUTE.

With Extracts from the "Report of the Committee."

THE readers of this narrative will hardly expect any elaborate details of the educational management of the Apollinean Institute. They cannot be supposed to take the same interest in its affairs as was shown by the Annual Committees who reported upon its condition and prospects. As these Committees were, however, an important part of the mechanism of the establishment, some general account of their organization and a few extracts from the Report of the one last appointed may not be out of place.

Whether Mr. Silas Peckham had some contrivance for packing his Committees, whether they happened always to be made up of optimists by nature, whether they were cajoled into good-humor by polite attentions, or whether they were always really delighted with the wonderful acquirements of the pupils and the admirable order of the school, it is certain that their Annual Reports were couched in language which might warm the heart of the most cold-blooded and calculating father that ever had a family of daughters to educate. In fact, these Annual Reports were considered by Mr. Peckham as his most effective advertisements.

The first thing, therefore, was to see that the Committee was made up of persons known to the public. Some worn-out politician, in that leisurely and amiable transition-state which comes between official extinction and the paralysis which will finish him as soon as his brain gets a little softer, made an admirable Chairman for Mr. Peckham, when he had the luck to pick up such an article. Old reputations, like old fashions, are more prized in the grassy than in the stony districts. An effete celebrity, who would never be heard of again in the great places until the funeral sermon waked up his memory for one parting spasm, finds himself in full flavor of renown a little farther back from the changing winds of the sea-coast. If such a public character was not to be had, so that there was no chance of heading the Report with the name of the Honorable Mr. Somebody, the next best thing was to get the Reverend Dr. Somebody to take that conspicuous position. Then would follow two or three local worthies with Esquire after their names. If any stray literary personage from one of the great cities happened to be within reach, he was pounced upon by Mr. Silas Peckham. It was a hard case for the poor man, who had travelled a hundred miles or two to the outside suburbs after peace and unwatered milk, to be pumped for a speech in this unexpected way. It was harder still, if he had been induced to venture a few tremulous remarks, to be obliged to write them out for the "Rockland Weekly Universe," with the chance of seeing them used as an advertising certificate as long as he lived, if he lived as long as the late Dr. Waterhouse did after giving his certificate in favor of Whitwell's celebrated Cephalic Snuff.

The Report of the last Committee had been signed by the Honorable ———, late ——— of ———, as Chairman. (It is with reluctance that the name and titles are left in blank; but our public characters are so familiarly known to the whole community that this reserve becomes necessary.) The other members of the

Committee were the Reverend Mr. Butters, of a neighboring town, who was to make the prayer before the Exercises of the Exhibition, and two or three notabilities of Rockland, with geoponic eyes, and glabrous, bumpless foreheads. A few extracts from the Report are subjoined:—

“The Committee have great pleasure in recording their unanimous opinion, that the Institution was never in so flourishing a condition. . . .

“The health of the pupils is excellent; the admirable quality of food supplied shows itself in their appearance; their blooming aspect excited the admiration of the Committee, and bears testimony to the assiduity of the excellent Matron.

“ moral and religious condition most encouraging, which they cannot but attribute to the personal efforts and instruction of the faithful Principal, who considers religious instruction a solemn duty which he cannot commit to other people.

“ great progress in their studies, under the intelligent superintendence of the accomplished Principal, assisted by Mr. Badger, [Mr. Langdon's predecessor,] Miss Darley, the lady who superintends the English branches, Miss Crabs, her assistant and teacher of Modern Languages, and Mr. Schneider, teacher of French, German, Latin, and Music.

“Education is the great business of the Institute. Amusements are objects of a secondary nature; but these are by no means neglected. . . .

“ English compositions of great originality and beauty, creditable alike to the head and heart of their accomplished authors. several poems of a very high order of merit, which would do honor to the literature of any age or country. life-like drawings, showing great proficiency. . . . Many converse fluently in various modern languages. perform the most difficult airs with the skill of professional musicians.

“ advantages unsurpassed, if equalled, by those of any Institution in the country, and reflecting the highest honor on the distinguished Head of the Establishment, SILAS PECKHAM, Esquire, and his admirable Lady, the MATRON, with their worthy assistants.”

The perusal of this Report did Mr. Bernard more good than a week's vacation would have done. It gave him such a laugh as he had not had for a month. The way in which Silas Peckham had made his Committee say what he wanted them to—for he recognized a number of expressions in the Report as coming directly from the lips of his principal, and could not help thinking how cleverly he had *forced* his phrases, as jugglers do the particular card they wish their dupe to take—struck him as particularly neat and pleasing.

He had passed through the sympathetic and emotional stages in his new experience, and had arrived at the philosophical and practical state, which takes things coolly, and goes to work to set them right. He had breadth enough of view to see that there was nothing so very exceptional in this educational trader's dealings with his subordinates, but he had also manly feeling enough to attack the particular individual instance of wrong before him. There are plenty of dealers in morals, as in ordinary traffic, who confine themselves to wholesale business. They leave the small necessity of their next-door neighbor to the retailers, who are poorer in statistics and general facts, but richer in the every-day charities. Mr. Bernard felt, at first, as one does who sees a gray rat steal out of a drain and begin gnawing at the bark of some tree loaded with fruit or blossoms, which he will soon girdle, if he is let alone. The first impulse is to murder him with the nearest ragged stone. Then one remembers that he is a rodent, acting after the law of his kind, and cools down and is contented to drive him off and guard the tree against his teeth for the future. As soon as this is done, one can watch his at-

tempts at mischief with a certain amusement.

This was the kind of process Mr. Bernard had gone through. First, the indignant surprise of a generous nature, when it comes unexpectedly into relations with a mean one. Then the impulse of extermination,—a divine instinct, intended to keep down vermin of all classes to their working averages in the economy of Nature. Then a return of cheerful tolerance,—a feeling, that, if the Deity could bear with rats and sharpers, he could; with a confident trust, that, in the long run, terriers and honest men would have the upperhand, and a grateful consciousness that he had been sent just at the right time to come between a patient victim and the master who held her in peonage.

Having once made up his mind what to do, Mr. Bernard was as good-natured and hopeful as ever. He had the great advantage, from his professional training, of knowing how to recognize and deal with the nervous disturbances to which overtaken women are so liable. He saw well enough that Helen Darley would certainly kill herself or lose her wits, if he could not lighten her labors and lift off a large part of her weight of cares. The worst of it was, that she was one of those women who naturally overwork themselves, like those horses who will go at the top of their pace until they drop. Such women are dreadfully unmanageable. It is as hard reasoning with them as it would have been reasoning with Io, when she was flying over land and sea, driven by the sting of the never-sleeping gadfly.

This was a delicate, interesting game that he played. Under one innocent pretext or another, he invaded this or that special province she had made her own. He would collect the themes and have them all read and marked, answer all the puzzling questions in mathematics, make the other teachers come to him for directions, and in this way gradually took upon himself not only all the general superintendence that belonged to his office, but stole away so many of the special duties which

might fairly have belonged to his assistant, that, before she knew it, she was looking better and feeling more cheerful than for many and many a month before.

When the nervous energy is depressed by any bodily cause, or exhausted by overworking, there follow effects which have often been misinterpreted by moralists, and especially by theologians. The conscience itself becomes neuralgic, sometimes actually inflamed, so that the least touch is agony. Of all liars and false accusers, a sick conscience is the most inventive and indefatigable. The devoted daughter, wife, mother, whose life has been given to unselfish labors, who has filled a place which it seems to others only an angel would make good, reproaches herself with incompetence and neglect of duty. The humble Christian, who has been a model to others, calls himself a worm of the dust on one page of his diary, and arraigns himself on the next for coming short of the perfection of an archangel.

Conscience itself requires a conscience, or nothing can be more unscrupulous. It told Saul that he did well in persecuting the Christians. It has goaded countless multitudes of various creeds to endless forms of self-torture. The cities of India are full of cripples it has made. The hill-sides of Syria are riddled with holes, where miserable hermits, whose lives it had palsied, lived and died like the vermin they harbored. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypochondriacs, who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but they should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity.

This was the state into which too much work and too much responsibility were bringing Helen Darley, when the new master came and lifted so much of the burden that was crushing her as must be removed before she could have a chance to recover her natural elasticity and buoyancy. Many of the noblest women, suffering like her, but less fortunate in being

relieved at the right moment, die worried out of life by the perpetual teasing of this inflamed, neuralgic conscience. So subtle is the line which separates the true and almost angelic sensibility of a healthy, but exalted nature, from the soreness of a soul which is sympathizing with a morbid state of the body, that it is no wonder they are often confounded. And thus many good women are suffered to perish by that form of spontaneous combustion in which the victim goes on toiling day and night with the hidden fire consuming her, until all at once her cheek whitens, and, as we look upon her, she drops away, a heap of ashes. The more they overwork themselves, the more exacting becomes the sense of duty,—as the draught of the locomotive's furnace blows stronger and makes the fire burn more fiercely, the faster it spins along the track.

It is not very likely, as was said at the beginning of this chapter, that we shall trouble ourselves a great deal about the internal affairs of the Apollinean Institute. These schools are, in the nature of things, not so very unlike each other as to require a minute description for each particular one among them. They have all very much the same general features, pleasing and displeasing. All feeding-establishments have something odious about them,—from the wretched country-houses where paupers are farmed out to the lowest bidder, up to the commons-tables at colleges, and even the fashionable boarding-house. A person's appetite should be at war with no other purse than his own. Young people, especially, who have a bone-factory at work in them, and have to feed the living looms of innumerable growing tissues, should be provided for, if possible, by those that love them like their own flesh and blood. Elsewhere their appetites will be sure to make them enemies, or, what are almost as bad, friends whose interests are at variance with the claims of their exacting necessities and demands.

Besides, all commercial transactions in regard to the most sacred interests of life are hateful even to those who profit by

them. The clergyman, the physician, the teacher, must be paid; but each of them, if his duty be performed in the true spirit, can hardly help a shiver of disgust when money is counted out to him for administering the consolations of religion, for saving some precious life, for sowing the seeds of Christian civilization in young, ingenuous souls.

And yet all these schools, with their provincial French and their mechanical accomplishments, with their cheap parade of diplomas and commencements and other public honors, have an ever fresh interest to all who see the task they are performing in our new social order. These girls are not being educated for governesses, or to be exported, with other manufactured articles, to colonies where there happens to be a surplus of males. Most of them will be wives, and every American-born husband is a possible President of these United States. Any one of these girls may be a four-years' queen. There is no sphere of human activity so exalted that she may not be called upon to fill it.

But there is another consideration of far higher interest. The education of our community to all that is beautiful is flowing in mainly through its women, and that to a considerable extent by the aid of these large establishments, the least perfect of which do something to stimulate the higher tastes and partially instruct them. Sometimes there is, perhaps, reason to fear that girls will be too highly educated for their own happiness, if they are lifted by their culture out of the range of the practical and every-day working youth by whom they are surrounded. But this is a risk we must take. Our young men come into active life so early, that, if our girls were not educated to something beyond mere practical duties, our material prosperity would outstrip our culture; as it often does in large places where money is made too rapidly. This is the meaning, therefore, of that somewhat ambitious programme common to most of these large institutions, at which we sometimes smile, perhaps unwisely or uncharitably.

We shall take it for granted that the routine of instruction went on at the Apollinean Institute much as it does in other schools of the same class. People, young or old, are wonderfully different, if we contrast extremes in pairs. They approach much nearer, if we take them in groups of twenty. Take two separate hundreds as they come, without choosing, and you get the gamut of human character in both so completely that you can strike many chords in each which shall be in perfect unison with corresponding ones in the other. If we go a step farther, and compare the population of two villages of the same race and region, there is such a regularly graduated distribution and parallelism of character, that it seems as if Nature must turn out human beings in sets like chessmen.

It must be confessed that the position in which Mr. Bernard now found himself had a pleasing danger about it which might well justify all the fears entertained on his account by more experienced friends, when they learned that he was engaged in a Young Ladies' Seminary. The school never went on more smoothly than during the first period of his administration, after he had arranged its duties, and taken his share, and even more than his share, upon himself. But human nature does not wait for the diploma of the Apollinean Institute to claim the exercise of its instincts and faculties. There young girls saw but little of the youth of the neighborhood. The mansion-house young men were off at college or in the cities, or making love to each other's sisters, or at any rate unavailable for some reason or other. There were a few "clerks,"—that is, young men who attended shops, commonly called "stores,"—who were fond of walking by the Institute, when they were off duty, for the sake of exchanging a word or a glance with any one of the young ladies they might happen to know, if any such were stirring abroad: crude young men, mostly, with a great many "Sirs" and "Ma'ams" in their speech, and with that style of address sometimes acquired in

the retail business, as if the salesman were recommending himself to a customer,—*"First-rate family article, Ma'am; warranted to wear a lifetime; just one yard and three quarters in this pattern, Ma'am; sha'n't I have the pleasure?"* and so forth. If there had been ever so many of them, and if they had been ever so fascinating, the quarantine of the Institute was too rigorous to allow any romantic infection to be introduced from without.

Anybody might see what would happen, with a good-looking, well-dressed, well-bred young man, who had the authority of a master, it is true, but the manners of a friend and equal, moving about among these young girls day after day, his eyes meeting theirs, his breath mingling with theirs, his voice growing familiar to them, never in any harsh tones, often soothing, encouraging, always sympathetic, with its male depth and breadth of sound among the chorus of trebles, as if it were a river in which a hundred of these little piping streamlets might lose themselves; anybody might see what would happen. Young girls wrote home to their parents that they enjoyed themselves much this term at the Institute, and thought they were making rapid progress in their studies. There was a great enthusiasm for the young master's reading-classes in English poetry. Some of the poor little things began to adorn themselves with an extra ribbon, or a bit of such jewelry as they had before kept for great occasions. Dear souls! they only half knew what they were doing it for. Does the bird know why its feathers grow more brilliant and its voice becomes musical in the pairing season?

And so, in the midst of this quiet inland town, where a mere accident had placed Mr. Bernard Langdon, there was a concentration of explosive materials which might at any time change its Arcadian and academic repose into a scene of dangerous commotion. What said Helen Darley, when she saw with her woman's glance that more than one girl,

when she should be looking at her book, was looking over it toward the master's desk? Was her own heart warmed by any livelier feeling than gratitude, as its life began to flow with fuller pulses, and the morning sky again looked bright and the flowers recovered their lost fragrance? Was there any strange, mysterious affinity between the master and the dark girl who sat by herself? Could she call him at will by looking at him? Could it be that —? It made her shiver to think of it. — And who was that strange horseman who passed Mr. Bernard at dusk the other evening, looking so like Mephistopheles galloping hard to be in season at the witches' Sabbath-gathering? That must be the cousin of Elsie's who wants to marry her, they say. A dangerous-looking fellow for a rival, if one took a fancy to the dark girl! And who is she, and what? — by what demon is she haunted, by what taint is she blighted, by what curse is she followed, by what destiny is she marked, that her strange beauty has such a terror in it, and that hardly one shall dare to love her, and her eye glitters always, but warms for none?

Some of these questions are ours. Some were Helen Darley's. Some of them

mingled with the dreams of Bernard Langdon, as he slept the night after meeting the strange horseman. In the morning he happened to be a little late in entering the school-room. There was something between the leaves of the Virgil that lay upon his desk. He opened it and saw a freshly gathered mountain-flower. He looked at Elsie, instinctively, involuntarily. She had another such flower on her breast.

A young girl's graceful compliment, — that is all, — no doubt, — no doubt. It was odd that the flower should have happened to be laid between the leaves of the Fourth Book of the "Æneid," and at this line, —

"Incipit effari, mediâque in voce resistit."

A remembrance of an ancient superstition flashed through the master's mind, and he determined to try the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. He shut the volume, and opened it again at a venture. — The story of Laocœon!

He read, with a strange feeling of unwilling fascination, from "*Horresco refrens*" to "*Bis medium amplexi*," and flung the book from him, as if its leaves had been steeped in the subtle poisons that princes die of.

THE SPHINX'S CHILDREN.

"Que la volonté soit le destin!"

LONG had she sat, crouched upon her breast, — crouched, but not for slumber or for spring. No slumber gloomed darkly in those broad, sad eyes; no dream indefinitely softened the lips, whose patient outline breathed only wakefulness and expectation, — a long-deferred, yet constant expectation, — a hope that would have been despair, save that it was just within hope's limits, — a monotonous, reiterate, indestructible chord in the creature's mystic existence, that, once struck

by some mighty, shrouded Hand of Power, still reverberated, and trailed its still renewing echoes through every fibre of its secret habitation. Nor yet for spring; — a couchant leopard has posed itself with horrid intent; murder glitters in its fixed golden eye, quivers in the tense loins, creeps in the tawny glitter of the skin, clutches the keen claws, that recoil, and grasp, and recoil again from the velvet ball of that heavy foot; murder grins in the withdrawn lip, the white, red-set

teeth, the slaving crunch of the jaw : but nothing of all these fired the quiet and the silence of the crouching Sphinx ; nerve and muscle in tranquil strength lay relaxed, though not unconscious. Year after year the yellow Desert robed itself in burning mists, splendid and deadly ; year after year the hot simoom licked up its sands, and, whirling them madly over the dead plain, dashed them against the silent Sphinx, and grain by grain heaped her slow-growing grave ; the Nile spread its waters across the green valley, and lapped its brink with a watery thirst for land, and then receded to its channel, and poured its ancient flood still downward to the sea ; worshipped, or desecrated ; threaded by black Nubian boatmen, who mocked its sacred name with such savage mirth as satyrs might have spirted from their hairy lips ; navigated by keen-eyed Arabs, lithe and dark and treacherous as the river beneath them ; Coptic shepherds, lingering on the brink, drank the sweet waters, and led their flocks to drink at the shallows, when the shepherd's star cleft that deepest sky with its crest, and warned the simple people of their hour ;—yet forever stood the Sphinx, passionately patient, looking for sunrise, over desert, vale, and river,—beyond man,—to her hour.—And the hour came.

Once to all things comes their hour. The black column of basalt quivers to its heart with one keen lightning thrill that vindicates its kin to the electric flash without ; the granite cliff loses one atom from its bald front, and every other atom quails before the dumb shiver of gravitation and shifts its place ; the breathing, breathless marble, which a sculptor has rescued from its primeval sleep, and, repeating after God, though with stammering and insufficient lips, the great drama of Paradise, makes a man out of dust,—once, once, in the deadness of its beauty, that marble thrills with magnetic life, drinks its maker's soul, repeats the Paradisaic amen, and owns that it is good. Yea, greater miracle of transcendental truth,—once,—perhaps twice,—the sod-

den, valueless heart of that old man, whose gold has sucked out all that made him a man, beats with a pulse of generous honor ; even in the dust of stocks and the ashes of speculation, amid the howling curses of the poor and the bitter weeping of his own flesh, once he hears the Voice of God, and all eternity cleaves the earth at his feet with a glare of truth. Once in her loathsome life, that woman, brazen with sin and shame, flaunting on the pavement, the scorn and jest of decency and indecency, the fearful index of corrupt society,—even she has her hour of softness, when the tiny grass that creeps out from the stones comes greenly into a spring sunshine, and as with a divine whisper recalls to her the time before she fell, the unburdened heart, the pure childish pleasures, the kind look of her dead mother's eye, the clasp of that sister's arm who passed her but yesterday pallid with disgust and ashamed to own their sacred birth-tie : then the tide rolls back : the hour is come ! She, too, called a woman, who leads society, and triumphs over caste and custom with metallic ring and force,—she who forgets the decencies of age in her shameless attire, and supplies its defects with subterfuges, falsier in heart even than in aspect,—she, about whom cluster men old and young, applauding with brays of laughter and coarser jeers the rancor of her wit, as it drops its laughing venom or its sneering sophisms of worldly wisdom,—even she, when the lights are fled, when the music has ceased from its own desecration, when the frenzy of wine and laughter mock her in their dead dregs, when the men who flattered and the women who envied are all gone,—she recalls one calm eye in the crowd, that stung her with its pure contemptuous pity, a look not to be shut out with draperies as the stars are ; and even through her soul, harder than the soul of that unowned sister walking the midnight street beneath the window, since it has ceased to know the stab of sin or the choking agony of shame,—even through that world-trodden heart flashes one conscious pang, one glimpse of a possible

heaven and an inevitable hell, one naked and open vision of herself.

Long had the Sphinx waited. Year after year the flocking pigeons flitted and wheeled through the sweet skies of spring, built their nests and reared their young; tiny lizards, the new birth of the season, coiled and glittered on the hot sands like wandering jewels; every creature, dying out of conscious life, left its perpetuated self behind it, and repeated its own youth in its young, according to its kind: but the Sphinx lived alone. Nor all-unconscious of her solitude: for he who formed that massive shape, chiselled those calm, expectant lips, and wide eyes pensive as setting moons, he had not failed to do what all true artists do in virtue of their truth,—he had shared his own life with his own creation, and it was his lonely yearning that stirred her pulseless heart. Little did he think, toiling at that stupendous figure, ages gone by, that he transfused into the stone at which he labored, like a patient ant at some stupendous burden, no little share of that creative yearning that inspired him to his task; as little as you think, dear poet, whether poet, painter, or sculptor,—for all are one, and one is all,—that in those dreams which you write, as unconscious of your power as the transcribing stylus of its office, your own heart pulsates for a listening world, and the very linking of words that so respire their own music makes those words self-sentient of their breaking, thrilling melody, and wrings or exalts them, idea-garments as they are, with the restless heaving of the thought that wears them.

Or you, whose sun-steeped brush brings to life on canvas the golden trances of August noons, the high, still splendor of its mountain-tops, which the sun caresses with fiery languor, the unrippled slumber of its warm streams, the broad glory of its woods and meadows fused with light and heat into the resplendent haze that earth exhales in her day of prime, till he who sees the picture hears the cricket's chirping in its moveless grasses, and scents the rich aromatic breath of its summer-passion and

its rapturous noon,—do you dream, when at last the perfect work repeats your thought, and you rest in the tropic atmosphere you have created, that in very truth the picture itself is full of inward heat and breathless languor? For you have poured out the colors that light makes out of heat, and in them the still inevitable light shall ever stir the recreating heat that clothes itself in color, and bring your thought, no more a dead abstraction, but a living power, into the very substance whereby you have expressed it. And even so far as you were creative, so shall your work be informed by you, and not mere dead pigment and dried oil and dull canvas be your autograph, but the vivid and inspiring blazon of an inspired idea shall glow life-like on some friendly wall, and in its turn inspire some other soul, whose light within needs but the breath from without to burst upward in clear flame.

Or you, who unveil from its marble tomb that figure of a chained and stainless woman, whose atmosphere is as a nun's veil, whose sad divinity is a crown,—do you dare imagine that the holy despair you have imaged, the pause of a saint's resignation and a martyr's courage, is but the outline and the faultless contour of a stone? Come back, Pygmalion, from your mythic sleep! return, Art's divinest mystery, germ of all its power, from the deep dust of ages! and teach these modern men that his story whose passion fired a statue's breast was but an immortal fable, a similitude of the truth you feel, but do not see,—that even as our Creator shared His life with His creatures, so do you pour, in far less measure, but obedient to that precedent which is law, your own life and the magnetic instincts of that life, into what you create!

Keep your hearts pure and your hands clean, therefore; for these things that you sell for dead shall one day livingly confront you, and tell their own story of your life and your nature with terrible honesty to men and angels.

But whoever, in those mystic ages that have ceased to be historic and have be-

come mythic, whoever made the Sphinx, — whether it were some Titaness sequestered from all her kind by genie-spells, forced to live amid these desert solitudes, fed from the abundant hands of Nature, and taught by dreams inspired and twilight visions,—

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair”;

her only image of human beauty the reflex of her white, symmetric limbs, her wide, dark eyes, her full lips and soft Egyptian features, wherewith the river greeted her from its blue placidity; her only sense of love the unspoken yearning within, when the soft, tumultuous stress of the west-wind kissed her, who should have been clasped in tender arms and caressed by loving lips; whose dumb, creative instincts, becoming genius instead of maternity, struggled outward from their home in heart and brain to culminate in this world's-wonder, and so build a monument namelessly splendid to the grand nature that found its bread of life was a stone and perished: or whether this creature were the fashioning of some demigod,—“for there were giants in those days,”—who, in the fulness of his strength, despairing of a mortal mate, wandered away from men and wrought his patience and his longing into the rock,—as lesser men have carved their memorials on hard Fate,—and then died between its paws, sated with labor and glad to sleep: or whether, indeed, the captive spirits, sealed in Caucasus with the seal of Solomon, did penance for their rebellion in mortal work on mere dull matter, and with anguished essence toiled for ages to mimic in her own clay the dumb pathos of waiting Earth:—whichever of these dreams be nearest truth, one thing is true,—that the maker of the Sphinx infused into his work, in as much greater measure as his nature was greater than that of other men, that yearning of pathetic solitude that most wrings a woman's heart; and the outward semblance, working in, wrought upon the heavy stone with incessant and accumulative power, till through that sluggish sandstone crept

a confused thrill of consciousness, and the great creature felt the loneliness that she looked. Far away below her the Nile-valley teemed with life; the antelopes coursed beside their young to feed on the green pasture fresh from its long overflow; red foxes sported with their cubs on the tawny sand; the birds taught their infant offspring their own sweet arts of flight and song on every bough; and even the ostrich, lonely Desert-runner, heaped her treasure of white eggs in the sand, or guided her callow young far from the sight and fear of man;—but the Sphinx sat alone.

Mightier and mightier grew the yearning within her, as the full moon floated upward from the east and cast her dewy dreams over land and sea. The hour was come; the whole impulse and persistence of her nature went out in vivid life, and, filling the very stones which the winds had gathered and piled against her breast, cleft them with its sentient spell, clothed them with lean flesh and wiry sinews, shaped them after the fashion of the Desert men, and sent them out alive with intellect and will, but with hearts of flint, into the wide world,—the Sphinx's children!

With a sigh that shook the shores of Egypt and smote the Sicilian midnight with sickening vibrations of earthquake, the Sphinx beheld this culmination of her great desire; in the very hour of fruition, hope fled; and as this grim certainty sped away from before her, taking with it all her borrowed life, she dropped that majestic head lower upon her bosom, uplifted it again for one last look at her offspring, and so stiffened,—once more a stone.

Age after age rolled by; storm and tempest hurled their thunders at her head; wave after wave of bright insidious sand curled about her feet and heaped its sliding grains against her side; men came and went in fleeting generations, and seasons fled like hours through the whirling wheel of Time; but the Sphinx longed and suffered no more. Her hour had come and gone; her dull instinct had burnt out, her comely outline began to

disintegrate, her face grew blank and stony, her features crumbled away, altars and inscriptions defaced her breast and hieroglyphed her ponderous sides, men worshipped and wondered there, and travellers from lands beyond the sun pitched their tents before her face and defiled her feet with barbaric orgies; but she knew it no more,—her children were gone out into the world. And the world had need of them. Its rank and miasmatic civilization,—its hotbeds of sin and misery,—its civil corruptions and its social lies,—its reeling, rotten principalities,—its sickly atmosphere of effeminate luxury, wherein neither justice nor judgment lived, and the solitary virtues left mere effete shadows of philanthropy and cowardly impulses called love and mercy,—needed a new race, stony and strong, unshrinking in conquest and reformation, full of zeal, and incapable of pity, to rend away the fogs that smothered truth and decency, to disperse the low-lying clouds of weak passion and maudlin luxury, to blow a reveille clear and keen as the trumpet of the northwest wind, when it sweeps down from its mountain-tops in stern exultation, and shouts its Puritanic battle-psalm across the reeking, steaming meadows of sultry August, fever-smitten and pestilent.

Such were the Sphinx's children: had they but died out with their need! Here and there a monk, fresh from his Desert-Laura, hurtles through the eclipse-light of history like the stone from a catapult,—rules a church with iron rods, organizes, denounces, intrigues, executes, keeps an unarmed soldiery to do his behests, and hurls ecclesiastic thunders at kings and emperors with the grand audacity of a commission presumed divine, while Greeks cringe, and Jews blaspheme, and heathen flee into, or away from, conversion; and the Church itself canonizes this spiritual father, this Sphinx-son of an instinct and a stone!

Or an Emperor exalted himself above the legions and the populace of Rome, banqueted his enemies and beheaded them at table, drank in the sight of blood and

the sound of human shrieks as if they were his natural light and air, tormented God's creatures and cursed his kind, kindled a fire among the miserable myriads of his own city, and, exulting in a safe height, mixed the leaping, frantic discords of his own music with the horrid sounds of the hell's tragedy below him; seething in crime, steeped in murder, black with blasphemy, the horror and the hate of men, death gaped for his coming, and he went! Men revile him through all posterior ages; women shudder at the legend of his deeds; but the Sphinx stands unconscious in the Desert,—she knew not her child!

Or a Reformer springs up. High above his birthplace the snowy Alps paint themselves against the sky, an aerial dream of beauty, softened by the tender hues of dawn and sunset, serenely fair through the rift of the tempest; even their white death takes a nameless grace from distance and atmosphere, clothing itself in beauty as a spirit in clay, and tempting wanderers to their graves: but no such beauty clothes the man whose daily vision beholds them; hard, clamorous, disputatious, with one hand he rends the rotten splendors of Rome from its tottering image, and with the other plunges baby-souls to inevitable damnation; strong and fiercely rigid, full of burning and slaughter for the idolatries and harlotries of Popery, fired with lurid zeal, and bestriding one stringent idea, he rides on over dead and living, preaches predestination and hell as if the Gospel dwelt only upon destiny and despair, casts no tender look at the loving piety that underlay shrines and woman-worship and bead-counting wherever a true heart sought its God through the sole formulas it knew, but spurs forward to the end, a mighty power to destroy, to do away with old corruptions and break down idols on their altars,—saint and iconoclast! Did the heart of stone within him know its ancestry,—track its hard, loveless descent from the Sphinx's children?

Then a Queen;—a solitary woman, proud of her solitude, isolated in her reg-

nant splendor, a dead planet like the moon, sung and pictured and adored, but keeping on her majestic path in awful beauty, deaf to human entreaty, cold to human love; a great statesman in a queen's robes; a keen, subtle politician, coifed and farthingaled; a revengeful sovereign; a deadly enemy; a woman who forgave nothing to a woman, and retaliated everything upon a man; she who brought unshrinkingly to death a sister queen disrowned and captive, a sister whose grace and loveliness and kindly aspect might have moved the lions of the arena to fawn upon her, but nowise disarmed the tigress who lapped her blood; she who banished and slew the man she would not stoop to love, because he dared to love another; and when death stared her in the face, and open-eyed judgment shook her soul, rose from that death-pallet to grapple and abuse a false woman, penitent for and confessing her falseness; a virgin-monarch, pitiless, relentless, cruel as jealousy; an anomalous woman, were she not a stone-born child of the Sphinx!

Or a great General, before whose iron will horse and horseman quailed and fled, like dry stubble before flame; who wielded the sword of Gideon, and cut off the armies of his kindred people and his anointed king as a mower fells the glittering grass on a summer dawn, heedless that he, too, shall be cut down from his flourishing. On his track fire and blood spread their banners, and the raven scented his trophies afar off; age and youth alike were crushed under the tread of his war-horse; honor and valor and life's best prime opposed him as summer opposes the Arctic hail-fury, and lay beaten into mire at his feet. Hated, feared, followed to the death; victorious or vanquished, the same strong, imperturbable, sullen nature; persistent rather than patient in effort, vigorously direct in action; a minister of unconscious good, of half-conscious evil; stern and gloomy to the sacrilegious climax of his well-battled life, even in the regicidal act going as one driven to his deeds by Fate that

forgot God;—was he to be wondered at, whose life, in ages far gone, began among the stony Sphinx children?

Nor alone in these great landmarks of their dwelling have the Sphinx's children haunted Earth. Poets have sung them under myriad names; History has chronicled them in groups; Painting and Sculpture have handed down their aspect to a gazing world. From them sprung the Eumenides, pursuers and destroyers of men. They wore the garb of Roman legions, when Ramah wept for her children dashed against the walls of the Holy City, and not one stone stood upon another in Zion. They crowded the offices of the Inquisition, and tested the endurance of its victims, with steady finger on the flickering pulse, and calm eye on the death-sweating brow and bitten lip. They put on the Druid's robe and wreath, and held the human sacrifice closer to its altar. In the Asiatic jungle, lurking behind the palm-trunk, they waited, lithe and swarthy Thugs, treacherously to slay whatever victim passed by alone; or in the fair Pacific islands kept horrid jubilee above their feasts of human flesh, and streaked themselves with kindred blood in their carousals. Holland tells its fearful story of their Spanish rule. Russian serfs record their despotism, cowering at the memory of the knout. France cringes yet at the names of the black few who guided her roaring Revolution as one might guide the ravages of a tiger with curb of adamant and rein of linked steel.

Africa stretches out her hands to testify of their presence. Too well those golden shores recall the wail of women and the yelling curses of men, driven, beast-fashion, to their pen, and floated from home to hell, or,—happier fate!—dragged up, in terror of pursuit, and thrown overboard, a brief agony for a long one. They know them, too, whose continual cry of separation, starvation, insult, agony, and death rises from the heart of freedom like the steam of a great pestilence.—Pity them, hearts of flesh! pity also the captors,—the Sphinx children, the flint-hearts! pity those who cannot feel,

far beyond those who can,—though it be but to suffer!

New England knew them, in band and steeple-hat, hanging and pressing to death helpless women, bewitched with witchcraft. Acadia knew them, when its depopulated shores lay barren before the sun, and its homes sent up no smoke to heaven.

Greece quivers at the phantasm of their Turkish turbans and gleaming sabres, their skill at massacre and their fiendish tortures; Italy, fair and sad, "woman-country," droops shuddering at sight of their Austrian uniforms; and the Brahmin sees them in scarlet, blood-dyed, hurling from the cannon's mouth helpless captives,—killing, not converting.

Wherever, all the wide world over, a nation shrinks from its oppressors, or a slave from his master,—wherever a child flees from the face of a parent who knows neither justice nor mercy, or a wife goes mad under the secret tyranny of her inevitable fate,—wherever pity and mercy and love veil their faces and wring their hands outside the threshold,—there abide the Sphinx's children.

For this she longed and hoped and waited in the Desert! for this she envied the red fox and the ostrich! for this her dumb lips parted, in their struggle after speech, to ask of earth and air some solace to her solitude! for this, for these, she poured out her dim life in one strong, wilful aspiration!

Happy Sphinx, to be left even of that dull existence! blessedly unconscious of that granted desire! mouldering away in the curling sand-hills, the prey of hostile elements, the mysterious symbol of a secret yearning and a vain desire! Not for thee the bitterness of success! not for thee the conscious agony of penitence,—the falling temple of the will crushing its idolater! No wild voices in the wind reproach the wilder pulses of a slow-breaking heart; no keen words of taunt sting thee into madness; Memory hurls at thee no flying javelins; broken-winged Hope flutters about thee no more! Thy day is over, thine hour is past!

"Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive!"

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Dies Irae: in Thirteen Original Versions.

By ABRAHAM COLES, M.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859. pp. xxxiv., 70.

It is pleasant to see how many wiles Nature employs to draw off into side channels the enthusiasm which is always secreting itself and gathering in the human brain. She knows what a dangerous element it may become, if the individual rills of it run together, and, with united forces, take for a time a single direction. So she taps it at its sources, and leads it away to various ends, useful because they are harmless. Bibliomania, tulipomania, potichomania, squaring the circle, perpetual motion, a religious epic, the northwest passage,—

anything will serve the purpose. *Divide et impera* is her motto. The hobby is the safeguard of society. Once mounted, every enthusiast ambles quietly off on some errand of his own, caring little what direction he takes, provided only it be *the other*. The Fifth-Monarchy men might have been troublesome, but for the Beast in Revelation;—each insisted on a Beast to himself. Protestantism might have become Democracy, had either Luther or Calvin been willing to ride behind. The five points of the Charter are blunted to a Lancashire weaver who is fattening a prize-gooseberry.

We sympathize heartily with such gentle enthusiasms as this of Dr. Coles. It is the interest of all Grub Street that men

should be encouraged whose amiable weakness it is to fall in love with pieces of poetry. In this case, to be sure, the verses are Latin, and the author more nameless even than Junius; but who knows but some one's turn shall come next whose verses were at least meant to be English, and whose name is — Legion? If some translator, charged from the other pole of Dr. Coles's enthusiasm, should favor us with thirteen Latin versions of some modern English poems, it would give them a chance of being more generally intelligible to the laity. Nay, even if such a baker's-dozen of mediæval-Latin renderings of Mrs. Browning's last poem — and by this term we mean, of course, the rather shady Latin of middle-aged men — should be shuffled together, we are not sure that it would not be a help to the understanding of the Coptic original. But this, perhaps, is hoping too much.

In the case of Dr. Coles, how lucky the direction of the superfluous energy! how wise the humane precaution of Nature! For there is no destructive agency like a doctor with a hygienic hobby. If your constitution be a salt or sugar one, he will melt you away with damp sheets and duckings; if you are as exsanguine as a turnip, his scientific delight in getting blood out of you will be only heightened. For such erratic enthusiasms as this of Dr. Coles we want a milder term than monomania. Something like *monowhimsia* would do. It is seldom that an oddity takes so pleasant a turn. He has published a dainty little volume, with a well-written introduction, giving the history of the "Dies Iræ," and an account of the various versions of it; this is followed by his own thirteen translations; and an appendix tells us what is meant by a Sequence, has a page or two on the origin of rhyming Latin, and concludes with the music of the hymn itself. The book is illustrated by delicate photographs from the Last Judgments of Michel Angelo, Rubens, and Cornelius, and from the "Christus Remunerator" of Ary Scheffer. It is exquisitely printed at the Riverside Press, which is doing such good service to everybody but the spectacle-makers.

We hold the translation of any first-rate poem, nay, even of any second-rate one which has any peculiar charm of rhythm or tone, to be an impossibility. The trans-

lation of rhyming Latin verses presents peculiar difficulties. The rhythm is always simple and strongly accented, it is true; but the ear-filling sonority, the variety of female rhymes, and the simple directness of expression cannot be echoed by our muffling consonants, our endings in *ing* and *ed*, and *a-s*, *the-s*, and *of the-s*. For example, the stanza,

"Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum,"

is very inadequately represented by

"Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder,"

in which, to speak of nothing else, there are thirteen *s-s* to five in the original. Even Crashaw, whose translation of Strada's "Music's Duel" is a masterpiece for lithe-ness of phrase and sinuous suppleness of rhythm, quails before the "Dies Iræ," and contents himself with a largely watered paraphrase. No one has ever yet succeeded more than tolerably with the opening stanza,—

"Dies Iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ,
Teste David cum Sibyllâ."

The difficulty is increased where the Latin word has some special force of theological or other meaning which has no single equivalent in English.

Doctor Coles has made, we think, the most successful attempt at an English translation of the hymn that we have ever seen. He has done all that could be done, where complete success was out of the question. Out of his first two versions, which seem to us the best, a very satisfactory rendering of the original can be made up by choosing the better stanzas from each. In his first trial he misses the pathetic force of the

"Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!"

where the petition is piercingly individualized by the accental stress thrown on the *me*. He gives it thus:—

"King Almighty and All-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of Good o'erflowing!"

His second attempt is better:—

“Awful King, who nothing cravest,
Since Thyself full ransom gavest,
Save thou me, who freely savest!”

Here the emphatic *me* is preserved, but in neither version is the true meaning of *salvandos* even hinted at, and in both we miss the tenderness of the *fons pietatis*, with which the *tremenda majestas* is balanced and softened.

There are three or four of these Latin hymns that for simple force and pathos have never been matched in their kind, and never approached, except by a few of the more fortunate poems of Herbert, Vaughan, and Quarles. We know not why it is that what is called religious poetry is commonly so bad. The thing gives the lie to both the adjective and the noun of its title. Anything more flat and flavorless, whether in sentiment or language, is beyond the conception even of an editor with the nightmare. Men have been hanged for more venial murders than some have been praised for who have choked out the immortal soul of the Psalms of David. We have, however, the consolation of thinking that the Devil's Psalter of convivial songs is quite as bad.

Dr. Coles has done so well that we hope he will try his hand on some of the other Latin hymns. He cannot expect to satisfy those who have been penetrated by the almost inexplicable charm of the originals; but by rendering them in their own metres, and with so large a transfusion of their spirit as characterizes his present attempt, he will be doing a real service to the lovers of that kind of religious poetry in which neither the religion nor the poetry is left out. As we said before, to translate rhyming Latin without losing its peculiar *tang* is wellnigh impossible. Even Father Prout himself would be staggered by Walter Mapes's “*Mihi est propositum*” or “*Testamentum Goliae*”; but perhaps the spirit of the hymns is more easily caught, and Dr. Coles has shown that he knows the worth of faithfulness.

Mademoiselle Mori; A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. Author's Edition. 16mo. pp. 526.

THIS is a reprint of a remarkable book. It is the book of a person familiar with

Rome and with the Romans, who has thought seriously and felt deeply in regard to their character and fortunes, who has studied with keen and sympathetic imagination the hearts of the people, and observed closely the outward aspect and common shows of the city. The story is well constructed, and has the essential merit of interest. Not only are the characters distinctly presented, but there is in them, what it is rare to find in the personages of our modern novelists, a real and natural development, which is exhibited not so much by what is said about them as by their own apparently unconscious words and acts. So just a view is given in this novel of Italian habits of thought and tones of feeling, so true an appreciation is shown of the peculiarities of national disposition and temperament, and so intimate and exact an acquaintance with public events and the course of politics in Rome, as to lead to the conclusion that the author writes from the fulness of personal experience, and was no stranger to the interests of the stirring period in which the scenes of the story are laid.

The book, indeed, has a double character. It is not a mere novel; for it contains, in addition to its story, a sketch of the course of public affairs in Rome during the three memorable years from the accession of Pius IX. to the fall of the Republic and the entry of the French troops into the city, which they still hold in subjection to rulers who claim to govern it for the spiritual interests of the world. And while it may be warmly recommended to such readers as only desire to find an interesting story, it deserves not less hearty recommendation to such as may care to understand one of the most striking and dramatic episodes of modern history, and to gain an acquaintance with events which throw great illustration on the present condition and hopes of Italy. In this respect, as well as in the ability with which it is written, it may fairly be classed with the novels of Ruffini,—“*Lorenzo Benoni*” and “*Doctor Antonio*.” To those who have read these two books it need not be said that this is high praise.

History is not treated by the author of “*Mademoiselle Mori*” after the common fashion of novelists. Events are not misrepresented in it, nor are the characters of the prominent actors in public affairs

distorted to suit any theory, or to advance the interest of the story. The chief value of the book, and that which ought to secure for it a permanent place, does not, however, consist in any formal narrative of events, or in its pictures of noted individuals, but in its representation of the states of mind and feeling of the Romans during the first years of the pontificate of the present Pope, of the objects and methods of action of the various parties that were then called into active existence, of the occasions of the rapid changes in the popular disposition from the time when Pius IX. was the idol of the crowd to that when he was a faithless fugitive to Gaeta, and of the causes which led to the bitter disappointment and utter failure of the efforts of the Roman patriots.

We do not know of any book in which so intelligent and so true an account of these things, which were the springs from which events issued, and which underlie all their currents, is to be found. The sympathies of the author are with the liberal party, with the party that labored for reform, but not for a republic, and whose hopes and plans were crushed by the horrible assassination of Rossi. It is one of the most calamitous results of a tyranny like that exercised at Rome, that it renders a gradual progress of reform at any time when it may be undertaken almost an impossibility, and sows the seed of inevitable violence and of revolution, which is apt to end, as in the Roman instance, in a return of despotism. The view given of the Roman revolution and republic of 1849 by the author of "*Mademoiselle Mori*" coincides in the main with that taken by Farini, and the other chief Italian statesmen of the present day; and its accuracy and good sense are confirmed by the course of recent events, not merely in Rome, but in other parts of Italy as well. It is vain to predict the future of a state so anomalous as that of Rome; but it is safe to say that the Romans learned much from their last revolution, and are learning much from its results, so that, when another opportunity arrives for them to gain some share of that freedom which Northern Italy has been so happy in securing, they will not repeat their former mistakes, and will not be found less competent for liberty than the Tuscans or the people of the Romagna. Perhaps the failure of 1849 may then turn

out to have been a dark blessing; and the blood of those who fell on the Roman walls, and the tears of those who have wept in Roman prisons, may not have been shed in vain.

The cause of Italy deserves the heartiest sympathy, and, if need be, a personal sacrifice on the part of every lover of liberty and of justice in the world. The question of Italian unity and independence is the most important that has been presented in Europe in our time. The issue involved in it is that of the advance or the degradation of a nation so noble that none can be called nobler,—of the rights of the many, as against the power of the few,—of the rights of thought, as against those of the sword,—of the establishment of those principles which do most to make life precious, as against those by which it is made vile and wretched. The last year has seen a part of the great work of freeing Italy accomplished. If Sardinia can but have time allowed her in which to knit her forces, if she can for a time escape from foreign attacks and from internal divisions, Italy is secure. Venice, Rome, and Naples will not long languish under the tyranny of Austrian, of priest, and of Bourbon.

We return for a few words to "*Mademoiselle Mori*." The readers of Mr. Hawthorne's imaginative Italian romance will be pleased to find in this book further illustrations of the Rome he has so admirably pictured. The author has not the genius of Mr. Hawthorne, but the descriptions which the book contains of Roman scenes and places are full of truth, and render the common, every-day aspect of streets and squares, of gardens and churches, of popular customs and social habits, with equal spirit and fidelity. The interest of the story is sustained by the distinctness with which the localities in which it passes are depicted. The style of the book is so excellent that we the more regret a few careless and clumsy expressions, and some awkward sentences, which a little pains might have prevented. We regret also that the Italian words and phrases which appear in the volume are sometimes grievously disfigured by misprints. The distinguished name of Saffi is travestied by being misprinted Gaffi,—and there are other blunders of the same sort, in which the Riverside Press has but too faithfully followed the English edition.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Collected and republished by THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 1860.

CARLYLE'S *Essays* need at the present day no introduction or commendation to American readers. Their place is established, and they will hold it permanently, in spite of the wild philosophy, and in spite of characteristics of style which would ruin weaker writings. As Ben Jonson said of a volume of poems, now quite forgotten, by his friend Sir John Beaumont,—

"This book will live; it hath a genius; this
Above his reader or his praiser is."

There is no fear that these *Essays* will be forgotten; for, beside their intrinsic merits and interest, they are at once introductory and supplementary to their author's more important works,—to his "*French Revolution*" and his "*Life of Frederic the Great*."

This new edition of the *Essays* is a reprint of the last English edition revised by the author, and both printer and publisher deserve high credit for the beauty of the volumes. The paper, press-work, and binding are all excellent, and of a sort not only to please the general public, but to satisfy the demands of the exacting lover of good books. We are glad to welcome Messrs. Brown and Taggard among our publishing houses, on occasion of the issue of a book so creditable alike to their taste and to their judgment, and we hope that the success of this edition of these *Essays* may be such as to encourage them to follow it with a reprint of the other volumes of the revised edition of Mr. Carlyle's works.

We trust, that, though the words "*Author's Edition*" are not found upon the back of the title-page, it is not because the moral, if not legal rights which the author possesses have been disregarded.

The Mill on the Floss. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "*Scenes of Clerical Life*" and "*Adam Bede*." New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is not difficult to understand how the reader's attention may be attracted and his interest retained by a romance of the old

chivalrous days whose very name and dim memory fill the mind with fascinating images, or by a novel whose high-born characters claim sympathy for their dignified sorrows and refined delights, or whose story is illuminated by the light of artistic culture and adorned with gems of rhetoric and fine fancy; but it is sometimes surprising to observe the favor which attends a simple tale of humble, unobtrusive, we might almost say insignificant people, whose plane of life appears nowhere to coincide with our own, and to whom romance and passion seem entirely foreign. Such a tale was "*Adam Bede*," whose great success as a literary venture hardly yet belongs to the chronicle of the past; such a tale is also "*The Mill on the Floss*," by the author of "*Adam Bede*," and such, we are confident, will also be its success.

Both books have many elements in common, but the second is the greater work of art, and indicates more fairly the scope and vigor of the author's mind. It is written in the same pure, hardy style, strong with Saxon words that admit of no equivocation or misunderstanding; it is illustrated with sketches of outward Nature and tranquil rural beauty, none the less vivid or truthful that they are drawn with the pen rather than the brush; and it is instinct with an honest, high-souled purpose. In these respects it resembles "*Adam Bede*," but in others it surpasses its predecessor. It displays a far keener insight into human passion, a subtler analysis of motives and principles, and it suggests a mental and a moral philosophy nobler in themselves and truer to humanity and religion. The pathos, too, is more genuine; for it is not based upon the mere utterance of grief or of entreaty,—which the eloquent and the artful may, indeed, feign,—but it is found in that skilful combination of material circumstance and spiritual influence which impresses upon the feeling, more than it proves to the reason, that the hour of heart-break is at hand, and which depends less for its effect upon the dramatic power of the imagination than upon the instant sympathy of the soul.

The principal fault which will be found with "*The Mill on the Floss*," and probably the only one, is, that the action moves too slowly and tamely in the first three or four books, and that the author

shows an undue inclination to reflection and metaphysical digression. This will, indeed, be a great objection to the superficial reader, who will impatiently regret that the tedious growth of a miller's boy and girl should usurp so many pages which might better have been filled with exciting incidents. But this very elaboration, tardy and idle though it may seem, was necessary to the completion of the author's plan, and—in our eyes—instead of being a blemish upon a fair story, is one of its principal charms. On this very account, however, the book will be less popular, and fewer persons will admire it wholly; but, as thoughtful readers draw near to the end of the narrative, and anxiously hasten on past trial, temptation, and conflict, to the dreaded and yet inevitable downfall, muse mournfully over the agony and remorse that follow, and slowly close the volume upon tender forgiveness and final joy, they will be thankful for the far-seeing genius which, by this gradual process of education, enabled them to understand clearly the fateful scroll at last unfolded to them, and which, if they have read in the true spirit, has made them wiser and better.

Nugamenta; a Book of Verses. By GEORGE EDWARD RICE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1860. pp. 146.

THE author of this little volume modestly waives all claim to the title of poet, and thus disarms severer criticism. His book, nevertheless, has the merit of being lively and agreeable, which is more than can be said of many more pretentious volumes of verse. His pieces are mostly of the kind called verses of society, a variety whose range is all the way up from Concanen to Horace. It is enough, if they are only passable; but good specimens are easy and sprightly,—their philosophy not worldly precisely, but man-of-the-worldly,—their morality an elegant Poor-Richardism,—their poetry whatever may be reached by the fancy and understanding. Sometimes, if the author have been lucky enough, like Béranger, to have enjoyed low company, his verses will gather a richer tone, his wit will broaden into humor, his sentiment deepen to hearty good-nature, and his worldliness ripen into a genuine humanity.

To embody primeval sentiments, to deal with transcendent passions, and to idealize those fatal moods by which not individuals merely, but races, are possessed, those tidal ebbs and flows which, for want of a better name, we call the Spirit of the Age,—this is a gift whose return among us we do not look for with as much certainty as that of shad and salmon, but meanwhile we are not too nice to be pleased with verses that express average thoughts and feelings gracefully and with a dash of sentiment. It is a vast deal wiser and better to express neatly, in language that is not alien to the concerns of every day, feelings we have really had, than to maunder about what we think we ought to have felt in a diction that has no more to do with our ordinary habits of thought and expression than Monmouth with Macedon. The contrast of matter and manner in much of our current verse is such as to remind one of the notes which are sometimes sent to their sweethearts by schoolboys, who cut their fingers (not too deep) that they may asseverate the eternal constancy of the three-weeks'-vacation in that solemn fluid proper to contracts with the Evil One.

It is pleasant to meet with one who is able to say a natural thing in a natural way, as Mr. Rice has shown that he can do. There is a very agreeable mingling of feeling and fun in his lighter pieces, rising into real grace and lyric fancy in some of them, such as "New Year's Eve" and "The Revisit."

A Voyage down the Amoor; with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By PERRY McDONOUGH COLLINS, United States Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. pp. 390.

THIS is a very amusing book. The introductory part of it, in which the author recounts his adventures in Siberia before setting out on his expedition down the Amoor, is full of bad taste, bad rhetoric, and bad grammar. If we had read no farther, we should have thought that a more unfit personage than this gentleman with the monumental name could not have been chosen for any public service.

Mr. Perry McDonough Collins gives us

the bill of fare of gentlemen's tables at which he dined, tells us how much and what kinds of wine were "drank," and sometimes winds up his account of the feast with a compliment to the "amiable and interesting" family of his host. Mr. Egouminoff's dinner, he tells us, "was excellent, with several kinds of wine, closing with Champagne. We had also the pleasure of the company of Mrs. E. and her daughter, and several other guests, besides a handsome widow." There is something charmingly *naïf* in thus throwing in the company as a *succedaneum* to the dinner, and carefully segregating the widow from the rest of mankind as a distinct species.

Mr. Collins also reports for us carefully the orations he made on various festive occasions,—a piece of very proper economy, since they were delivered in English to an audience of Russians. He confesses that it is not the custom to make after-dinner-speeches in Siberia, which proves that the Russian Government has neglected at least one opportunity of adding to the terrors of a Penal Colony. At one dinner he had the satisfaction of making three of these terrible mistakes. He responds to the health of General Mouravieff, Governor of the Province, to that of President Buchanan, and to that of "our guests." We should like to have been present at this display, provided we could have been speech-proofed, like the Russians in their ignorance of English. It was certainly a proud day for America, and the bird of our country will be glad that the eloquence has been carefully saved by Mr. Collins for the good of his compatriots.

After this multiloquent festival, the Siberian merchants, naturally exasperated, seized upon Mr. Collins, and an unhappy countryman of his who was present, and tossed them after the fashion of Sancho Panza. "This sport," adds our traveller, gravely, "is called in Russian *podkeedovate*, or tossing-up, and is considered a mark of great respect. General Mouravieff told me, after our return, that he had had *podkeedovate* performed upon him in the same room." The General must be something of a humorist.

Mr. Collins, however, has a more astounding incident to relate than even the respectful tossing-up of a general in the army and governor of Siberia by a party

of provincial shopkeepers. In returning from an excursion, Mr. Collins had the ill-luck to lose a horse.

"The death of that horse," he says, "was a singular circumstance. We were galloping rapidly and were approaching the station, when the animal dropped as if struck by lightning. We were in such rapid motion upon the smooth ice of the river, that, though several yards from the stopping-point, the other horses kept on, dragging the dead horse, nor did the driver attempt to stop them, but seemed determined to reach the station at full speed. As soon as we had stopped, I got out and examined the body. It was as stiff as a poker and stirred not a muscle, the eyes being cold and glassy. *The fact is, the horse must have been dead before he fell, and his muscular action was kept up some time after life had departed.*" (p. 89.)

We do not remember to have met with a more wonderful example of the force of habit.

After Mr. Collins is fairly embarked, however, on his voyage of exploration, his book becomes more interesting. He shows himself a thoroughly good-humored, observant, and intelligent traveller. If, in the earlier pages of his journal, he is indiscreetly communicative as to the good cheer he enjoyed, in the later ones he does not waste time in grumbling at discomforts and lenten fare. He observes minutely and describes well all that he sees along the great river,—the people, the productions, the scenery, and the vegetation. He gives us a lively impression of the capabilities of the country, and of the results which are to follow the introduction of steam-navigation on the Amoor. Like a true American, he believes in the manifest destiny of Russia, and looks forward to the not distant time when, with a kind of retributive justice, the Muscovite is to swallow up the Manchew, as Charles Lamb used to call him. Already American merchants have established themselves at the mouth of the Amoor, and, unless Mr. Collins is oversanguine, a great trade is to spring up between the Californians and their opposite neighbors on the eastern coast of Asia.

On the whole, we take leave of Mr. Collins with a feeling of decided esteem for his genuine good qualities, and can safely commend his book as both lively and instructive.

Revolutions in English History. By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Vol. I. *Revolutions of Race.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1860. pp. xvi., 563.

We do not think that Dr. Vaughan has been happy in his choice of a title for his book. It is more properly an introduction to the study of English history, than the limitation of the title would seem to import. The Saxon occupation of England is, perhaps, the only event which may fitly be called a revolution of race. The volume, however, is a solid and sensible one. Dr. Vaughan is not a brilliant writer; but brilliancy is not always the best quality in an historian, for it as often leaves readers dazzled as taught. A decidedly matter-of-fact turn of mind prevents his being a theorist, so that he does not formulate characters and events in accordance with some fixed preconception. His learning seems sometimes limited by what was accessible to him at the least expense of study,—as, for example, in his account of the religion of the Teutonic races, where he depends almost altogether on Mallet. His style is generally clear and unpretending, never remarkable for any rhetorical merit, sometimes disfigured by inaccuracies, which, had they occurred in an American book, would have been attributed by English critics to the low grade of our culture and civilization. In one instance he is guilty of the barbarous cockneyism of using the word *party* as an equivalent for *person*. He speaks of the Roman Wall as having been kept *perpetually* guarded when he means *constantly*, of border land as “separating between” two races, and of ornaments made “from jet.”

Though we do not find in Dr. Vaughan the fascinating qualities which we have been spoiled into expecting by some recent English and French examples of historical composition, we can give him the praise of being fair-minded, sensible, and clear. If he anywhere shows prejudice, it is in his somewhat depreciatory estimate of the Normans, whom he rather gratuitously supposes to have acquired civilization and the love of art from the Saxons,—a supposition at war with probability as well as fact. If anything distinguished the Norman from the Saxon, it was his aptitude for appreciating beauty as distinguished from use,—an aptitude on which

French influence could not have been lost before the Conquest of England. The Normans in Sicily certainly had not had the advantage of Saxon training in aesthetics, and the poetry and architecture of the Normans in England were no reproduction of Saxon models.

But whatever deductions are to be made on the score of want of picturesqueness in style, of generalizing power, and of that imagination which sets before us dramatically the mutual interaction of men and events, Dr. Vaughan's history will be found a useful and enlightened compendium of the facts with which it deals.

Fresh Hearts that failed Three Thousand Years Ago; with Other Things. By the Author of “The New Priest in Conception Bay.” Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860. pp. 121.

In noticing the “New Priest,” in a former number of the “ATLANTIC,” we had occasion to speak of the author's remarkable beauty and vigor of style, his keen sense of the picturesque and imaginative aspects of outward Nature, his comic power, and his original conception of character. At the same time we could not but feel that a certain tendency to multiplicity of detail, and a neglect of form or insensibility to it, hindered the book of that direct and vigorous effect which its power and variety of resource would otherwise have produced. Something of the same impression is made by the present volume. There are glimpses in it of real genius, but it shows itself generally here and there only, as the natural outcrop, seldom in the bars and ingots which give proof of patient mining and smelting at furnace-heat, still more seldom in the beautiful shapes of artistic elaboration. Here, again, we find the same unborrowed feeling for outward Nature and familiarity with her moods, the same poetic beauty of expression, and in many of the pieces the same overcrowdedness, as if the author would fain say all he could, instead of saying only what he could not help.

There are some of the poems that do more justice to the abilities of the author. In “The Year is Gone” there is great tenderness of sentiment and grace of ex-

pression; "Love Disposed of" is a pretty fancy embodied with true lyric feeling; but the poem which overcrests all the others like a decuman wave is "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient." It is a truly masculine poem, full of vigor and imagination, and giving evidence of true original power in the author. There is scarce a weak verse in it, and the measure has a swing, at once easy and stately, like that of the sea itself. We know not if we are right in conjecturing some hint of deeper meaning in the name "Orient," but, taking it merely as a descriptive poem, it is one of the finest of its kind. The writer's heart seems more in the work here than in the devotional verses. We quote a single passage from it, which seems to us particularly fine:—

"We scanned her well, as we drifted by:
A strange old ship, with her poop built high,
And with quarter-galleries wide,
And a huge beaked prow, as no ships are builded now,
And carvings all strange, beside:
A Byzantine bark, and a ship of name and mark
Long years and generations ago;
Ere any mast or yard of ours was growing hard
With the seasoning of long Norwegian snow.

"Down her old black side poured the water
in a tide,
As they toiled to get the better of a leak.
We had got a signal set in the shrouds,
And our men through the storm looked on
in crowds:
But for wind, we were near enough to speak.
It seemed her sea and sky were in times
long, long gone by,
That we read in winter-evens about;
As if to other stars
She had reared her old-world spars,
And her hull had kept an old-time ocean
out."

Hester, the Bride of the Islands. A Poem.
By SYLVESTER B. BECKETT. Portland:
Bailey & Noyes.

MR. BECKETT is evidently an admirer of Walter Scott; and it is not the least remarkable fact in connection with "Hester," that an author with the good sense to propose to himself such a model, disre-

garding the more elaborate poets of a later date, should have proved himself so utterly unable to follow that model, except in a few phrases, which were quite appropriate as Scott used them, but are ludicrously out of place in his own verse. In adopting the brief lines and irregularly recurring rhymes of Scott, he has taken a hazardous step. The curt lines are excellent with Sir Walter's liveliness and dash; but when dull commonplaces are to be written, their feebleness would be more decorously concealed by a longer and more conventional dress. The cutty sark, so appropriate when displaying the free, vigorous steps of Maggie Lauder, is not to be worn by every lackadaisical lady's-maid of a muse. In the moral reflections, with which "Hester" abounds, there is a most comical imitation of Scott,—as if the poem were written as a parody of "The Lady of the Lake," by Mrs. Southworth, or Sylvanus Cobb, Junior.

Mr. Beckett closes some very singular stanzas, entitled an Introduction, with the following lines:—

"Give it praise, or blame,
Or pass it without comment, as may seem
To you most meet; with me 'tis all the same.
I hymn because I must, and not for greed
of fame."

These lines incline us at first to let Mr. Beckett "pass without comment," considering, that, as he says, he cannot help writing; but we are finally decided to observe him more closely, inasmuch as he says it makes no difference to him, thus relieving us of the dreadful fear of wantonly crushing some delicate John Keats (always supposing we had him) by our severe censure.

Instead of entering into a philosophical examination of "Hester," we shall present some specimen pearls, making our first extract from the 21st page:—

"The very desert would have smiled
In such a presence! yet despite
Her dimpled cheek, her soft blue eye,
Her voice so fraught with music's thrill,
The shrewd observer might espy
The traces therein of a will
That scorned restraint, the soul of fire
That slumbered in her tacit sire."

"The traces therein." Wherein? Not

in the cheek, eye, or voice, clearly; for it was "despite" all these that he would make the discovery,—they are obstacles, entirely outside of the success. It is necessarily, then, in the "presence," in which the unthinking desert would have smiled unsuspecting, but in which "the shrewd observer might espy" a good deal that was ominous of trouble. Now it is obvious that the writer intended to refer "therein" to the cheek, eye, and voice, a reference from which he barred himself by the word "despite." As it happens, luckily for him, there is a word to refer to, so that his grammatical salvation is secured; but the result is sad nonsense.

Page 23,—

"Indeed, it was their chief delight,
When combed the far seas feather-white,
To steer out on the roughening bay
With leaning prow and flying spray,
And gunnel ready to submerge
Itself beneath the flashing surge!"

Page 28,—

"nor gave
He heed to aught on land or wave;
As if some kyanized regret
Were in his heart," etc., etc.

"Kyanized regret" is good, as Polonius would say; but we would humbly suggest that Mr. Beckett substitute, in his next edition, "Burnettized," as even better, if that be possible.

Page 72,—

"in hope, perchance
(Like arrant knight of old romance),
That some complacent circumstance
Would end her curiosity."

Page 94,—

Thereafter, she but knew the charm
Of resting on her lover's arm,
And listening to his voice elate,
As he betimes went on to state
The phases in his own strange fate,
Since last they met."

Page 100.—Speaking of "those of thoughtful mood," he says,—

"With whom I oft have whiled away
The dusky hour upon the deep,
Which most men wisely give to sleep."

There is in this last line a dark, grim, sardonic appreciation of the advantages which common minds have over those that, like the poet's own, have to endure the splendid miseries of genius,—a dark

moodiness, like that of a tame Byron remorsefully recalling a wild debauch upon green tea,—that is deliciously funny.

Page 230.—The heroine, who is less poetical by far than her rough servitor, says,—

"Carl! not for all the golden sand
Of famed Pactolus, would I hurt
Thy feelings; 'tis my wont to blurt
My humor thus."

Page 298.—The hero, who is hardly more romantic than the heroine, has married his own sister:—

"Lord Hubart gazed with steady eye
And arms still folded, on old Carl—
'Here is, I' faith, a pretty snarl
To be unbound'—but his reply
Was cut short," etc., etc.

In fact, the great objection to Lord Hubart, as may be inferred from the above-quoted passage, is, that he is hopelessly vulgar. We are loath to say so, because of our respect for English aristocracy; but English aristocracy, truth compels us to observe, cuts no great figure on our American stage or in our American literature.

In short, this is a very silly book. It abounds in trite moralizing, for instances of which we will merely refer the reader to pp. 65, 131, and 299. The author remarks exultingly, in his Introduction, that his is comparatively an uncultivated mind. We can only say, we should think so! Ignorance is plentiful everywhere, but it really seems as if it were reserved for some of our American writers to display in its finest specimens ignorance vaunting its own deficiencies. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about "uncultivated minds": some men are eminent in spite of being uncultivated; but no man was ever eminent because he was uncultivated. Some instances of a lamentable misuse of language in "Hester" we give below.

Page 16,—

"They would have won implicit sway."

Page 53,—

"By the nonce!"

Evidently thinking of the phrase, "for the nonce,"—meaning, for the occasion. In the text, "by the nonce" is an oath!

Page 71,—

"And he some squire of low behest."

Page 221,—

“and when is won
At last the longed-for rubicon.”

Page 256,—the use of the word “denizens.”

Page 262,—

“None may their evil doing shirk!
That wrong, in any shape, will bring,
Or soon or late, its *meted sting*.”

Page 313,—

“as gnats, which sometimes sting
Their life away when rankled.”

Another fault is the senseless use of certain words and phrases, which a good writer uses only when he must, Mr. Beckett always when he can. We give without comment a mere list of these:—mangre, 'sdeath, eke, erst, deft, romaunt, pleasure, certes, whilom, distraught, quotha, good lack, well-a-day, vermeil, perchance, light, wight, lea, wist, list, sheen, anon, gliff, astroll, what boots it? malfortunes, ween, God wot, I trow, emprise, duress, donjon, puissant, sooth, reck, bruit, ken, eld, o'ersprent, etc. Of course, such a word as “lady” is made to do good service, and “ye” asserts its well-known superiority to “you.” All this the author evidently considers highly meritorious, although the words are entirely unsuitable.

His notion seems to be, that these are poetical words, and the way to write poetry is to take all the exclusively poetical words you can find. The occasional attempt to make his verses familiar and natural by the use of such abbreviations as “I’ve” or “can’t” is as much a failure as the effort of an awkward man in a ball-room to make everybody think him at his ease by forcing an unhappy smile and a look of preternatural buoyancy.

From the beginning to the end of “Hester,” there is one unerring indication of an uncultivated mind and an unpractised pen. This is the writer’s fondness for well-worn phrases, which authors of a severer taste have long discarded as suited only to the newspapers, but which Mr. Beckett has picked up with eager delight, and, having distributed them liberally throughout the poem, contemplates with a complacency to be matched only by his satisfaction with the success of his expedients for filling out his rhymes, some of which are certainly ingenious and startling.

The plot is a jumble of improbabilities, to which we would gladly attend, for it passes even the liberal bounds of poetic license, but we have already spent all the time we can upon the New Poem, and we must decline (in Mr. Beckett’s own impressive language) any further

“to distend the tale.”

NOTE

TO THE ARTICLE ON “MODEL LODGING-HOUSES IN BOSTON.”

ALTHOUGH the proposed act establishing a Sanitary Commission for the City of New York was defeated in the last State Legislature, some of its provisions were engrafted on a bill passed on the nineteenth of April, amending a previous “Act to establish a Metropolitan Police District, and to provide for the Government thereof.”

By article 51 of this new act it is made the duty of the Board of Metropolitan Police to set apart a Sanitary Police Company, which by article 52 is empowered

“to take all necessary legal measures for promoting the security of life or health,” upon or in boats, manufactories, houses, and edifices. Article 53 gives power to the board to cause any tenement-house to be cleansed at any time after three days’ notice, and provides means for meeting the expense of this and other similar operations.

These powers may, perhaps, if wisely exercised, secure a great improvement in the health of the city. We trust that the duties imposed by them will be thoroughly

and efficiently performed, and we are gratified to see that a good beginning has already been made; but our regret is not diminished that the more complete proposed Sanitary Act failed to pass.

The annual report on "The Sanitary Condition of the City of London" has just been published. By this report it appears, that, during the year ending on the 31st of March, 1860, the rate of mortality in London was 22.4 per thousand of the population, or 1 in 44; in all England, the average rate is 22.3; in country districts it is only 20; in the large towns, 26. "Ten years ago," says Dr. Letheby, the author of the report from which we quote, "the annual mortality of the city was rarely

less than 25 in the thousand. . . . Our present condition is 19 per cent. better than that, and we owe it to the sanitary labors of the last ten years." In another part of the report he says, — "7233 inspections of houses have been made in the course of the year, of which 803 were of the common lodging-houses, and 935 orders have been issued for sanitary improvement in various particulars."

Compare these facts with those given in our article concerning the rate of mortality in our cities. The spirit of emulation, if no other, should force us into energetic measures of reform. Boston with a death-rate of 1 in 41, New York of 1 in 27, and London of 1 in 44!

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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Friarswood Post-Office. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc., etc. New York. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 251. 50 cts.

A Voyage down the Amoor: with a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By Perry McDonough Collins, United States Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. New York. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 390. \$1.25.

The Pioneer Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley. By William Henry Milburn, Author of "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags," and "Ten Years of Preacher Life." New York. Derby & Jackson. 12mo. pp. 465. \$1.00.

Our Farm of Four Acres, and the Money we made by it. From the Twelfth London Edition. With an Introduction by Peter B. Mead, Editor of "The Horticulturalist." New York. Saxton, Barker, & Co. 16mo. pp. 126. 50 cts.

Tylnay Hall. By Thomas Hood. Boston. Tilton & Co. 12mo. pp. xii., 479. \$1.25.

An Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities of the City of Boston, July 4th, 1859. By George Sumner. Third Edition, with Historical Notes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. pp. 69. 25 cts.

Poems, Lyrical and Idyllic. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York. Scribner. 16mo. pp. 196. 75 cts.

The History of France. By Parke Godwin. Vol. I. [Ancient Gaul.] New York. Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. xxiv., 495. \$2.00.

The Patients' and Physicians' Aid: or, How to preserve Health; What to do in Sudden Attacks, or until the Doctor comes; and How best to profit by his Directions when given. By E. M. Hunt, A. M., M. D., Author of "Physician's Counsels," etc. New York. Saxton, Barker, & Co. 12mo. pp. 365. \$1.00.

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The Life of Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. By George L. Duyckinck. New York. General Protestant Episcopal Sunday-School Union, and Church Book Society. 18mo. pp. 183. 50 cts.

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Elements of Chemical Physics. By Josiah P. Cooke, Jr., Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard College. Boston. Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. xii., 739. \$3.00.

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